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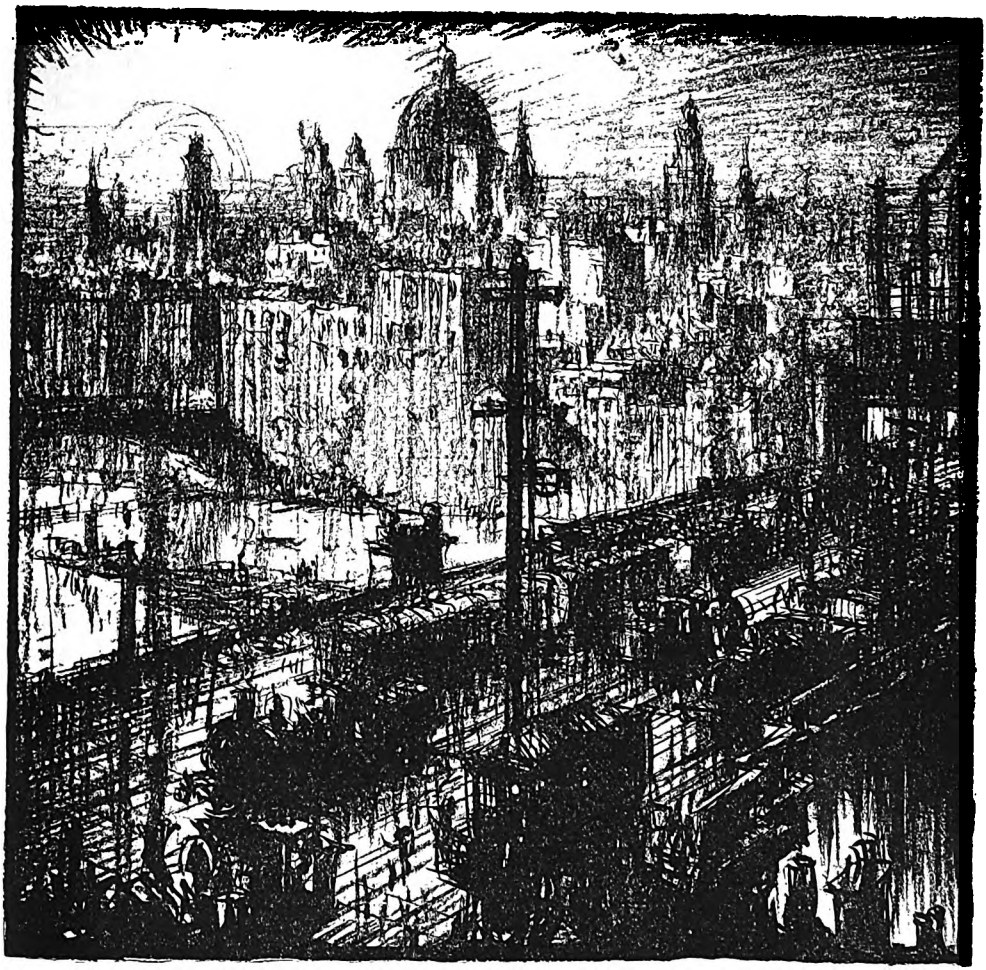

LONDON—By Frank Brangwyn

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A Welshman Self-Enslaved

By Alfred E. Zimmern

Two American observers, accustomed as they are to follow the story of British politics day by day in the telegrams, the sudden eclipse of David Lloyd George as a force in the public life of Great Britain has seemed chiefly interesting in its bearing on British and European politics or as a dramatic turn in a romantic and unprecedented career. But it presents an aspect of wider and more enduring interest, which claims the special attention of students of American public life. It embodies on a vaster scale a tragedy which can constantly be observed in the United States and in all lands of mixed population and heredities—the spectacle of an incompletely assimilated foreigner, more gifted than those among whom his lot is cast, driven to exercise his talents and secure the dominance which he feels is his due not by the natural ascendancy of home-grown genius among his own people, but by the adaptation and artifice, the trickery and legerdemain, which have been the age-long weapons of the slave within the household.

No one can understand the personality and career of David Lloyd George who does not know Wales. The fact that he is a Welshman is the most important fact about him. It is also, in the eyes of most of his critics, the most damning fact. "Wales," said an editorial writer the other day in the leading Welsh review, "never gets much credit from the English press or public for Mr. Lloyd George's success, but the blame and contumely for his errors and failures are merrily thrown in her face." It must be admitted that this complaint is fully justified. Englishmen are fond of attributing the defects of the ex-premier to his un-English extraction, to the fact that he is a Welsh Baptist and not an English gentleman. Even so discriminating a critic as Mr. Algernon Cecil, in the memorable "Quarterly Review" article of last October, which contributed so immediately to his fall, cannot refrain from sounding this note. Englishmen, in fact, are wont to accept the ex-premier's unusual endowments, so unlike their own, as a matter of course, and merely to regret that their possessor has not been completely Anglicized in other respects. For any one who knows Wales the want of understanding displayed in this view is apparent. The real tragedy of David Lloyd George lies not in the incompleteness of his Anglicization, not in

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the fact that he has not been more thoroughly dipped in the melting-pot of the House of Commons and of London "society," but in his undue susceptibility to it and in his loss of touch with his own nationality. Nothing could ever have made him a great Englishman, but he might, under a happier star, have been a great Welshman; and, as a great Welshman, he might have added luster to the annals of the British Commonwealth of nations. Therein lies the disintegration of a personality, the eclipse of a political career, and a moral not for Wales or Great Britain only, but for students of the contacts of nationality and politics the world over.

§ 2

Wales is the territory in the west of the Island of Great Britain lying between the mouth of the Dee and the Bristol Channel. It is inhabited by a distinct race, the descendants of the ancient Britons who took refuge in the mountains and dales of western Great Britain at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasion. These "Welshmen" (foreigners), as the English call them, or Cymru, as they call themselves, are not only different from the English in language, customs, religious life, culture, in fact in all that goes to make up national personality, but are actually more widely sundered from their English neighbors than are either the Scots to the north of them or the Irish to the farther west. Between England and Scotland relations of mutual respect and a fair measure of mutual understanding have been established for a century or more. Dr. Johnson and his contemporaries may have felt toward Scotland and her inhabitants much as many Englishmen still feel toward Wales and Welshmen; but from the days of Sir Walter Scott onward these sentiments were obliterated by a wholesome respect for Scottish achievement. Between England and Ireland there has been a long and unhappy political relationship. Irishmen were until recently considered by Englishmen as incapable of governing themselves, and recent events have served in some quarters to reinforce this complacent verdict. But oppression and condescension in the political field have not prevented the knitting of many links between the two peoples in other spheres of achievement. In the field of letters, in particular, Ireland has made a substantial contribution, if not to English literature, at least to the literature of the English language.

For the Welsh, on the other hand, English is emphatically a non-conductor. No one who knows the Welsh people will affirm that it is inferior to any of its neighbors in the British Isles in thought and passion or in the impulse to express thought and passion in the written word. Yet how slender and unsubstantial is the volume of Welsh production in the English tongue! Virtually the only real example of the Welsh genius in English garb is afforded by the religious poetry of Henry Vaughan and George Herbert in the seventeenth century. Those who are familiar with the Welsh hymn-writers can recognize in the quaint blending of philosophic thought and natural imagery in which Vaughan in particular exhibits the quality of mind which Pantacelyn and the religious poets of the Welsh Revival brought to triumphant expression in their own tongue. But Vaughan is only a happy exception who proves the rule; and even in this case the great mass of his

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work has been blunted rather than refined and enriched by the influence of his Oxford training.

For indeed it is not the Welsh gentry, who have for centuries been in touch with Oxford and the Church of England, who are the true repositories of the Welsh national tradition. The Welsh, like some of the smaller peoples of central and eastern Europe, are a truncated nation. Their aristocracy has been Anglicized and denationalized, so that great gentlemen and landowners, like the earls of Powys or the Pryses of Gogerddan, are no more representative of Wales than the Germanized aristocracy of Bohemia is of Czechoslovakia. The real Wales is the Wales of the common people, of the bourgeoisie, the small farmers, and the artisans, laborers, and shepherds. It is among these, and especially among the humbler members of the community and in the remoter country districts, that the genuine national tradition lives on and the national genius is still aflame. It was a humble farm-house in the Vale of Festiniog that was the home of Morgan Llwyd, that solitary Welsh ally of the seventeenth-century English Puritans, whose strange and powerful prophesyings entitle him to a place, with Tauler, Eckhart, and the rest, in the roll of European mystics. And two and a half centuries later it was from the wet and windy village of Trawsfynnedd, aloft on its rain-swept perch across the ridge (Trawsfynnedd—*trans montes*) from the Festiniog valley, that there went forth to the Great War a shepherd boy named Hedd Wynn for whom the prize-winner's chair was draped in black at the national Eisteddfod in 1917.

For Welshmen who are true to this tradition modern Welsh history begins much at the same period as the history of the newly liberated peoples of southeastern Europe—at the end of the eighteenth century. But the power that stirred the Welsh soul to self-consciousness was not political, but religious; not the call of the French Revolution, but the preaching of the English dissenters. It was the influence of Wesley and Whitefield and their Welsh followers that precipitated the "Great Revival" that is reckoned the dawn of modern Wales. It is this extraordinary outburst of religious fervor, releasing, as it did, elements of national personality that had been repressed for centuries under the Anglican and aristocratic régime, which has given to Welsh life, social and political, cultural and religious, the peculiar imprint that still distinguishes it today. From that revival sprang the missionary labors of the four great sects,—non-territorial *tribes*, as a witty Welsh student of Athenian constitutional history has called them,—the Baptists, the Wesleyans, the Congregationalists, and the Calvinistic Methodists, whose unpretentious chapels may be observed in fierce or friendly competition in every Welsh township or village. It was the Great Revival which, in its hymn-writers, restored the dignity of the ancient language and gave Welshmen the beginnings of a modern popular literature. And it was through the chapels and their multifarious ramifying influences that a freemasonry grew up among classes hitherto disdained and kept under which paved the way, first, for political organization and, later, for an ascendancy, in local government, in parliamentary representation, and in patronage to appointments in the principal-

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ity, which has lately become endangered through the influence of labor.

"Now that you have come to live amongst us," said an academic colleague to the present writer a few months after his arrival in the country, "you had better choose your chapel and stick to it. You will never get on in Wales unless you do." And when the recipient of this kindly advice protested mildly that none of the four sects satisfied his conscience as to their tenets, "To tell you the truth," was the reply, "I am not a strict believer either; so you need not trouble yourself about that." The fact is that the chapel has been and still is far more than a mere religious organization. It is the main, and still in many parts of Wales the only, outlet for the inner life of the Welsh people. It serves as a channel, alas! too tenuous and constricted, but capable at times of surprising expansion, for the outflow of the exuberance of thought and passion, the pent and fermenting energy, of an unusually gifted and expressive people. It was an accident of history that turned Wales Puritan. Protestantism, in its sober, chilling north European form, is no more natural to Welshmen than it is to Italians or Spaniards or Russians. Wales accepted non-conformity as the first available means of release from Anglicanism; but it made of it something that the English dissenter would not easily recognize as his own mode of worship. The sermon has been transformed from a flat pedestrian discourse into an acutely reasoned philosophical discussion, culminating in an impassioned recitative reminiscent of Italian opera or Oriental prophecy. The prayer, so often on English lips merely a lame and halting allocution to a God indulgent to the embarrassment of His ministers, becomes a call, a challenge, a rallying-cry, knitting the congregation together in a fervor of devotional expectation; while the hymn, sounding out from every throat in the matchless euphony of the Welsh language, transports the rapt worshipers in the homely chapel for a few moments to the City Everlasting—moments that are lived over again in memory during the week until the Sabbath comes round once more.

Finally, most important of all the activities carried on in the chapel, there is the Sunday school. The services proper are in the morning and evening; the afternoon is devoted to school. In other countries the Sunday school is for children; in Wales it is for adults, and has been, and still is in parts of Wales, the main intellectual stimulus and discipline of the population. The congregation divides itself into small manageable groups, occupying some two or more pews, each under a leader of its own. The usual procedure is to read through a chapter of the Bible and then to discuss it verse by verse; and very remarkable is the knowledge and acumen displayed in this work of exegesis, so congenial to the critical Welsh mind, by men who during the week-time are behind the counter of the village shop or tending the cattle out on the hills. Most books of Welsh autobiography, and Welshmen are very fond, perhaps a little morbidly fond, of this form of literature, deal at length with the Sunday-school reminiscences of their subject. Sir Owen Edwards, historian and late chief-inspector of schools in the principality, and Sir Henry Jones, who, expelled from the national university, for years held the chair of philosophy at Glasgow, may be cited as

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conspicuous instances of village boys grown into intellectuals of real stature who have acknowledged their debt to the Sunday school. And both these writers in their reminiscences lay stress on the fact that at a time when Welsh boys and girls were being exposed to punishment and insult by monoglot English-speaking teachers imported to staff the newly established primary schools, it was the Sunday school, in intimate alliance with the home, which kept alive the attachment to the ancient tongue. Conversation with Welshmen of the older generation reveals over and over again how deep the tyranny of "Saxon" linguistic ascendancy, thus exercised during the most susceptible years, has bitten into the mind and spirit of a sensitive people.

§ 3

Such was the world in which David Lloyd George spent his youth at Llanystymdwy in north Wales, on the edge of Snowdonia. In the house of his maternal grandfather, the village cobbler, he became familiar with all the traditional lore of the Welsh countryside, with the lives and oratorical achievements of the great preachers, whose faces adorned the walls, as they may still be found in similar dwellings to-day, and with the glories of Eisteddfodau, both national and local. For to the youth of that generation the preachers and the poets were national heroes, and the greatness dreamed of for them by their nearest was in the pulpit, among the saints, or in the select society of the bards. I recall a conversation only three summers ago with a young and promising Eisteddfod winner, by calling a railway porter attached to a small station in the Festiniog valley. He had come round on a Sunday afternoon to give a musical recitation, and announced that he had just had the offer of a promotion to a less picturesque station across the English border. "Won't you miss Moelwyn?" we asked him, referring to the noble mountain mass which faced him across the valley at his daily work. "Of course I shall," he replied; "but they will give me a free pass on the line, and I shall still see Moelwyn on Sundays."

It is the tragedy of the generation of young Welshmen, for whom David Lloyd George has opened the road to England and English "careers," that they have begun by reserving Moelwyn, and all that it means, for Sundays only, and have ended by losing touch with it altogether except as a piece of sham stage scenery.

For David Lloyd George was the first young Welshman to win real eminence in British political life. There were predecessors from the Welsh country-side—for example, the two names already mentioned—who had won high academic distinction and the recognition attaching thereto; and in Tom Ellis, who died young, the Liberal party had a much-beloved whip and ardent Welsh patriot and student who was marked out for higher promotion at Westminster. But Lloyd George was the first Welshman, as Disraeli, his favorite among British statesmen, was the first Jew, actually to "arrive." His arrival proved his undoing.

When Scotsmen discovered what Dr. Johnson called the "noble prospect" of the highroad to London, they were morally equipped for the ordeal in the contact of cultures and societies to which they were exposing themselves. Scotland is and always has been a

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partner of England, not a dependency; and self-respect, individual and national, is so engrained in the granite of the Scottish character that a Scotsman's difficulty is not so much to hold his own among Englishmen as to conceal his innate sense of superiority. With Welshmen, owing partly to the greater difficulty of the required adjustment, partly to the fact that their nature is not of granite, but of more yielding material, the case is wholly different. The first contact between Englishmen and Welshmen, as any student of character can observe, whether in a West End drawing-room or a Whitehall office or an Oxford study, is not a meeting of equals, but of superior and inferior. It is not the fault of history. Wales might be said to have annexed England with the Tudors as Scotland annexed her with the Stuarts. The fact remains that Welshmen do not feel it so. And the result is that Welshmen, in contact with Englishmen, in face of the massive, unquestioning self-confidence of that naïvely dominant race, find it well nigh impossible to be themselves and are wont to assume unreal and alien attitudes to cover their confusion and embarrassment. It is this duality, this fluctuating evasiveness, this incessant self-avoidance, this flight from the center of their being, which is the most marked characteristic of Welshmen in their social relations and external contacts; and it is this which supplies the master-key to the career and the methods of David Lloyd George.

A well known German actor who found occasion to visit Genoa during the conference was asked on his return for his opinion of Lloyd George, who had been at pains to receive him. "I can form no opinion on him as a statesman," he is reported to have said, "but as an actor he is superb." It was an acute and penetrating observation. He had recognized a colleague in the histrionic art. And no doubt he recognized also how, with this superb endowment, every instinct of Lloyd George's being was driving him to transform the character of what has hitherto been known as statesmanship so as to enable it to conform with the necessities of his own nature and situation. If English politics from 1909 onward, when Lloyd George assumed direction of Liberal strategy, became increasingly dramatic and absorbing, if the issues of the Great War itself were sensationalized and vulgarized in the hands of the experts of propaganda, and if the recent history of Europe for the four years between the armistice and the "tranquillity election" was a constant and sterile succession of well staged crises and momentarily satisfying dénouements, the cause is largely to be found in Lloyd George's genius—for genius it is—for creating an environment suitable for the display of his own virtuosity. And, strange as it may seem, it is precisely this virtuosity, this never-failing talent for improvisation, this supreme opportunism, which is, or at least was until recently, adduced as his title for admiration by gaping and inarticulate English Tories. Like his predecessor Disraeli, Lloyd George could hope to achieve leadership over the Conservative fold precisely because of his dazzling difference from the stolid herd. Faced with problems and difficulties which they felt to be beyond them, Englishmen consented for a few brief years to intrust their destinies to a star performer not because they understood the secret of his art or the drift of his

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activities, but because, understanding neither the Welshman nor the situation, they somehow blindly trusted that out of a blending of incomprehensibles something orderly and intelligible would emerge. In the event Europe, as was inevitable, proved intractable to the Welsh magician's skilful, but ignorant, incantations, and as soon as this became apparent, Englishmen not only put a sudden end to the phantasmagoria, but closed down the theater for good. It will be a long time before the English public, particularly the working-class English public, is once again in a receptive mood for a similar performance.

It is to this fundamental dualism, this disintegration of the personality which Plato observed to be the actor's lot, that the characteristics of the Lloyd-Georgian régime can be traced. The strange and unexampled political system established during the brief years of his ascendancy at every point bears marks of the repressed and fermenting activity of a soul divided against itself. Take for instance the most notable feature of his régime in domestic politics—its debasement of British political standards through the pervading atmosphere of personal intrigue. Other statesmen have indulged in intrigue as a convenience; Mr. Lloyd George and his henchmen have elevated it to a fine art. Face to face with a stronger, but less observant and quick-witted, people, Welshmen have developed, as the Greeks developed in face of the Romans and later of the Turks, an astounding capacity for wire-pulling. No one who has not had the privilege of peeping into the secrets of the Welsh Camorra can realize the amount of subtle calculation and devoted labor which are joyfully expended there on the processes of personal manipulation. If ever the full history of the last five years of British politics is laid bare, historians will do justice to the herculean under-world labors of the ex-premier's Celtic bodyguard. Unfortunately for their immortality, their most characteristic achievements were in talk, not in writing, so that even when the files of the secretariat are opened, only a relatively meager record will be revealed. It will be left to the imagination of posterity to picture the wizardry which enabled their chief to retain office during nearly four years of peace without a party, without a program, without an independent organization, or indeed any other genuine bond of cohesion than the purchased loyalty or pampered inertia of a Parliamentary majority skilfully divided against itself.

But the work was done and done with zest and gusto; for to the Welsh spirit, pining for activity and afraid to spread its pinions toward the higher regions of achievement, personal and political issues offer boundless and gratifying opportunities for ingenuity and artifice. As a French cook can make a tasty ragout out of the ragged remains of a lunch, so a Welsh politician, national or local, can prepare a succulent blend of mystification and intrigue out of an issue which would pass almost without notice through the agenda of an English committee. Somebody once remarked in the presence of a distinguished general who had been the victim of Lloyd George's civilian strategy that the premier, as he then was, was "not straight." "I protest," exclaimed the general. "He is perfectly straight—as straight as a corkscrew." Over and over again Mr.

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Lloyd George has revealed not merely his unwillingness, but his inability, to do a simple thing in a simple way. Whatever his objective, whether it be the defeat of the House of Lords, the attainment of the premiership, the continuance of the coalition, the carrying of Irish self-government, the isolation of France, he has always preferred to approach it with a stealthy sidewise movement rather than with a frontal attack. And it is in this light that his speeches and policies must be interpreted. Actions like the general election of 1918 and the Irish reprisals must not be judged for their results as seen in retrospect; future historians, ignorant of their author, will be at a loss to understand how he could have come to burden himself with such policies. But interpreted as gestures in the rôle of the moment or as scenes in a film drama where contrast is of the essence of the appeal, they fall perfectly into place.

The same canons of interpretation apply to the ex-premier's oratory. An actor's words are neither true nor false. They are only more or less well spoken, more or less effective; that is, in their appeal to the audience of the movement. For the ex-premier it may justly be claimed that he has never lied; for a lie is a deviation from the truth. One cannot stray from a road on which one has not traveled. A speech for Lloyd George does not represent an effort to communicate the truth, nor does it represent in Talleyrand's phrase an effort to conceal the truth. It is not concerned with the truth at all, but with something else, with what he himself described on one occasion, when he was accused of eating his words, as "political strategy." Reread his speeches in this light. You will learn nothing, or nothing trustworthy, about the subject with which they are professedly concerned, whether it be taxation, health insurance, land reform, Prussian militarism, the progress of the war, the peace conference, the labor problem, the Irish situation, the Græco-Turkish conflict; but you will learn a great deal about the political situation and the Parliamentary atmosphere of the moment, provided you have trained yourself in the very special art of exegesis which the ex-premier's oratorial excursions developed among those who had inside knowledge of the facts which he mishandled.

One other feature of his oratory must be mentioned—its habitual and unblushing inaccuracy of detail. Other public men have made slips and blunders, but, to use a famous expression, Mr. Lloyd George hardly ever opens his mouth without contriving to put his foot into it. His prodigious ignorance, coupled with his fondness for concrete modes of expression, has constantly led him, even on the most solemn occasions, when every word should have been weighed, to abandon the layer of thin ice provided by his secretaries for his manœuvering and to plunge headlong into deep and unplumbed waters. Thus, in presenting the Treaty of Versailles to the House of Commons, he informed it, and the German and Danish peoples, that it restored Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark; in presenting the Irish Treaty, and moralizing on its effect on the conduct of the foreign policy of the British Empire, he took occasion to refer to Lord Palmerston's presence at the Congress of Vienna; and, in his war anniversary speech of 1917, he seized the opportunity of the presence of the

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scholarly and punctilious foreign minister of Italy to post-date the achievement of Italian unity by at least a generation. A student of history with a little time on his hands might do worse than compile out of the ex-premier's discourses an anthology of blunders. It might serve as a reminder that of all the weaknesses to which a politician is prone, to be ignorant of his ignorance is one of the least excusable. To err is human, but to persevere in error, with all the wisdom of a great empire at command, is something less than wise.

§ 4

David Lloyd George is such a perfect specimen of the genus demagogue that it may be instructive to American readers to compare him with this classical Greek prototype.

In the eighth book of "The Republic" Plato has drawn us a picture of the demagogue as he had observed him in the city state politics of Greece, laboratories not so very much smaller than the principality of Wales. The coincidence between the Platonic type of demagogue and the type of *déraciné* Welshman, incarnated in David Lloyd George, is very striking. Plato's demagogue is born, we are told, of a "miserly and oligarchical father, who has trained him in his own habits"; he represents a reaction, in other words, against the constriction of his natural exuberance and ambitions, of which a clever boy brought up in a pious home in a Welsh village would early become aware. The young man, Plato goes on to tell us, "comes to associate with fierce and crafty natures who are able to provide for him all sorts of refinements and varieties of pleasure." There we have the pert young solicitor (as Mr. Cecil calls him) enjoying his first taste of the famous delights and temptations of politics. The young man, continues Plato, "is changed by a class of desires coming from without to assist the desires from within"; the impulses repressed and driven underground by the strict contracts of Welsh life emerge, on a lower level, at the call of appropriate stimuli from the world outside the village. "Then there arises in his soul a faction and an opposite faction, and he goes to war with himself. . . . There are times when some of his desires die and others are vanished; a spirit of reverence enters into the young man's soul, and order is restored. And then again, after the old desires have been driven out, fresh ones spring up, which are akin to them, and because their father does not know how to educate them, wax fierce and numerous till at length they seize upon the citadel of the young man's soul, which they perceive to be void of all accomplishments and fair pursuits and true words." How often in the story of the rake's progress described as "arrival" has this description proved prophetic! And how true it is of the village boy of whom, when he had climbed the heights of power, his old-time associates and contemporaries were asking why he seemed to have forgotten his early ideals!

There is no need to continue the citation at length, but the culminating passage must be quoted because it sums up so perfectly the indifference and opportunism, the insensitiveness to all genuine values, the state of luxuriating, yet faded, titillation into which a demagogue inevitably falls. He ends, says Plato, "by living in a sort of equilibrium, putting the government of himself into the hands of the

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one which comes first and wins the turn; and when he has had enough of that, then into the hands of another; he despises none of them, but encourages them all equally." (Those who remember the way in which the ex-premier's bodyguard watched him, as though he were an Oriental sultan, and seized the right mood and moment for putting in the appropriate word and request will appreciate this touch.) "Neither does he receive or let pass into the fortress any true word of advice; if any one says to him that some pleasures are the satisfactions of good and noble desires, and others of evil desires, and that he ought to use and honor some and chastise and master the others—whenever this is repeated to him, he shakes his head and says that they are all alike and that one is as good as another. Thus," he continues, in a passage replete with detailed touches of anticipation, "he lives from day to day, indulging the appetite of the hour; sometimes he is lapped in drink and strains of the flute; then he becomes a water-drinker and tries to get thin; then he takes a turn at gymnastics; sometimes idling and neglecting everything; then once more living the life of a philosopher; often he is busy with politics, and starts to his feet and says and does whatever comes into his head; and if he is emulous of any one who is a warrior, off he is in that direction, or of men of business, once more in that. His life has neither law nor order; and if in this distracted existence, he knows joy and bliss and freedom." Surely Plato, from his tower in Elysium, must have watched our hero in these recent years as he passed from the cabinet and the lobby to the platform, from the rhetoric of temperance meeting to the intoxication of Eisteddfodau and hymn-singing, now asking his fellow-Baptists to pray for him in temptation, now running headlong with danger so as to give ample substance to their prayers, now engaging in a flutter on the stock exchange, now planning offensives for the soldiers, now coquetting with the wild men of Moscow, who fascinated him by the strength and consistency of their destructive purpose, now dreaming, like Disraeli, of a great new British Empire in the East. "Yes," Plato would say, recalling the closing words of his own description, "his life is motley and manifold, and an epitome of the lives of many."

For who shall cast stones at this poor victim of the chaos and perplexities of our age? Who of us can affirm with confidence that he has never yielded to the master temptation of dividing in order to rule? If David Lloyd George has thriven through the world's confusion and disintegration, if he has been a Mephistophelian force sowing distrust throughout a continent, dissolving previous alliances, cleaving parties in twain, and embittering personal relationships, it is because, first of all, like legion in the gospel story, he was himself in disintegration. He who would serve others must first achieve verity within himself. If through the strange vicissitudes of politics David Lloyd George, the village boy, was given an opportunity of service, in war and peace, greater even than that which fell to the rail-splitter from the Middle West, his failure to rise to it, and thereby to shed lasting luster on the nation to which, despite all, he belongs, must be set down to the fact that, unlike Lincoln's, the key-note of his soul's life has not been union, but duality.

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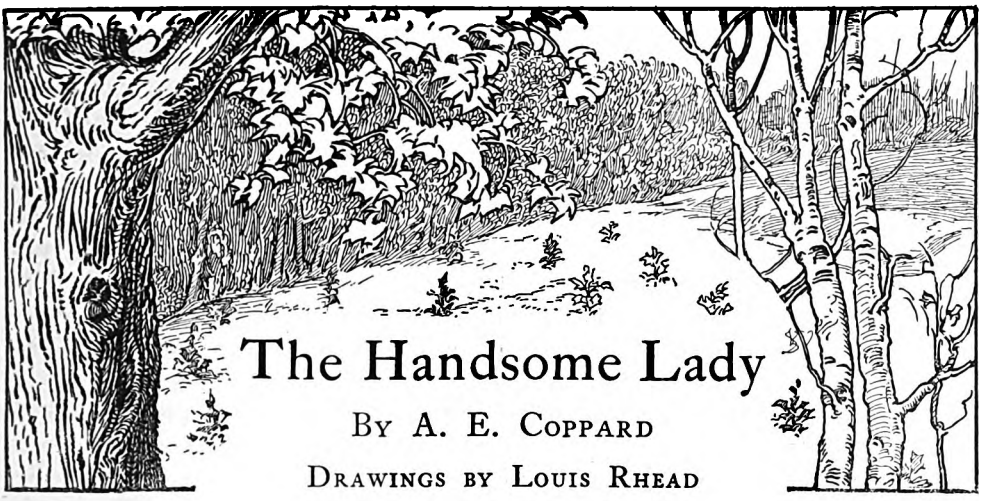

The Handsome Lady

By A. E. Coppard

Drawings by Louis Rhead

TOWARDS the close of the nineteenth century the parish of Tull was a genial, but angular, hamlet hung out on the north side of a midland hill, with scarcely renown enough to get itself marked on a map. Its felicities, whatever they might be, lay some miles distant from a railway station, and so were seldom regarded, being neither boasted of by the inhabitants nor visited by strangers.

But here as elsewhere people were born and, as unusual, inconspicuously born; John Pettigrove made a note of them then, and when people came in their turns to die, Pettigrove made a note of that, too, for he was the district registrar. Between whiles, like fish in a pond, they were immersed in labor until the Divine Angler hooked them to the bank, and then, as is the custom, they were conspicuously buried, and labored, presumably, no more.

The registrar was perhaps the one person who had love and praise for the simple place. He was born and bred in Tull, he had never left Tull, and at forty years of age was as firmly attached to it as the black clock to the tower of Tull Church, which never recorded anything but twenty minutes past four. His wife Carrie, a delicate woman, was also satisfied with Tull, but as she owned two or three small pieces of house property there, her fancy may not have been entirely beyond suspicion; possession, as you might say, being nine points of the prejudice, just as it is of the law. A year or two after their marriage Carrie began to suffer from a complication of ailments that turned her into a permanent invalid. She was seldom seen out of the house, and under her misfortunes she peaked and pined, she was troublesome, there was no pleasing her. If Pettigrove went about unshaven, she was vexed; it was unclean, it was lazy, disgusting. But when he once appeared with his mustache shaven off, she was exceedingly angry; it was scandalous, it was shameful, maddening. There is no pleasing some women. What is a man to do? When he began to let it grow again and encouraged a beard, she was more tyrannical than ever.

The gray church was small and looked shrunken, as if it had sagged; it seemed to stoop down upon the

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green yard. But the stones and mounds, the cypress and holly, the strangely faded blue of a door that led through the churchyard wall to the mansion of the vicar, were beautiful without pretense, and though as often as not the parson's goats used to graze among the graves and had been known to follow him into the nave, there was about the ground, the indulgent dimness under the trees, and the tower with its unmoving clock, the very delicacy of solitude. It inspired compassion and not cynicism as, peering as it were through the glass of antiquity, the stranger gazed upon its mortal register. In its peace, its beauty, and its age all those pious records and hopes inscribed upon its stones seemed not uttered in pride or all in vain. But, to speak truth, the church's grace was partly the achievement of its lofty situation. A road climbing up from sloping fields turned abruptly and traversed the village, sidling up to the church; there, having apparently satisfied some itch of curiosity, it turned abruptly again and trundled back another way into that northern prospect of farms and forest that lay in the direction of Whitewater Copse, Hangman's Corner, and One O'Clock.

It was that prospect which most delighted Pettigrove, for he was a simple-minded countryman, full of ambling content. Not even the church allured him so much, for though it pleased him and it was just at his own threshold, he never entered it at all. Once upon a time there had been talk of him joining the church choir, for he had a pleasant singing voice, but he would not go.

"It 's flying in the face of Providence," cried his exasperated wife. Her mind, too, was a falsetto one. "You 've as strong a voice as any one in Tull, in fact stronger. Not that that is saying much, for Tull air don't seem good for songsters, if you may judge by that choir. The air is too thick, maybe; I can't say. It certainly oppresses my own chest. Or perhaps it 's too thin. I don't thrive on it myself, but you 've the strength, and it would do you credit; you 'd be a credit to yourself, and it would be a credit to me. But that won't move you! I can't tell what you 'd be at; a drunken man 'ull get sober again, but a fool—well, there!"

John, unwilling to be a credit, would mumble an objection to being tied down to that sort of thing. That was just like him, no spontaneity, no tidiness in his mind. Whenever he addressed himself to any discussion, he had, as you might say, to tuck up his intellectual sleeves, give a hitch to his argumentative trousers. So he went on singing, just when he had a mind to it, old country songs; for he disliked what he called "gimcrack ballads about buzzums and roses."

Pettigrove's occupation dealt with the extreme features of existence, but he himself had no extreme notions. He was a good medium type of man mentally and something more than that physically, but nevertheless he was a disappointment to his wife: he never gave her any opportunity to shine by his reflected light. She had nurtured foolish ideas of him first as a figure of romance, then of some social importance; he ought to be a parish councilor or develop eminence somehow in their way of life. But John was nothing like this. He did not develop or shine or offer counsel; he was just a big, solid, happy man.

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There were times when his childless wife hated every ounce and sign of him, when his fair clipped beard and hair, which she declared were the color of jute, and his stolidity sickened her.

"I do my duty by him and, please God, I 'll continue to do it. I 'm a humble woman and easily satisfied. An afflicted woman has no chance, no chance at all," she said. After twelve years of wedded life Pettigrove sometimes wondered what it would have been like not to have married anybody.

One Michelmas a small house belonging to Mrs. Pettigrove was let to a widow from Eastbourne. Mrs. Cronshaw was a fine, upstanding woman, gracefully grave and, as the neighbors said, clean as a pink. For several evenings after she had taken possession of the house Pettigrove, who was a very handy sort of man, worked upon some alterations to her garden, and at the end of the third or fourth evening she had invited him into her bower to sip a glass of some cordial, and she thanked him for his labors.

"Not at all, Mrs. Cronshaw." And he drank to her very good fortune.

The next evening she did the same, and the very next evening to that again. And so it was not long before they spoke of themselves to each other, turn and turn about, as you might say. She was the widow of an ironmonger who had died two years before, and the ironmonger's very astute brother had given her an annuity in exchange for her interest in the business. Without family and with few friends, she had been lonely.

"But Tull is such a hearty place," she said. "It 's beautiful. One might forget to be lonely."

"Be sure of that," commented Pettigrove. They had the light of two candles and a blazing fire. She grew kind and more communicative to him, a strangely, disturbingly attractive woman, dark, with an abundance of well dressed hair and a figure of charm. She had carpet all over her floor; nobody else in Tull dreamed of such a thing. She did not cover her old dark table with a cloth, as everybody else habitually did. The pictures on the wall were real, and the black-lined sofa had cushions on it of violet silk, which she sometimes actually sat upon. There was a dainty dresser with china and things, a bureau, and a tall clock that told the exact time. But there was no music; music made her melancholy. In Pettigrove's home there were things like these, but they were not the same. His bureau was jammed in a corner, with flower-pots upon its top; his pictures comprised two photo prints of a public park in Swansea. His wife had bought them at an auction sale. Their dresser was a cumbersome thing, with knobs and hooks and jars and bottles, and the tall clock never chimed the hours. The very arm-chairs at Mrs. Cronshaw's were wells of such solid comfort that it made him feel uncomfortable to use them.

"Ah, I should like to be sure of it!" she continued. "I have not found kindly people in the cities. They do not even seem to notice a fine day! I have not found them anywhere; so why should they be in Tull? You are a wise man. Tell me, is Tull the exception?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cronshaw. You must come and visit us whenever you 've a mind to; have no fear of loneliness."

"Yes, I will come and visit you," she declared. "Soon; I will."

"That 's right; you must visit us."

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"Yes, soon. I must," she repeated.

But weeks passed over, and the widow did not keep her promise, although she lived only a furlong from his door. Pettigrove made no further invitation, for he found excuses on many evenings to visit her. It was easy to see that she did not care for his wife, and he did not mind this, for neither did he care for her now. The old wish that he had never been married crept back into his mind, a sly, unsavory visitant. It was complicated by a thought that his wife might not live long, a dark, shameful thought that nevertheless trembled into hope. So on many of the long winter evenings, while his wife dozed in her bed, he sat in the widow's room talking of things that were strange and agreeable. She could neither understand nor quite forgive his parochialism; this was sweet flattery to him. He had scarcely ever set foot outside a ten-mile radius of Tull, but he was an intelligent man, and all her discourse was of things he could perfectly understand. For the first time in his life Pettigrove found himself lamenting the dullness of existence. He tried to suppress this tendency, but words would come, and he was distressed. He had always been in love with things that lasted, that had stability, that gave him a recognition and guidance; but now his feelings were flickering, like grass in a gale.

"How strange that is!" she said, when he told her this. "We seem to have exchanged our feelings. I am happy here, but I know that dark thought, yes, that life is a dull journey on which the mind searches for variety, unvarying variety."

"But what for?" he cried.

"It is constantly seeking change."

"But for why? It seems like treachery to life."

"It may be so, but if you seek, you find."

"What?"

"Whatever you are seeking."

"What am I seeking?"

"Not to know that is the blackest treachery to life. We are growing old," she added inconsequently, stretching her hands to the fire. She wore black silk mittens.

"Perhaps that 's it," he allowed, with a laugh. "Childhood 's best."

"Surely not," she protested.

"Ah, but I was gay enough then. I 'm not a religious man, you know, and perhaps that 's the reason; but, however, I can remember things of great joy and pleasure then."

And it seemed from his recollections that not the least pleasant and persistent was his memory of the chapel, a Baptist hall long since closed and decayed, to which his mother had sent him on Sunday afternoons. It was a plain, tough little tabernacle, with benches of deal, plain deal, very hard, covered with a clear varnish that smelled pleasant. The platform and its railing, the teacher's desk, the pulpit, were all of deal, the plainest deal, very hard, and all covered with the clear varnish that smelled very pleasant. And somehow the creed and the teacher and the attendants were like that, too, all plain and hard, covered with a varnish that was pleasant. But there was a way in which the afternoon sun beamed through the cheap windows that lit up for young Pettigrove an everlasting light. There were hymns with tunes that he hoped would be sung in paradise. The texts, the stories, the admonitions of the teachers, were vivid and evidently

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"'We are growing old,' she added inconsequently, stretching her hands to the fire"

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beautiful in his memory. Best of all was the privilege of borrowing a book at the end of school-time—"Pilgrim's Progress" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

For a while his recollections restored him to cheerfulness, but his dullness soon overcame him again.

"I have been content all my life; never was a man more content. And now! It 's treachery, if you like. My faith 's gone, content gone, for why?"

He rose to go, and as he paused at the door to bid her good night, she took his hand and tenderly said:

"Why are you depressed? Don't be so. Life is not dull, but it is only momentarily unkind."

"Ah, I 'll get used to it."

"John Pettigrove, you must never get used to dullness. I forbid you."

"But I thought Tull was beautiful," he said as he paused upon the door-sill. "I thought Tull was beautiful."

"Until I came?" It was so softly uttered and she closed the door so quickly upon him, they called "Good night, good night" to each other through the door.

He went away through the village, his mind streaming with strange emotions. He exulted, and yet he feared for himself and for the widow, but could not summon from the depths of his mind what it was he feared.

The next morning he sat in the kitchen after breakfast. It wanted but a few days to Christmas. There was no frost in the air; the wind roared, but the day, though gray, was not gloomy; only the man was gloomy.

"Nothing ever happens," he murmured. "True, but what would you want to happen?"

Out in the scullery a village girl was washing dishes; as she rattled the ware she hummed a song. From his back window Pettigrove could see a barn in a field, two broken gates, a pile of logs, fagots, and a single pollarded willow whose head was strangled under a hat of ivy. Beside a barley stack was a goose with a crooked neck; it stood sulking. High aloft in the sky thousands of blown rooks wrangled like lost men. And Pettigrove vowed he would go no more to the widow—not for a while. Something inside him kept asking, "Why not?" and he as quickly replied to himself: "You know, you know. You 'll find it all in God Amighty's own commandments. Stick to them; you can't do more. At least you might; but what would be the good?"

So that evening he went along to the Christmas lottery, held in a vast barn, dimly lit and smelling of vermin. A rope hung over each of its two giant beams, dangling smoky lanterns. There was a crowd of men and boys inspecting the prizes in the gloomy corners, a pig sulking in a pen of hurdles, sacks of wheat, live hens in coops, a row of dead hares hung on the rail of a wagon. Amid silence a man plunged his hand into a corn measure and drew forth a numbered ticket; another man drew from a similar measure a blank ticket or a prize ticket. Each time a prize was drawn a hum of interest spread through the onlookers, but when the chief prize, the fat pig, was drawn against number seventy-nine, there was agitation, excitement even.

"Who be it?" cried several. "Who be number seventy-nine for the fat pig?"

A man consulted a list and said doubtfully:

"Miss Subey Jones. Who be she?"

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No one seemed to know until a husky alto voice from a corner piped:

"I know her. She 's from Shottsford way, over by Squire Marchand's."

"Oh," murmured the disappointed men. The husky voice continued:

"Day afore yesterday she hung herself."

For a few seconds there was a pained silence, until a powerful voice cried:

"It 's a mortal shame, chaps."

The ceremony proceeded until all the tickets were drawn, and all the prizes won and distributed. The cackling hens were seized from the pens by their legs and handed upside down to their new owners. The pig was bundled squealing into a sack. Bags of wheat were shouldered, and the white-bellied hares were held up to the light. Everybody was animated and chattered loudly.

"I had number thirty in the big chance, and I won nothing. And I had number thirty-one in the little chance, and I won a duck. Number thirty-one was my number, and number thirty in the big draw; I won nothing in that, but in the little draw I won a duck. Well, there 's flesh for you."

Some of those who had won hens held them out to a white-faced youth who smoked a large rank pipe; he took each fowl quietly by the neck and twisted it till it died. A few small feathers stuck to his hands or wavered to the floor, and even after the bird was dead and carried away it continued slowly and vaguely to flap its big wings and scatter its lorn feathers.

Pettigrove spent most of the next day in the forest plantation south of Tull Great Wood, where a few chains of soil had been cultivated and reserved for seedlings, trees of larch and pine no bigger than potted geraniums, groves of oaks with stems as slender as a cockerel's leg, and most of the stiff brown leaves still clinging to the famished twigs; or sycamores thin, but tall, flourishing in a mat of their own dropped foliage that was the color of butter fringed with blood and stained with black gouts like a child's copy-book. It was a toy forest, dense enough for the lair of a beast and dim enough for an anchorite's meditations, but a dog could leap over it, and a boy could stand amid its growth and look like Gulliver in Lilliput.

"May I go into the wood?" a voice called to Pettigrove. Looking sharply up, he saw Mrs. Cronshaw, clad in a long dark blue cloak with a fur necklet, a gray velvet hat trimmed with a pigeon's wing confining her luxuriant hair.

"Ah, you may," he said, stalking to her side, "but you 'd best not. 'T is a heavy, marshy soil within, and the ways are stabbled by the hunters' horses. Better keep out till summer comes, then 't is dry and pleasant-like."

She sat down awkwardly on a heap of fagots, her feet turned slightly inward; but her cheeks were dainty pink in the cold air. What a smart lady! He stood telling her things about the wood, its birds and foxes; deep in the heart of it all was a lovely open space covered with the greenest grass, and a hawthorn-tree in the middle of that. It bloomed in spring with heavy, creamy blossom. No, he had never seen any fairies there. Come to that, he did not expect to; he had never thought of it.

"But there are fairies, you know," cried the widow. "Oh, yes, in old times, I mean very old times, before

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the Romans, in fact before Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob then, the mother of the earth had a big family, thousands. Something like the old woman who lived in a shoe she was. And one day God sent word to say he was coming to visit her. Well, then! She was so excited, the mother of the earth, that she made a great to do, you may be sure, and after she had made her house sparkle with cleanliness and had baked a great big pie she began to wash her children. All of a sudden she heard the trumpets blow—God was just a-coming! So, as she had n't got time to finish them all, she hid those unwashed ones away out of sight, and bade them to remain there and make no noise or she would be angry and punish them. But you can't conceal anything from the King of All, and He knew of those hidden children, and He caused them to be hidden from mortal eyes forever, and they are the fairies. Oh, yes."

"No, nothing can be concealed," Pettigrove admitted in his slow, grave fashion. "Murder will out, as they say, but that's tough morsel if you 're going to swallow it all."

"But I like to believe in those things I wish were true."

"Ah, so, yes," said Pettigrove.

It was an afternoon of damp, squally blusters, uncheering, with slaty sky; the air itself seemed slaty, and though it had every opportunity and invitation to fall, the rain with strange perversity held off. In the oddest corners of the sky, north and east, a miraculous glow could be seen, as if the sun in a moment of aberration had determined to set just then and just there. The wind made a long noise in the sky, the smell of earth rose about them, of timber and of dead leaves: except for rooks, or a wren cockering itself in a bush, no birds were to be seen.

Letting his spade fall, Pettigrove sat down beside the widow and kissed her. She blushed as red as a cherry, and he got up quickly.

"I ought not to ha' done it, I ought not to ha' done that, Mrs. Cronshaw!"

"Caroline," said she, smiling the correction at him.

"Is that your name?" He sat down by her again. "Why, it is the same as my wife's."

And Caroline said:

"Humph! You 're a strange man, but you are wise and good. Tell me, does she understand you?"

"What is there to understand? We are wed and we are faithful to each other; I can take my oath on that to God or man."

"Yes, yes, but what is faith—without love between you! You see? You have long since broken your vows to love and cherish. Understand that; you have broken them in half."

She had picked up a stick, and was drawing patterns in the soil.

"But what is to be done, Caroline? Life is good, but there is good living, and there is bad living; there is fire, and there is water. It is strange what the Almighty permits to happen."

A slow-speaking man, scrupulous of thought and speech, he weighed each idea before its delivery as carefully as a tobacconist weighs an ounce of tobacco.

"Have some cake?" said Caroline, drawing a package from a pocket. "Will you have a piece, John?"

She seemed to be on the point of laughing aloud at him. He took the fragment of cake, but he did not eat

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it, as she did. He held it between finger and thumb and stared at it.

"It 's strange how a man lets his tongue wag now and again as if he 'd got the universe stuck on the end of a common fork."

"Or at the end of a knitting-needle. Yes, I know." Caroline laughed, brushing the crumbs off her lap. Then she bent her head, patted her lips, and regurgitated with a gesture of apology—just like a lady. "But what are you saying? If there is love between you, there is faithfulness; if there is no love, there is no fidelity."

He bit a mouthful off the cake at last.

"Maybe true, but you must have respect for the beliefs of others."

"How can you if they don't fit in with your own?"

"Or there is sorrow." He bolted the rest of his cake. "Oh, you are right, I dare say, Caroline, no doubt; it 's right, I know, but is it reasonable?"

"There are afflictions," she said, "which time will cure, so they don't matter; but there are others which time only aggravates, so what can we do? I dare say it 's different with a man, but a woman, you know, grasps at what she wants. That sounds reasonable, but you don't think it 's right?"

In the cold, whistling sky a patch of sunset had now begun to settle in its proper quarter, but as frigid and unconvincing as a stage fireplace. Pettigrove sat with his great hands clasped between his knees. Perhaps she grew tired of watching the back of him; she rose to go, but she said gently enough:

"Come in to-night. I want to tell you something."

"I will, Caroline," he promised her.

Later, when he reached home, he found two little nieces had arrived, children of some relatives who lived a dozen miles away. A passing farmer had dropped them at Tull; their parents were coming a day later to spend Christmas with the Pettigroves.

They sat up in his wife's room after tea, for Carrie left her bed only for an hour or two at noon. She dozed against her pillows, a brown shawl covering her shoulders, while the two children played by the hearth. Pettigrove sat silent, gazing in the fire.

"What a racket you are making, Polly and Jane!" quavered Carrie.

The little girls thereupon ceased their sporting and took a picture-book to the hearth-rug, where they examined it in awed silence by the firelight. After some minutes the invalid called out:

"Don't make such a noise turning over all them leaves!"

Polly made a grimace, and little Jane said:

"We are looking at the pictures."

"Well," snapped Mrs. Pettigrove, "why can't you keep to the one page?"

John sat by the fire vowing to himself that he would not go along to the widow, and in the very act of vowing he got up and began putting on his coat.

"Are you going out, John?"

"There 's a window-catch to put right along at Mrs. Cronshaw's," he said. At other times it had been a pump to mend, a door-latch to adjust, or a jamb to ease.

"I never knew things to go like it before. I can't understand it," his wife commented. "What with windows and doors and pumps and banisters, any one would think the house

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had got the rot. It 's done for the purpose, or my name 's not what it is."

"It won't take long," he said as he went.

The wind had fallen away, but the sky, though clearer, had a dull, opaque, mean appearance, and the risen moon, without glow, without refulgence, was like a brass-headed nail stuck in a kitchen wall.

The yellow blind at the widow's cot was drawn down, and the candles within cast upon the blind a slanting image of the bird-cage hanging at the window; a fat dapper bird appeared to be snoozing upon its rod; a tiny square was probably a lump of sugar; the glass well must have been half full of water, it glistened and twinkled on the blind. The shadowy bird shifted one foot, then the other, and just opened its beak as Pettigrove tapped at the door.

They did not converse very easily; there was constraint between them. Pettigrove's simple mind had a twinge of guilt.

"Will you take lime juice or cocoa?" asked the widow, and he said, "Cocoa."

"Little or large?" And he said, "Large."

While they sat sipping the cocoa, Caroline began:

"Well, I am going away, you know. No, not for good; just a short while, for Christmas only, or very little longer. I must go." She nestled her blue shawl more snugly round her shoulders. A cough seemed to trouble her. "There are things you can't put on one side forever—"

"Even if they don't fit in with your own ideas!" he said slyly.

"Yes, even then."

He put down his cup and took both her hands in his own.

"How long?"

"Not long, not very long, not long enough—"

"Enough for what?" He broke up her hesitation. "For me to forget you? No, no, not in the fifty-two weeks of the whole world of time."

"I did want to stay here," she said, "and see all the funny things country people do now." She was rather vague about those funny things. "Carols, mumming, visiting; go to church on Christmas morning, though how I should get past those dreadful goats, I don't know. Why are they always in the churchyard?"

"Teasy creatures they are! Followed parson into service one Sunday, indeed. Ah, one of 'em did. Jumped up in his pulpit, too, so 't is said. But when are you coming back?"

She told him it was a little uncertain. She was not sure; she could not say; it was a little uncertain.

"In a week, maybe?"

Yes, a week; but perhaps it would be longer. She could not say; it was uncertain.

"So. Well, all right, then. I shall watch for you."

"Yes, watch for me."

They gave each other good wishes and said good-by in the little dark porch. The shadowy bird on the blind stood up and shrugged itself. Pettigrove's stay had scarcely lasted an hour, but in that time the moon had gone, the sky had cleared, and in its ravishing darkness the stars almost crackled, so fierce was their mysterious perturbation. The village man felt Caroline's arms about him and her lips against his mouth as she whispered a "God bless you!" He turned away

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home, dazed, entranced; he did not heed the stars. In the darkness a knacker's cart trotted past him, with a dim lantern swinging at its tail and the driver bawling a song. In the keen air the odor from the dead horse sickened him.

Pettigrove passed Christmas gaily enough with his kindred, and even his wife indulged in brief gaieties. Her cousin was one of those men full of affable disagreements, an attitude rather than an activity of mind. He had a curious face, resembling an owl's except in its color; which was pink, and in its tiny black mustache curling downward like a dark ring under his nose. If Pettigrove remarked upon a fine sunset, the cousin scoffed, scoffed benignantly. There was a sunset every day, was n't there? Common as grass, were n't they? As for the farming hereabouts, nothing particular in it, was there? The scenery was, well, it was just scenery, a few hills, a few woods, plenty of grass-fields. No special suitability of soil for any crop; corn would be just average, was n't that so? And the roots, well, on his farm at home he could show mangolds as big as young porkers, forty to the cartload or thereabouts. There were n't no farmers round here making a fortune, he 'd be bound, and as for their birds, he should think they lived on rook pie.

Pettigrove submitted that none of the Tull farmers looked much the worse for farming.

"Well, come," said the other, "I hear your workhouses be middling full. Now, an old neighbor of mine, old Frank Stinsgrove, was a man as *could* farm any mortal thing. He would n't have looked at this land, not at a crown an acre, and he was a man as *could* farm any mortal thing, oranges and lemons, if he'd a mind to it. What a head that man had! God bless! his brain was stuffed! Full! He 'd declare black was white, and, what 's more, he could prove it. I like a man like that."

The cousin's wife was a vast woman, shaped like a cottage loaf. For some reason she clung to her stays; it could not be to disguise or curb her bulk, for they merely put a gloss upon it. You could view her only as a dimension, think of her as a circumference, and wonder grimly what she looked like when she prepared for the bath. She devoured turkey and pig griskin with such audible voracity that her husband declared that he would soon be compelled to wear corks in his ear-holes at meal-times, yes, the same as they did in the artillery. She was quite unperturbed by this, even when little Jane giggled, and she avowed that good food was a great enjoyment to her.

"Oh, 't is a good thing and a grand thing, but take that child now," said her father. Resting his elbow on the table, he indicated with his fork the diminutive Jane; upon the fork hung a portion of meat large enough to half-sole a lady's shoe. "She 's just the reverse. She eats as soft as a fly, a spillikin a day, and not a mite more. No, very dainty is our Jane." Here he swallowed the meat, and treated four promising potatoes with very great savagery. "Do you know our Jane is going to marry a house-painter? Yah, a house-painter, or is it a coach-painter? 'T is smooth and gentle work, she says, not like rough farmers or chaps that knock things pretty hard, smiths and carpenters, you know. O Lord! eight years old, would

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you believe? The spillikin! John, this griskin 's a lovely bit of meat."

"Beautiful meat," chanted his wife. "Like a pig we killed a month ago. That was a nice pig, fat and contented as you 'd find any pig; 't would have been a shame to keep him alive any longer. It dressed so well, a picture it was; the kidneys shun like gold."

"That reminds me of poor old Frank Stinsgrove," said her husband. "He 'd a mint of money, a very wealthy man, but he did n't like parting with it. He 'd got oldish and afraid of his death; must have a doctor calling to examine him every so often. Did n't mind spending a fortune on doctors, but every other way he 'd skin a flint. And there was naught wrong with him 'cept age. So his daughter ups and says to him one day:

"'You are wasting your money on all these doctors, Father. They do you no good. What you must have is nice, dainty, nourishing food. Now, what about some of these new-laid eggs?'

"'How much are they fetching now?' old Frank says.

"'A penny farthing,' says she.

"'A penny farthing! I cannot afford it!' And there was that man, with a mint of money, a mint, could have bought Buckingham Palace, you understand me, and yet he must go on with his porridge and his mustard plasters and his syrup of squills, until at last a smartish doctor really did find something the matter with him in his kidneys. They operated, mark you, and they say, but I never quite had the rights of it—they say they gave him a new kidney made of wax, a new wax kidney, ah, and I believe it was successful, only he had not to get himself into any kind of a heat, of course, nor sit too close to the fire. 'Stonishing what them doctors can do with your innards. But of course he was too old; soon died. Left a fortune, a mint of money; could have bought the crown of England. Stanch old chap, you know."

Throughout the holidays John sang his customary ballads, "The Bicester Ram," "The Unquiet Grave" and dozens of others. After songs there would be things to eat. Then a game of cards, and after that things to eat. Then a walk to the inn, to the church, to a farm, or to a friend's, where in all jollity there would be things to eat and drink. They went to a meet of the hounds, a most successful outing, for it gave then ravening appetites. In short, as the cousin's wife said when bidding farewell, it was a time of great enjoyment.

And Pettigrove said so, too. He believed it, and yet was glad to be quit of his friends in order to contemplate the serene dawn that was to come at any hour now. By New Year's day Mrs. Cronshaw had not returned, but the big countryman was patient; his mind, though not at rest, was confident. The days passed as invisibly as warriors in a hostile country, and almost before he had begun to despair, February came, a haggard month to follow a frosty January. Mist clung to the earth as tightly as the dense gray fur on the back of a cat; ice began to uncongeal, adjacent lands became indistinct; and distant fields could not be seen at all. The banks of the roads and the squat hedges were heavily dewed. The cries of invisible rooks, the bleat of unseen sheep, made yet more gloomy the contours of motionless trees wherefrom the slightest movement of a bird

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fetched a splatter of drops to the road, cold and uncheering.

All this inclemency crowded into the heart of the waiting man, a distress without a gleam of anger or doubt, but with only a fond anxiety. Other anxieties came upon him, which, without lessening his melancholy, somewhat diverted it. His wife suffered a sudden grave decline in health, and, on calling in the doctor, Pettigrove was made aware of her approaching end. Torn between a strange recovered fondness for his sinking wife and the romantic adventure with the widow, which to his mind at such a juncture wore the sourest aspect of infidelity, Pettigrove dwelt in remorse and grief until the night of St. Valentine's day, when he received a letter. It came from a coast town in Norfolk, from a hospital; Caroline, too, was ill. She made light of her illness, but it was clear to him now that this and this alone was the urgent reason of her retreat from Tull at Christmas. It was old tubercular trouble (that was consumption, was n't it?) which had driven her into sanatoriums on several occasions in recent years. She was getting better now, she wrote, but it would be months before she would be allowed to return. It had been rather a bad attack—so sudden. Now she had no other thought or desire in the world but to be back at Tull with her friend, and in time to see that fairy may-tree at bloom in the wood. He had promised to show it to her. They would go often together, would n't they? And she signed herself his, "with the deepest affection."

He did not remember any promise to show her the tree, but he sat down straightway and wrote her a letter of love, incoherently disclosed and obscurely worded for any eyes but hers. He did not mention his wife; he had suddenly forgotten her. He sealed the letter and put it aside to be posted on the morrow. Then he crept back to his wife's room and continued his sick vigil.

But in that dim room, lit by one small candle, he did not heed the invalid. His mind, feverishly alert, was devoted to thoughts of that other who also lay sick, and who had intimidated him. He had feared her, feared for himself. He had behaved like a lost wanderer who at night, deep in a forest, had come upon the embers of a fire left mysteriously glowing, and had crept up to it, frightened, without stick or stone. If only he had conquered his fear, he might have lain down and rested by its strange comfort. But now he was sure of her love, sure of his own, he was secure; he would lay down and rest. She would come with all the sweetness of her passion and the valor of her frailty, stretching smooth, quiet wings over his lost soul.

Then he began to be aware of a soft insistent noise, tapping, tapping, tapping, that seemed to come from the front door below. To assure himself, he listened intently, and soon it became almost the only sound in the world, clear, but soft, sharp, and thin, as if struck with the finger-nails only—*tap, tap, tap* quickly on the door. When the noise ceased, he got up and groped stealthily down his narrow, crooked staircase. At the bottom he waited in an uncanny pause until just beyond him he heard the gentle urgency again, *tap, tap*, and he flung open the door. There was enough gloomy light to reveal the emptiness

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the door, bolted it in a fluster, and blundered away up the stairs.

And there was now darkness, the candle in his wife's room having spent itself; but as a glow from the fire embers remained, he did not hasten to light another candle. Instead, he fastened the bedroom door also and stood filled with wondering uneasiness, dreading to hear the *tap, tap, tap* come again, just there, behind him. He listened for it with stopped breath, but he could hear nothing, not the faintest scruple of sound, not the beat of his own heart, not a flutter from the fire, not a rustle of feet, not a breath; no, not even a breathing! He rushed to the bed and struck a match. That was a dead face. Under the violence of his sharpening shock he sank upon the bed beside dead Carrie, and a faint crepuscular agony began to gleam over the pensive darkness of his mind, with a promise of mad moonlight to follow.

Two days later a stranger came to the Pettigroves' door, a short, brusque, sharp-talking man with iron-gray hair and iron-rimmed spectacles. He was an ironmonger.

"Mr. Pettigrove? My name is Cronshaw of Eastbourne, rather painful errand. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Cronshaw, tenant of yours, I believe."

Pettigrove stiffened into antagonism. What the devil was all this?

"Come in," he remarked grimly.

"Thank you," said Cronshaw, following Pettigrove into the parlor, where with many sighs and much circumstance he doffed his overcoat and stood his umbrella in a corner. "Had to walk from the station; no conveyances. That 's pretty stiff; miles and miles."

"Have a drop of wine?" invited Pettigrove.

"Thank you," said the visitor.

"It 's dandelion."

"Very kind of you, I 'm sure." Cronshaw drew a chair up to the fireplace, though the fire had not been lit, and the grate was full of ashes, and asked if he might smoke. Pettigrove did not mind; he poured out a glass of the yellow wine while Cronshaw lit his pipe. The room smelled stuffy; heavy noises came from overhead, as if men were moving furniture. The stranger swallowed a few drops of the wine, coughed, and said:

"My sister-in-law is dead, I 'm sorry to say. You had not heard, I suppose?"

"Dead!" whispered Pettigrove. "Mrs. Cronshaw! No, no, I had not; I had not heard that; I did not know. Mrs. Cronshaw dead! is it true!"

"Ah," said the stranger, with a labored sigh. "Two nights ago in a hospital at Mundesley. I 've just come on from there. It was very sudden, oh, frightfully sudden; but it was not unexpected, poor woman! It 's been off and on with her for years. She was very much attached to this village, I suppose, and we 're going to bury her here. It was her last request. That 's what I want to do now. I want to arrange about the burial and the disposal of her things and to give up possession of your house. I 'm very sorry for that."

"I 'm uncommon grieved to hear this," said Pettigrove. "She was a handsome lady."

"Oh, yes." The ironmonger took out his pocket-book and prepared to write in it.

"A handsome lady," continued the

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countryman, tremulously; "handsome, handsome."

At that moment some one came heavily down the stairs and knocked at the parlor-door.

"Come in," cried Pettigrove. A man with red face and white hair shuffled into the room. He was dressed in a black suit that had been made for a man not only bigger, but probably different in other ways.

"We shall have to shift her down here now," he began. "I was sure we should. The coffin 's too big to get round that awkward crook in these stairs when it 's loaded. In fact, 't is impossible. Better have her down now afore we put her in, or there 'll be an accident on the day, as sure as judgment." The man, then noticing Cronshaw, said: "Good morning, sir. You 'll excuse me."

The ironmonger stared at him with horror, and then put his note-book away.

"Yes, yes, then," mumbled Pettigrove. "I 'll come up in a few minutes."

The man went out, and Cronshaw jumped up and said:

"You 'll pardon me, Mr. Pettigrove. I had no idea that you had had a bereavement, too."

"My wife," said Pettigrove, dully; "two nights ago."

"Two nights ago! I am very sorry, most sorry," stammered the other, picking up his umbrella and hat. "I 'll go away. What a sad coincidence!"

"There 's no call to do that; what 's got to be done, must be done."

"I 'll not detain you long then; just a few details. I am most sorry, very sorry; it 's extraordinary."

He took out his note-book again—it had red edges and a fat elastic band—and after conferring with Pettigrove for some time, the stranger went off to see the vicar, saying as he shook hands:

"I shall of course see you again when it is all over. How bewildering it is, and what a shock it is! From one day to another, and then nothing! And the day after to-morrow they 'll be buried beside one another. I am very sorry, most sorry. I shall of course come and see you again when it is all over."

After he had gone, Pettigrove walked about the room murmuring:

"She was a lady, a handsome lady," and then, still murmuring, he stumbled up the stairs to the undertakers. His wife lay on the bed in a white gown. He enveloped her stiff, thin body in a blanket and carried it downstairs to the parlor; the others, with much difficulty, carried down the coffin, and when they had fixed it upon some trestles, they unwrapped Carrie from the blankets and laid her in it.

Caroline and Carrie were buried on the same day in adjoining graves, buried by the same men, and as the ironmonger was prevented by some other misfortune from attending the obsequies, there were no other mourners than Pettigrove. The workshop sign of the Tull carpenter bore the following notice:

☛ COMPLETE UNDERTAKER
SMALL
HEARSE
KEPT

And therefore it was he who ushered the handsome lady from the station on that bitter day. Frost was so heavy that the umbrage of pine and fir looked woolly, thick, gray swabs. Horses stood miserably in the frozen

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fields, breathing into any friendly bush. Rooks pecked industriously at the tough pastures, but wiser fowls, unlike the fabulous good child, could be neither seen nor heard. And all day some one was grinding corn at the mill-house; the engine was old, and kept on emitting explosions that shook the neighborhood like a dreadful bomb. Pettigrove, who had not provided himself with a black overcoat, and therefore wore none at all, shivered so intensely during the ceremony that the keen edge of his grief was dulled, and indeed from that time onward his grief, whatever its source, seemed deprived of all keenness; it just dulled him with a permanent dullness.

He caused to be placed on his wife's grave a headstone, quite small, not a yard high, inscribed to

CAROLINE
THE BELOVED WIFE
OF
JOHN PETTIGROVE

Some days after its erection he was astonished to find the headstone had fallen flat on its face. It was very strange, but, after all, it was a small matter, a simple affair; so in the dusk he himself took a spade and set it up again. A day or two later it had fallen once more. He was now inclined to some suspicion; he fancied that mischievous boys had done it. He would complain to the vicar. But Pettigrove was an easy-going man; he did not complain. He replaced the stone, setting it more deeply in the earth and padding the turf more firmly about it.

When it fell the third time he was astonished and deeply moved, but he was no longer in doubt, and as he once more made a good upheaval by the grave in the dusk he said in his mind, and he felt, too, in his heart, that he understood.

"It will not fall again," he said, and he was right. It did not.

Pettigrove himself lived for another score of years, during which the monotony of his life was but mildly varied; he just went on registering births and deaths and rearing little oaks and pines, firs and sycamores. Sentimental deference to the oft-repeated wish of his wife led him to join the church choir and sing its anthems and hymns with a secular blitheness that was at least mellifluous. Moreover, after a year or two, he *did* become a parish councilor, and in a modest way was something of a "shining light."

"If I were you," observed an old countryman to him, "and I had my way, I know what I would do: I would live in a little house and have a quiet life, and I would n't care the toss of a ha'penny for nothing and nobody!"

In the time of May, always, Pettigrove would wander in Tull Great Wood as far as the hidden pleasaunce where the hawthorn so whitely bloomed. None but he knew of that, or remembered it, and when its dying petals were heaped upon the grass he gathered handfuls to keep in his pocket till they rotted. Sometimes he thought he would leave Tull and see something of the world; he often thought of that, but it seemed as if time had stabilized and contracted round his heart, and he did not go. At last, after twenty years of widowerhood, he died and was buried, and this was the manner of that.

Two men were digging his grave on the morning of the interment, a summer's day so everlasting beautiful

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that it was incredible any one should be dead. The two men, an ancient named Jethro and a younger whom he called Mark, went to sit in the cool porch for a brief rest. The work on the grave had been much delayed, but now the old headstone was laid on one side and most of the earth that had covered his wife's body was heaped in untidy mounds upon the turf close by. Otherwise there was no change in the yard or the trees that grew so high, the grass that grew so green, the dark brick wall, or the door of fugitive blue; there was even a dappled goat quietly cropping. A woman came into the porch, remarked upon the grand day, and then passed into the church to her task of tidying up for the ceremony. Jethro took a swig of drink from a bottle and handed it to his mate.

"You don't remember old Fan as used to clean the church, do you? No, 't was 'fore you come about these parts. She was a smartish old gal. Bother me if one of them goats did n't follow her into the darn church on a day, ah, and would n't be drove out on it, neither, no, and she chasing of it from here to there, and one place and another, but out it would not go, that goat. And at last it act-u-ally marched up into the pulpit and put its two fore legs on the holy book and said, Baa—a—a!" Here Jethro gave a prolonged imitation of a goat's cry. "Well, old Fan had been a bit skeered, but she was so overcome by that bit of piety that, darn me, if she did n't sit down and play the organ for it!"

Mark received this narration with a lack-luster air, and at once the two men resumed their work. Meanwhile a man ascended the church tower; other men had gone into the home of the dead man. Soon the vicar came through the blue door in the wall, and the bell gave forth its first solemn toll.

"Hey, Jethro," called Mark from the grave. "What d' you say 's the name of this chap?"

"Pettigrove. Hurry up, now."

Mark, after bending down, whispered from the grave:

"What was his wife's name?"

"Why, man alive, that 'u'd be Pettigrove, too."

The bell in the tower gave another profoundly solemn beat.

"What 's the name on that headstone?" asked Mark.

"Caroline Pettigrove. What be you thinking on?"

"We 're in the wrong hole, Jethro; come and see for yourself. The plate on this old coffin says Caroline Cronshaw; see for yourself. We 're in the wrong hole."

Again the bell voiced its admonition.

Jethro descended the short ladder and stood in the grave with Mark just as the cortège entered the church by the door on the opposite side of the yard. He knelt down and rubbed with his own fingers the dulled inscription on the moldering coffin. There was no doubt about it; Caroline Cronshaw lay there.

"Well, may I go to glory!" slowly said the old man. It may have occurred to Mark that this was an extravagantly remote destination to prescribe; at any rate, he said:

"There ain't no time now. Come."

"Who the devil be she? However come that wrong headstone to be put on this wrong grave?" quavered the kneeling man.

"Are you coming out?" growled Mark, standing with one foot on the ladder, "or ain't you? They 'll be

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chucking him on top of you in a minute. There 's no time, I tell you."

"'T is a strange come-up as ever I see," said the old man, striking one wall of the grave with his hand. "That 's where we should be, Mark, next door; but there 's no time to change it, and it must go as it is, Mark. Well, it 's fate; what is to be must be, whether it 's good or right, and you can't odds it. You darn't go against it, or you be wrong." They stood in the grave muttering together. "Not a word, Mark, mind you!" At last they shoveled some earth back upon the telltale name-plate, climbed out of the grave, drew up the ladder, and stood with bent heads as the coffin was borne from the church toward them. It was lowered into the grave, and at the "earth to earth" Jethro, with a flirt of his spade, dropped in a handful of sticky marl, another at "ashes to ashes," and again at the "dust to dust." Finally, when they were alone together again, they covered in the old lovers, dumping the earth tightly and everlastingly about them, and reset the headstone, Jethro remarking as they did so:

"That headstone, well, 't is a mystery, Mark! And I can't bottom it. I can't bottom it at all."

And indeed, how should it not be, for the secret had long since been forgotten by its originator.

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The Woman Who Saw It First

By Alexander Black

About ten years ago an American editor said of Mrs. Gilman, "She is the George Bernard Shaw of America, unless we prefer to call Mr. Shaw the Charlotte Perkins Gilman of England." Superficially, the reference was not much more than a picturesqueness complimentary to Mr. Shaw. The actual intention may have been to characterize certain lively traits in the work of two persons who could not well be more strikingly different. It would have been absurd, for example, to imply that Mrs. Gilman likes to be startling. She *has* been startling, but scarcely in Mr. Shaw's way. She has been quotable, and has, perhaps with less than Mr. Shaw's luck, paid penalties for pungence. To be quotable is to be misquoted. It once seemed that shuttling crippled quotations of Mrs. Gilman was an established indoor sport. So much for being a radical.

The American's theory of keeping a jump ahead, his frequent display of a go-getter complacency, as if he had invented initiative, give a grotesque twist to the fact, never more apparent than it is to-day, that he does not like radicals. He can offer a spirited welcome to a new *thing*, but he continues to give the impression of being less sympathetic than the European toward new thinking. Having called himself a pathfinder, he is likely to be annoyed by any reminder that he has overlooked something. Perhaps the most stubborn stodginess begins with this sort of dismissing gesture. How can the open-minded be wrong? Having started business as a nation with quite satisfying slogans by which all the world might see that we were up and coming, that we were a lusty, high-spirited company, defiant of traditions, quick on the trigger, nervously responsive to new devices, we proceeded politically to become the most conservative nation on earth. In political ancestor worship we are supreme. The most ancient of delusions, that difference of opinion can be stamped out by statute, is seen at its ripest in this country. We are sometimes tolerant of a nice, decently conforming liberalism, but the sheer inconvenience of people who refuse to leave life as it is nowhere meets with more violent resentment.

Naturally, the degree of discomfort in a radicalism is fixed by the degree of its nearness. A radical in a foreign country is permitted to be a prophet. In an adjacent town he can be ridiculed as a visionary. Next door he is a menace. And in a community that is convinced of its special enlightenment and liberality there is a fate for menaces. However, all of our radicals have not landed in jail. Early and late we have found divers ways of expressing disapproval. And we have agreed to differentiate between one sort of radical and another.

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We do not adjudge every blow at the established as an assault in the first degree. To be a little too sympathetic toward male laborers, for example, is a very serious matter. Merely to be deeply concerned about female laborers, especially unsalaried female laborers in households, is naturally less serious. A Thoreau or a Walt Whitman will make less trouble than an Altgeld. Even a Thomas Paine could not hurt like a Debs.

All radicals share the chance that civilization will catch up with them. The radical of Nazareth may illustrate the fact that there can be no certainty of such a consummation, but the phenomenon happens often enough to remind any who care to think about it that civilization does at times, perhaps breathlessly, come abreast, or almost seem to have come abreast, of one who has been striding ahead. Civilization can do this without condoning the original offense of being too soon, which gives a peculiar interest to speculation upon the situation of the caught-up-with.

§ 2

It might be a bit reckless to classify Charlotte Perkins Gilman among thinkers who have been overtaken. She is still, in many of her doctrines and convictions, lonesomely in advance of the accepted. The arc of her early challenge ran beyond the visible horizon. But so much of her preaching that once was regarded as revolutionary is now a matter of polite consideration, if not of practice, that her total effect is no longer so sharply radical as it was to the generation to which we look back. She herself is still looking forward. She was never a mere storm. An imitative noisiness is often mistaken for real rebellion. Mrs. Gilman has always been more like an incorrigible current. Her tide seems to have no ebb. She is the poorest compromiser I know. She is never pugnacious. No one could have less interest in conflict for its own sake. Her persistent idealism has often appalled the merely aggressive. I can testify that as partner in a wrangle she is as gentle as a river. When you try an obstruction, she overflows the banks of the argument. She can do this graciously—as graciously as gravitation.

She exemplifies a fact, which we frequently have occasion to notice, that preachers of a better socialization for the world have seldom been aggressively "sociable." It is as if to *see* socialization one must be aloof. We do not look for social idealism in a mixer. The prophet is likely to be an incompetent pusher, perhaps because the all-of-us vision is hard to acquire in contact with the crowd. Yet Mrs. Gilman might seem to have followed Emerson's suggestion with regard to solitude and society by keeping her head in one and her hands in the other. She is no recluse. I am thinking of her congenital inadaptability to the free-for-all. She is more a telescope person than a microscope person, despite her disposition to open every scientific door. She thinks best in terms of constellations, with due respect to the electron as a theoretical detail. To her the individualist represents the great delusion. She sees the human brain as a social product and all separatist efforts as grotesque. She speaks somewhere of an "ex-man" on a desert island. The absurdity of the socially created trying to be *selfish*, of trying to feed a social hunger an

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ego meal, stirs her sense of the incongruous.

There is plenty of room for quarrel in any such contention, as any struggler in philosophy before or during Bergson well knows. I have, on occasion, joined the mêlée. I belong among the innocents who are ready to admit that the collective comes first. But first considerations are not always most important considerations. It is of first importance to be born. It is of greater importance to be worth borning. Mass is a beginning fact. It may be that it was invented to make possible an individual destination—that it is the mass and not the individual that is a means. Mrs. Gilman holds, adding her own inflections, with the school to which the individual is purely theoretical. Her individual is atomic. He never really happens. When he is being most personal he is simply expressing a unit sign of a collective fact.

No one could offer a profounder illustration of the individual paradox than Mrs. Gilman herself. Before an audience she can seem to prophesy the most perfect participation. Yet her flame is not to be merged. When she preached socialistic ideals in California, the Socialists assumed that they had found a leader. But it turned out that a capital S could not be attached to her. Political Socialism, that is to say, applied Socialism, was unable to enlist her. She could speak before the Fabians in England, beside Bernard Shaw and his compatriots, but they could not make a Fabian of her. To the religion of socialistic effort she was warmly responsive; to the theology of Socialism she was cold. It was the same with the suffrage question. She was one of the strongest of the intellectual forces animating the woman-suffrage movement. With voice and with the printed word she stirred the pulse of progressive opinion, but recoiled from the political implications. It was not that she resented, here or elsewhere, the drudgery of application. She has, indeed, too seldom considered the limits of her strength in throwing herself into any labor of brain or hand, in the forum or in the household, that seemed to make demand of her. We cannot think of her as standing on a chair in the sooty rain of a Liverpool street, holding that British crowd with a voice as slender as her body, but singularly impassioned and penetrating, conquering the ear by the silent attention it could win, without realizing her resources in sacrifice. The trouble was that politics meant adjustment, concession, trimming. She wanted to move as she thought—straight through. The devious strategies of politics always affected her as not only irksome, but immoral. It was useless to argue that all application implied concession; that a search-light might fall straight, but that the journey to the illuminated spot might mean not only fences and wet feet, but certain contentions as to right of way. She held the search-light with a fervent steadiness. Talking to her about expedience was like asking a compass to compromise.

It was in her blood to be a preacher: the Beecher strain was there, the Perkins strain was there. Preacher traditions came to her with the impress of a liberal New-Englandism. Her conscience may have been of New England; her convictions had no geography. Perhaps the West influenced the flowering of her impulses. Inevitably, her trend was affected by

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conditions of her youth, which had been piercingly unhappy. With her athletic frame came bitter mental struggles. The gestation of a spirit is not completed with the birth of a body. A long and torturing travail brought her face to face with a world in which women seemed to be playing a submerged part. The imaginative excursions of her girlhood were as of dreams in a prison. These excursions were extraordinarily diverse and fantastic. She was only eleven when she worked out a theory of a color concert based upon a rainbow octave, of a symphonic rain of color accomplished with the aid of a piano—and an imagination. There was a sustained fairy-story about a benevolence that carried unhappy children to wonder places. At the elbow of all possible benevolences lurked the fearful figure of Duty. The thing that was right dominated all other things. Beauty and happiness had always to be justified—or was it excused?

No picture could be more disturbing, more profoundly pitiful, than that of a child building a conscious system of ethics. Yet this is the picture I see in the adolescent years of Charlotte Perkins. The brain carried by that energetic body began, before it should have been through with dolls and dryads, to grapple with abstractions, to diagram this duty matter, to piece together an original formula for explaining the world. It seethed with theories. It strove, with a burning earnestness, in school, in what should have been the time of play, in the dark of bed hours, to read the hidden, to answer that strange, too early, questioning cry. As a young girl there was a bit of weirdness in her blending of conscience and adventure, of enormous restraint and a plunging mind. She had ravened among books. She had ransacked the philosophies, halted and fascinated by all sorts of intellectual fantasies, but emerging always into the heights. She had reached a kind of incandescence. And she wanted to be a voice.

Dominating all of her eager perceptions was the notion that women were people. The implications of this idea were vastly complicated, the more so because philosophy had ceased to be contemptuous, and civilization, after merely mouthing the words, had been content to ask, What of it? An honest recognition of the idea involved a rearrangement of the world. Charlotte Perkins set about the job.

§ 3

She began to be the voice. The note defied her own resources of strength, the clutch of personal situation. Poverty and a stricken mother did not stifle her wish or silence her voice. The way opened among common men and women, strugglers, thinkers—the nuisances of a stay-put civilization. She had rapt attention wherever she spoke in those early California days. There was the tipsy man who shouted, "Here comes our little queen!" The little queen had turned for an hour or two from a bedside and a kitchen where, one evening, a delegation of working-men found her. "We have heard," stammered the spokesman, "that you are—indigent." He hated to say "poor," and the elaborate word seemed to soften the suggestion. The business of the moment was to give her money, and it soon appeared that this could n't be done. He would have been an inspired ambassador to know how to give

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Charlotte Perkins money. That smile of hers may have been bitter, but it was there. The teeth of facts never frightened her. "It is my purpose to talk to you," began one of her early speeches, "not about what has been said concerning things, but about the things themselves." That has always been her note—things themselves.

There was a harsh reality in the long ordeal ended by her mother's death. The sharp change left her free, on nothing a year, to go forward with the work of changing the world. It was characteristic of the world she sought to change that it should find so many ways of lashing her for the calamities of a marriage.

She was twenty-three when she married Walter Stetson, unquestionably one of the ablest American painters of his time. She had been painting and earning precariously as a teacher of drawing. Stetson thought she could paint still life as skilfully as any one living. But her call was not in that quarter, and all aspirations were engulfed in a physical breakdown such as recurred again and again to threaten all sustained effort. To be a good wife and a good mother—we can readily fancy the ardor of such an aspiration in an idealist of this type. Motherhood was realized. Wifehood crashed. It is not for the outsider to ask why such a relationship came to seem impossible to the two directly concerned. "A good and great man," she has called him. His reverence for her was of no lesser sort. A good man and a good woman; yet the mating which should not have been could not endure, though it was maintained for seven years. Separation was followed by divorce. The fact that, ten years later, she married her cousin, George Houghton Gilman, and that this marriage has been markedly happy, will suggest what it may to confident exponents of newer psychologies. It cannot fail to suggest that in this matter of marriage Mrs. Gilman's life has no fundamental quarrel with her philosophy. Any but an intensive and impudent criticism would have seen the consistency of her attitude toward her child. The welfare of the daughter was more to her than any sentimental tradition. If the daughter's development could be favored, as it was, by a later interval of life with her father, if an inherited artistic talent could be nourished by travel and the associations of European art centers, if her ultimate happiness could be advanced by a time of withdrawal from the independent struggles of her mother, the mother could await the fulfilments of a quite secure affection. The event justified the sacrifices. The mother-and-daughter closeness was unbroken.

It was like Charlotte Perkins that even in the midst of the divorce disaster she should stubbornly hold aloft the ensign of a personal loyalty to the partner in failure. This was against the code. The code was that heart unions might be dissolved by law under legal imperatives, but that social expectations involved a few blackguardly gestures. If there was to be divorce, some one had to be pictured as a monster. The Pickwickian trick would be understood. Such stultifications were impossible to Charlotte Perkins. Her crowning offense came when Walter Stetson, in the following year, married the brilliant granddaughter of William Ellery Channing, and it became known that the first wife recognized the assured beauty of this marriage. Not to hate

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her friend Grace Channing when she became the second Mrs. Stetson was an eccentricity beyond all atonement.

Since you may think this an intrusion upon private circumstances, let me note a reverberation only a few months old. When Mrs. Gilman recently went to California to visit her daughter, to romp with her grandchildren, and to deliver a lecture, one of the local newspapers, in announcing the public appearance, remarked that this was the woman who thirty years ago gave away her husband. Only a newspaper man could feel to the full the goulish atrocity of such a performance. Only a newspaper man could know that the reference reflected not a surviving recollection, but the vomitings of a newspaper "morgue." Only a newspaper man, aware of blunders in holding up the mirror that inevitably catches dirty and flippant minds, and measuring the offense against the high purposes of a profession, can reach the utter depths of chagrin before an incident of this sort.

§ 4

Ten years of struggle followed the dissolution of the marriage. Out of this period of poverty and abuse shine the first flashes of an extraordinary talent for verse. There had been miscellaneous writing, frequently for "The Impress," the vigorously original organ of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association (Helen Campbell was among the contributors), but verse seemed to give the most effective vent for a unique irony as well as for an impassioned sense of beauty. "Similar Cases," printed in the "Nationalist" in 1891, had wide echoes. "We have had nothing since the Biglow Papers," wrote Mr. Howells, "half so good in a good cause." Mr. Howells added: "Since then I have read your 'Women of Today' in the Women's Journal. It is as good as the other almost, and dreadfully true." Europe caught up "Similar Cases." As a *tour de force* in sarcasm the "evolution poem" gave lively joy to all who were thrusting into new lines of thought. The picture of the Eohippus who said, "I am going to be a horse!" of the ape who declared, "I 'm going to be a Man!" and of the chorus screaming, "You 'd have to change your nature!" had the fighting color. The prophecy of the Neolithic Man,

"We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
And Accomplishments!! And
Sins!!!"

and the eternal rebuff, "*You must alter Human Nature,*" which was

"a clinching argument
To the Neolithic mind,"

accomplished a merry jab at the standpatters, of which a glimpse is given in other verses, called "The Conservative." Here the dejected infant butterfly weeps over his wings.

" 'I do not want to fly,' said he,
'I only want to squirm.' "

The squirmers have been Mrs. Gilman's mark from the beginning. "In This Our World" was the title given to a pamphlet edition of the poems, of which James H. Barry of the San Francisco "Star" and John H. Marble, printer, brought out a second edition in 1895. In the same year Mrs. Catherine Helen Spence carried the verses to England, and Fisher Unwin put them forth. Mrs. Gilman had begun to be known when she made her

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first trip to England in 1896. But it was the coming of that amazing document, "Women and Economics," which established her position in Europe. "Since John Stuart Mill's essay," said the London "Chronicle" (it was alluding to Mill's "Subjection of Women"), "there has been no book dealing with the position of women to approach it in originality of conception and brilliancy of exposition." It was this book, since translated into German, Dutch, Italian, Russian, Hungarian, and Japanese, that effected picturesquely Mrs. Gilman's welcome at the congress of women in London in 1899. She was ardently sought out as the revealer of a new vision. Although no adept in being "taken up," as she was by the Duchess of Sutherland and other admirers, her simplicity made as deep an impression as her incorrigible logic. There was an even greater ardor to the reception in Germany five years later. Supplementing her formal addresses in Berlin was an impromptu speech in defense of marriage that created a genuine stir. This lithe American woman, who, when she kindled, seemed to be all eyes, who could blaze without heat, and who had a way of looking like a militant Madonna, may well have puzzled those who had theories of an American type. Doubtless she did not appear to look or act the part. Whether she was lecturing in England, with Alfred Russell Wallace in the chair, or was moving from one meeting-hall to another in Berlin, with crowds following, she was always more absorbed in her ideas than in herself or her hearers. Such an absorption could neither be embarrassed nor be thwarted.

Meanwhile, Europe had taken notice. Lectures in Holland, Germany, Hungary, and England in 1905 brought pronounced reactions. When H. G. Wells came to America in 1906 and was asked about his curiosities, he answered that he wanted to meet Charlotte Perkins Gilman. That meeting, when it happened, was, I fancy, somewhat a fizzle. These two did not hit it off personally; as thinkers they parted with unshaken respect. "Human Work," which appeared in 1904, greatly added to English and Continental interest in the author of "Women and Economics." Its huge lines and its philosophical audacity might well have given Europe an impression of a dynamic figure looming large on the American scene. As frequently happens, the prophet at home faced many obstacles. Yet none of these was more serious than the obstacle of ill health.

It was after consulting Dr. Weir Mitchell, and being told by him that her nerves demanded absolute abstinence from all intellectual work, that she wrote "The Yellow Wall Paper," which Howells gathered into his "The Great Modern American Stories." Weir Mitchell was to be her audience, and it is certain that his reading of the story influenced all of his later methods of treating neurasthenia. When the story, as a work of art, came in for many honors, she remarked: "I wrote it to preach. If it is literature, that just happened."

§ 5

Here you have a hint of her philosophy as a literary workman. There is a good deal the effect of maintaining that, having one's idea, the transmission of it may be left to the grace of God. That the thing might be the

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other way about—that the idea might be by the grace of God and the expression remain a matter of momentous individual responsibility—would not strike her as tenable if it implied close consciousness in writing. She can fling an idea into an art package without the slightest anxiety as to its possible loss in the mail. To argue that the primary importance of the idea is not contradicted by the integrity of the house in which it is to live, and that certain ideas may really deserve a temple, is never impressive to a believer in the righteousness of free-striding thought. Perhaps success in talking to audiences eye to eye breeds impatience with the technic of the written page, and written pages that have nothing but technic supply arguments enough to literary rebels. They are not good arguments. A literary house out of plumb, a temple with a leaky roof, do not praise impulse. To put it another way, a gorgeous art chariot without a passenger can be ludicrous, but, on the other hand, a noble ambassador deserves something better than a rickety vehicle in which to reach his appointed destination.

Such criticism would be less valid if Mrs. Gilman's resources were not so plainly to be seen. In her early writings, in parody and in analysis, she displayed real artistic virtuosity. She has a deep sense of beauty. This may often be repressed, or held in subjection to the scientific spirit, but its reality is never to be doubted. Her knowledge of verse forms and her use of them, whimsically or emotionally, indicate an uncommon equipment. In all of her writing the frequency with which she is able to bring a stinging clearness to crises of her thought convicts her at other times of a rushing indifference to form and to effectiveness. Thus in the enormous volume of writing she poured into her magazine, "The Forerunner," which for a fertile seven years she wrote from cover to cover, and which included two thought-crammed novels of great significance, "What Diantha Did" and "The Crux," she often sacrificed much to a pace of expression.

When Mrs. Gilman says, "I am not an artist," she is rebuking strictly esthetic expectations. A thing like "The Yellow Wall Paper" (there is many another) proves that she *is* an artist when she chooses. She has interests sterner than esthetics. Even in her most vivid verse she is too intent upon meaning to dally with merely gracious sounds. The whole effect of her work, in every field, is of an intentness, of a seer's intentness, a prophet's passion to say, without hurry, but without lingering. She is nowhere observable as making a *thing:* she is making a case, she is translating a vision. That vision of woman has had an unexampled wideness. It has left suffrage, labor, all sociological detail to seem incidental. She has marked out more inclusively and more audaciously than any other thinker of her time the implications of the new biology as bearing on woman's place in the human game. She saw and described with an unmitigated clearness the obligation imposed by admitted truth as to the position of woman. Concession in theory gave her no comfort. She saw that systems of living had to be made over; that the whole structure of society stood upon a viciously wrong notion of human work and of woman's relationship to that work. She saw life as a verb, work as an expenditure of energy by society in the fulfilment of its organic function: that woman

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had never really escaped the primordial stigma of labor slavery; that man's place and his work had undergone vast adjustments, but that woman's place and woman's work were supposed to be immutable. Even woman's ignorance was invested with a mawkish glory. A mother who had "buried seven" was subject to no cross-examination as to her fitness for the non-competitive job she had been permitted to fill. She refused to be fooled by the opinion called history. She began by refusing to accept "human nature" as final. She accepts nothing as final, and is chary of "laws." She objected to "piling the dead years on the quivering brain of the child." She dared to insist that children, also, are persons. Her "Concerning Children" was a disturbing and epoch-marking plea. She dared to want "woman's work" professionalized, to wish to emancipate the mother who had need to earn wages. Her advocacy of the expert, specialist care of babies was greeted by cries of horror and pictures of her as one who would tear the child from its mother's breast. It had been bad enough to cast doubt upon the invariable mother capacity of a woman who had happened to bear a child; it was going too far to suggest that any outsiders could help her. Of course day nurseries came in due time; professionalized house service began to happen in due time; real prophecies of some sort of labor justice for women came along with suffrage and other statutory changes.

There have been so many fulfilments of demands made by our women pioneers that reactionary minds often assume that their work is done, and in this respect women are sinners quite equally with men. The grotesque delusion that women have really won an equality because they may go out to work, may hold judgeships and sit in legislatures, meets its startling contradictions. Mrs. Gilman concedes the appearance of vast change since the days when she worked with Jane Addams at Hull House or with the courageous suffrage leaders for a great cause. She still sees women as subsisting in a man-managed and oversexed world.

She has been skilful in giving a biologist's interpretation of sex. In her new book, "His Religion and Hers," there is a ripe and relentless analysis of the larger sex question as revealed in sex interest. It recalls her picture of woman as the survival of the original sex and of man as the enterprising afterthought, which first elicited for her the special notice of European thinkers. Here again she takes up sex conflict as growing out of the failure to use the human rather than the sex equation. She sees man as primordially a fighter and consumer, if not a destroyer; woman as from the beginning the producer and conserver. She sees man's religion as based upon a postponed heaven; woman's religion as expressing a desire for a heaven here and now. She sees heaven not as a place, but as a race condition. She believes that when women have a greater degree of control of the world they will insist on a greater degree of practical consideration for the needs of immediate living; that the earth will be less a vale of tears when it is regarded less as preparation and more as opportunity. She can say "man-made," here as elsewhere, without giving the phrase a sharp flavor. No champion of the woman side has ever been freer from

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controversial acidity. No sociologist of either sex (she marks as of a true third sex the women who are childless because they hate children) has written of sex with greater detachment, and detachment in sex controversy is a triumph of ideality (and humor) over instinct. To a man she must always look like a fair fighter. A man may wince in watching her cheery excursions to the matriarchate; he may, indeed, especially when he is reading "Herland" (peopled wholly by women who have only girl children), feel that he has just escaped being negligible. He tritely admits that males have managed the world. He might weakly steal her logic and set up that they have managed it badly not because they were male, but because they were human. It would be a poor bit of shuffling, as poor as admitting that women could scarcely make a worse muddle of things.

Mrs. Gilman's vision of woman, of her rightful place in the world, of her supreme responsibility for race progress, however it may be debated, has strongly influenced the thought and the practices of her time. She was first to see many truths that have won acceptance. She still faces the horizon. As a true radical, she is impregnable to the influence of fashions. Hystericalisms leave her secure in her tower of vantage, without irritation and without concession, serenely intent, unshakably insistent that all personal aims, all government, all arts, all religions, shall bend to the religion of a race ascent to a perfected peace.

I have avoided calling her a "feminist" not merely because the word is foolish, but because her emphasis of woman has been the stressing of an outstanding imperative in a scheme as wide as life, rather than either a class complaint or a specialist infatuation. It might be excusable to call her the prophet of woman, a smiling Isaiah, too good a scientist to be quite a poet, too much a poet to meet the ultimate mechanics of a system; withal one to whom the women of the world will owe a special debt, and to whom all well-wishers of humanity will owe the acknowledgments due a brave, utterly honest, and ever stimulating champion of a larger humanism.

For a Lonely Grave

BY GWENDOLEN HASTE

The wind cannot hurt
As it beats on her ears—
They are stopped with dirt.
And her heart is still,
So it cannot leap
At the wail of the wolf
From the top of the hill.
She will never weep
As she lies alone.
Her nights will be quiet
Beneath this stone.

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"Step softly, or it may vanish," whispered one of us. "The gods who hung it there, growing angry that man leaves it to decay in this desolation, may haul it up to Olympus to worship it themselves."

Indeed, such is El Castillo's delicacy and grace that you feel the temple is suspended from the stars, a mirage of beauty which may disappear while you look.

On our left, as we emerged into the open field, were two long parallel walls of dissolving masonry, a big stone ring projecting from the middle of one wall, and a similar ring fallen at the bottom of the other. This was the court where the ancients played a game that was the ancestor of modern basket-ball. But so does El Castillo dominate all the attractions of Chichen that we did not stop until we reached the foot of the chief temple.

Originally, there was a staircase on each of the four sides of the pyramid, long stone serpent bodies forming the banisters. We climbed the western stairway, the only one preserved, and the view from the top repaid us for our pains. Near by, on every hand, were signs of what had been a great metropolis in the day when Yucatan had probably the densest population in the world—a population so ample that all work was done by man power. Human muscle had raised all the stone blocks about us, and carved them with only tools of harder stone.

Following a corridor which runs around three sides of the temple, we went through a door on the north side into a dim chamber with two great square pillars covered with carved figures of warriors and priests. These stone pillars supported two massive beams of the long-enduring zapote-wood graven with the hieroglyphs that have baffled science.

In this chamber, darkened with the smoke of centuries of incense, quiet now as the mouths of the men who had once filled it with booming prayer, we felt ourselves at the very heart of the secret. If only these walls could speak, if only these inscriptions could be read! No man of normal imaginative power could leave this holy place without taking away a mordant desire to know, a gnawing ache to comprehend, like an acute hunger of the body.

Since that day in 1517 when the first Spanish conquerors saw what their historian, Bernal Diaz, reported as "some very large houses well built of stone and plaster, which were the sanctuaries of their Idols, where we saw figures of great serpents and other Idols carved and painted on the walls surrounding an altar which was drenched with blood still fresh"—since that day the curiosities and intelligences of white men have been ever at work to piece together the story of the Indians who built those temples filled with examples of plastic art in many ways superior to the art of the Egyptians.

But the end is not yet. Although the Spanish *conquistadores* apparently found Indians worshiping in some of the same temples that you may see in Yucatan to-day, nevertheless the Spanish left the whole subject shrouded in doubt. They were preëminently warlike men of acquisition and not scientists, those freebooting dons of old Spain, and they were too busy robbing the natives to take many notes on native customs. Besides, their few reports tend to indicate that the accounts given by the Indians of their own civilization were far from definite.

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For instance, an account of the ruined city of Uxmal, given in 1586 by a companion of Alonzo Ponce, a Franciscan delegate, says:

"The Indians do not know surely who built these buildings nor when they were built, though some of them did their best in trying to explain the matter, but in doing so showed foolish fancies and dreams, and nothing fitted into the facts or was satisfactory."

Thus it is not difficult to understand how a thousand and one wild theories about the origin of these ruined cities were built up when the freebooter gave way to the planter, and the white man in middle America began to look about him. One of the most popular myths and one of the hardest to kill was the speculation that Yucatan had once been part of the lost continent of Atlantis which Plato mentioned as having sunk beneath the Atlantic Ocean. Indeed, there are sober Yankees in Mexico to-day who do not hesitate to put forward this moth-eaten dream.

Another guesser who let his imagination run away with his common sense was Lord Kingsborough, who tried to prove that the lost tribes of Israel had wandered into the isthmus connecting North and South America and there flowered into a renaissance of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The flimsiest trifles have been used as foundations for the heaviest theories. Because some of the stone statues along the coast of Yucatan have teeth filed in a manner still practised by certain tribes of Africa, it has been suggested that the stone cities of Central America were built by negroes.

Some of the earliest explorers were entirely misled by the huge noses jutting from "mask panels" which adorn the façades of many a limestone temple. Failing to recognize the other features in the highly conventionalized faces containing these noses, these early explorers dubbed the stone snouts "elephant trunks." As there are no elephants in the Americas, this mistake in identification led to the wild conjecture that these temples must have been built by emigrants from a country of elephants, that is, India or Africa!

Some of the modern natives of Yucatan, who are the Maya Indians, wear at various times a short apron from waist to knees and a sort of towel wound around the head, with the ends hanging down the back. Garments similar to these may be found in bas-reliefs from Egypt, a fact which has been the basis for many a vigorous smoking-room argument that the ruins of Yucatan must have been built by Egyptians. It is astonishing how little proof satisfies the amateur scientist. There are among the Mayas, as there are among many other Indian tribes of Mexico, a good many persons with long, narrow eyes like the eyes of Orientals. This fact and the fact that some Chinese laundrymen in Merida learn Maya more easily than they learn Spanish has convinced not a few theorists that the stone palaces in the jungle were constructed by Chinese.

In China I met an apparently reliable American who said he had found a reference in early Chinese history to a voyage made by a Chinese missionary three or four centuries after Christ. This earnest preacher of Buddhism seemed to have crossed the Pacific, coasted along what is now California

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and the west coast of America until he reached Central America. There, according to my friend's translation of Chinese history, he remained several years.

Of course it is not at all improbable that careless early voyagers from China, India, or Africa may have been blown to the coasts of Central America. In fact, it is more than likely that America was "discovered" centuries before the birth of Columbus. Most of the romantic souls who theorize amateurishly about the ruins in Yucatan, Chiapas, Guatemala, and Honduras like to attribute their origin to some such early emigration from the so-called "Old World." A refreshing exception to this monotonous dreaming was provided by that indefatigable, though over-imaginative, Frenchman, Le Plongeon. This gentleman, whose active work in the field was as valuable as his subsequent theorizing was useless, presented the world with the creed that Central America had been the cradle of the human race, and that the civilization of Europe, Asia, and Africa had been founded by emigrants from the isthmus between the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Charmed by his originality, if nothing more, many of our fathers in the age of the bicycle flocked to the support of this garrulous Gaul.

In one particular at least modern science supports Le Plongeon. With virtually no dissenting voices, modern archæologists and ethnologists agree that the crumbling cities of Middle America were the work of an indigenous race. Where they differ from the Frenchman very emphatically is in the matter of the antiquity of these ruins. It is agreed that virtually all these structures now standing for us to see were built between the birth of Christ and the arrival of the earliest Spanish conquerors. Credit for their construction is given to the ancestors of the Maya Indians still living in Yucatan, and who, though a good deal degenerated, are probably the cleanest and most industrious native race left in the Americas.

But if you question a modern Maya about those ruins, will he give you any satisfaction? He will mutter something about their being the work of *"los antiguos"* (the ancients), and that is all. Apparently, there is not a trace of a tradition among the living Mayas to connect their own ancestors with the palaces of Chichen Itza and Uxmal.

Here, to a layman, is the great weakness in the theory of the scientists. They will tell you that the ignorance of the modern natives is due to the centuries of systematic cruelty practised by the Spaniards with the very object of stamping out all adherence to original beliefs and memories in order to implant the religion of Rome. But does not the case of other conquered peoples, like the Poles, the Finns, and the Armenians, show that the more ruthlessly you try to stamp out the patriotism of a suppressed nation, the more passionately those people cling to memories of their proud past? And the Mayas are just as brave and just as fond of liberty as the Poles, Finns, or Armenians.

Hence it was difficult for a good many mere laymen like the writer to accept whole-heartedly the theory of a native origin of the ruins until it was supplemented by another theory recently emphasized, especially by that

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Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

Left panel of altar, Palenque

distinguished archæologist, Dr. Herbert Joseph Spinden of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

Dr. Spinden believes that those magnificent monuments to the vanity of dead priests and emperors were constructed by the direct ancestors of the present Mayas, or at least by a tribe closely related to those direct ancestors. He thinks, however, that the particular tribe which created the glories of architecture and sculpture and which kept the secret of the hieroglyphs was absolutely wiped out by some great epidemic, probably an epidemic of yellow fever, which was very common in Central America for centuries until the organized campaign of the Rockefeller Foundation was launched against it.

This assumption of Dr. Spinden's would account for the complete absence of traditions among the present natives, whose ancestors may have come into Yucatan from other parts of Central America soon after the epidemic. This hypothesis also jibes with the almost certain modernity of the buildings. "Almost certain modernity," because, although all of these ruined structures are made of limestone, a very soft material, some of them are remarkably well preserved. Now, no one who has seen the effect of time on buildings of hard rock in other parts of the world, and no one who knows anything of the power of the upthrusting roots of a tropical jungle to break up the strongest buildings—no one who knows these things can swallow the theory that these temples are five thousand or ten thousand years old. No one can do it unless he lets his imagination run away with his common sense. Just this is done by some good Americans living in Central America because they get more of a romantic thrill by believing that the buildings around them are ten thousand years old than by accepting the expert opinion that they have been built since the beginning of Christianity.

As a matter of fact, though, is n't it true that the younger these cities are, the more romantic is the veil of mys-

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tery which surrounds them? Is n't our ignorance of them much more remarkable if they were built at the time of the Norman Conquest than if they were built before the hieroglyphs were cut into the rock of Thebes? What more fascinating riddle could you want than is furnished by our ignorance of a great, almost contemporaneous civilization, a civilization more advanced in some ways than Europe was until nearly the seventeenth century, certainly more advanced in its knowledge of astronomy, even though the Mayas seem to have had no telescopes at all? The old Maya calendar, made by naked-eye observations of the heavens, was considerably more accurate than the Julian calendar, which prevailed in Europe at the time the first Spanish explorers set foot among the "barbarians" of Yucatan and Campeche. (Indeed, that same Julian calendar was maintained by Russia and Greece until recently.)

Well, you may ask, if we can understand the calendar of the highly cultivated race which left behind these ruins, is our ignorance of it so profound, after all?

No, our ignorance is not nearly so deep as it was only about thirty-five years ago, but our knowledge is still maddeningly incomplete. We can read perhaps forty per cent. of the discovered Maya characters. We can read their numerals and a few other glyphs, such as the signs for the sun, moon, and the seasons. That is to say, all the characters which we can read deal with the passage of time. Such pieces of the inscriptions or of the three extant Maya books of wood fiber as may deal with history we cannot read at all. Suppose that we could read a few dates in the history of the United States such as 1776, 1860, and 1917, but that we knew absolutely nothing of the significance of these dates; suppose this, and you can comprehend the irritating situation in which science to-day envisages the work of further decipherment.

Courtesy of Harper & Brothers

Right panel of altar, Palenque

Once Champollion had discovered the famous Rosetta Stone, the mystery of the Egyptian glyphs was easily dis-

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pelled. But it is extremely unlikely that any one will discover a similar key through which the Maya glyphs may be translated by comparison with another language already known. The process by which our not inconsiderable understanding of the Maya characters has been gained involved a degree of patience, determination, and sheer mental energy which most of us cannot even imagine.

Copies of the inscriptions carved on hundreds of columns and temple walls were studied and re-studied, and compared with copies of the three known Maya books. The second Spanish bishop to Yucatan had dozens of these invaluable books destroyed, and the only three volumes we have to-day were found in out-of-the-way places overlooked by that zealous bigot who blackened the reputation of Christianity with an act of vandalism.

Detail showing kneeling worshiper: Yaxchilan *

This process of decipherment might seem to be a sort of scientific guessing, checked up by other scientific guessing. It is more accurate than that, although there is an element of speculation in it. Our leading archæologists believe it will be only a matter of a few years before the last secret of the Maya alphabet is unlocked by this patient process. The more material they have to work on, however, the faster will be their progress. Hence it is that their hopes are concentrated on the discovery of another codex, to use the scientific name for a Maya book.

The most likely place to find a codex is near the bones of some ancient high priest, deep in a musty tomb. Church and state were closely connected under the Mayas, and the chronicling of history as well as the study of astronomy was probably left to the clergy. It is believed that when disaster overtook the Maya cities many a sacred record may have been sealed up with the bodies of the men who wrote them.

As high an authority as Professor Marshall H. Saville of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York, declares that the most probable place to find tombs is under the floors of palaces and temples. In fact, he himself has found several tombs so located in the city of Labna, Yucatan. Under his direction the Museum of the American Indian is now making plans for extensive exploration and excavation in the city of Uxmal, one of the two chief ruined cities of Yucatan. This undertaking is awaiting only the enactment of a law in Mexico permitting foreign museums to retain half of the treasures which their enterprise unearths. The present law requires that the originals of all examples of ancient art discovered in Mexico must be left in that country, the finder being allowed to carry away only copies. Americans do not care to

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had after a residence of only thirty days! And, more to the point, the horrible mule trail between the railroad and Chichen Itza was lately replaced by a first-class automobile road. Thus it is now possible to leave Merida, the capital of Yucatan, in the morning, visit Chichen during the day, and return to the capital the same night, and all in perfect comfort. The Governor of Yucatan has promised to complete within a few months another good road to connect Uxmal with the railroad from beautiful Merida. There is a regular service of one steamer a week from New York to Progreso by an American line, there is a Mexican line from Vera Cruz to Progreso, and there are occasional boats from New Orleans and other gulf ports. That Yucatan is now definitely on the tourist map is proved by the fact that one of the largest American tourist agencies has organized a regular winter tour to the land of the sacred serpent.

The opportunity to visit such a country must appeal to any one with a spark of romance in him. Although it is nearly a hundred years since the American explorer Stephens visited forty-four ruined cities to check up the reports of earlier chance discoveries, the surface of the Maya area has even yet been hardly more than scratched by exploration. There are vast areas yet unpenetrated by white men, and hardly a year goes by that some unheard-of city is not found. A good many of these successes must be attributed to the native *chicleros*, men who gather the chicle for the gum chewed in the United States. Dr. S. G. Morley of the Carnegie Institution has a standing reward out for any *chiclero* who stumbles on unknown archæological treasure, and already several primitive threaders of jungle trails have been enriched this way.

Since that ambitiously planned and well executed exploration of Stephens in the years 1839–42 British, French, and German scientists have had a distinguished share in the work in the Maya field. Americans, nevertheless, have been more steadily active than the scientists of any other nation. A better survey than I could give of their labors is contained in the following letter from Dr. H. J. Spinden:

"Edward H. Thompson began his explorations at Labna as early as 1888, and for several years worked in the vicinity of Labna exploring the caves of Loltun, the ruins of Chacmultun and others. Afterwards he started in work at Chichen Itza, where he continued in active service for many years.

"This archæological work in northern Yucatan seems to have had its first impetus in the support which Stephen Salisbury gave to Le Plongeon, but in 1888 Mr. Charles P. Bowditch of Boston visited Yucatan and was so impressed by the ruins that during the rest of his life he greatly inspired exploration and research. The only serious rival to the United States in these beginnings was the great expedition resulting in the rise to the Biologia Centrali-Americana of Godman and Salvin. For this great undertaking Alfred P. Maudslay covered the archæology, exploring Chichen Itza, Copan, Quirigua, Yaxchilan, etc., and published his results in a four-volume atlas. The drawings of hieroglyphic inscriptions given by Maudslay made it easy to work out some of the tantalizing problems of the calendar.

"Intensive exploration and excavation was carried on at Copan, in

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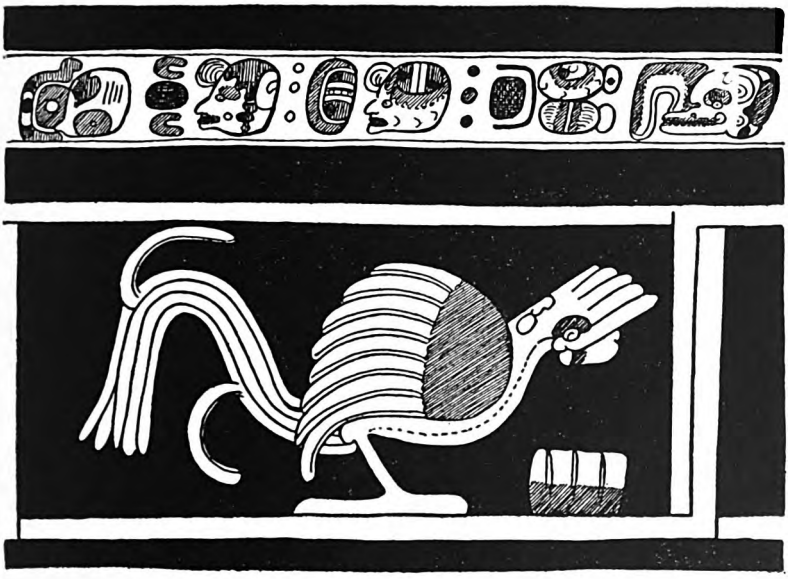
western Honduras, for several years (1891–95) under charge of J. G. Owen, who died in the field, and of George Byron Gordon. Marshall H. Saville assisted in early work at Yucatan as well as in the work at Copan. In 1896–97 the caves near Copan were explored as well as interesting remains in the lower valley. This was due to the stopping of the work at Copan when a new Honduranian government rode into power.

"Theoberto Maler, a stranded soldier of Maximillian, carried out field explorations for the Peabody Museum in the department of Peten, Guatemala, and along the great regions of the Usumacinta system. These resulted in splendid photographic records of the monuments at Seibal, Piedras Negras, Yaxchilan, Tikal, and many other sites. This was mostly done between 1898 and 1904.

"Alfred M. Tozzer, after carrying on studies for several years among the Lacondones, the wild Mayan tribe in the depth of the forests, began archæological work in the department of Peten with R. H. Merwin. The great ruin of Tikal was mapped and explorations conducted in a number of smaller sites. This work was carried on by R. H. Merwin, Clarence L. Hay, and Carl Bishop. The chicle trails of Peten were threaded in a search for ruined cities. Some of these explorations centered around Holmul, Nakum, and the fine site of Rio Beque in the southern part of Mexico, territory of Quintana Roo.

"Acting more or less as free-lances, but in the interests of the Peabody Museum, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Lothrop have visited out-of-the-way parts of the Mayan area. To their efforts we are indebted for a map of the fortified city of Tenampua, in central Honduras, and to comparative studies extending into Nicaragua and Costa Rica."



Finely painted polychrome bowl with representations of the quetzal, Copan *

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A few years ago Dr. Morley and Dr. Spinden made a trip into the valley of the Usumacinta River, and, as the latter modestly puts it, "were fortunate in finding a considerable number of new monuments with dates upon them." And in 1921 Dr. Spinden himself, to quote his letter again, "went into the very heart of the Yucatan Peninsula, exploring the region of Aguada Carolina, which is situated several days' travel south of the last Indian village, Xkanha. On this exploration three or four sites with important decorative temples were found and innumerable remains of lesser sites. In this region there are perhaps 15,000 square miles of territory which needs to be thoroughly explored, and there are doubtless ruined cities awaiting the successful explorer. It is my hope that the Peabody Museum will continue to work in this new field. . . . During this last winter [1923] I was able to visit northern Yucatan and carry out a reconnaissance into northern Honduras. Here remains of an interesting people allied to the Mayas was discovered. There were no great temples of stone, but there were vestiges of special interest to imaginative archæologists."

Of course there is a certain amount of hardship involved in a plunge into unmapped jungle. But there is another form of pioneering much easier to undertake and so attractive that it is hard to understand why more of it has not been done by Americans with a taste for adventure and a purse sufficient to nourish that taste. I refer to exploration by boat.

Between Florida and Cuba and again between the western tip of Cuba and the eastern tip of the Peninsula of Yucatan is only about a hundred miles of open water, nothing to daunt many a stout cruising yacht of the sort that dawdles out the winter off Florida beaches. That east coast of Yucatan and the turtle-inhabited islands fringing it are dotted with the white-walled remains of what one of the Spanish discoverers described as "large villages" . . . which . . . "contained a great number of stone houses, with high towers." Gem of all the known relics left on that east coast by the wonderful builders who vanished into mystery stands Tuloom, which, as Stephens said, "rises on the brink of a high, broken precipitous cliff, commanding a magnificent ocean view, and a picturesque line of coast, being itself visible from a great distance at sea."

Within half a day's walk of that shore there may be any number of ruins whose discovery would enrich all science, all art. Yet since Grijalva manœuvered his clumsy, high-pooped vessels along that palm-green coast in 1518, even conspicuous Tuloom itself has been visited by only a few wanderers blown out of their track and by half a dozen American explorers. Surely it cannot be long before the attention of intrepid American mariners of the type which made famous the *Spray*, the *Typhoon*, the *Sea Bird*, and the *Diablesse* will turn to fascinating possibilities of combining cruising with exploration. The last great riddle of archæology is beckoning to them, for it is more easily approached by water than by land.

Coasting southward from Tuloom, such navigators will find bay after

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bay, and then river after river, all leading into territory covered with remains of the highest civilization an

Divine serpent with human head and hand in mouth, Yaxchilan *

indigenous American race has ever produced. Many archæological sites in the Mexican Territory of Quintana Roo, in British Honduras, in Guatemala, and in Honduras may be reached or very closely approached by water. The southernmost of this area was the cradle of the Maya civilization. The cities of Tikal and Quirigua in Guatemala and Copan in Honduras belonged to that early efflorescence of culture, which began roughly about 160 A.D., although one date of 98 B.C. has been found. Of course it must have taken years for the Mayas to perfect their system of writing and their knowledge of astronomy, so there is ground for believing that they had reached a fairly high degree of civilization many centuries before the birth of Christ. The sculpture found in these southern cities surpasses that of the later established Maya towns in Yucatan as much as the architecture in those northern cities excels that in the south.

There are other characteristic differences between the examples of earlier architecture in the south and the structures produced by the later Maya culture in the north. All Maya buildings were made of rough blocks of limestone held with a mortar of the same material and smoothed on the surfaces. Nearly all Maya buildings, whether temples or palaces, are placed upon artificial mounds. But in the southern area there was a tendency to place these separate mounds on one large common base or artificial acropolis. This sort of acropolis was not used in the north, where the city planning seems to have been more haphazard. Indeed, it was mainly in the south, too, that cities were carefully orientated with regard to the four chief points of the compass.

Regular depressions or sunken courts, which may have been theaters, are also characteristic of the south. The same thing is true of the use of stelæ, or obelisks, carved with inscriptions. On the other hand, the use of columns and towers was mainly a development of that last efflorescence of Maya culture that occurred in the north, and which died out perhaps only a little while before the arrival of the Spaniards. The sight of a tall white tower, rising nobly out of the green sea of jungle, amply repays the traveler for his struggles over hot, thorny trails.

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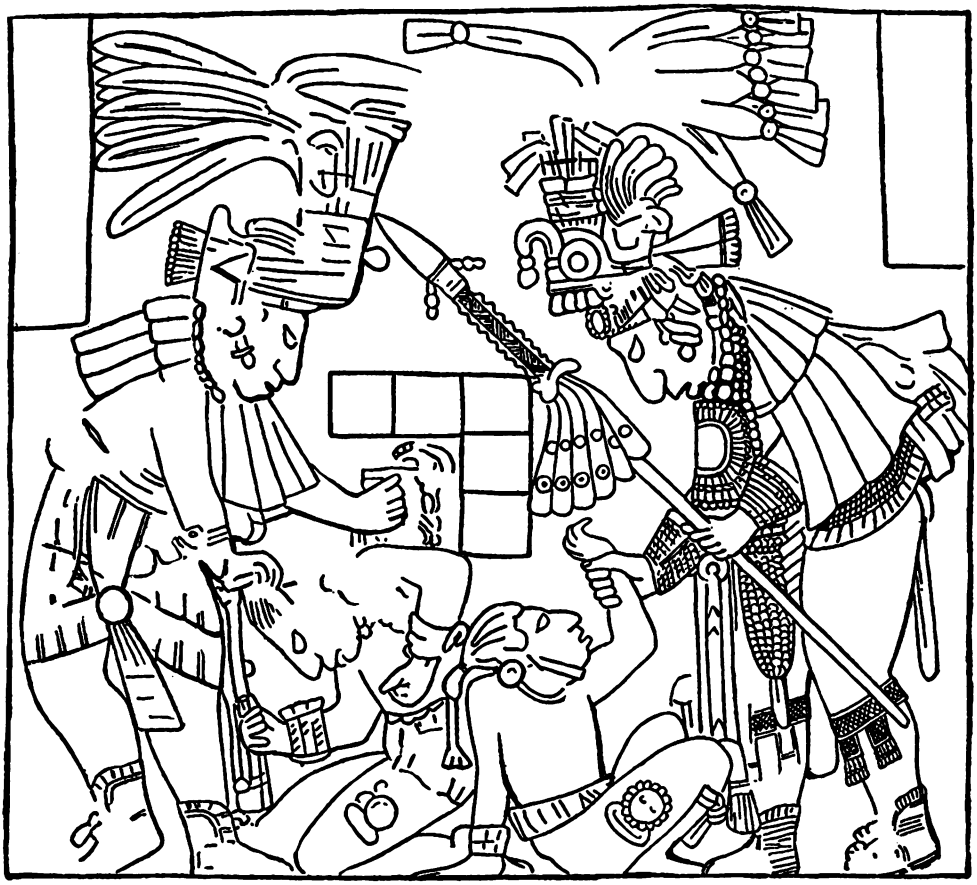

Low relief composition—Lintel—Yaxchilan *

When the amateur navigator-explorer has finished this southern swing, let him point his bow north again until he has rounded that same eastern tip of the Peninsula of Yucatan which he first sighted coming over from Florida or Cuba. Then let him follow the coast line westward and southwestward to the bays and rivers of Campeche and Tabasco. If he likes fishing, duck-shooting, and turtle-catching, he will find plenty of diversion besides looking for temple towers and the faces of old gods sculptured in stone. The Grijalva, Chiapas, and Usumacinta rivers are some of those navigable for yawls, schooners, and motor cruisers of moderate draft. It would be particularly interesting for the yachtsman to follow the great Usumacinta to the head of navigation, Tenosique, which is only a few miles from the famous city of Palenque, which some explorers have found more attractive than Chichen Itza. The yachtsman who takes with him a power dory or other light-draft, motor-driven tender to navigate the upper reaches of these rivers has the considerable chance of making discoveries which will fix his name forever beside those of

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the greatest explorers in the annals of archæology.

However, there is no doubt that many important discoveries are still to be made even in such accessible and well known cities as Chichen Itza and Uxmal. In the former city has just been revealed a companion piece to the statue unearthed in 1875 by Le Plongeon and by him romantically named "Chaacmol," "Spotted Tiger." It represents a reclining human figure, alleged to have been once ruler of "The City of the Itzas at the mouth of the Well"—to translate the Maya name of this old capital literally. The point is that hundreds of sight-seers have passed within a few feet of the spot where this second "Chaacmol" was discovered and never dreamed what a prize was near.

Somewhere in or under the jungle of Central America there is probably an inscription, a book of wood fibre, a something which would give us a clue leading to the complete decipherment of the Maya hieroglyphs. Almost within our grasp is a revelation that would throw light on the whole history of man's occupancy of the globe, perhaps on his very origin. And any day the thing we want may finally disintegrate. Even inscriptions on stone wear off in time. And those ruined cities are allowed to lie there unguarded against storms, forest fires, and the depredations of half-savage men and half-wild cattle. To me, even in the wildest days of revolution, that has been the one appealing argument for foreign intervention in Mexico.

Anthropomorphic figure of the bat, Copan *

Now that order has been widely restored by President Obregon, that argument has lost most of its force, but, alas! not all its force. About a year ago, when I was in Chichen Itza, the Government was "restoring" El Castillo, the chief temple there, by filling gaps in walls with stones freshly cut instead of replacing the old stones which lay all about.

Seated figure in pure profile, Palenque *

Fifteen minutes after our descent from El Castillo we were standing by the deep pool from which the ancient "Athens of America" gets its name. Chichen is from two Maya words, *chi* (mouth) and *chen* (well). To that crowded civilization, supported by human beasts of burden, the location of water was of first importance. Look at a map of Yucatan and notice how often you will see the words *chen* (well), *aguada* (watering-place), and *cenote* (sunken pool).

This extraordinary *cenote*, which provided the people of Chichen Itza with drinking water, is like a giant's bath-tub, with almost perpendicular sides. From the edge where we first saw it the water was seventy feet below us, dark and perfectly still. On the southwest side a precarious ledge carried a path down to the water. About half-way down yawned the mouth of a black cave, sometimes used by jaguars. There was something

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terrifying about this unruffled basin fed by no visible brook, but whose water scarcely ever changed its level and was always cool and fit to drink. When we had the temerity to plunge in, we scrambled out immediately, with fear nipping at our heels.

From the foot of El Castillo a paved road raised three or four feet above the ground runs some three hundred yards to another pool, even more sinister than this one. The "sacrificial *cenote*," as archæologists call it, is one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. To the water it is a straight drop of seventy feet from the rock platform from which the jaguar priests threw the maidens who were used to placate the god of rain. The water of this second weird pool is always a deep jade color.

Edward Herbert Thompson's feat of scouring this pool to find the proof of the tradition that the pool had been used for sacrifice was one of the most imaginative and daring performances in the history of archæology. Mr. Thompson, lowered down the precipitous side of the pool on a rope, entered the green water in a diving-suit. Later, with vast pains, he dredged the thick mud of the bottom. He found rich ornaments of jadeite and gold and a long knife used in human sacrifice. More important still, he found the bones of warriors captured in battle and sacred virgins thrown into the pool to propitiate the god of rain. These unfortunate men and girls were thrown in at sunrise. The very few who could keep afloat till noon were given another chance at life. A thorough analysis of all the objects found in this pool will soon be published by the Peabody Museum.

It is interesting to recall that our guide, when we followed that raised roadway to the sacrificial cenote, was this same distinguished explorer. A letter just received from Mr. Thompson in Yucatan says that he has recently been tracing out another "ancient roadway said to have once led from Chichen Itza to the Cosumel sanctuaries." The island of Cosumel, once a Mecca for the Maya pilgrims, is off the east coast of the Yucatan Peninsula and sixty or seventy miles from Chichen Itza.

There is not space to describe all the beauty which we saw when we left that sacred pool and wandered over the former capital of the Itza clan, twice built and twice abandoned. Some winter go yourself and see the big building of eighteen rooms, called by the modern Mayas *Akat'cib* ("Writing in the Dark") because in the gloom over the door of an interior room there is an inscription which archæologists would sell their souls to read. Go and see the peculiar round building which may have been an astronomical observatory, the huge, triple-terraced nunnery, noted, like the Great Ball Court Temple, for the paintings of battles and religious rites still visible on interior walls. These and many other wonders your guide will show you. Insist, however, that he lead you to one other structure which is much less advertised than these, although the knowing consider it one of the most important erections of all the Maya architects.

This is a small temple atop a small pyramid of a type so common that little attention was given it until that same explorer, E. H. Thompson, discovered it to be hollow.

Guiding us, he showed us the mouth of the perpendicular shaft which he

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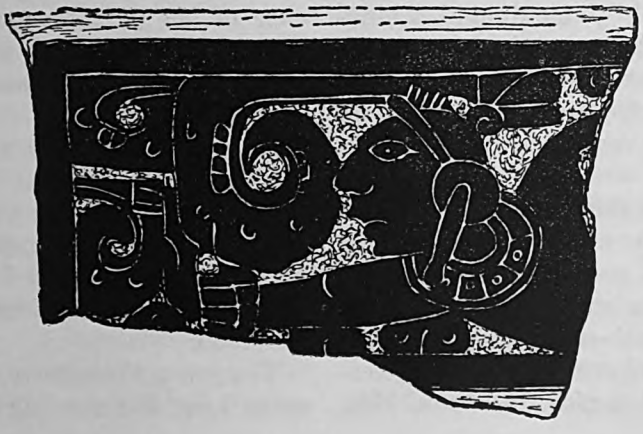
had found under a great flat stone in the floor of the temple. (Yes, this is fact, not fiction by Rider Haggard). With the aid of a rope we descended the shaft, which is thirty-seven feet deep, nearly square, like a well, and lined with solid masonry. At the foot of the shaft a low stairway led us downward twelve feet farther to a small chamber. In the floor of this chamber was a circular hole like a manhole in a New York street. This too had been originally covered by a flat rock, and when Thompson and his Indians pulled it away, the explorer's hat had been blown off by the outrush of cold air from a large room beneath. This second chamber, forty feet deep and shaped like a bottle, with the base wider than the top, was the tomb of a high priest of the Mayas. In it Thompson found the bones of the high priest himself, and articles of jadeite and alabaster, which may be seen in the Field Museum in Chicago.

From the bottom of this lower chamber a sort of tunnel led off to one side until it was blocked, apparently, by a natural cave-in. When we had scrambled to the top of the pyramid again we fell to discussing this tunnel. Mr. Thompson remarked that in his opinion it might have connected with that jaguar cave whose black mouth we had noticed yawning over the first visited *cenote*. Though invisible to us, that great pool was only some three hundred feet from the base of this pyramidal tomb. And now, just as this article is about to go to press, I hear that Dr. S. G. Morley has further excavated that tomb and finds that the old tunnel *does* lead to the cave which opens on that sinister pool!

Remember that, although Dr. Morley is a trained scientist, any mere tourist of courage and imagination might have made this discovery. That is one reason why we Americans as a nation ought to take more interest in our own Egypt. "The last remaining territory of high civilization which awaits the archæologists' efforts" is what Dr. Spinden calls it. And certainly the mystery of the Maya cities can never be dissolved without a good deal more of the under-paid, under-appreciated sort of labor which a score of experts like Saville, Spinden, Thompson, and Morley have been doing. But any man with a flare for adventure may go South for his vacation, and perchance stumble on a revelation which will leave him famous.



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Aunt Sophronia

By James Mahoney

Mr. and Mrs. Chiddix of King's Ferry, Tennessee, sat on the terrace of the casino at Aix-les-Bains and took it for granted. It was foreign, but everything had been foreign since Calais. Even "those women," as Mrs. Chiddix spoke of them in formula, had ceased to be remarkable. They, too, were simply foreign. Besides, whatever might be said of Mr. Chiddix,—not that Mrs. Chiddix ever *said* anything,—he was a good man.

Their daughter, however, was able to find a strange wonder in the fact that she, Janie Chiddix, was there. But, as everybody said, she had always been an extraordinary child—so extraordinary that, fully capable as she was of interminable, excited, shining-eyed chatter, she almost never spoke. "She don't seem to get on with anybody but strangers," Mrs. Chiddix would say.

"It 's awful," Janie would be thinking,—and nobody ever knew what she thought,—"but I won't have to stand it forever." She had quietly made up her mind to endure being extraordinary. That was, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing about her.

Just now she was walking about the circle with a young Frenchman who was not quite so tallowy about the neck or so moth-eaten about the chin as the general run of French adolescents. "Such a nice boy!" said Mrs. Chiddix. But Mrs. Chiddix could not understand French.

Janie could; perfectly. It was to her a continual exhilarating astonishment how readily she grasped phrases she had never read in books, and Janie had read all sorts of books. Consequently, she did not particularly like her young Frenchman. What he wanted was not what Janie wanted. If it had been, even if he had been more like the general run of French adolescents than he was, nothing would have stopped this clear-eyed girl.

But Janie was gathering information. The people among whom she had grown up had told her only what fadged with the rules of life they unquestioningly accepted, or had dressed down what they told her until it did. "When all you have to do is look at them," Janie would consider in amazement, "to see that their rules have n't worked for them"—especially in the case of her parents. Janie was not going to do anything until she was sure. She was determined never to look like her parents.

As she allowed her mother to sit on the terrace and watch her appear and reappear with her young Frenchman among the clumps of shrubbery, it amused her a little to know that her mother considered herself a chaperon.

The young Frenchman, forbidden to make love, was evading Janie's edict

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by talking of lovers. He was slightly vain of the fact that he had been in the house of one couple in particular, who were in a way celebrities of the neighborhood, and lived in a shabby little villa on the other side of the lake. It added to his masculinity. Men can go anywhere.

"They are compatriots of yours,"—he had a very important little manner of speaking,—"from the United States. From the State of Tennessee, which is somewhere near the Great Lakes."

"From Tennessee!" cried Janie. She did not quite know why it was so startling to find that, of the dwellers in a spot inhabited by people from all quarters of the earth, two happened to be from Tennessee. "Why, *I 'm* from Tennessee!"

"Then perhaps you know who they are. Nobody does. And I tell you quite frankly that they intrigue me enormously. They seem like people who were *très bien* in their country. Her first name, however, is Sophronie, which sounds like a servant's."

Janie caught her breath. This was information with a vengeance. The woman was an American, she was from Tennessee, her first name was "Sophronie"—rapidly Janie mustered a sufficient force of thoughts to police her tongue.

Then she said politely:

"And her last name?"

"Betz," said the young man—"Sophronie Betz."

Janie's cry was silent, quite inside her. She had through all these years been compelled to wait until the chance advent of this young Frenchman who had made her acquaintance by picking up her mother's handkerchief in the foyer of the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe at Aix-les-Bains. But at last she was to know, really to know, about her Aunt Sophronia Bates.

"No," she found the strength to say —"no, I don't think I 've ever heard of them."

It was not merely because "poor Sophronia" and "poor Soph's calamity" were the most strictly forbidden of all the forbidden subjects in the Chiddix household that her Aunt Sophronia, whom she had never seen, interested Janie more than any other person in all the world. But Aunt Sophronia was the one person with the reality of being a connection of Janie's who had ever dared to break loose.

To King's Ferry, of course, it had been a calamity. No matter what or how many the extenuating circumstances, the result of a woman's allowing herself to be run away with by another woman's husband must be inevitably wretched, miserable disaster. And in the case of Aunt Sophronia there had been no extenuating circumstances. But, in Janie's eyes, King's Ferry went on, apparently forever, never doing what it wanted to do, unless furtively and secretly; doing only what it believed it ought to do, what other people believed it ought to do, what was respectable, and ascribing evil consequences to whatever lines of conduct it had never had the courage openly to try out.

But somewhere, Janie had known all her life, was happiness; and somewhere somebody had found it. And all her life—chiefly because in her resentment of King's Ferry she had included all its beliefs in one overwhelming sweep of unbelief—Janie had believed that "poor Sophronia" was one of the few people who had.

Her pulses were racing, her mind was struggling with that curious sense of

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unreality which swoops upon all moments of consummation, and she could scarcely restrain her voice to normal as she asked the question a trustworthy answer to which she had waited all these years to get; but Janie had already successfully defended her soul over so long a period that she managed to ask it quite as if she had been politely making conversation.

"Tell me some more about them," she said. "Are they—are they—*happy?*"

"I shall tell you what my friend Georges Naudin says of them. He is a very great poet, and, *bien entendu*, a pessimist. He says that they are the only really happy people he has ever known."

Janie had become preoccupied.

"He is studying them now—to analyze their happiness in a play."

Then he noted her preoccupation, and, of course, misread it. This young man had never known a girl like Janie. A little under the spell he was himself trying to create, he lowered his mouth very close to her ear, where spun the quick fine tendrils of a young girl's hair, and made his voice beautiful.

"It 's nice to be like that,—" the words were low, vibrant, seductive,—"lovers, you know."

But Janie did not even hear him. She was at that moment coming to the decision which was to shatter the sacred boredom of a respectable American family for nearly a week.

"Where did you say they lived?" she said.

§ 2

Though her eyes followed her daughter mechanically around and around the circle, Mrs. Chiddix's heart was not in her chaperonage. Her mouth was twitching nervously, and now and then she would make a slight movement forward, catch herself up involuntarily, and thrill with relief that her husband had not noticed.

Then abruptly into the silence,—The maddening sounds of the orchestra, of the laughter, of the clicking of high heels on the pavement, did not count; the two of them were in a world of silence of their own. Marriage, in spite of everything, remains a thing apart,—then abruptly into the silence, she heard her own voice say, quite as if it had been somebody else speaking, and even more calmly than if it had said, "Here 's your collar-button":

"Egbert, they 're here."

Though she was not perfectly sure that he had understood her, she knew that he had heard her speak. He looked a little annoyed. He was not annoyed. He simply made himself superior to any information a person who was only his wife had to offer. It was part of his system.

But whether he had fully understood her or not, she had spoken, and her first fright was over. She waited.

"Here," she repeated at last—"here, at *Aches lee Banel*"

He turned on her. It was as if he had suddenly lowered a curtain of dark gauze from his brows. It was an effect, she knew, which he could switch on and off as easily as if it had been projected from a stereopticon under his control; but it had never ceased to send her taut throughout the interior of her body.

"I—I thought I ought to tell you—" But she did not add that she had been trying to tell him every enduring moment lived through since half past five that afternoon.

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He took the cigar he had been chewing out of his open mouth.

"You—don't—mean—*Soph!*"

"Sophronia," she pronounced syllabically. The full classic name palliated somehow her sister's crime, just as his intonation of the curiously vulgar monosyllable had somehow augmented it. "Both of them."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, staggered into honesty.

"But"—he caught at the straw—"how do you know?"

"I *saw* them. It was down at the lake. Janie wanted to have tea under the trees down at the lake. They came in and sat down right next to us."

"You spoke to her, I reckon! And with *Janie* there! You 'll be going to see her next. You 'll be wanting to let *my* daughter go around with that —" He stopped before the word he had not yet dared to say; and people, if they are married to each other, will dare to say almost anything when sufficiently righteous. Marriage, in spite of everything, remains a thing apart

"Janie had her *back* to them!" Mrs. Chiddix's double chin went up defiantly. "And I did n't speak to her. Janie wanted to know if the sun hurt my eyes." Then she said: "She looked straight at me, and—she—did n't know me! Her own sister. I ought to have spoken to her. It was n't right. If Janie had n't been there—Egbert! It 's terrible! She 's my *own* sister—"

"We 'll pack to-night. We 'll take the train to Lions"—so he pronounced it—"to-morrow morning."

"I ought to go to see her, Egbert. It 's not right. My own *sister*—"

He made no answer, but she knew that she would pack that night. He replaced the cigar in his mouth, and screwed it into one corner with a motion of his hard, blue lips. The movement made his mustache bristle. This also was part of his system. Then he relaxed. The episode, he knew, was at an end.

The orchestra, the laughter, the clicking heels stole over them, swept over them, carried them away into individual worlds. In his satisfaction with his own personality he had forgotten her. She, too, for the moment, had forgotten him. Her eyes looked down blankly upon the circle where people of fashion, people of no fashion, tourists, demi-reps, and her daughter, an American girl, were flashing in and out in the electric light.

"Egbert," she said suddenly, "she looked—she looked—*happy*."

If he had seen the look on her face at that moment, and could have understood it, Mr. Chiddix, even Mr. Chiddix, might have wept.

§ 3

Janie came up on the terrace. Her young Frenchman, who was bravely trying not to look wilted, said good night to Mr. and Mrs. Chiddix. "*A demain?*" he added politely to Janie. His eyes, she noted, were not enthusiastic, but she would have liked a game of tennis on the smart courts at the tennis club, and he was the only person she knew. It was worth trying, at any rate.

"How about the tennis club," she suggested, "early?" He regretted something-not-too-distinctly-pronounced *infiniment*. He was very young, but continentals are born with the knowledge that life is very brief. Janie did not care. He had already given her enough.

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"We are leaving to-morrow morning," said her father, who through the silly language of another country suspected "dates."

"*I 'm* not," said Janie, clearly. "I 'm going to see my Aunt Sophronia to-morrow afternoon."

The only thing that saved them was the fact that it is morally impossible to make a scene in a place as public as the terrace of the casino at Aix-les-Bains, even if all the people *are* foreigners.

§ 4

It was at the hotel that the row really began. Janie quietly, but none the less flatly, refused to pack.

Mr. Chiddix's argument was that a man was the head of his house and must be obeyed, though with women smoking cigarettes and voting and swearing in public, one was ready to believe that the end of civilization had come. Mrs. Chiddix's argument, sustained with tears, was that Janie really ought to remember that, whatever happened, her mother would be, as usual, to blame. Janie had no argument. She wanted to see the thing she had waited all her life to see, and she simply said again that she was going.

"But, Janie," exploded Mr. Chiddix, "you don't seem to realize that they 're not *married!*"

"But I 've already seen such lots of married people," said Janie.

Whereupon, as people simply do not beat young girls nowadays, Mr. Chiddix developed his final crushing argument. It was that you were not to talk immoral nonsense, especially if you happened to be the daughter of Mr. Chiddix.

As in most cases, even when the mighty gather about mahogany-veneered tables to apportion the races of the earth, the argument which won was the only one which was never stated. They could not take Janie away from Aix-les-Bains in chains, they could not leave her in a French resort unprotected, to lock her up in a strange hotel would create a scandal, and she had enough money in her pocket-book to hire a boat.

Although to outward appearances nothing had altered in the even domesticity of the Chiddix family, and in fact all oral argument had ceased, at four o'clock the following afternoon the row was still in progress. Mrs. Chiddix had been perfectly right: she was, as usual, to blame; but they had not taken the train for Lyons that morning, and Janie was more than half-way across the lake on her way to her Aunt Sophronia's.

"I wonder why I 'm not more excited," thought Janie, idly trailing her hand in the incredible clarity of the lake. "If only I thought they were wickeder than I do, it might be more fun."

As a matter of fact, without words, the row had reached such a pitch that even her conclusive winning of her point by marching off to hire the boat she was in had been anti-climax. Janie loathed rows. "But," she thought, "I can still hope it 's been worth it."

The boat began to nose in toward a very dilapidated boat-landing, beyond which stretched an unkempt path leading beneath some trees to a stark red-brick villa with corners of plaster which, before it began to chip off, had imitated stone. The grass grew rank, but in the deep shadows was starry with the crocuses, which grow wild in that locality and bloom at all seasons.

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"Is this the place?" asked Janie.

"*Oui, ma'm'selle,*" said the boatman, and added, with much Southern rolling of R's and rounding of nasals, that he knew it well, that many people went there, and that everybody knew of the excellence of his boat and the trustworthiness of his character.

Janie stepped up on to the uncertain boards of the little wharf. As she caught her balance, there came the first thrill from this adventure. She was there. She was doing it at last. "Oh," she thought, "it *has* been worth it! Now I am going to *know!*"

§ 5

On a tiled terrace, surrounded by flowering shrubs, blooming all the more profusely because of the complete neglect, a man and a woman, stretched upon two wicker lounging-chairs, were basking indolently in the pouring sunlight. Aunt Sophronia had been a blonde in those days when "a blonde" had meant a great deal, and Janie had heard her spoken of as a typical Gibson Girl. The woman in the wicker lounging-chair, like a great many other beauties, had been unable in her costume to abandon entirely the period of her first success, and to Janie's feminine perceptions there lurked in the sleeves and about the waist an unmistakable flavor of Gibson Girl. Her hair was yellow as pollen in the sunlight; and though it was not done in a pompadour, it might as well have been. The woman, an utter stranger to Janie, was nevertheless her Aunt Sophronia.

The man raised himself a little higher on his elbow and said something to her. "He 's seen me," thought Janie. The movement had been made with that particular variety of easy virile grace which damns a man for men, but can for women almost deify him. His hair grew back in bronze waves from his wide, low forehead. "I don't blame her—not one little bit," thought Janie, stirred. "He 's just like a young god." But a little later, when she had seen him close to, she qualified this idea with, "but not such a very young one."

Janie approached them. She was not sure whether she would speak the first or wait. Aunt Sophronia, smiling, decided the question for her.

"How do you do? Er—won't you sit down?" It was very unexpected to hear her employ an accent and phraseology so different from King's Ferry. In King's Ferry they said, "Have a seat." Aunts, no matter what they have done, should talk, at least, like home-folks.

"I 'm—I 'm—" Janie simply did not know how to describe herself. So she said: "Janie. Janie Chiddix."

"Chiddix?" remarked Aunt Sophronia, shading her eyes with her hand. "Chiddix?"

"That was the name of the man your sister married," announced the man, making a mild discovery.

"Of course." Then she became excited about it. "Why, of *course* it was!"

"I 'm her daughter," said Janie.

"Good heavens, child! Then you must be—why, you 're my *niece!* Is not that ridiculous?"

"Yes," said Janie; "that 's who I am."

"And I—I 'm your *aunt!* How perfectly idiotic! Arthur, I 'm an aunt! I—I believe it 's even worse than being a mother." He rumbled a little in his chest. Then she became a hostess.

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"You really must stay for tea," she said.

"Hullo!" remarked a girl of twelve who appeared in the doorway. "A guest. There 'll be lemon-cake."

She plumped herself down to stay, a serious-eyed child in a nondescript dress much too small for her and her long, thin legs. The rusty shoes and the blue-fuzzy, black cotton stockings were the worst. There were holes.

"My daughter," said Aunt Sophronia. "You see, I *am* a mother. Inka, this is—er—Miss Chiddix. She 's my—your cousin. I suppose I *ought* to call you Janie—"

The child rose and bowed gravely, like an adult. "Exactly like an adult," thought Janie. "The poor little thing!"

The poor little thing came forward with unbelievable poise, without shyness, without impertinence, and said:

"I like you. You would be very pretty if you knew how to do your hair."

"You must n't mind Inka," said the man. "She 's a funny little crittur."

"She 's—she 's simply Inka," said Aunt Sophronia, explaining a child who was a comparative stranger to her with a wave of her hands.

The child, incredibly, laughed. Softly. She was not a child of this household; she was a person in it. And still Janie thought, "The poor little thing!"

Aunt Sophronia replaced her hands on the arms of her chaise-longue. Her elbow, in the act, touched the elbow of the man. And something happened. Janie saw, Janie knew, Janie felt with every electron of her being, that something had happened. What, she did not know. Only that silence was the result.

A black, wizened little peasant woman brought tea. The cat, she said, had just broken all but two of the tea-cups in the house; so, after peeking out to see how many, she had put two glasses on the tray. She hoped they would not mind drinking tea out of a glass, just like anybody else. It was *forcé*. The cat had leaped so,—she became agile about it,—and the cups had been set out so, and it appeared that the cat was possessed of a devil. Nobody excepting Janie paid an iota of attention. This, for some reason, made Inka giggle. The noise roused them.

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Aunt Sophronia, with a little flutter, and began to pour tea. "Why did n't I think of that before! You can't possibly be jaunting about Europe alone. Then your mother is here—"

"Yes," said Janie, "at the hotel—" But before she could give the address, Aunt Sophronia went on:

"Do tell her to drop in on us. I 'd love to see her. Still, I don't suppose she 'd want to. Is your tea right, Arthur?"

"Suppose so," grunted the man, contentedly.

"Is n't he silly?" said Aunt Sophronia. "Sometimes I don't believe he knows tea from coffee."

They smiled at each other. As their eyes met, it happened again. Janie watched them. "What never dies," she thought, "yet always dies. But this time it has n't." It was curious to observe how old they were, for the age showed, and yet how young they looked. Shockingly immature. There was something soft somewhere. Their features were—well, she did not know exactly what.

"Ineffectual!" Janie's thoughts

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leaped upon the word. "And they don't care about *any*thing!"

"Look!" said the man, breaking the spell. "There 's the boat—"

At the landing another man in another boat was quarreling for landing-space with Janie's boatman.

"You won't mind if we run off?" Aunt Sophronia pulled herself luxuriously from her chair. "Just finish your tea with Inka. She 'll entertain you. We found a place yesterday where the trees overhang the water—"

Janie followed them with her eyes as they strolled on down to the landing. Inka was watching her expectantly.

"Don't they ever *do* anything?" inquired Janie, suddenly.

Inka laughed.

"It 's funny," she said; "everybody asks questions about them the minute they are alone with me."

Janie blushed.

"Oh, I don't mind," Inka went on. "I like to talk about them. Of course they don't do anything. Why should they? They are perfectly happy as it is."

Janie was silent. That was it: they were perfectly happy as it was.

"You 're queer," volunteered Inka. "Other people want to know a lot more things than that. They want to know if they kiss much and that sort of thing."

It occurred strangely to Janie that their child spoke of them exactly as if they were curious natural phenomena of the locality.

"Do you go to school?" she asked, with "the poor little thing!" running in her head again. She was, in fact, repressing an urgent desire to catch the child up in her arms and dash away.

"Oh, no. But everybody gives me lessons, especially Madame Paëva. She 's so unhappy, and she likes to do things to occupy her mind. She 's had dozens of lovers, but she never had mama's good luck. Not many do. She says I learn awfully fast. And old Mr. Mintern teaches me algebra—when he 's not working on his roulette system."

"I 'm *not* a puritan," Janie stated defiantly to herself.

"Does n't your mother ever—" she began.

"Oh, no. Neither of them ever has any time for *me!*"

"They have nothing but time!" Janie burst out.

"You see," the child explained seriously, "I was an accident. But, then, they don't pay much attention to anybody. Lots of people come here, and we have the most wonderful parties. Madame Paëva sings till it makes cold thrills run down your backbone. But *they* are always running off to some new place they 've found—like just now. Nobody minds. They all understand. I hope you 'll come to some of the parties—"

"Inka," demanded Janie, strainingly earnest, "are you *happy* here?"

The child burst into laughter, delighted, spontaneous, sparkling little girl's laughter.

"Oh," she cried, getting her breath, "that 's what they *all* say! And—and they look just like that when they say it! Oh! Oh!" And her irrepressible delight in the comedy of it shook her again. "Of *course* I 'm happy," she cried at last. "I do absolutely as I please!"

Janie felt as if she were breathing in a medium of suffocating jelly. She wanted to leave that place and at once. Above all, she wanted to snatch Inka out of it and away with her. To

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King's Ferry? She caught her breath. In the first place, she could n't. She was, on account of the fact that somebody else earned the money she spent, impotent. But even if she had been some all-powerful goddess who could with her finger reach down and displace the elements of a world she had herself created, would she, even then, would she have dared? "They 've all got to work out their own salvations," she declared firmly to herself; and then, for some unreasonable reason, there came in rapid sequence, "How on earth did I ever happen in King's Ferry, anyhow?"

"I made you angry when I laughed," said Inka, contritely. "I 'm awfully sorry. You must n't mind me—"

"No!" protested Janie. "No! Look —won't you kiss me? It 's simply that I just *have* to go."

Inka kissed her.

Janie ran, she could not help running, down the path to the landing, away from the house of her Aunt Sophronia.

§ 6

They would leave the following morning. Her father, vanquished, ignored the whole incident. Flamboyantly. Thus he increased the tension until it became intolerable. This was the very most effective part of his system.

"It will blow over," thought Janie; "it always does." But one had to spend the evening somewhere. Janie spent it on the tiny balcony outside her window. It was too small for the chair she wedged into it, and she was not comfortable; but, with the draperies closed behind her, they were not likely to think of looking for her there.

Her mother, however, seeking her restlessly, found her. Mrs. Chiddix wanted details. Her curiosity about a situation she was not permitted to see had, in this case, a genuine emotional tinge. The woman was her sister. Even so, what she said, standing as nearly as was possible for a woman of her figure upon so small a balcony, was more than anything else tentative, and in another direction.

"I wish he would let me go to see her. It 's not right for me not to. And then—I 'd sort of like to *know*— Janie, she looked so happy—"

After every bit of domestic strain, the mother sought the luxury and relief of her daughter's confidence. Janie, much to her own dissatisfaction with herself, had never been able really to respond. Usually she pretended. But to-night she could not pretend, even though there was a moon, and she could hear her mother, whom she loved, gently repressing her sniffling.

Mrs. Chiddix tried again.

"Are *you* happy, Janie?"

"No," said Janie, and smiled up at her mother, who was bending tenderly to her in the moonlight. "I 'm not. *Thank Heaven!*"

Mrs. Chiddix drew back.

"I don't understand her!" breathed that worthy woman to her God.

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Frontiers by Plebiscite

By Sarah Wambaugh

Posters used in the Plebiscites

The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, must be upon the basis of free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned." So spoke the President of the United States to a listening world on July Fourth of the momentous year of 1918.

For us of 1923 it is difficult to recapture the throb with which the world received that statement at Mount Vernon. Five years of the nervous exhaustion of the so-called peace have dulled our memories. Yet those phrases, now seeming coldly worded, throbbed for us then with the greatest emotion of the war. A new kind of peace, a real peace at last, a peace based on justice, on respect for democracy, for the rights of nationality: no more subject races, no more handing of people about like cattle. So white-hot was the emotion that a new word was coined to carry it —"self-determination." Old wrongs were to be righted by this word, and with it to guide, no new ones should be perpetrated. Where there was a doubt of the wish of the inhabitants, no change of sovereignty was to be made without a plebiscite in which the people concerned should themselves say by their ballots what were their wishes.

Out of this world emotion seven plebiscites finally emerged in the texts of the Paris treaties. On the western frontier of Germany the boundary with Belgium was to be subjected to a "public expression of opinion" in the little counties of Eupen and Malmedy, ceded by Prussia in the treaty; and in the newly created unit of the Saar Basin, cut by the treaty from Prussia and Bavaria and placed under a governing commission appointed by the League of Nations, a plebiscite was to be held at the end of fifteen years by which the people of the basin should choose among Germany, France, and a continuation of the league commission. Alsace and Lorraine were to go back to France without a plebiscite, but on the eastern frontier of Germany there were to be three by which parts of the boundaries with Poland were to be fixed; these were to be in the rich mining region of upper Silesia and in parts of East and West Prussia, made familiar to us in the war by the fighting about the Masurian Lakes. To the north the plebiscite in northern Schleswig, promised by Prussia in 1866, was at last to settle the line between Germany and Denmark. The Treaty of St. Germain, which fixed the Austrian frontiers, provided only one plebiscite, that in southern Carinthia, by which the people were to vote on the question of a transfer to Jugoslavia.

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All but one of these plebiscites have now been held, as well as three others not planned by the treaties. It is time to ask how well plebiscites have protected the rights of nationalities. Are they "a nonsense," as both Poles and Germans say in upper Silesia, or have they brought justice and a hope of tranquillity? Is the plebiscite a tool sufficiently useful for political science to keep in its scantily supplied workshop, or should it be discarded?

Although the question comes fresh to us, it is not the first time that the world has asked it. The expression "self-determination" is no older than the war, but the principle dates, as it logically should, from the end of the eighteenth century; for self-determination is in reality merely the extension to questions of sovereignty of the new principle of democracy which Europe owes to the French Revolution. Alas! self-determination in its purity was as short lived as was that early effort at democracy.

It can be argued that the first three plebiscites ever held on a change of sovereignty were meant in good faith. They were held in Avignon in 1791, when the French Republic took over the city and surrounding country from the pope, and in Savoy and Nice in the following year. These were seemingly administered in a fair spirit, although under the French forces of occupation and in the crude form of a time which had no conception of a secret ballot. By another year, however, the value of the plebiscite as a means of justice had been overshadowed by its greater value as a political subterfuge, and as such it was used, with accompaniments of terror and deportations, in the French annexations of the Belgian and Saar communes. Napoleon felt no need of it even as a subterfuge, and the Congress of Vienna left it, as it left democracy, in oblivion. Oblivion did not mean death, however, for either principle. With the great revival of democracy in 1848 another Latin race was quick to see in the plebiscite a means of salvation, and from that year, when the Italian patriots expelled their Bourbon princes and held plebiscites for union throughout the northern duchies, both the principle and the method flourished greatly until 1870. It shows the growing force of democracy that in those brief twenty years every one of the great powers of Europe, even Prussia and Russia, and even Bismarck himself, had advocated a plebiscite at one time or another as a solution for some territorial question, and that it had gained the almost undeviating support of the other three chief statesmen of Europe, Cavour, Louis Napoleon, and Lord John Russell. But another philosophy was rising. The Prussian annexation of Schleswig in 1867, without holding the promised plebiscite, and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, without any popular consultation, marked the end of self-determination as a governing principle in European diplomacy.

There followed a period of bitter controversy between the French, Italian, and Belgian writers on the one side and the Prussians on the other. The dispute grew warm, then died away, for at last, so great was the prestige of German historians, even French writers on international law were won over to the German side on the abstract principle. For the moment democracy and self-determination had parted company. The economic rivalries of the Europe of the

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late nineteenth century held little use for self-determination; but, abandoned again by historians and diplomats and forgotten by the world at large, the principle was once more treasured in the hearts of many a racial group. With the World War it came to the fore in the platform of every liberal and radical movement for permanent peace, and became the symbol of regeneration for every subject nationality.

To us as Americans, by nature more confident than other peoples that permanent peace could be achieved, the principle of self-determination appealed with peculiar significance; for it was, in a new form, our own declaration that government rests on the just "consent of the governed." In 1918 the world was still a simple place to us, needing only a simple formula to dissolve its chaos into order. So, we thought, would the classic aspirations of Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, and Bohemia be at last fulfilled. Few of us realized that there were other aspirations in Europe as feverish and as ancient as those of Poland and Bohemia; that centuries of conquest, of colonization, and of royal marriages, together with the traditional policies of religious and racial persecutions, had made the map of the nationalities of central and southeastern Europe a minute patchwork of dark, glowing colors, far different from those large areas of delicate tones which looked homogeneously content in our pre-war geographies. As the war came to its end, this complexity became more and more appalling. As it became evident that even by the purest devotion to the principle of self-determination not everybody could be satisfied, economic interests, historic claims, strategic arguments, all grew in their appeal. So, finally, the clash of opposing philosophies and of national interests dislodged the principle of self-determination from its preëminence, and in the end it was honored at Paris quite as much in the breach as in the observance. One need speak of only a few of the instances in which the popular wish was not consulted. There are Posen, Dantzic, Memel, Alsace-Lorraine, cut, perhaps wisely cut, from Germany, but cut, nevertheless, on other principles than that of popular

A rhymed poster used by the Danes in the Schleswig plebiscite

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consultation. So, too, were the Austrian Tyrol and other regions cut from Austria and Hungary. Yet, in comparison with other peace treaties, those made at Paris gave the principle of self-determination far more attention than it had ever before enlisted, provided for far the most important plebiscites ever held concerning changes of sovereignty, and laid down much more detailed rules to govern the franchise and the freedom of the vote than had any previous treaty.

This is much to say for the Paris treaties; but there is much which must be said on the other side as well. For, advanced as they were, the plebiscite provisions were in the main far less perfect than the political wisdom of the twentieth century could have planned. They were not even of a uniform standard of imperfection. The method of taking the vote varies from the primitive procedure in Eupen and Malmedy to the fairly scientific scheme for the Schleswig voting. One should, perhaps, not class the vote of Eupen and Malmedy as a plebiscite at all, for only one side was called on to vote; yet even in a mere "public expression of opinion" the freedom of the vote should be safeguarded. In Eupen and Malmedy there was, however, absolutely no supervision from without. The two small counties were put under the Belgian Government, and those wishing to have them given back to Germany were invited to sign their names openly under the eyes of the Belgian officials. Yet the same treaty-makers were sufficiently sophisticated, politically, to provide in the other cases for a secret ballot under an Interallied policing and an Interallied commission, acting under the supervision of the council of ambassadors. Even this arrangement was far from perfect, for it meant in fact a commission of partizans. In all the Polish-German plebiscites the Poles will tell you frankly that the French openly favored the Poles, and the Germans will with equal frankness tell you that the British, and to some extent the Italian, commissions favored the Germans. The Schleswig plebiscite is in a class by itself, for here the treaty added two neutrals, Norway and Sweden, to the commission, and also itself provided that the chief German officials should be removed; whereas in the other plebiscites this was, unhappily, left to the discretion of the commissions, where it became a partizan issue. It is not surprising that the Schleswig plebiscite was the only one where the members of the commission were not accused of partizanship, but were respected by both sides, and where there was no violence. It is of course pertinent that there is no such deep antagonism between German and Dane as between German and Pole, nor was there coal to be disposed of in Schleswig as there was in Silesia; yet these two features of the treaty itself were of enormous importance. That they were both essential in any warmly contested plebiscite was shown as far back as 1859, when the powers forced Turkey to allow plebiscites in Moldavia and Wallachia, the two provinces which now form Rumania.

So complex are the difficulties connected with the plebiscite that many prefer to judge of the wishes of a people from the statistics as to their race or language or religion. Yet if there is one thing proved by the recent plebiscites, it is that such statistics may be absolutely misleading. The truth is that those who would ignore national-

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ism and use economic determinism are to a certain extent justified by the fact, brought out clearly in the plebiscites, that even among people of the same race each may not have the same desire. This was shown in Carinthia, where the majority went for Austria, although the statistics had given eighty-two per cent. as Slovene, or "Windisch," as they are called there; and in upper Silesia, where the majority went for Germany by sixty per cent. in the face of German figures giving fifty-five per cent. as speaking Polish, or, rather, "Wasser Polnisch," as their mother tongue. The fact is that not every man or woman is a strong nationalist. In every country there are always some with whom nationalism is the most ardent passion of their souls; with others it is not so strong as the wish to keep their employment or to see themselves or, perhaps, their children saved from threatening famine.

Generally speaking, in European countries nationalism must depend for its most ardent support on the lesser nobility, the intellectuals, especially the priests, teachers, writers, and officials, and on the working-men. The merchants as a class seem much more indifferent to the claims of nationalism; so, too, the peasants, granted that their religion and their markets are not interfered with and that their children are not kept from rising in the world by the alien government.

Everywhere it is the intellectuals who are both the leaders and the force behind nationalism. Partly theirs is a magnificent spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice, for such has been the condition of subject races in Europe that often a revival of nationalism has been essential to lift them to self-respect in both an economic and a spiritual sense. But in places where the races seem, but for them, to be prospering together, one could wish that the intellectuals would study their own springs of action enough to realize that more compelling than generosity is their desire to work out their creative instincts in the field of politics, and that they are enjoying themselves hugely thereby. To some extent, of course, the nationalism of the intellectual can be analyzed into a question of markets, also. A wider world than the peasant's is needed for his intellectual food, and if he is a writer or producer of intellectual wares, he needs a far wider market. He must have sympathetic understanding; for this he craves the highest possible level of presupposition, and a common nationality appears to him the best way to supply that need. It is only the comparatively few—"super-intellectuals," one might call them—who find as great a spiritual kinship with minds of other nations as with even the less naturally congenial ones of their own race. Even the intellectual fears variety and craves identity, and considering the record of most European governments in trying to achieve identity by persecuting subject nationalities, there is little to wonder at in this. As for the working-man, it is no denial of his belief in internationalism that he should be an ardent nationalist also. The strength of trade-unions lies in their national scope. They, too, depend on a high, wide level of presupposition for concerted action in protection of their rights. But the peasant is not organized in unions. His world is bounded by his fields, his family, his market, and his religion. The priest and the neighbors of his village are his only intellectual contact. He feels no need of a wider circle. It is this fact

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"War threatens you!"
A German poster used in the

which explains why the vote in southern Carinthia went for Austria. The eighty-two per cent. of Slovenes were virtually all peasants, and though the priests, appointed always by the Slovene bishop at Laibach (now Lublijana), had made every effort to keep alive their national feeling, the peasants had their own lively appreciation that should they be annexed to Jugoslavia, their market of Klagenfurt would be reft from them, and a new market substituted many more miles away and across the Karawanken Mountains, which would mean either a long journey over a mountain pass or a costly railroad fare.

In Carinthia the peasants had been allowed their language and their religion and had felt few, if any, disabilities. In upper Silesia, however, the peasants had been forbidden their language and had had a bitter sense of persecution in other ways under the Prussian rule. So, though they had been separated from their fellow-Poles for six hundred years, they responded eagerly to the leadership of the Polish intellectuals from Posen who had been fanning the spark of Polish patriotism in upper Silesia during the last decades of the nineteenth century. There is yeast in the Polish peasant. Among the professional men in Kattowitz, and in other parts of Silesia given to Poland after the plebiscite, are many who are the self-made sons of peasants and miners. That their path had been made hard for them by the policy of discrimination started by Bismarck was a fact which played an enormous part in the loss by Prussia of the rich mines and factories of Silesia. Yet in these same cities of Silesia many Poles must have voted for Germany, for only so can one account for the discrepancy between the statistics of language and the vote.

There was a saying, I believe, in Czechoslovakia, "The roof may leak, but it will be ours," and it is a saying with which many of us ardently sympathize; but it is evident that there are many in the world to whom their own leaky roof is not so appealing as the comfort of a roof which, though it is another's, does not leak. It is this floating vote which causes one of the chief difficulties of the plebiscite, for it is, of course, swayed by the economic and political conditions in the two rival countries, and so raises to first importance the question of the exact moment

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"We have peace!!!"
plebiscite in East and West Prussia

when the vote is to be taken. You hear this matter of time brought forward in every plebiscite. The Germans make bitter complaint that the plebiscites were all held when German prosperity was gone, the mark falling, food scarce, and, defeated and burdened with the war debts and threatened by communist risings, Germany stood alone in a hostile world. The Poles, for their part, complain with equal bitterness that the plebiscites in East and West Prussia were held at just the moment when the Bolshevist army was threatening Warsaw.

In all the plebiscites there were highly organized propaganda committees on each side. The force which these committees attached to economic arguments may be seen from the colored posters of which all sides made wide use. In Silesia the economic advantage was with the Germans, for, though the German mark was low, the Polish mark was still lower. This the German posters emphasized by pictures showing the fraction of a German mark which a Polish mark would buy if the region went to Poland. The ingrained German scorn of the lower level of Polish ability was turned into another economic argument. There is a very effective poster of a German *Little Red Riding Hood* raising out of the reach of a hungry wolf, marked with the Polish eagle, a basketful of city buildings labeled "Schlesien" (Silesia). Above it is a verse which reads: "You want my little basket? It holds my darling Silesia! Undivided it shall stay with me, for with you it would become arid and wild." To this the Poles answered with a poster of a butcher, his arms already flecked with blood, whetting his knife above a small calf. The words are in German, in order to catch the young generation of Poles who had been forbidden the use of Polish in the schools, "It is only the stupidest calves that vote for their own butchers." Another sings out, over the Polish eagle, "Vote for Poland and you will be free!"

In Schleswig, the economic argument being with the Danes, Germany based her case on sentiment and an appeal to history, for this was all she had to offer. The German posters carried the legends, "We wish to be German, as our fathers before us"; and, emphasizing loyalty to the smaller and older unit, "For a thousand years we have been Schleswigers. We wish

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to remain Schleswigers. Therefore we vote German." There was one, too, which read, "Shall the Danes reap what the Germans have sown?"

The Danes answered with their own appeal to history, for before 1866 Schleswig had belonged to the Danish crown; but the economic argument was emphasized far more, for the Danish krone was thriving, and the land flowing with milk and honey. Of the two zones into which North Schleswig had been divided for the voting, the northern one was sure to go for Denmark, the southern one was doubtful. "Why should you vote for Denmark?" asked a Danish poster of the citizens of Flensburg, the chief town of the southern zone. The question is printed above a large hand, and the answers come one on each finger: "I. Because your race is Danish. II. Because Flensburg will die if cut off from North Schleswig. III. Because no other country takes better care of its children and aged. IV. Because in Denmark a man earns as many kronen as he does marks in Germany. V. Because the Danish krone buys eight times as much as the German mark."

The Danes had many posters on the famine conditions in Germany. One reads, "If again the flag is white and red, then will be ended the bitter need"; and another, directed to the women, is of a little boy, with above him the words: "Mother! Vote Danish. Think of me!" This poster was sent by the Danes to the Polish propaganda committee in upper Silesia, and they, too, made a wide use of it, changing the words to Polish; and, as the Poles are all Catholic, hanging an amulet about the neck of the child.

The Danes made a still more effective use of the argument of the lack of food in Germany by sending daily into the two plebiscite zones automobiles laden with butter, pork, tea, and coffee, to be distributed free, and by inviting the German Socialists to send ailing children to Denmark for a week's outing. It is said that as many as ten thousand children were entertained in this way. The Danes insist that this was all for charity, with no political purpose whatever, but the Germans point to the fact that the automobiles came no more after the vote was counted. The Germans, who are certain that the food affected the vote of the mothers, for, owing to the blockade, the children were woefully undernourished, make the comment that "A plebiscite lets loose the worst side of human nature. It makes people forget country and think only of food."

In the Carinthian plebiscite the Jugoslavs also took advantage of the famine conditions in Austria and sent in automobiles every Sunday laden with milk and eggs and white bread. The Austrians had an economic argument in the fact that Klagenfurt, which was sure to go for Austria, was the market town for the region. They added others, however, and in particular, they made much of the fact that Austria was a republic while Jugoslavia had a king, and that Austrians were now free from military service, while Jugoslavs must serve two years. "You will be sent to the Serb army in Macedonia," they warned the peasants. So the Jugoslav leaders in one of the villages induced about eighty girls to sign a manifesto reading, "I would not have a son who was not a soldier."

Although you can never, in discussion, induce either side to admit it, advantage on one side seems always balanced by advantage on the other. While Germany no doubt lost heavily

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on the economic argument, it is a fact, of which the Danes and Poles both bitterly complain, that Germany enjoyed a stupendous advantage from the opportunity which she had enjoyed for many decades to carry on her process of Germanization through her control of the local government, the schools, and the churches. Moreover, the German judges, teachers, priests, and pastors, as well as the *fonctionnaires*, or "beamten," which are the Continental words for the administrative officials and the railroad, post, and telegraph officials and operatives, all appointed by the Government, were still in office, with their ancient prestige intact, and with every opportunity to use their enormous influence in propaganda both open and secret, direct and indirect.

Not only was their power to use pressure of the first importance; prestige itself is a great force, particularly with the peasant mind. A woman active in one of the Polish plebiscites told me that, knowing how the peasants looked on the Prussian officials as inevitable and unchangeable, she had made heroic efforts to induce the Plebiscite commission to remove at least the chief administrator of the county in order to prove to the peasants that Prussia was not omnipotent. When she failed in this, she had then put all of her extraordinary energy (during this period she had given birth to a daughter who is nicknamed "Plebiscita") into opening kindergartens where the children might hear Polish, and so bring home to the mothers a realization that the Prussian dispensation could be changed.

The fact of the inevitable presence of an army of government employees is sure to be one of the chief difficulties of any Continental plebiscite. The vote they cast is enough in itself to turn the scale in many places such as railroad centers or governmental headquarters. It made it all the more galling to the opponents of Germany that these employees as a rule were not native to the region, but had been sent there from some other part of the empire. It is impossible to gage to the full the effect of their presence, no matter how low in the hierarchy they come. The telephone and telegraph operators have been accused, for instance, of holding up messages in several places, and it may easily be true. In fact, I was surprised not to hear of it oftener. I might quote M. Korfanty to the effect that no plebiscite can ever be fair because it is virtually impossible to remove all the officials; and indeed the fact that in upper Silesia none was removed at the outset, but only after they had broken the plebiscite regulations, is given as the reason for the Polish insurrections there before the voting. The Schleswig plebiscite proved, however, that the initial removal of only a few of the higher officials gives a sufficient feeling of confidence. In Schleswig the officials were replaced by civilians chosen together by the local Germans and Danes.

In the Carinthian plebiscite the officials and employees were not Austrian, but Jugoslav, for before the decision at Paris to hold a plebiscite the Slav state had invaded southern Carinthia and incorporated it in Jugoslavia, and had replaced all the Austrian judges, teachers, and *fonctionnaires*, by their own. The priests they had left, for they had shown themselves patriotic adherents of their bishop at Laibach. To show how ig-

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norant these Windisch peasants are, the Austrians will tell you a story of how, when the Karawanken Mountains were first tunneled, thirty or forty years ago, the peasants from miles around flocked to the mouth of the tunnel to feel the warm air from the south. But even the peasant women, ignorant though they were, were sufficiently independent to vote against their priests' advice, for a Slav told me that many of the women had come to the priests for absolution for having voted for Austria. One gleans a further insight into the priests' activities through their complaint that many of the population had deceived them and had accepted food and clothing from both sides.

There are other kinds of bribery and pressure that are inevitable in any hotly contested election. Everywhere in these plebiscites, virtually all the landlords and industrialists were German. The Poles and Danes say that the landlords frightened their tenants into voting for Germany and that the industrialists threatened to move their factories away if the vote went against them. On the other hand, it was part of the Polish propaganda to promise the peasant not "forty acres and a mule," but part of the landlord's land, plus a cow. The "Korfanty Cow" is famous in upper Silesia, although Korfanty himself denies the cow. It certainly has not been delivered.

In virtually all the plebiscites one of the greatest sources of trouble was the lack of sufficient Allied troops to police the area. This made little difference in Schleswig, where there was, as I have said, no coal to whet the appetite of the opposing governments, and where Danes and Germans, though with a feud of many years behind them, have, nevertheless, a mutual respect as well as kinship. But in all the plebiscites between Poland and Germany it allowed of continual disturbances, and in upper Silesia, where the plebiscite was long delayed, these amounted to organized violence. In the whole of the upper Silesian plebiscite area, a region of four thousand square miles with a population of 2,300,000, there were only at the most 14,000 troops, chiefly French, and these were stationed only in the cities. There was a German-Polish police organized by the plebiscite commission to replace the former local German police, but these proved wholly inadequate, and the country-side was left to the mercy of terror bands of both sides, the German "Orgesch" and the Polish "Sokols." These, largely made up of wild youths unsettled by the war for a life of peace, and roving about in pursuit of excitement, were each ostensibly organized to protect their own race against the violence of the other. Each was able to get sufficient arms, owing either to the helplessness or to the various partizanships of the members of the plebiscite commission. Not only did the bands spread general terror, but they appear in some places to have actually invaded the secrecy of the ballot in the following way. In all the plebiscites the voters were handed two ballots, one for each of the two countries. All the plebiscite commissions, except that in Carinthia, instructed the voters to put the ballot they wished to vote into the envelop provided and to tear up the other and throw it away. In some places in Silesia this arrangement was made use of by the terror bands, which visited the peasants before the day of the voting and warned them that they must

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vote "right," and, moreover, they must prove that they had done so on the day after the vote by producing the torn ballot. The commission in Carinthia easily disposed of this difficulty by the rule that no vote would be counted unless both ballots, the whole one and the torn one, were placed in the envelop.

"Vote for Poland, and you will be free!"
Polish poster

One of the sources of greatest bitterness in the plebiscites might well have been omitted. Both the Poles and the Danes feel bitterly about the treaty provision that those born in the plebiscite territories, even though not domiciled there at the time of the plebiscite, could return and cast their ballot. It is said that this provision was proposed by the Polish representatives at Paris, who were counting on Silesian-Polish emigrants coming back from the Westphalian mines, and even from America, to vote for their native land. But though some Poles did come back, the provision worked far more in favor of Germany. Thousands of children had, of course, been born to the German soldiers and officials during their brief station in these areas. By the treaty these were entitled to vote, no matter how young they had been when their families had left, and they were not scattered over the world, but were close at hand in Germany.

In Silesia the Poles claim that the out-voters cast almost 190,000 votes for Germany, and these ought, they say, to be deducted from the German majority to get a true picture of the wishes of the inhabitants. The majority would still have been for Germany, however, though it is of no consequence to the result how the majority of the whole region voted. By the treaty the Silesian vote was not to be counted as a unit, but by communes, and the line was to be drawn according to the majority given in each commune. The number of non-residents voting was registered in each commune, so it is possible to arrive at some conclusion as to the effect of their voting. Assuming that all the out-voters voted for Germany, which is not even claimed by the Poles, one can tell that their vote did not swing the majority in

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any of the larger cities, and only in three of the small towns. It is possible, however, that there is something in the Danes' point that the organized enthusiasm over the return of these *émigrés* had a psychological reaction on the result.

Of course it is obvious that a question of first importance in any plebiscite is what unit shall be taken for the voting. Shall it be the commune or shall it be a larger area? If it is a larger area, shall a line be drawn between a town and its hinterland, and if not, shall the majority in the town be considered or the majority in the hinterland? This is of importance in the northern zone in Schleswig, where the town of Tondern, on the southern edge, voted German. The Germans, who won the southern zone, claim that Tondern should not have gone to Denmark, but should have been given to them. The Danes answer that the hinterland of Tondern gave a compact majority for Denmark.

In Schleswig there were several cases of "enclaves," or isolated units, imbedded in a mass of votes for the other side; in Silesia the problem was present in a most acute form. Here virtually all the cities and large towns voted German, and the country-side, except in the west, voted Polish. Consequently, it became impossible to draw a line which should separate the German and Polish communes. This, because of the dispute between France and England arising from it, is the reason why the conference of ambassadors was forced to turn to the council of the League of Nations for advice. The line advised by the league council was a compromise, an effort to give to each side a number of people proportionate to the number of those voting for it, at the same time keeping the minorities left on each side as small as possible, and paying some attention, as the treaty directed, to the economic and geographic conditions of the region. An essential part of the league line is the convention drawn up between Poland and Germany, under the auspices of the league. By this convention the economic and social unity of the region is preserved in detail for a period of fifteen years. So, thanks to the insoluble puzzle of how to draw the upper Silesian line according to the vote of the communes, we have a new kind of frontier, which may well serve to show how to do away eventually with the problems of both frontiers and plebiscites.

Upper Silesia and Schleswig give point to another question. In a region which has had a common history for centuries and which has been closely knit together by modern industry, should not the inhabitants be given the opportunity to vote on the alternative of unity, with autonomy, under either of the two contending states or under international administration? There was a party of considerable size in upper Silesia for autonomy, no matter under which state. It is, however, doubtful whether the rivalries of Poland and Germany could have been settled for long in such a fashion.

Have the plebiscites held under the treaties actually brought justice and tranquillity? They have proved to be no simple self-administering formula, but full of the most complex difficulties; yet in each case they seem to have given an approximate indication of the wish of the inhabitants. No one can claim that the plebiscites brought tranquillity in any of the regions during the period immediately before and

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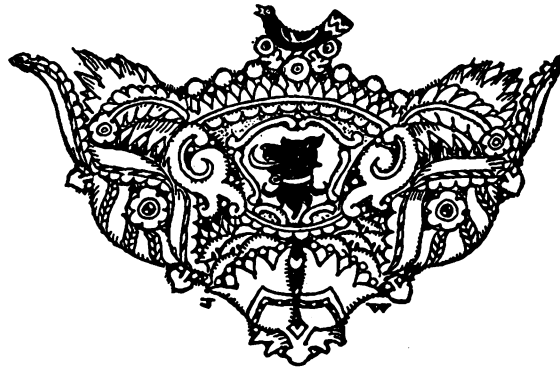
after the voting. On the contrary, they stimulated what had been at worst a latent hate, and in Silesia brought on for the time being a miniature civil war. Yet if there had been no plebiscite, and the whole area had been handed over outright to Poland, as was provided in the first draft of the treaty, it would have been far more certainly a source of future trouble than now seems likely. So, too, in southern Carinthia the plebiscite prevented the handing over of the people there against their will. In Schleswig the plebiscite has at last settled a question which has agitated Europe for over fifty years. Hate has died down, the Danes have shown themselves most magnanimous to their German minorities and, except for a few editors on each side, the issue is over.

Shall we keep the plebiscite? The answer depends on what value we shall continue to give to self-determination. As the twentieth century advances, we grow impatient of nationalism as keeping us back from more important issues and preserving a spirit of separatism where the world needs unity. No doubt the ideal would be to remove the emphasis from nationalism by free trade, local autonomy, and the protection of minorities. The new frontier in upper Silesia points the way, but it will be long before all frontiers can be so softened. Until then nationalism cannot be ignored in frontier-drawing.

It seems probable that self-determination will continue to appeal to our sense of both justice and expediency save in exceptional cases, such as key deposits of ore or coal or a great harbor at the mouth of an international river, where the welfare of nations or of a continent is bound up in their disposition.

If we are to continue our belief in self-determination for places of less economic or political consequence, the plebiscite, however faulty, is the only tool we have. Our problem is to perfect it. Some of the faults of the recent plebiscites can easily be avoided. Others will be harder to guard against so long as national jealousies are high, as they are sure to be after a war. The first lesson of the recent plebiscites is not to hold a vote where the interest centers on the wealth of the region rather than on the wishes of the inhabitants. The second lesson is to choose the plebiscite commission exclusively from countries neutral not only in theory, but in fact. Such auspices alone can bring to bear on any plebiscite the objectivity necessary for one of the hardest problems of political science.



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Ibsen and Emilie Bardach

Part II — The May Sun of a September Life

By Basil King

BACK in the Liechtenstein Strasse, Vienna, Emilie Bardach resumed her old life without too much unhappiness.

"All is as it used to be. My depression is over. Nothing is changed here. Only I am different. I am more sure of myself, more independent, even happier."

She says so to Ibsen in the letter she writes him at once. He refers to the detail in his answer.

In reading his letters, two facts must be remembered.

He was not a letter-writer. Direct expression from himself to another person seems always to have been hard for him. The difficulty sprang, doubtless, from his repressed inner life, from his shut-up heart. Only face to face with his public could he let himself go, and then only with his soul's experience distilled and distilled again. The easy, unthinking flow of the pen which makes a correspondent was something he never knew.

Then he was a man with a secret. He was not only that, but he was a famous man whose letters might easily betray him. A sentence, two or three words, a word, might fling open a door that never could be closed again. In writing to this girl he could not be otherwise than on his guard. She was in a position to read between the lines. The things most important in his letters would not be written down with ink.

Since his last flaming outburst at Gossensass ten days had gone by. They had been ten days of reflection. The impossible had become more apparent as—the impossible. No man of sixty could turn his back on a good wife, a beloved son, to say nothing of everything else that was treasured in his life, for the sake of any new love, however enthralling. It was not to be done. The fact was obvious. If, as he had told her in the Tyrol, a true poet must be made through pain and renunciation, he had come to that.

At the same time a poet's pain and renunciation are what creates his song. Already the new strain is beginning to wake within him. This is not a mere seeking of "material for his plays," such as has been ascribed to him. It is the natural, inevitable impulse of the creator. The deeper, the more convulsive the emotion, the more eager he is to give it creative utterance.

§ 2

"32, Maxmilian Strasse, Munich,
"Oct. 7, 1889.

"With my whole heart I thank you, my beloved Fräulein, for the dear and delightful letter which I received on the last day of my stay at Gossensass, and have read over and over again.

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"There the last autumn week was a very sad one, or it was so to me. No more sunshine. Everything—gone. The few remaining guests could give me no compensation for the brief and beautiful end-of-summer life. I went to walk in the Pflerschthal. There there is a bench where two can commune together. But the bench was empty, and I went by without ever sitting down. So, too, the big salon was waste and desolate. . . . Do you remember the big deep bay-window on the right from the veranda? What a charming niche! The flowers and plants are still there, smelling so sweetly—but how empty—how lonely—how forsaken!

"We are back here at home—and you in Vienna. You write that you feel surer of yourself, more independent, happier. How glad I am of these words! I shall say no more.

"A new poem begins to dawn in me. I want to work on it this winter, transmuting into it the glowing inspiration of the summer. But the end may be disappointment. I feel it. It is my way. I told you once that I only corresponded by telegraph. So take this letter as it is. You will know what it means. A thousand greetings from your devoted—H. I."

On October 8 Emilie Bardach jots down in her diary: "A few words before I go to bed. I have good news. To-day, at last, came Ibsen's long expected letter. He wants me to read between the lines. But do not the lines themselves say enough? This evening I paid grandmama a quite unpleasant visit. The weather is hot and stuffy, and so is papa's mood. In other days this would have depressed me; but now I have something to keep me up."

I give this paragraph as it stands, since it helps to show the continued absence of the morbid. That the girl was impressed, and perhaps a little excited, goes without saying. She had been strangely singled out by a great European personality, and asked to give her life to coöperation in his work. She could not but feel herself as one chosen. There was nothing in her experience of the human heart to tell her that the appeal had been made in a fit of madness. That gods could go mad was a fact at which she could n't guess. The call having come, she was ready to dedicate herself.

Something of this she probably told him in her next letter, which found him at Munich, vainly trying to resume his work on "Hedda Gabler." The new poem, later to become "The Master Builder," born of what Gosse calls "the illuminating soul-adventures at Gossensass," has for the moment eluded him. A few weeks later he will be working vigorously on "Hedda Gabler," but he cannot compose himself yet. On October 15 he replies to her:

"I receive your letter with a thousand thanks—and have read it and read it again. Here I sit as usual at my desk, and would gladly work, but cannot do so.

"My imagination is ragingly at work, but always straying to where in working hours it should not. I cannot keep down the memories of the summer, neither do I want to. The things we have lived through I live again and again—and still again. To make of them a poem is for the time being impossible.

"For the time being?

"Shall I ever succeed in the future? And do I really wish that I could and would so succeed?

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"For the moment, in any case, I cannot—or so I believe. That I feel—that I know.

"And yet it must come. Decidedly it must come. But will it?—or can it?

"Ah, dear Fräulein!— But forgive me!— You wrote so charmingly in your last—no, no! God forbid!—in your *previous* letter you wrote so charmingly, 'I am not Fräulein for you'— So, dear Child—for that you surely are for me—tell me—do you remember that once we talked about Stupidity and Folly—or more correctly, *I* talked about it; and you took up the rôle of teacher, and remarked, in your soft, musical voice, and with your far-away look, that there is always a difference between Stupidity and Folly. . . . Well, then, I keep thinking it over and over: Was it a Stupidity or was it a bit of Folly that we should have come together? Or was it both a Stupidity *and* a bit of Folly? Or was it neither?

"I believe the last is the only supposition that would stand the test. It was a simple necessity of nature. It was equally our fate. . . . Your always devoted H. I."

There was probably in this letter, with its jerky, impatient questionings much that recalled his fierce intensity which cannot now be conveyed through translation and across the gulf of time. In her own way the girl is wiser than Ibsen himself.

"I left it unopened," she writes, "till I had finished everything, and could read it quietly. But I was not quiet after reading it. Why does he not tell me of something to read which would feed my mind, instead of writing in a way to inflame my already excited imagination? I shall answer very soberly."

Perhaps it was the sobriety of her reply that inspired the same quality in his. When he writes to her on October 29, he is in a dispassionate mood, friendly, but not much more. It is now a month since the parting at Gossensass, and for a man of sixty-one a month's perspective on a moment of frenzy can do much toward showing it for what it is. It is not that he is going through the process which we call "getting over it,"—that, we are assured on good authority, he never did, —but he begins to recognize the fact that the troll, the hidden Ibsen, must be forced back beneath the glaciers, whence he should never have escaped. While he does not say it in so many words, the reader of the heart can see it for himself.

"I have been meaning every day to write you a few words, but I have wanted to inclose the photograph. This is still unfinished, and my letter must go off without it. . . .

"How charmingly you write! Please keep sending me a few lines, whenever you have a half-hour not good for anything else.

"So you leave my letters unopened till you are alone and quite undisturbed! Dear Child! I shall not try to thank you. That would be superfluous. You know what I mean.

"Don't be uneasy because just now I cannot work. In the back of my mind I am working all the time. I am dreaming over something which, when it has ripened, will break forth as a poem.

"Some one is coming. Can write no further. Next time a longer letter. Your truly devoted H. I."

She has evidently asked for advice as to her reading, because he sends her books.

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"I wrote to him on Monday, very late at night. Though I was tired, I did not want to put off doing so, because I had to thank him for the books I received on Sunday. The same evening I had read 'Rosmersholm,' parts of which are very fine. I have to make so many duty calls, but this and a great many other things I can stand better than I used to. They are only the outward things; my inner world is something very different. Oh, the terror and the beauty of having him care about me as he never cared about any one else! But when he is suffering he calls it *hohes, schmerzliches Glück*—high, unhappy happiness."

November brings the busy social life of Vienna, lunches, dinners, concerts, evening receptions, dances, the opera, the theater, expositions of pictures, letters, calls.

"Do I ever stop to think of Ibsen?"

The question is thrown into the diary without context or answer. One gathers that perspective for him was also becoming perspective for her. It is six weeks since the parting, six weeks of rushing from one engagement to another, with plenty of attentions from young men. "We did not go into one society only, as did most people," Emilie Bardach wrote me once of her life in the Liechtenstein Strasse. "We were invited everywhere." From the hasty jottings in the journal she seems to be going everywhere. For a whole fortnight there is no mention of Ibsen at all, and then only the question quoted above. It is he who breaks the silence on the nineteenth of the month, saying chiefly that he is at work on "Hedda Gabler."

"At last I can send you the new picture. I hope you may find it a better likeness than the one you have already. A German sketch of my life will appear within a few days, and you will receive it at once. Read it when you have the time. It will tell you my story up to the end of last year.

"Heartfelt thanks for your dear letter; but what do you think of me for not having answered it earlier? And yet—you know it well—you are always in my thoughts, and will remain there. An active exchange of letters is on my side an impossibility. I have already said so. Take me as I am.

"Of my literary experiences during the last few weeks I have much to tell you, but for the time being I must put it off. I am greatly preoccupied with the preparations for my new work. Sit tight at my desk the whole day. Go out only toward evening. I dream and remember and write. To dream is fine; but the reality at times can be still finer. Your most devoted H. I."

On the back of the photograph was the inscription: "To the May sun of a September life—*An die Maisonne eines Septemberlebens.*"

That such a phenomenon should have happened in nature was part of the mystery he found in her, and of which he speaks in his next letter, written early in December. Those who remember the *Hilda Wangel* and the *Solness* of "The Master Builder" will find their mutual relation already here, three years before a line of that play was penned.

"Two dear, dear letters have I had from you, and answered neither till now. What do you think of me? But I cannot find the quiet necessary to writing you anything orderly or straightforward. This evening I must go to the theater to see 'An Enemy of the People.' The mere thought of it is a torture. Then, too, I must give up

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for the time being the hope of getting your photograph. But better so than to have an unfavorable picture. Besides, how vividly your dear serene features remain with me in my memory! The same enigmatic princess stands behind them. But the enigma itself? One can dream of it, and write about it—and that I do. It is some little compensation for the unattainable—for the impenetrable reality. In my imagination I always see you wearing the pearls you love so much. In this taste for pearls I see something deeper, something hidden. I often think of it. Sometimes I think I have found the interpretation—and then again not. Next time I shall try to answer some of your questions; but I myself have so many questions to ask you. I am always doing it—inwardly —inaudibly. Your devoted H. I."

Of this letter she can only repeat his own words: "It is some little compensation for the unattainable, for the impenetrable reality." As a matter of fact, his admiration made him as much an enigma to her as she could have been to him. Unable to see him as we see him to-day, a volcano bursting the glaciers with a single rocket of passionate romance, she had no clue to what was really happening.

Before Christmas he writes:

"How shall I thank you for your dear and delightful letter? I simply am not able to, not at least as I should like. The writing of letters is always hard for me. I think I have told you so already, and you will in any case have noticed it for yourself.

"I read your letter over and over, for through it the voice of the summer wakens so clearly. I see—I go through again—the things we lived together. As a lovely creature of the summer, dear Princess, I have known you, as a being of the season of butterflies and wild flowers. How I should like to see you as you are in winter! I am always with you in the spirit. I see you in the Ring Strasse, light, quick, poised like a bird, gracious in velvet and furs. In soirées, in society, I also see you, and especially at the theater, leaning back, a tired look in your mysterious eyes. I should like, too, to see you at home, but here I don't succeed, as I have n't got the data. You have told me so little of your homelife—almost nothing definite. As a matter of fact, dear Princess, in many important details we are strangers to each other. . . .

"More than all I should like to see you at home on Christmas night, where I suppose you will be. As to what happens to you there I have no clear idea. I only imagine—to myself.

"And then I have a strange feeling that you and Christmas don't go well together. But who knows? Perhaps you do. In any case accept my heartfelt wishes and a thousand greetings. Your always devoted H. I."

§ 3

Were it possible to follow the thoughts passing through Ibsen's mind and heart at this Christmastide, we should doubtless have a curious psychological study. From what happened six weeks later we can only surmise that a fight was already going on between conscience and the troll. Sickness perhaps prepared the way for conscience, as it often does, while a troll whose two great lures are the unattainable and the impossible is handicapped to begin with. At any rate, we may take it for granted that the last letter of 1889 and the first in

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1890 were written with searchings of heart of which little sign appears on the surface. On the surface, on that second last day of the year, we have from him a stronger note than usual.

"Your lovely and charming picture, so speakingly like, has given me a wholly indescribable joy. I thank you for it a thousand times, and straight from the heart. How you have brought back, now in midwinter, those brief sunny summer days!

"So, too, I thank you from the heart for your dear, dear letter. From me you must expect no more than a few words. I lack the time, and the necessary quiet and solitude, to write to you as I should like. . . .

"With repeated thanks for the royally wonderful gift I sign myself your ever devoted H. I."

It is a hard winter in middle Europe, and influenza has begun to make itself a pestilence. The poet is down with it in Munich; the princess in Vienna. There is a break in the correspondence. It is nearly three weeks before he is able to write again. He tells her of his illness; he speaks of her own, of which he has just heard. He had divined it, however, his longing for her turning into a kind of second sight.

"How sorry I am to learn that you too have been ill. But what do you think? I had a strong presentiment that it was so. In my imagination I saw you lying in bed, pale, feverish, but sweet and lovely as ever. . . . How thankful I am that I have your charming picture!"

The letter concludes with advice as to her painting and her singing lessons, and goes from one who is hers devotedly with the whole heart.

Three weeks more went by, three weeks in which the struggle between conscience and the troll must have been growing tenser. Everything known as prudence was on the side of conscience; but that was only part of it. If the troll must be out of his cave, he must be out to some purpose. The rocket of passionate romance had gone up and exploded. True, but in the romance the passion is still there, raging—and thwarted. As it can never be anything but thwarted, the whole situation is a false one. What he said on that last mad night at Gossensass is as true as ever, and as untrue. She has more to do with her young life than to throw it away on him; and yet if she does not throw it away on him, he will forever be unsatisfied. This mere writing of letters, which is enough for her, is for him only half a thing. He will have more or nothing; and since he cannot have more, nothing it must be.

"Long, very long, have I left your last dear letter—read and read again—without an answer. Take to-day my heartfelt thanks for it, but given in very few words. Henceforth, till we see each other face to face, you will hear little from me, and very seldom. Believe me, it is better so. It is the only right thing. It is a matter of conscience with me to end our correspondence, or at least to limit it. You yourself should have as little to do with me as possible. With your young life you have other aims to follow, other tasks to fulfil. And I—I have told you so already—can never be content with a mere exchange of letters. For me it is only half the thing; it is a false situation. Not to give myself wholly and without reserves makes me unhappy. It is my nature. I cannot change it. You are so delicately subtle, so instinctively

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penetrating, that you will easily see what I mean. When we are again together, I shall be able to explain it all more fully. Till then, and always, you will be in my thoughts. You will be so even more when we no longer have to stop at this wearisome half-way house of correspondence. A thousand greetings. Your H. I."

It was a bolt from the blue. There had been nothing to lead up to it. There had also been nothing in her experience to tell her what he meant. The mystery in her that so puzzled him was only the mystery of a young girl's nearly absolute innocence. What, with all his understanding of human nature, he had not understood was the paradox that a young girl can *know* and yet remain ignorant. She can hear with the ears without assimilation in the heart. "He means to possess me," she had written in her diary on that last night at Gossensass. She knew what that meant; and yet she did n't know. That he should think there was anything false, or only half-way, in their present situation amazed her. To her it was true—and enough.

The outsider can understand both. He could *do* nothing else; she could *feel* nothing else. She was woman before the knowledge of good and evil had come to her; he was man long after it. They not only had different points of view, but different heart languages.

For four days after the reception of the letter there is no entry in the diary. Then she writes of balls, of singing lessons, of home duties. "The house is small, but it needs so much attention that it leaves me very little time for other things. The reason is mama's eternal restlessness." Then it comes in like a moan. "What is my inner life after Ibsen's letter? I wrote at once, and henceforth will be silent, silent."

It is the only reference for another ten days. In the meantime the mind which has not yet attained to the knowledge of good and evil gropes after his meaning without finding it.

"I don't think mere letter-writing only half the thing, or that it puts any one in a false situation. Even Ibsen can only believe it so in this case. Will he never write any more? I cannot think about it. Who could? And yet not to do so is in his nature. In his very kindness there is often cruelty."

§ 4

During the rest of the spring these reflections are repeated, with no answer to the young girl's puzzled questionings. What did he mean? What did he do it for? What was the harm in the situation as it was? What was it that left him unsatisfied? He had her letters to read, her picture to look at. What more did he ask with so imperious a demand?

In among the records of dances, concerts, dinners, attentions from young men, these questions are tossed, as a child that has stopped crying will sob suddenly in the midst of its play. She can forget and amuse herself, and in the midst of amusement remember. Her heart is not broken; it is only stunned; but stunned it is.

Despite the dances and the young men, the diary becomes more serious. There is a deeper interest in interesting things, in books, in music, in people, in politics. It is a step in growth that her mind for the first time, seemingly, turns to public affairs. They are noted again and again, till the final entry on April 25 is this:

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"The whole world is upset in anticipation of the first of May. The situation looks ominous. The restlessness of the working classes is exciting the passions of the mob. Much pilfering and robbery. No pleasure in reading the papers. Is Bismark's retirement wise? Who can tell from which direction the flood will come? Will it be let loose by the wilful young German Emperor?"

It is not unprophetic that the flood which in a measure carried her away was so let loose; but in the meantime we must go back to Ibsen's inner drama.

That he suffered much more than she we can hardly doubt. The effect of his suffering was seen in the fury with which he threw himself into his work on "Hedda Gabler." Though in that play there is no outward trace of Emilie Bardach or Gossensass, both must be present as vital force. All creative workers know the driving power of a great sorrow. Work is a refuge from it, while it is a stimulus to work. It is safe to say that to the girl at Vienna "Hedda Gabler" owes much of its marvelous *élan*. She was not in it, but she was behind it, as, according to his English biographer, she was to be behind everything else for the rest of the poet's life.

In September he wrote her on the death of her father, a kind letter full of sympathy in her bereavement, with some news of himself and his family, but no more. At Christmas a few lines from her accompanied the gift of a little bell on which, in the taste of the nineties, she had painted some pretty scene. On the thirtieth of December he replies to her. The breaking of the silence has hurt him. The troll being driven back, it is more painful than the girl has any ground for supposing to have him enticed out again. It is not that he does n't want to hear from her; but hearing from her makes it harder to keep the troll where he must remain.

"I have duly received your dear letter, as well as the bell with the beautiful picture. I thank you for them, straight from the heart. My wife finds the picture very pretty. But, I beg you, for the time being not to write to me again. When conditions have changed, I will let you know. I shall soon send you my new play. Accept it in friendship—but in silence. How I should love to see you and talk with you again! A happy New Year to you and Madame your mother. Your always devoted H. I."

To all intents and purposes this was the end. She wrote no more. He strove with himself in silence. No matter what the cost in suffering, the troll must be kept where he belonged, back in the hidden fastnesses. If the poet must wrestle with a great spiritual agony, he would do it in those secret places where no human eye, not even that of his Princess of Mystery, should see his pain. Those who would catch a glimpse of how a Titan struggles with a troll can do so through the play which next comes from his pen.

§ 5

"When three years separated him from the illuminating soul-adventures of Gossensass," writes Edmund Gosse, "he began to turn them into a play. It proved to be *The Master Builder*. . . . It was almost immediately noticed that it marked a new departure in Ibsen's writings. Here was an end of the purely realistic and prosaic social dramas which had reigned from

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The League of Youth to *Hedda Gabler*, and here was a return to the strange and haunting beauty of the old imaginative pieces. . . . In the conversations between Solness and Hilda much is introduced which is really almost unintelligible unless we take it to be autobiographical."

In this connection I may say that to me personally Emilie Bardach corroborated this view of *Solness* as the Ibsen she had known. Having seen "The Master Builder" in Munich, I observed to her next day that I had recognized *Hilda Wangel* as the portrait of herself. I even persuaded her to go and see the play, which up to that time she had never seen. "I did n't see myself," she said on coming back, "but I saw him. There is something of me in *Hilda;* but in *Solness* there is little that is n't Ibsen."

Much criticism has been spent on the degree to which *Hilda Wangel* is or is not Emilie Bardach, but the identity of *Solness* with the outer expression of Ibsen's own hidden life has more or less escaped attention. With a full knowledge of the Gossensass episode in mind, it stares one in the face. It was what he got out of that experience, what it had very nearly made of him. A little more in his effort to achieve the impossible and reach the unattainable, and he, like *Solness*, would have fallen from the high tower of his dreams and have been crushed.

Without attempting to sum up this play, it may be pointed out that *Solness*, too, is a man with a troll. In speaking of how the impossible beckons to him, he cries, "How can I help turning into a *troll* when this is how it goes with me in everything?"

Moreover, everything he does in building, in creating, has to be paid for in human happiness. "And not with my own happiness only, but with other people's too." Writing those words, he could hardly have helped thinking of what he had demanded of a poor little sadly puzzled child in Vienna. Her happiness too must be asked for. "This is the price which my position as an artist has cost me—and others. And every single day I have to look on while the price is paid for me anew. Over and over again—and over again forever."

"Now," Hilda replies, "I can see that you are thinking of—of her."

"Yes, mainly of Aline. For Aline—she too had her vocation in life, just as much as I had mine. But her vocation has had to be stunted and crushed and shattered—in order that mine might force its way to—to a sort of great victory."

It makes no difference that *Aline* is not *Hilda;* the principle is the same. He, *Solness*, must achieve his ends, no matter who does the suffering. Let it be *Aline Solness*, or *Hilda Wangel*, or Emilie Bardach, or any one else, the creator must create. He must suffer, too, suffer for their suffering, and suffer in his own, and still he must create. Working grimly in Munich, the poet's heart could ache for the child in Vienna, and yet he could only let it go on aching. He must pay the price of his power.

"That is what people call having the luck on your side. But I must tell you what this sort of luck feels like. It feels like a great raw place here on my breast. And the helpers and servers keep on flaying pieces of skin off other people in order to close my sore. But still the sore is not healed—never, never. Oh, if you knew how it can sometimes gnaw and burn!"

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But the troll will not let him go. Unlike his creator, *Solness* has no will to struggle with the thing and beat it back. Its obsession concentrates on youth. Youth is a danger to him. He will therefore do the impossible and force it under in the person of *Ragnar Brovik;* and he will attain to the unattainable by absorbing its vigorous young strength in that of *Hilda Wangel.*

In both cases youth takes its revenge. Its very incitement is the trick of that revenge. He, *Solness,* will show the world that he can do what he knows at heart he cannot do, while *Hilda Wangel* urges him on to doing it. He will climb to a height which he knows he cannot reach; he will hang the wreath of his triumph where he knows he cannot hang it; he will defy God as he defied Him once before, and come out victor from his defiance.

He climbed—and fell.

In other words, the battle which Ibsen fought and won, *Solness* fought and lost. He was Ibsen as Ibsen saw his own soul, on the brink of a ruin he had escaped. He had come so near to it that, like *Solness,* he knew the terror of dizziness; only he had prudently clambered down. It was not a case in which the world would have been well lost for love; it was rather one of the pine-tree and the palm.

His last words as to it are tender and full of beauty. More than seven years after their letters had ceased there was in Christiania a great celebration of his reaching his threescore years and ten. She did not write to him, but she sent a telegram of congratulation. The words in which he began his reply have no equivalent in English.

"Herzlich liebes Fräulein!

"Accept my most deeply felt thanks for your message. The summer in Gossensass was the happiest, the most lovely, in my whole life.

"I scarcely dare to think of it—and yet I must think of it always—Always! Your truly devoted H. I."

But they never met again.

(The end of "Ibsen and Emilie Bardach.")

Nantucket

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

She liked to know sea captains
Were in her blood,
The twanging ropes and smell of tar,
Sails white as milk and beautiful as clouds,
And storms,—here she was vaguer,—
But storms certainly,
Where ancestors in tightly buttoned coats
Stood on sharp-tilted decks while lightning made
Their eyes gleam green.
She knew wharves well and had seen Chinamen,
And there were broken chessmen her great uncle
Brought back on his last voyage; so, in short,
She drank her tea not quite as others did.

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OLD NEW ENGLAND

BOSTON AND BEYOND

From Wood-block Prints by Thomas Nason

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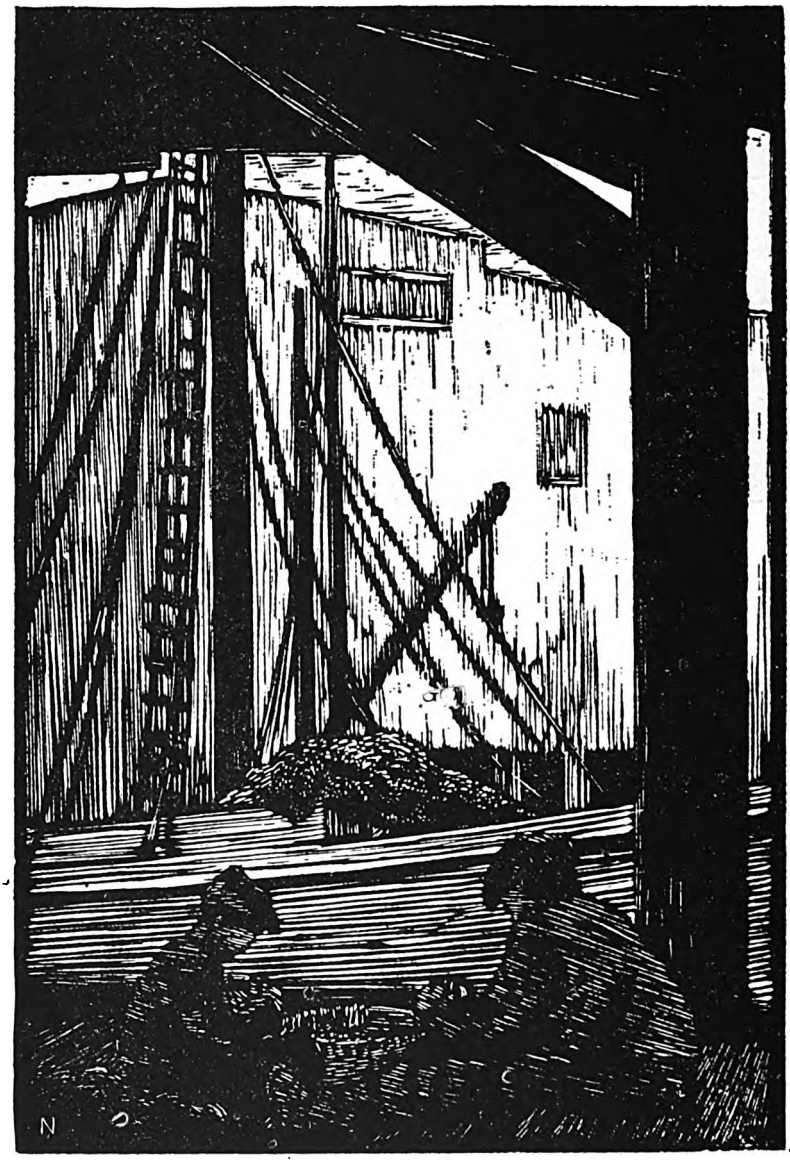

THE OLD "T" WHARF

Until a few years ago the old wharf was the center of Boston's fishing industry, but times change, and the gaily painted little boats of the Italians and Sicilians—the "Guinea" fleet—are the only ones which still put in here. The print shows a couple of the fishermen preparing their bait and lines

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DESERTED HOUSE

An atmosphere of mystery and lonely dignity still clings to this old house for all that it has so obviously come down in the world. It is one of the many once fine New England mansions that have either been abandoned or else are now occupied by immigrant families

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ORCHARD

Long after the fallow fields of a neglected farm have sprouted profitless, if decorative, daisies, stubborn little fruit-trees cling to the hillsides and bear the hard, sharp New England apples of which Thoreau said, "Some should be labeled 'To be eaten in the wind'"

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BIRCHES

Birch-trees suggest Indians. The moment your true American gets away from civilization he thinks of Indians, and if he is in a New England forest, he sees the white stems of birches patterned conspicuously against the blue-green of pines. Perhaps birches are the materialized ghosts of Indians who forever haunt us in the northern woods

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The Rotten Board

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

Bennie Zinn had one pride in his fragment of life: his name was inscribed on the monument in Town Hall Square as "One of the Brave Citizens of Belmont who Served under Their Country's Flag in the War to Make the World Safe for Democracy."

Insignificant though he was, only a part of a man, with a leg gone and something queer in his head that he could not explain, yet Bennie was a hero. The monument said so, and his name, Benjamin Zinn, was recorded among the nation's defenders on the monument.

Bennie Zinn had only one worry in life, although he might have had many worries, you would think, to look at the boy. His unhappiness was caused by this fact: the board of the wooden memorial on which his name stood out in black letters was not sound. A little at a time the rotten board was crumbling; the paint had flaked from one end of it already, and you could rub away fragments of the wood with your finger. The name was prematurely mutilated by the tooth of time, for though the monument was new, erected shortly after the armistice, it had been run up in a hurry at a period when shoddy material and slipshod work were the order of the day. Poor paint, poor workmanship, and inferior lumber made even a temporary monument unfit to last out its time. No doubt the board carrying Bennie's name had been touched by rot when it was hammered into place.

Of course a prosperous little city like Belmont did not mean to leave this structure of sham marble standing long. Plans had been made to erect a dignified and permanent memorial to the heroes of the World War, and a considerable sum had been pledged to cover the cost. Part of the delay in beginning work was caused by uncertainty as to what form the memorial should take. A dozen schemes had been proposed, ranging from a bronze statue of heroic proportions to a community house for recreation and social gatherings.

A committee of prominent citizens had been formed, mostly men of affairs; for of course such men, used to handling big contracts and large sums of money, could be trusted to get the best results. There was Judge Price, president of the executive board of the monument committee, who was all that the exalted word "judge" conveys; a dignified man of severe aspect, humanized by an occasional twinkle of humor in his gray eyes, carrying his sixty years with erect firmness, his Roman-senatorial features reminiscent of the best traditions of the republic.

Almost as impressive in a patriarchal way was Silas Bragg, elder of the First Presbyterian Church and president of the First National Bank. Well above middle height, he resembled a Hebrew

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prophet with his flowing, grizzled beard, shaved only to leave the firm upper lip free, his aquiline nose, his piercing eyes under shaggy brows. He wore a silk hat and a frock-coat, as befitted the habit of the banker of his generation, and his manner was, like his clothes, formal, distinguished, a trifle old-fashioned. Like his fellow-committeemen, Silas Bragg was an enterprising man of affairs, having an interest in many kinds of sound business, grain and flour, shoe manufacturing, even a marble quarry in Vermont.

Everett Keene, the real-estate man, was certain to be mentioned when the leading citizens of Belmont, or indeed of Harrison County, were enumerated. He had made a fortune in subdividing the large acreage he held in and about the city of Belmont, but there was nothing pretentious about his trim, well tailored figure, his thoughtful, sharp-featured face, or his alert businesslike manner. His greenish eyes had the same appraising glance for every one, capitalist or cab-driver, a little cold, perhaps, but democratic in being equally cool to all. No one had ever beaten him in a business deal.

Chris Blower, a fine, big, florid man, was of the self-made type that is America's proudest boast. Beginning life as a mule-driver in a brick-yard, he had steadily worked his way upward until to-day he owned the yard he had once worked in at a dollar a day. Not only that, but he controlled several other brick manufacturing establishments in other parts of the State, and had options on many brick-clay properties that might well lead to a dominating position in his field. All this he had accomplished despite his lack of school education, for he had learned to write as a boy in order to sign the pay-roll. He was regarded as a bluff, honest fellow, fearless and outspoken.

Wendell Morris, the last of the directors of the executive board, was an amiable chap, whose very mustache seemed to smile at you, so agreeably did it curl upward. Morris had not worked for his money, but had inherited large shares in a contracting firm that built bridges, roads, sewers, and warehouses, and paid satisfactory dividends. Its war camp contracts had been specially profitable. He was a little, spectacled fellow, was Wendell Morris, who looked as if he might collect early editions for a pastime. As a matter of fact, he was a collector of Washington portraits and had almost a hundred snuff-boxes, plates, rare prints, and even bottles and jugs adorned with likenesses of the Father of his Country.

It was to these committeemen that Bennie Zinn appealed rather breathlessly whenever they happened to pass the corner of Main Street, where it was his pleasure to stand and watch the cars go by. Indeed, Bennie's day was divided between that busy corner and the bench in the square opposite the monument, *his* monument. For Bennie's working days were over. Of course the committeemen were nice to the boy, and put him off as gently as they could.

"Yes, yes, Bennie," said Wendell Morris, "we 'll fix up that board pretty soon. Just you give us time. Rome was n't built in a day, you know."

"Thanks, Mr. Morris. That 's just what Judge Price said—that about Rome, I mean."

"Well, then, you see it must be so; for Judge Price knows *everything*, Bennie."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Well,

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I must be going. I 'm awful' busy to-day, Mr. Morris."

And the boy hobbled away swiftly to his bench on the square facing his monument. To his distress, he noticed that the last letter of his name was almost obliterated. Before long it would read "Benjamin Zin," quite another name. The committeemen did not realize how serious the matter was.

§ 2

Chris Blower passed across the square, blotting out a large area of sunlight with his shadow. He looked at Bennie out of the corner of his eye, and hastened his stride. But there was no escaping the agile, one-legged boy, who propelled himself on brisk crutches like a grasshopper.

"Hey, Mr. Blower! Wait a minute, please. There 's something I 've *got* to show you."

Chris Blower did not stop until the lad plucked him by the sleeve, then he wheeled sharply.

"Well, what is it? Shoot quick. This is my busy day."

"It won't take but just a minute, Mr. Blower. Please come back and give that monument the once-over. It 's terrible. My name is most wore off. The board is so rotten."

"Oh, rats!" Blower snorted with disgust. "Don't you see I 'm *busy?* Listen, boy: nobody stops to read those names, anyhow. What difference does it make?" He tried to shake himself loose, but observing that people stared with amusement, he assumed a kindlier tone. "What are you doing here, Bennie? Why ain't you working?"

"Oh, Mr. Blower, I 'd like to work, honest, I would; but there don't seem to be no place for me."

"Of course. You 've lost a leg; I can see that. But you can drive a delivery wagon, with one leg to the bad. Why don't you deliver groceries for your father, like you did before you was drafted?"

"I tried it for a while, Mr. Blower, but it 's no good. I can drive all right, but I don't seem to remember the streets any more. And I forget who ordered things and take them to the wrong houses. People got so mad about it that dad took me off the wagon."

"Yes, yes; I remember now. You got a wallop on the nut, or was it this here shell shock? Anyhow, it made you weak in the upper story," remarked the sympathetic Chris Blower.

"Yes, that 's it. Dad says the Dutchies knocked out the little sense God gave me. I guess dad 's right."

"Well, Bennie, I 'm sorry for you." Chris Blower eyed the boy with a softened expression in his blue eyes. "Sure, I 'm awfully sorry for you. It ain't your fault that you 're not much more than a half-wit. Here, Bennie, here 's a quarter. Go get yourself some cigarettes with it. So long now! I 've got to go."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Blower. You 're my friend all right."

As Chris Blower moved ponderously away, he felt a glow of virtue at having been kind to this poor boy.

"Lucky his old man can look after the kid," he mused. "He 'd sure be no more than a bum if old Zinn was n't taking care of him. Or maybe they 'd lock him up in a' asylum. I 'm glad I give him that quarter."

Meanwhile Bennie was hobbling across Main Street toward the drugstore, where for twenty-five cents one could get a pack of cigarettes, a slab

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of sweet chocolate, and a glass of soda pop. Quite a spree! But at the door he hesitated, turned away, and propelled himself to the corner, where he turned down Cherry Street a few doors to Joe Hawkins's little shop. The pleasant smell of shavings and sawdust met his nostrils as he entered the unpainted shed where the carpenter plied his trade.

"Hello, Bennie," said Hawkins. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"How do, Mr. Hawkins," responded Bennie, and continued importantly, "I 've got a job of work for you right away."

"Right away is awful' sudden, Bennie. What sort of a job have you got for me?" The carpenter shoved back his steel-rimmed spectacles and rested his plane as he smiled at the boy.

"Well, it 's like this, Mr. Hawkins. It 's that there monument of mine that 's got a rotten board. I want it fixed."

"What are you talking about? Oh, I know; the defenders' monument. Yes, that was a poor job that Silas Bragg wished on Belmont. He got a contractor from outside that would rob a poor-box. Well, what about it, Bennie?"

"You see, it 's this way, now. My name 's on that rotten board, and it 's rubbing off and rubbing off till there won't be nothing left pretty soon. Already the last 'n' is most all gone, and that makes it another name when it 's spelled with just one 'n'. Don't it, now?"

"I guess you 're right. That 's true enough, when you stop to think of it. I 'd like to help you out, Bennie, but I don't see what I can do."

"I 'll give you a job fixing it," replied Bennie. "And I 'll pay you for it, too. Here 's the money now." He dived into his pocket for the quarter.

"Why, I 'll tell you; I 'd like to do it. I 'd sure like to earn that quarter, Bennie." The carpenter smiled quizzically, yet kindly, at the boy, whom he remembered as a little tad playing among his pile of shavings. "But, you see," he continued, "I don't dare to touch it without orders from the committee. They are responsible for it. If I disturbed it, they might put me in the calaboose."

"But it 's *my* monument," argued Bennie. "Leastwise the board that 's got my name on it belongs to me. It would n't be much of a monument without the soldiers' names. Would it, now?"

"No, of course not. But that 's the way it stands. Now, you get Judge Price to O K the order, and I 'll fix up the board for you. And it won't cost you a quarter. I think ten cents will cover the job," Hawkins concluded gravely.

But Bennie found that Judge Price was out of town and would not be back until the Fourth of July, when he was to make a patriotic speech. This was not more than two weeks off, but in his impatience Bennie thought it might as well be two years.

Every day when he looked at the monument it seemed as if his name was getting more illegible. He spoke about it to his mother, but that harassed woman only said, "Bennie, if you 'd spend more time at home helping me peel the potatoes and put the baby to sleep, you 'd do better than to worry about your name on a painted board." And this was the mother who had pinned a flag to his lapel the day he had registered for the draft, and who had so proudly displayed a service flag

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in the parlor window while he was in uniform! Bennie did not realize how the glory idea is tarnished by the drudgery of every-day life.

Before July Fourth the monument was actually repaired. The rotten board was spliced with a fresh piece of wood, and a neat railing was built around the platform below the inscription. This was in preparation for the speech-making on the national holiday, so that none of the leading citizens would fall over the edge of the platform or snag his coat on the projections of the rotten board.

But to Bennie, this was the worst blow of all, for the splice covered *three* letters of his name, and he appeared now as "Benjamin Z——," which was too painful to endure.

He forced his way into the private office of Everett Keene, the real-estate man, and breathlessly told his story. It was difficult for even the alert mind of the land speculator to make sense of the incoherent jumble; but when Keene understood, he promised immediate satisfaction.

"You have a right to feel indignant, Bennie. Somebody made a bad break. I 'll have that fixed up before July Fourth. I 'll call up the sign-painter right now and get him to do the job to-morrow. Miss Wynne, get Blake, the sign-painter, on the 'phone for me right away."

He edged the boy outside, shaking hands in a democratic way, as if they were equals, and turned to the 'phone. But Miss Wynne told him that there was a party on the wire, an inquiry about the Belmont Vista Tract, and before the prospective buyer had been dated up for a visit to the property, the matter of Bennie's name had slipped from the mind of the energetic business man. The sale meant fifty-eight per cent. profit if it went through on the terms proposed.

Bennie rode in the parade on the Fourth of July. It was a proud hour in his life, happier than the day he had marched through the streets of New York some time before embarking. Then he had been worried constantly about the price of all this glory. He had felt bullets plowing their way through every part of him, and cringed at the threat of German bayonets in his vitals. Now it was unmixed glory. He had come out of the war alive, and as good as new, barring a missing leg and a funny sensation in his head. Being crippled, he was even allowed to ride behind the band in a big car with half a dozen other disabled veterans. The cheers they received! The cheers! It was wonderful, thrilling.

But his happiness was changed to disappointment when they halted before the monument, where the Declaration of Independence was to be read and orations were to be delivered. Everett Keene had forgotten his promise; Bennie's name on the rotten board had not been painted afresh.

He complained about it to his comrades on both sides, who assured him that "it was a dirty shame, but likely the sign-painter was off on a drunk somewhere." They were not excited. They had ceased to be surprised at things.

But the sight of his mutilated name ruined the effect, for Bennie, of Judge Price's noble utterance as he read the immortal document, "When in the course of human events—" And the singing of The Star-Spangled Banner could not take his mind off the grievance, though he stood and sang with the rest.

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Then followed Judge Price's oration; a tribute to those happy dead who had laid down their lives gladly that freedom might live; a reminder of the solemn duty of all who survived the great struggle to defend the sacred ark of the nation; respect for the law; respect for the constituted authorities; respect for property. He earnestly adjured those of the younger generation to so live that if another great war should threaten our inviolate shores (which God forbid!), they might all be ready and fit in body, mind, and heart to answer their country's call. "My country, may she never be wrong; but right or wrong, my country!" he concluded. And the band crashed into the strains of "My Country, 't is of Thee," while the audience cheered and wept, and the younger listeners almost wished that the great test might come for *them*, so that they, too, might spring to arms.

Judge Price stood with his white mane flowing above his erect shoulders, a solemn exaltation lighting his strong features, while the anthem was played. Then he bowed his venerable head as the Rev. Percival Greene ended the ceremony with an invocation to the Lord of Hosts, the God of David, Joshua, Gideon, and other mighty men of the sword and the faith. Bennie himself was moved to tears. It uplifted the soul.

§ 3

There was a brief session of the executive board of the monument committee in the town hall after the speech-making. The members gathered about the broad mahogany table, brought to order by the gavel of Judge Price, who announced that he must absent himself, unfortunately, from the session. He had to speak at a banquet in New York that night; therefore he would have to go home and lie down to rest in preparation for the evening's hardship. "Like a soldier, I too must answer my country's call," he said, "and though I would much prefer to sit on my front porch with my family and look at the fireworks, yet it is my duty to charge innumerable indigestible courses at the Sic Semper Club, to say nothing of repelling gas attacks after the black coffee," he added, with a twinkle.

So after bringing the meeting to order, the judge retired, leaving Silas Bragg as temporary chairman. Following a few preliminary remarks, came the informal discussion of the business of the day. It was hoped that a decision might be reached regarding the character of the proposed permanent monument.

Various architects had submitted plans, which were inspected and criticized with the freedom that exists among men who have called one another by first names since boyhood.

"This is a neat design," said Everett Keene, holding up a sketch, a modification of some Roman emperor's arch of triumph. "This classic model is always dignified and lends tone to the community. The specifications call for marble. Whew! That will run into big money. Let 's see the other sketch, Chris."

"Don't discard the arch because of the cost," interposed Silas Bragg. "After all, we must erect a *worthy* monument, and, as you observed, such a structure lends character to the whole town. It might be a wise investment to spend a little more than we expected and have something to be proud of."

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"I don't object to expense, Mr. Bragg," said Chris Blower, "but why run to marble? It don't look natural. Now, here 's something tasty and homelike, a kind of a church without any inside. Just show him that drorıng, Mr. Keene. There! Would n't that look classy in Town Hall Square? It calls for brick, tapestry brick, a home product. What *I* say is, let 's put up a monument from a Harrison County product. It 's good sense. It 's good business—" Wendell Morris laughed abruptly, and Chris Blower turned upon him angrily. "What you laughing at?"

"Oh, I beg pardon, I 'm sure!" declared Morris, his little mustache curling more genially than ever. "No offense meant. I just thought of something."

"I know I ain't educated, like you other gentlemen," Chris Blower continued, very red in the face. "Maybe I don't know the sort of fancy language that you scholars are so free with. But do I make myself *clear?* That 's what I want to know."

"Perfectly clear, Mr. Blower," said Wendell Morris, suavely. "What *you* want is a monument made of bricks."

"Sure! What 's the matter with bricks? Ain't bricks as good as marble any day?" Chris Blower glared about wrathfully.

"Better ask Mr. Bragg about that," suggested the sly Wendell Morris.

Silas Bragg tapped with his gavel.

"Gentlemen, please do not indulge in personalities. Mr. Morris, I don't think your levity is becoming in view of the important duty we are engaged in. Mr. Blower, I believe your indignation is not justified. Nobody ridicules you for proclaiming the virtues of the material you deal in. Brick is an honest and substantial building material, as no one can deny. Personally, I am inclined to favor the classic triumphal arch; but perhaps my taste is at fault. What is your opinion of the arch, Mr. Morris? It is conceded that your taste seldom errs in matters artistic."

"I think it very dignified for the money. And as for the cost, I suppose that this brick-layer's dream, which reminds me of a building-block design, could be run into just as much money if we 're careful," retorted the incorrigible Wendell Morris. "But, joking aside, why spend a fortune on something just to look at? Tastes differ, as you so happily observed. Whatever *we* approve (if we should agree on anything) would be declared an eyesore by part of the community. Therefore, gentlemen, why not make our monument useful instead of merely unornamental?"

Morris sat down, and Chris Blower stared at him with hostile intent, certain that there was something fishy in the part of the speech he did not understand.

Silas Bragg drummed on the table with his nails.

"I don't know just what you are leading to," he observed, but Everett Keene was ready to elucidate his friend's remarks.

"Mr. Morris has proposed a very excellent idea in a general way. Let me make it more specific. Among the proposals are certain utilitarian undertakings, such as a community house, a library, public baths, and the like. For one reason or another these have been rejected, but the proposal to build a memorial road has not yet come up for discussion. Now, what could be more inspiring than a broad stretch

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of perfectly graded and surfaced highway, planted with shade-trees on both sides, and bearing at each end a modest tablet stating that this road was built by this committee's decision (giving our names, of course), and that it is our citizens' memorial to the nation's defenders—or something like that. We will leave the trimmings to Judge Price. But, gentlemen, think of what such a modern road would mean to all! The tired business men who ride over it one Sunday after another would appreciate it. The farmers who use that memorial road to bring produce to market would profit by it—"

Chris Blower was on his feet, red-faced and sputtering.

"Say, why are you blowing Wendell Morris's horn?" he demanded. "You know, same as I do, that the contractor that lays the road will get the profit."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen. Order, please!" Silas Bragg tapped with his gavel as Wendell Morris started to his feet, his fists clenched, his face no longer smiling, but pale with rage.

"This insinuation is unbearable! Mr. Bragg, I demand that this fellow apologize. Otherwise I must leave this room."

"Go on, an' take your foxy friend with you," retorted Chris Blower. "Why, this here is a put-up job. We set around this table to talk monument, a marble monument or a brick monument. All right. Then these two crooks try to frame us, so that Morris will get a fat contract, and Keene will get a road to his property for nothin'. You can't run a road anywhere out of Belmont without passing *some* of Keene's real estate." The brick manufacturer rested his heavy hands on the table, glaring savagely. His voice was as hoarse as a bull's bellow, for he felt keenly the injustice of this treatment.

As he paused for breath, a gentle, but insistent, tapping could be heard at the door. It had been going on for several minutes, but in the debate the tapping had gone unnoticed.

Silas Bragg pushed a button on the table to summon Corcoran, the porter of the town hall, and asked:

"Who is outside? Please find out what he wants." Then he continued to the belligerents: "I must insist, gentlemen, that you all retract your charges and insinuations. Shake hands and discuss this matter like the level-headed business men that you are. Mr. Morris, your unfortunate sense of humor is partly to blame for this scene. Mr. Blower, you have said things that should not be spoken aloud. What is it, Corcoran? Who was knocking?"

The porter grinned.

"It 's that dumb-bell. You know; Bennie Zinn. The cheerin' has gone to his head, I 'm thinkin'. He wants to make a speech to you gentlemen about—I dunno what he means—a rotten board." The porter tapped his forehead meaningly and gave a sly chuckle. "Clean daffy!"

"Oh, yes, Bennie. Yes, I know all about it. Well, tell him to go away, Corcoran. Don't be rough with the poor boy, you understand. But tell him we 're busy. Make him get out and *stay* out. Now, gentlemen—"

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Hither and Yon

III—The Colony Club

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Drawings by H. R. Shurtleff

Lor', chile, you can't talk after the folks," was what my mother's old mammy used to say to Biddy and me when she came back to visit us, and we filled her kind old ears full of gossip while she unpacked her carpet-bag and opened up her snuff-box. "No, indeed, Miss Daisy; you can't talk after the folks no how." More than ten years after, thick in the throes of forming the Colony Club, her words used to come back to me, a fine trumpeting injunction not to take seriously what "the folks" kept saying about our motives in "viciously" launching the first woman's social club-house in New York, which has since become a synonym for success among the club-men and club-women of two continents. "A woman's club is in her home," was the mildest of all the many criticisms hurled at us, and that came from an old gentleman who had done sentinel duty for many and many a year at the Union Club windows. It was one of his best friends who fell on us with, "Women should n't have clubs. They will only use them as addresses for clandestine letters." "Honi soit qui mal y pense," we said and laughed. The only remark that ever gave me pause was Bordie Harriman's, "I don't think you can make it pay." He was so sympathetic otherwise, and so generous in sharing every bit of his experience with men's clubs, that that did n't discourage us at all, but served as wise and steadying counsel to plan the new venture very carefully.

Later, when we were building, it was depressing to learn that the Princeton Club had put its house plans in abeyance on the ground that the Colony Club would soon fail and be for sale cheap. But the night I came into the club and met that valiant spirit, Mrs. Perkins, herself a mother of club presidents and governors, going into the dining-room, I knew we had won. She was beaming.

"I 've waited for this evening all my life. I have just telephoned the boys: 'Don't wait dinner. I 'm dining at my club.' My dear, I 've been getting that message for years; now I 'm giving it."

Deep within me, I was so certain, and so obsessed with what we were doing, that, no matter what people said, I was quite callous. A great many beautiful enterprises probably die an untimely death because of the social pressure against something, anything, new. And yet, curiously, the Colony Club itself began in a bit of dinner-table criticism. In the summer of 1902 we had a cottage at Newport. Our house in New York was overrun

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with painters and plasterers, but I was obliged to go down for a day or two, and said to my husband:

"I can't stay in the mess. What hotel shall I go to—the W—?"

"I don't approve of women going to hotels alone, especially to large ones."

This was twenty years ago, and my hair not white! He laid his disapproval down like family law, and I exclaimed: "But, Bordie, what can women do? Of course there ought to be a woman's club, and we could go to that in the summer, and have parcels sent there and do telephoning." As casually as that the Colony Club began. The rest of the evening we discussed clubs for women. Mr. Charles MacDonald was stopping with us, and he agreed with me. Bordie liked the idea, but he did n't think it could pay without a bar. Bars, most club statistics proved, were the keystone of men's club economy. The Colony Club, of course, never had a bar. It could n't have had, even if we had wanted it, for the site we finally selected was cater-cornered from a church, and a license was n't possible. But I get ahead of my story. And partly because it was so delightful a part of my own life, and partly because of the Colony's peculiar eminence among the clubs of the world, the simple, almost childish details of its founding seem interesting to me.

When we finished talking, I found it was midnight. Yet I wanted to run out down the street in the dark to tell some one else that we simply must form a club. I hardly slept. My head was all buzzing wheels, and much too early the next morning I was at Kate Brice's, daughter of the former senator from Ohio. She had been at a ball the night before and was only just up and sleepy, but she responded at once. She was a wonderful woman, with a genius for friendship, quick, contagious sympathies, and so wise! We both talked at once. She would get dressed and go with me. Before the August day was over, Ava Astor (now Lady Ribblesdale), Emmie Winthrop, Maud Bull, and Margaret Norrie had all been told that we must form a club, and they had said that, yes indeed, we must.

Through the rest of the summer and the following winter that very small group kept on talking. Our favorite plan was the modest one of renting the upper floors of a twenty-five-foot house and getting a caterer to open a restaurant on the main floor where the members might get meals. The fire of that first morning had welded the little Newport group together, but in town we stumbled against apathy. Some women said they did n't have need for a club. Some said their husbands would n't approve. Then one week-end at Arden, where I had gone to hunt with the Orange County hounds, Mary Harriman (now Mrs. Rumsey), said she wanted very much to get squash courts on the roof of some building in town, and would n't I help her organize them? I fizzed up again quite as I had in Newport, and began to tell her about the woman's club. In a quarter of an hour we had joined forces, and were enthusing about a women's athletic and social club. After that Mary Harriman and Helen Barney (Mrs. Frederick Watrous) used to come regularly to our little house at 128 East Thirty-sixth Street, and things began to move. Anne Morgan sent word that she was keen, especially if we included a running-track in our plans. We were delighted to have

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Anne, and haled her in. An organization committee of forty was formed on December 7, 1903. It was an extraordinary group. I can't name them all, but wish I could: Mrs. Henry Clewes, Mrs. Thomas Hastings, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mrs. James A. Burden, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Cass Canfield, Miss Margaret Chanler, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Ruth Morgan, Mrs. Richard Irvin, a perfect combination for the creation of what we wanted—a woman's club that should be the fruit of our joint experience in managing establishments, as well as a coöperative enterprise in convenience and healthful gymnastics.

I like to look back at those early months, when we were consecrated to making the club a "go." There was Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mary Dick, older than the rest of us in years, but not in spirit, a very feminine type, so pretty and with such a sweet mid-Victorian flavor! She did more than any one else, by her adherence to us, to dispel doubts as to our being not quite respectable. She had done much serious work with working-girls' clubs before the rest of us had ever thought of anything but amusing ourselves. After our doors were opened and Olivia Dunbar congratulated us that women could practise the art of living in such sophisticated detail and with "such an elaborate and highly civilized standard of luxury," I thought of those founders, and the success seemed natural. Bessie Marbury worked like a steam-engine, and brought all her business experience into our service as chairman of the house committee.

Our men's advisory committee guided us wisely from the first. It was composed of Mr. Charles T. Barney, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and Frank Polk. Mr. Morgan set things going practically by offering to subscribe ten thousand dollars if we found nine others to do the same. Mr. William C. Whitney offered to put up twenty-five thousand dollars if we could build something as large as the Metropolitan. Mr. August Belmont subscribed ten thousand dollars. Henry Harriman (E. H.) agreed to put down ten thousand dollars if we would add an art and literature department. His idea was a fortunate one, and the Tuesday afternoons introduced by the art and literature committee, under the able chairmanship of Mrs. Walter Maynard, became one of the most successful features of the club, and saved us considerable criticism as merely idle frivolers. It was a little humorous, however, that one of the first of the "art and literature" was devoted to a talk by Powderly, president of the Knights of Labor. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page introduced him, but "Knights of Labor" registered nothing but O'Donovan Rossa to me, and O'Donovan Rossa and the longshoreman strikes in the eighties were the reign of terror of my childhood. My father, a shipping man, had been knocked unconscious with a crowbar by an unknown striker, and for two years after, every skulking man we saw, every shadow in the night, all the strange noises of the wind, made us children cower, fearing O'Donovan Rossa was upon us. Father had a lawsuit that grew out of the sinking of the steamer *Scotland*, marked many years by the Scotland Lightship near Sandy Hook. One evening he took my sister Ethel and me in the brougham with him when he went to consult his counsel, Judge Donahue. He came out of the house, and found

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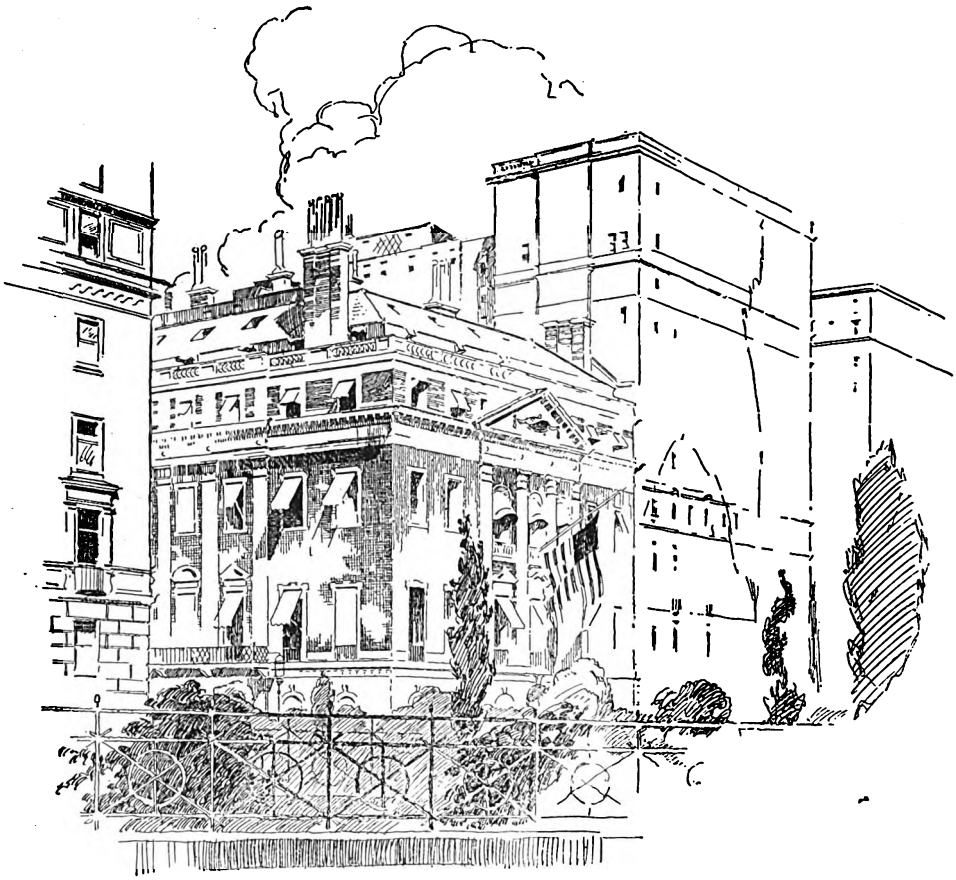

The new Colony Club building on Park Avenue

us half smothered in the bottom of the carriage under the lap-robe. We had seen a man standing under a lamp-post with a "mean look" and knew it must be the fearful O'Donovan. For years the *Scotland* case was a regular Dickens's lawsuit. All through my childhood my sisters and I hung on the mysterious promise, "When I win the *Scotland* case, you shall have this, you shall have that, we will go there." When the case was won, I don't remember any difference it made except father gave a present of a new balloon jib to the *Active*. Many years after, coming out of ether in St. Luke's Hospital, I looked up at my nurse and asked her name.

"Miss Rossa," she said. I shivered.

"Of course I don't suppose you ever heard of a terrible man, O'Donovan Rossa, a Fenian?"

Her kind face looked troubled.

"My father," she said. My favorite book during my convalescence was a biography of her father, which she gave me to read, and I learned to respect the memory of the Fenian for having been so loyal to his lights. Like most goblins and ogres and Bolsheviks that I have come close to, he ceased to be terrible when I really knew about him.

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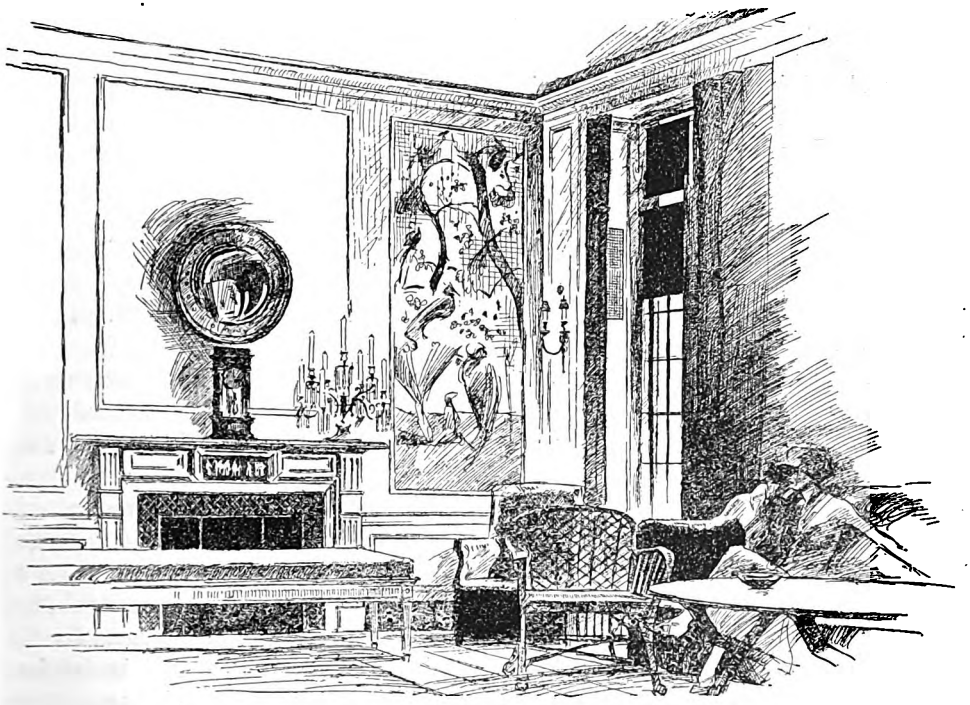
Our Colony Club architect was Stanford White, and he was more: he was our instructor in architecture. The building committee had a rare opportunity, for he made them look at and study with him the old examples of colonial architecture from which he was drawing his inspiration. They went to Annapolis to look at a balcony. The façade he chose from a beautiful mansion in Charleston, South Carolina. Here and there at No. 122 Madison Avenue you can recognize little features of beautiful building done first in New England. With all his sense of appreciation of the richer architectural moods of Renaissance Italy and the grand French days, he was quick to kindle at the beautiful simplicity of the early American, so adequately designed for democratic living in the New World. We had chosen "Colony" for our name not with any prescience, I am afraid, but because nearly every other name we thought of was already registered at Albany.

I suspect I am not the only Colony Club member who has a sneaking affection for the old Madison Avenue building that is quite different from my loyalty to the big new one. Elsie de Wolfe was like a witch sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky: she was intent that no remnant of Victorian influence should make stuffy the air of the Colony Club. She reveled in mahogany and cretonnes and French period furniture, and deserved all the



The private dining-room of the Colony Club

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"ohs!" and "ahs!" of delight that she got from the club members when they saw what she had brought together. The azalea-colored assembly-room; the roof garden, with its white trellis-work and clambering ivy, blue-and-white Italian porcelain, and fine old Italian stoves of green earthenware that stood at each end of the sun parlor; the swimming-pool, sunk in white marble, with mirrored walls and ceiling hung with an arbor of translucent glass grapes, through which the yellow light streamed like late afternoon in Palermo; Russian baths, Turkish and Nauheim baths; a beauty parlor; a rest-room, where lunch could be brought on a tray; the running-track, where I never saw a member, thick or thin; the eleven colonial bedrooms—every feature of the club had been planned with imagination and perfect taste. Both the dining-room and the strangers' dining-room were white, with green curtains. Our cook came to us from Lord Walsingham's establishment in London. Some one had insisted on having a cold buffet in the dining-room like the gourmet's altar at the Ritz, in Paris. The club linen was charmingly embroidered with "C C," the letter design being appropriated from the crescent of Diane de Poitiers. Mr. Wheatland, who came from the University Club to be our superintendent, and to whom, with Mrs. Taft, much of the permanent success of the club has been due, made an interesting generalization this year, "In the early days, what struck me, after experience with men's clubs, was the fine impersonality of the members and governors in working together and their meticulous personal attention to the details of the club." I know we were most super-conscientious toward club affairs. Not one of us would have thought of using the club as a convenience, of finding a soft berth there for a superannuated butler. Our system of governing was copied from the Union Club. We had twenty governors, elected for a period of five years, and a president, elected by the governors for one year. My election as president made it necessary for me to preside at the dinner the governors gave before they turned the club over to the members.

I had never made a speech in my life; presiding at governors' meetings was always informal. I don't believe any one ever had worse stage-fright. For days and days before the night of the dinner I began learning by heart what I intended to say. I followed the cook into the kitchen and tried it on her; and as for Ethel and Bordie and my special friends among the governors, they were made sick by the repetition. My husband said to me on the way to the club: "Every one in the house knows your speech as well as you do. If you get stuck, I 'll finish." I walked in to the dinner with the sinking sensation one has the morning before an operation. I kept saying to myself that once I was delivered of my song, nothing would ever make me really unhappy again.

In making the list of guests, I consulted with President Butler at Columbia. He had another engagement himself, but he was very urgent several times that we invite the president of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson, and even went so far as to write a note for me to inclose with the formal invitation. Not three years later, sitting next to Dr. Butler at dinner, I brought Woodrow Wilson into the conversation as an absolutely certain congenial topic, but

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mention of the then successful Governor of New Jersey set N. M. B. off into a caustic tirade. "My, don't they blow hot and cold in politics!" I thought to myself, and remembered how I had tried to talk to President Roosevelt about Nicholas Murray Butler, knowing what good friends they were, only to set the Roosevelt teeth grinding! "Butler was all right till the N. Y. plutocrats took him up on Mars Hill and turned his head."

I could n't eat a mouthful, and when I stood up, my knees sagged against each other, and the speech that the cook and I knew by heart came out bit by bit in a voice that seemed far, far away. Once it stopped altogether. My audience was so gentle! "I 've forgotten what comes next," I said frankly, and looked at my notes. It is fatal, I think now, to learn speeches by heart. The only way in the world for me to manage is to write out what I want to say and make myself perfectly familiar with the gist, put four or five headings on a card, and on the night of the speech to tumble it out in whatever words the moment and the audience inspire me with.

Great men, of course, upset the best of rules. President Roosevelt said to me once:

"People think it 's as easy for me to make speeches as for water to flow out of this bottle," holding a decanter over a glass to illustrate. "Why, I have to learn every word by rote. That particular speech you refer to cost me all sorts of pain. I bought a little book on the Celtic language. I used to pull it out when I was on horseback, getting its contents in hand." I had been telling the President about a time when Lord Charles Beresford was dining with us in New York. He had remarked that he had

The Acorn Club, founded in Philadelphia in 1899, was the pioneer woman's social club

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never heard the President, so we had all scrambled off to gallery seats at St. Patrick's dinner at Delmonico's. Roosevelt was in excellent form; it was during his first term. He was the embodiment of spring in those days, bubbling with life and hope. Lord Charles leaned over the railing, deeply impressed by what the colonel was saying about the language of the Celts.

"I 'm an Irishman," said Lord Charles, "but I never knew many of the things about my own language he told us to-night. How does he do it?" I repeated this to Mr. Roosevelt.

"Did he say that? Did he? How nice of Beresford!" Then he quickly disillusioned me about the careless rapture of his speech-making. "I 've already written my speeches to make in Europe next year, coming back from Africa," he said. "I 've written them and locked them in a desk. The kaiser has had to ask me three times to come to Germany before I said yes. I have made it a favor to him to go." He told me these things at my first White House luncheon. He had summoned Anne Morgan, Bessie Marbury, and me to discuss some matter pertaining to the Colony Club. When I arrived at the White House door, my name was not on the list of expected guests, and Colonel Archie Butt had to be summoned before I could get in. There were about thirty guests waiting in the Red Room for the President to join us. Archie Butt whispered to me twice, "The President is going to take you in." He repeated (a third time), "The President is going to take you in," I suddenly remembered Oliver Belmont, said, "Oh," and made haste to approach Mr. Roosevelt. At Uplands, the summer before, Mr. Belmont was raging about the absurdities of the Roosevelt administration.

"There is no place in the world where they put on such lugs except at the Court of St. Petersburg. A woman has to cross the room to the czar when he takes her in to dinner, instead of his coming to her, and Theodore goes in for the same thing."

F. J. H.: "I don't believe it."

Mr. Belmont: "I bet you fifty dollars it 's true."

F. J. H.: "Taken."

He had died before my White House luncheon, so I suppose I owe his estate the fifty, unless what happened was not the custom at all, but only a coincidence.

"You don't want the papers to get hold of the fact that you have asked a Harriman in to lunch at the White House?" It was right in the middle of his celebrated quarrel with E. H. He laughed. "And I suppose I 'd better tell you that I 've only one child, but I wanted eight, and you are n't to scold me about race suicide." Mr. John Jay White sat on his left and talked big-game hunting in Africa. The President interrupted every now and then to tell us what a terrible amount of wife-beating went on in America. We said we did n't believe it was as bad as he thought it was.

"Do men beat their wives?" I said.

"It goes on in England, it goes on here. You 've no idea how much. I would rather my sons did anything else in the world than beat their wives." The President left the table a little before the rest of us, and picking out three or four people he wanted to see, he said: "I want to see you again. Meet me in such and such a room." The Red Room fell to my lot. Presently he came in, and with the same inten-

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sity he had for wife-beaters half an hour before, he began:

"I 'm very interested in factories and the kind of work you are doing. When I return from Africa I want to do some of it myself. Which do you think is best, send children to day nurseries, as we do, or ought we try the German scheme of mother's pensions?" Before I could answer, Colonel Butt came in.

"Mr. President, the waterproof suit for Africa you wanted has come." With a whoop, the President sprang to his feet.

"Bring it here!" He thrust his arms and then his legs into it, rushed into the hall, seized a cane, ran up and down the hall shouting, pretending to shoot aides, ushers, and any old thing handy, as an imaginary lion. He even ran up the stairs and down again, testing the suit to see whether he would have free play for his arms and legs. I realized that I was forgotten. So, like the people in "The Young Visiters," I oozed out into Pennsylvania Avenue, and so on to the Congressional to New York. My thrill at seeing the playful side of the great man lasted even after I had met young Bob Bacon, whose father was in the cabinet.

"So you were one of them," he said. "Father told us the President said he had three suffragettes coming to luncheon yesterday and, my, how it bored him!" Anne and Bessie were both antis.

As I look back, I cannot understand why I should have let one or two faint misgivings overtake me in the winter of 1907. Always Mr. Morgan cheered us on. "The day your doors are opened, you will have a waiting-list as long as your membership," he said. When I told him that members of the Princeton Club hoped to take over the Colony Club when it failed, he sniffed, quite as if he had looked into a crystal and knew that within three years after we opened at Madison Avenue we would already be planning larger quarters, and that in twelve years the house charges would show an increase of five hundred and thirteen per cent., and would be nearly half a million dollars in 1922. Mr. Morgan may very well have had some psychic intuition of our success. It was one morning when I had gone to consult him about Colony-Club affairs that he told me two curious stories.

"You probably have some new-fangled name for what happened to me yesterday," the commodore, as he liked to be called, said to me. "I was sitting here in front of the fire when Miss Green opened the door and said something about a man who wanted to see me. It was a wet, dreary day and I was depressed. 'Tell him to wait,' I said. I went on gloomily looking into the fire, when a splinter of wood broke off and went burning up the chimney. Like a flash, a line from a poem I had n't heard since I was a boy came into my head.

'I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,'

I kept repeating, but the rest of the poem was gone. 'Miss Green, Miss Green,' I called, 'what 's the rest of that poem, "I shot an arrow into the air"?' A man stepped forward from the shadow of the doorway. 'Excuse me, sir,' he said. 'I 've got the original manuscript of that poem by Longfellow. Miss Green told me to wait, and I 've been here an hour.' What do you make of it?" said Mr. Morgan.

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The old Colony Club on Madison Avenue, designed by Stanford White

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Then he told me about a similar experience he had had in London. In the collection of porcelains at his house in Prince's Gate was a set of Sèvres table decorations, lacking two pieces. The Wallace collection had a complete set of five of another color, and collectors had been ransacking Europe for the commodore to complete his set. One very stormy night he arrived from Liverpool, having come from America without warning the servants at Prince's Gate of the time. As he ran up the steps and put his latch-key to the door, a shivering figure in the vestibule drew two vases from under a torn coat and murmured: "I 've been going from house to house all day. Won't you buy these, sir? My children are starving." The light from the half-opened door fell on what seemed to be porcelain from the famous set. While the man waited, Mr. Morgan rushed up-stairs to compare marks. They seemed the same, but it was n't possible. "How much do you want for them?" he asked. The man asked a nominal price, and melted away into the night. The next day all the London connoisseurs were there, exclaiming, "It 's impossible, but true." The vases matched, and the set was priceless.

"I was n't expected in London. The man did n't know what Sèvres was worth. I never could trace him. How did it happen? Out of all London, to come to my house, and at that moment!"

The club-house was formally opened on March 11, 1907. We opened with 498 members, and in 1908 had 819. In 1923 we had more than two thousand members, and a waiting-list of over a thousand. It has become the custom for members to put up their daughters while they are yet in kindergarten, as boys are put up at birth in England for public schools. The figures I give do not denote what T—— has taxed me with, that neither the club nor society is as exclusive as it was in the first days of the twentieth century. The club remains, I believe, a little more exclusive than society itself, as it has to, to keep up the formal and exquisite manner of living which it houses.

One day, meeting Mr. August Belmont at a wedding at St. George's Church, he asked me to let Miss Gertrude Beeks of the National Civic Federation speak to the Colony Club about her work in the Canal Zone among the government employees. Her lecture so fired a group of us to become actively interested in Civic Federation work that Maud Cabot, Mrs. Alexander, Anne Morgan, and I formed a woman's department, which grew later into a large committee, with Mrs. Medill McCormick as national president. We investigated stores, hotels, and factories, and felt very much behind the scenes in the modern world. Behind the scenes we hunted for welfare work, and when we did n't find it, we tactfully suggested lunch-rooms, rest-rooms, and proper dressing-rooms. Very early in our career we had introduced all sorts of sick-leave benefits and other bits of welfare into the management of the servants at the club. Thus, having removed the mote, we went out and did our small share of public housekeeping. What I liked best about it all was the contact with labor-unions.

The first time I remember talking with John Mitchell, the miner, was when I sat next to him at a Civic Federation dinner. He was quiet and

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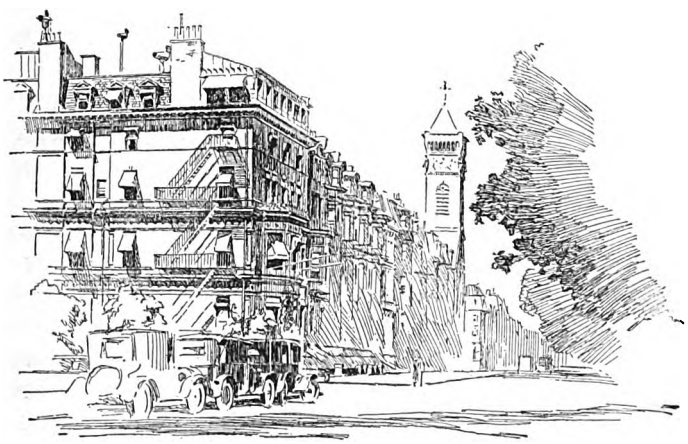
diffident and rather hard to draw out that night. He wore a plain sack-coat, but in later years he generally affected a frock-coat. At that time he had a great hold on the miners, whom he had successfully led through the great anthracite strike of 1902. But in his frock-coat days, because he took a salary from the Civic Federation, they lost faith in him. Mother Jones said to me once, "Oh, it was a pity! He was a fine fellow, but he had his head turned by feasting with the plutocrats, and lost his influence with the workers." John Mitchell came several times to Uplands to lunch or dine with us, the most interesting time being when Timothy Healey brought 150 members of the International Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen to dine and spend the evening. Afterward the brothers made me an honorary member, and sent me a membership certificate, framed, with a colored portrait of myself painted above the clasped-hands insignia of the union.



The Chiltern Club, Boston. Another social club for women

It was through the Civic Federation that I made a trip through Southern cotton mills to see child-labor conditions. When I came back from the Carolinas and Georgia, I wrote an article for a magazine about what I had seen. It was the first money I had ever earned, and I was very proud. I did what I could, lecturing against child labor.

I have had many insights into life through the Civic Federation, and much kindness from the hands of Miss Beeks, now Mrs. Ralph Easly, and if I find myself no longer sympathetic and able to work with her organization, it may be because, as Miss Beeks said to me once in Washington during the war, "The Industrial Commission entirely changed you. It made you radical." Or it may be that the federation has become more reactionary. Anyway, we have nothing in common any more except memories of those first ardent days.

I don't understand what Mr. Easly is talking about when he accuses young boys from universities abroad with spreading communism any more than I understood their action toward me in the war. Mr. Gompers had made me chairman of the committee of women in industry of the advisory committee of the Council of National Defense. I had taken the committee on condition that one of the remarkable Goldmark sisters, sisters-in-law of Justice Brandeis, would be secretary, and had had the

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great good fortune to secure Pauline. Imagine my surprise, after several stormy sessions with Civic Federation members, to have the Council of Defense hale Miss Goldmark and me before them. We came, made our report on the work we had been doing to safeguard the women in the munition mills, and after the secretary had congratulated us and said many complimentary things, he told us that they had been obliged to send for us because the Civic Federation officials had complained that we were a dangerous pro-German committee. They had been good enough to say that while Mrs. Harriman was n't herself pro-German, she was bewildered and being used as a tool by certain members of her committee! After such a stuff-and-nonsense experience myself, I hesitate a long time before I give credence to the same accusers when they go in for "Red" and "Bolshevik" baiting to-day. The Civic Federation may be very honest in its convictions, but men are very like children, and the wise thing in child training is to expect the best of children, and you will get it. The Civic Federation is much too busy expecting the worst.

The Francisca Club of San Francisco. A western women's club

As soon as I had thought about it at all, I had been for suffrage, but it was by attending an anti-meeting that I became fired with a desire really to participate actively in the campaign. The antis lack of ammunition was so blatant. While I remained president of the Colony Club it was difficult for me to do much. After the first meeting I attended at Cooper Union from an inconspicuous seat in a back row on the platform, my presence was taken up in the morning papers as a "story" that the Colony Club were followers of Susan B. Anthony. A storm of protest rose from the anti-members of the club, and so on my husband's advice, I never went to meetings again or marched in suffrage parades until after I ceased to be president. Of course it was all wrong, as politics should have no more bearing on one's position in a social club than one's religion.

Mary Parsons, Herbert's sister, was chairman of the building and furnishing committee when we built the new building, a wonderful executive with extraordinary taste. She saw that we expanded where the old club had been inadequate. There were more bedrooms, because we found that "a place to stop in town" was what our members needed, just as I had that summer in Newport. There is always a waiting-list for the rooms. One of the chief sources of our income had been the renting of the assembly-room in the

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Madison Avenue house to members who wished to entertain. But, of course, when we were renting the room to one member to have a lecture, or to bring out her débutante daughter, we could n't have the room just for ourselves. And it was never empty. In the new club there are two charming ball-rooms, and the long room that runs all across the front of the building is reserved exclusively for members to sit in. Renting the ball-rooms has helped in financing the club,—our economics depend on sociability, though not on a bar,—and it has made the club the scene of many memorable personal and public events. I myself launched the campaign for the New York Milk Committee with a Colony Club meeting; and in January, 1912, the day Governor Wilson came from New Jersey to lecture to us on government, Mrs. Alexander and I gave what we called between ourselves "a dinner for the next President of the United States." Many of our friends laughed incredulously. We had asked people higgledy-piggledy, of all political faiths, some because we dared hope round the corner they would take an interest in the governor's political fortunes, and some, our personal friends, just because we did n't want them to miss a treat. Mr. Jacob Schiff was among those who met Woodrow Wilson for the first time that night and became an ardent adherent. The speeches I forget. Jimmy Gerard made one, I know, on protection, and Mr. Wilson whispered in my ear, "Who is he?" They had never met before, and Jimmy was then rooting for Champ Clark. However, whoever he was, the future ambassador to Germany was a veritable engine of good works in the 1912 campaign. Dr. Finley looked vague and worried all through the dinner, and would n't forgive me for asking him to speak when he did n't know where he stood politically on W. W.; but once on his feet, he escaped the crisis easily by talking about the early days at Princeton when Dr. Wilson taught. I don't remember any particular reason why Arthur Brisbane was asked except that he was prominent and we liked him. What came of it, I believe, was a telegram that W. W. got from Hearst a few months later, offering support if all the Hearst policies were swallowed. To which the candidate replied, "No." I introduced our guest by telling him what Ethel had said when I started for town.

"Mummy, do please tell the governor that mademoiselle has a brother who saw him once." Such is fame. Notwithstanding this message, Ethel was no Democrat. "Mummy," she used to beg me that next fall, "have you just *got* to be a Democrat? Think how much nicer it would be to have the Roosevelts in the White House. The parties would be so much more fun."

Precisely where the Colony really stands historically I do not know. I believe the Acorn Club, which Miss Julia and Emily Biddle and others founded in Philadelphia in 1899, was really the pioneer among women's social clubs in America. Nevertheless, the Colony Club was a mile-post. I realized, when we established the National Democratic Club for women in its attractive house at 1109 Sixteenth Street, in Washington, how far things had moved. Not a frown from any one, and any number of gentlemen eager to be the guest of honor at a dinner "to meet the next President of the United States."

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In Little-Known Northern Japan

By Harry A. Franck

My impression that Japan is a little country in extent somewhat evaporated during a visit to the slightly known north island. This no doubt was partly due to the almost Oriental leisureliness of Japanese trains, and it is perhaps as much the long day's ride from Tokio to the northern end of the main island as the uninviting aspect of the steamers which set one across to Hokkaido that causes the vast majority of visitors to confine themselves to the beaten track between Nikko and Nagasaki, and miss a region well worth while. Beyond beautiful Volcano Bay, with its smoking cones, lies quite another Japan, inconspicuous on the world map, yet of a surprising vastness. Hakodate, chief landing-place, and burdened with that silly Japanese rule forbidding photography within cannon-shot of fortifications, calls for nothing more than the unavoidable halt of an hour or two. But on the long day's journey thence northward to Sapporo one's coming is already rewarded. Though May will soon be half gone, it is cold enough for an overcoat, and the Imperial Government Railways are still heating their trains. Low, heavily thatched huts hug the ground closely in a way unknown in the main island. Instead of flooded rice-fields, the rich, black soil is given over mainly to corn and potatoes, corn shocked as in the United States, as weather-beaten cones of it that have stood through the long, arduous winter still testify. Now and again the train rumbles for an hour or more along the very edge of this or that magnificent bay, through collections of miserable huts, with thatched fishing-boats, and millions of herring split in twain hung on lines to dry in the sun and millions more in heaps and bales ready for shipment. There is a genuine Japanese atmosphere, as well as scent, about these clusters of toilsome poverty, as if their inhabitants, accustomed for countless generations to a crowded struggle for existence farther south, were mentally incapable of taking advantage of the wide and fertile opportunities all about them. Hundreds of stones laid on their tin roofs testify to the occasional violence of storms, and certainly there is none of that cleanliness which the mind usually associates with the Japanese.

But these, like the rare glimpse of an aged wife with unsightly blackened teeth, are merely the touches of old familiar Japan which give contrast to the real Hokkaido. New-England landscapes of hills, then low mountains dabbled with snow, finally patches of snow beside and below the track, succeed one another as the train struggles inland. Now come rugged, snow-covered peaks rising into the clouds; before long all the mountains in view, more than can be counted on the fingers of both hands, are covered with

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snow, great fields of which lie in the hollows far below us. Yet, as I have said, May was well advanced. It required a distinct mental effort to keep in mind that this was Japan.

Lower down there was a profusion of wild flowers, though the buds did not seem so far advanced as they are along our Northern border on the same date. There were whole hours of primeval forest, with at most a rare patch of clearing, then broad vistas of charred stumps and the primitive conditions that go with them, finally some square-cut fields, but only in the dead-flat lands, as if there were too much room to spare to trouble with hilly ground. On the whole, the fields, though still small to the American eye, were ten times the size of those of Japan's main island. Also there was much plowing with shaggy horses, cattle grazing here and there; in short, a landscape in which a rural American of our Northern States would have felt almost at home.

§ 2

Yezo, as the island which Japan has renamed Hokkaido for some political reason is still best known to the outside world, has never kept pace with the rest of Japan. Though the primitive Ainus were reduced to serfdom at least a dozen centuries ago, the north island was an almost unknown wilderness even when the Japanese resumed their intercourse with the outside world in the middle of the last century. A plan to make it an independent fief of the crumbling Tokugawa shogunate at the time of the imperial restoration having been bloodily upset a year later, various schemes of government under an executive appointed at Tokio finally crystallized in 1886 in an independent administration, with Sapporo as the capital. To the already American aspect of the landscape were added, through the initiative of the first governor, charged with the task of colonizing the island, a large group of American experts, who brought with them agricultural machinery, seeds, trees, and other aids of a similar nature. To-day Hokkaido produces, for instance, an ample supply of excellent American apples for all Japan, and incoming travelers must hand over to courteous, but stern, custom officials the last remnants of this fruit in their possession, though a case of oranges or a month's supply of raisins pass duty-free. It was these same American experts who laid out the capital, Sapporo, thereby wholly depriving it of the picturesqueness of genuine Japanese towns, and giving it the spaciousness, convenience, and solidity of an American city. Its wide, squarely intersecting streets—160 feet from wall to wall, if you must have statistics—have not merely sidewalks, but rows of trees to delimit them from the roadway that is the common battle-ground of pedestrians and vehicles in the rest of Japan. Lawns and lawn-mowers, men shingling the roofs of clapboard houses, even government barracks built in similar fashion, elms and maples in lieu of the rugged and distinctive Japanese pine-tree, the big campus of an agricultural college copied after that of Massachusetts, with a snow-capped mountain background to its broad base-ball, track, and tennis field, are but a few of the constant reminders of Sapporo's origin. Even the women have almost abandoned the elaborate and costly coiffure of their Southern sisters, and dress their hair in American fashion. Paper

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walls are all but unknown; baby-carriages—but what gain are perambulators in a land where children come so thick and fast that every one of them seems to hold, and is designed for, twins, while a still later arrival dozes on the propeller's back? With its big fruit-stores, its self-sufficient, well supplied people, an extent seeming to belie its mere half century of age, Sapporo looks almost a transplanted bit of our own land, for all the rickshaws racing noiselessly through its streets, and despite some of the unfortunately still Japanese personal habits of many of its inhabitants. And by the same token, it does not, of course, offer the mere traveler a tithe the interest of almost any village of Japan proper.

Beyond Sapporo lies nearly the whole island, wonderful plains of black-loam soil almost as flat as our prairies, now stretching from the distant sea on one hand to faintly delimned ranges of mountains on the other, and filling some vast basin between whitened rival ramparts, which merge in each direction into the horizon. It is a land like the richest of Illinois or Kansas, yet gangs of women are piling up great logs, or a score of them supply the motive power of a primitive, singsong pile-driver, and half-starved fisherfolks still battle for existence along the coasts. Evidently they do not know how to enjoy the prosperity of ample elbowroom and opportunity, or they are incapable of casting out the centuries-old sense of inequality which still reigns in their hearts. There are signs that the Government is doing its best to turn Hokkaido into a cleared and settled land. A hundred telegraph or telephone wires, on half a dozen rows of posts, parallel the track, not to mention an elaborate power-line; pine, or at least evergreen, nurseries cover a sloping hillside here and there; much forest has recently been denuded and burned, though with somewhat less wasteful methods than those to be seen before the spreading sugar-fields of Cuba. But second-growth saplings rising above the stumps suggest that it is a losing battle.

The great valleys now and again are pinched out between brown hills littered with charred stumps, growing gradually into heavily wooded mountains, with many a snow-clad peak more massive and well nigh as symmetrical as Fujiyama, yet still doomed to fameless isolation. Big rivers brought down thousands of fresh-cut logs, whole acres of which were gathered in placid back-waters. But fertile plains always came again soon, now with wigwam-like stacks of hop-poles, recalling Bavaria in spring,—Sapporo beer is famous throughout Japan,—now mile after mile of fields completely flooded, though plainly not destined for rice, with plowing horses and their drivers, and scattered hand-workers wading thigh-deep in the cold mud and water. Perhaps of all the obstacles its people set against the laborious efforts of the Japanese Government to equalize more nearly the density of population of this north island with the rest of the empire, their dread of battling with the rigorous climate stands first. The man of Japan is not on the whole adaptable. He hesitates at the limits of heat or cold which are unfitted to his age-long frail type of architecture and his thin, flowing garb; he is, above all, no pioneer, but resembles those militant birds that prefer to settle down in the warm, well feathered nests

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built by another species. If he goes to a new and undeveloped land, it is by choice as a hanger-on, as shopkeeper or official, rather than to do his share in the rude labor of reducing the primitive to the cultivated. No one, I believe, has ever accused the Japanese of laziness; it seems to be rather his inherent dread of the primeval, of great unpeopled spaces, that leaves Hokkaido, large and fertile enough to support in unaccustomed style a third of the people of all Japan, with a scattered population barely a fifth of that of the city of Tokio.

§ 3

But things are progressing, if slowly, in the direction of official desires. Asahigawa, for example, north of the geographic center of the island, in what was an unpeopled wilderness at the beginning of the present century, is "a whale of a town," spreading out for miles on the floor of a magnificent valley, with a great row of snow-clads all along its far eastern horizon. There is scarcely a typically Japanese building in it except two or three Shinto shrines; hardly a *shoji* or a tiled roof. Yet the spirit of Japan has in no way been lost in the transplanting. That courteous, yet subtle, something which tells the foreigner that he is welcome as a visitor, but as nothing more, that unspoken, yet ever-sensed, insistence on "Japan for the Japanese," is as evident here as in the most crowded portions of the main island.

Surely, too, the public ceremonies I chanced to witness were strictly national. It seemed to be dedication day for new buildings, and at least half a dozen scattered about the town, still in their two-by-four skeleton form, were preparing to receive the blessings of the gods. The gangs of carpenters simultaneously left off toward five in the afternoon the work of erecting, and took to raising instead, with a plethora of amateur assistance, various symbolic contrivances at the tops of the structures. First came five big upright banners, respectively red, saffron, white, green, and purple in color. Then arose a central support, bearing a small mirror, unfailing symbol of Shintoism, and a fantastically misshapen doll god in a red bib. A rude platform having been laid across the joists high up under this improvised chapel, and various other minor preparations being concluded, there gingerly ascended the sagging ladder a Shinto—priest, I suppose we must call him, for want of a more exact term. His shaven head, covered with a sort of mitered cap from which undulated the well known Tokugawa head-dress, the projecting tail-like after-piece, apparently made of window-screening, his brilliant green robe and purple sash, and varied minor decorative paraphernalia, gave him an appearance strikingly out of keeping with the generally matter-of-fact Asahigawa style of architecture and costume. It was much as if an actor in a Shakspere rôle had suddenly appeared in costume among a Broadway crowd.

While the owner of the new structure and a dozen of his male assistants or relatives sat down on their heels along the platform, high above the increasing throng in the street below, the Shinto functionary set up beneath the banners several little conventionalized houses, or shrines, of baked clay. Of the host of antics in which he indulged during the succeeding half-hour the most conspicuous was the frenzied shaking of one of those bundles of

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white paper strips on a handle, like a feather-duster or fly-dislodger, which abound in Shintó shrines, apparently for the purpose of driving off the host of evil spirits which might menace the new building. Finally he sprinkled everything and every one within reach with a sprig of pine-branch dipped in a bowl of what may have been mere water, but which more probably was sake, the rice wine of Japan. With that his fee seemed to be earned, though he remained long enough to grace the beginning of the last act of the ceremony before speeding away in a rickshaw to the next skeleton structure in need of his ministrations.

The now large and jostling multitude in the street below was plainly, and quite properly, most interested in this final formality. From his point of vantage high above it, the now broadly smiling proprietor held up a wooden ticket, made a speech which the throng applauded with increasing evidence of pleasure and approval, then flung the token to the multitude. My subsequent discovery that it was exchangeable for a rather costly kimono accounted for the applause and the wild scramble for its possession that took place in the dust-deep street. Various less valuable and perishable gifts followed, after which came a deluge of presents for every one. All the men on the platform took to tearing open veritable bales of bonbons, those heavy, white dough-balls inclosing a sort of jam, which take the place of candy in Japan, and to flinging them in great handfuls in all directions. Fully a quarter of an hour the frenzied bombardment lasted, the several hundred townsmen of both sexes and every age and social standing engaging in a good-natured, but riotous, battle for possession of the tidbits. The purpose evidently was to make sure that every person within sight received a present, that he might vouchsafe the new building his blessing or good-will; for when I showed no eagerness to engage in the scramble, one of the flingers made it his special task to throw bonbons at me until I had accepted one. The "housing crisis" is as acute in Japan as in the rest of the civilized world. If the country has no grafting contractors and labor leaders,—and rumor says it has,—there seems to be at least the appreciable obstacle of dispensing in religious fees and community gifts a sum about equal to the cost of the unboarded building.

§ 4

The chief interest of the average casual visitor to Japan's north island is, no doubt, in the remnants of its primitive people, the "hairy Ainu." A cluster of them dwell in the outskirts of Asahigawa, there are scattered Ainu villages along the farther reaches of the Hokkaido coast, and here and there in the forested mountains. As subservient now to their conquerors as our own Indians, their customs and even their language have taken on many imitations of the Japanese. In theory the mikado's government acts the rôle of altruistic guardian over the scanty twenty thousand of these aborigines which its records claim still survive in Yezo and the once Russian island of Karafuto, or Saghalien, farther north. There are no cases listed, however, of its helpless wards amassing pianos and automobiles from natural resources discovered on their reservations. Driven, if admittedly faulty historical records be accepted as veracious evidence, from their once solid foothold on the

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main island of Japan to the nooks and crannies of its frigid neighbor during the more than twenty-five centuries since their slant-eyed foes came upon them from the South, they have lost completely their former rugged power of physical resistance to such aggression.

The experienced traveler gradually learns that outward appearances are often deceitful; hence there is perhaps no proof of anything in the fact that the Ainu, even the defeated dregs of the race which survive to-day, are much handsomer specimens of the human race, at least to Western eyes, than their conquerors. The women, to be sure, are mainly slatterns, as is so often the case among primitive peoples, particularly those under the domination of what we fondly call civilization. But it was hard to realize that these sturdy, upstanding men, not merely more powerful but far more comely, than the average Japanese, are little more than children in intelligence, that what seems to have been a sincere effort to educate a picked group of Ainu youths in Tokio ended with an even more sudden relapse into savagery than was ever the case with our Indian-school graduates.

Such Ainu villages as I visited were outwardly distinguished mainly by the superimposed layers, like incredibly thick rows of shingles, of their thatched roofs; that and earth floors, rubbish heaps, and a generally unJapanese shiftlessness. Their clothing has almost completely succumbed to Japanese influence, even to the greater or less absence thereof on what, to Western races, would be embarrassing occasions. Their features are blunt, the nose almost as negroid as that of lower class Nipponese, but the eyes are unslanted and full-lidded, quite as we of the West expect eyes to be. As to their "hairiness," the older men, to be sure, have patriarchal beards,—the younger, disliking, perhaps, the notoriety which this feature has brought the race, are commonly smooth-shaven,—and their sturdy bare arms and legs are generously adorned with black hair. But I have seen as goodly displays in American gymnasiums, and it is mainly their contrast to the effeminate-skinned Japanese that has given them their reputation for undue hirsute adornment. The children of Japan, in fact, and even uncultivated adults in their naughty moods, often greet any visitor of Caucasian race with the contemptuous term *ketojin*, or "hairy foreigner."

It is not the beards of the men, but the magnificent mustaches of the women, which will surprise the average traveler. It has long been the Ainu custom, now somewhat dying out, to begin decorating early in life the upper lip of the girls with a crude tattooing of what seems to be kitchen soot, later treated with some native concoction to give it a bluish tint, so that, by the time her early marriage-day comes, the maid is adorned with a blue mustache with the flourishing, upturned ends cultivated by the Italian dandy, giving her a dashing air somewhat out of keeping with her sex and the life of drudgery before her. Other decorations of a similar nature are now and then perpetrated on other parts of the body, notably a miniature Vandyke on the lower lip, and while the custom may be merely fantastic in youth, it becomes hideous in old age. Like the young men, the women who have not yet outlived the sense of shame seem to resent this most notorious of their

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features, and can with difficulty be induced to withdraw a corner of a garment from across their mouths before a stranger or a camera.

The Ainu live mainly by fishing and hunting, and are noted for their valiancy in the latter craft, particularly for the feat of killing the savage brown bear of Yezo with a knife or with bow and arrows. Crude sledges, yet scarcely large enough for half-grown children, leaning against their huts, indicate that they are not house-bound during the long rigorous winters. Some of the chiefs are said still to indulge in polygamy; the race has quite plainly a greater dread of soap and water than of fleas and ancient, fishy scents; the Ainu's greatest desire in life is a copious supply of Japanese sake, which their self-constituted guardians make no frantic efforts to deny them.

I might still have departed from Hokkaido with a lingering doubt regarding the inherent savagery of the Ainu, despite widespread testimony to the contrary, but for my last encounter with him. I had been sauntering for several hours about one of his villages, stalking for photographs; for a mixture of superstition and a childish cupidity, engendered by hurried, kodak-armed tourists, has made the tribe somewhat camera-shy. A magnificent specimen of fully adult and hirsute manhood was almost on the point of falling into my trap when a sound between a grunt and a shriek from a rather surly boy who would not be shaken off caused me to glance around. Down one of the sandy lanes serving as street came stalking the village chief, for such I had found him to be shortly after pilfering his likeness by a simple ruse. Having this already, I had no special interest in watching his approach, and turned back to my still uncaptured quarry. Suddenly, I beheld the chief, physically a mighty man still, for all his huge bush of almost snow-white hair and beard, scowling upon me, with his broad nose almost touching my face and his liquid black eyes gleaming. Exactly what was the cause of his quite evident displeasure there was no means of knowing, for though he was speaking voluminously in a voice which any orator might have envied, it was not even in Japanese, and no stray word could give me an inkling of the subject of his discourse. All at once the notion seemed to strike him that I had no intention of complying with his wishes, whatever they were. With a sudden short, shrill scream, which instantly betrayed the savage, he dashed off a few paces and caught up the first serious weapon within reach, —which chanced to be nothing more or less than a complete wooden plow! Raising this above his head in one powerful hand, he sprang toward me with a deafening shriek of uncontrolled anger and with a contorted expression of rage such as no doubt scores of the big brown bears of his native mountains had beheld during their last moments of existence. The part of wisdom, of course, would have been frankly to take to my heels. But there are few things more difficult for the average American than openly to admit fear of an opponent of an admittedly inferior race, particularly when a score of people of that race are peering out through doors and walls to behold his discomfiture. Moreover, I was busily engaged in seeing that my kodak be returned to its case before serious harm came to it. I stood where I was, therefore, instinctively

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turning my back to catch the expected blow where it would not damage my precious apparatus and, when I looked up again, my howling savage was brandishing the plow high over my head, yet somehow hesitating to bring it down upon me. The taming influence, no doubt, of centuries of stern Japanese rule, the ability to glimpse the consequences, with which long generations of vicarious contact with the ruthless justice of civilization had tinctured his savage soul, stayed his hand. Denied the privilege of completely following his instinct, he was helpless. From the roaring savage he became an angrily shrieking child. The plow he still grasped in his mighty right hand, but its end rested on the ground.

With his left he caught the lapel of my coat in a grip that mere yanking never in the world would have loosened. But when I gave him what school-boys of my day called the "thumb twist," he grunted with the sudden unexpected pain, relaxed his hold, and though still bellowing in his magnificent oratorical voice, watched me walk away without following.

Lorenzo

BY WITTER BYNNER

I had not known that there could be
Men like Lorenzo and like me
Both in the world, and both so right
That the world is dark and the world is light.
I had not thought that any one
Would choose the dark for dwelling on,
Would dig and delve for the bitterest roots
Of sweetest and suavest fruits.
Though I had neither been a fool
Nor won a scholarship at school,
I never once had dared to doubt
That now and then the light went out;
But I had not known that there could be
Men like Lorenzo and like me
Both in the world, and both so right
That the world is dark and the world is light.
I had not guessed that joy could be
Selected for an enemy.

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

III—My First Days in the Editorial Rooms

By L. Frank Tooker

Engravings from old Century Magazines

It was in reality a bit of bad temper that drove me to enter the doors of The Century Magazine, then "Scribner's Monthly," for the first time, and gradually the ironic belief has become fixed in my mind that the momentary irritation had more to do with determining the course of my life than the more laudable reasons that I might prefer to consider important. In the June of 1878, the year after I left college, I had just returned from a voyage to the South, and was lingering on in New York for a few days with no special thought of magazines in mind; but a relative of blessed memory, having learned of my ambition to write, with his usual readiness to take command in regulating the affairs of our lives, insisted on my passing the night at his house in Brooklyn and on going that evening to his pastor, Dr. Edward Eggleston, for advice. As a prominent contributor to "Scribner's," Dr. Eggleston, he declared, could be of great service.

Now, I had at that time no greater faith in the value of influence of that sort than I have to-day, which is none at all, but rather than appear too ungracious to any kindly offer, I agreed to go, though with great and, I fear, not carefully concealed reluctance. It chanced to be a night upon which Dr. Eggleston was regularly at home to his parishioners, and several were present, and through the seemingly interminable and more or less intimate talk my companion and I lingered on till the last one had departed, I racked with mortification at the thought of the wonder the good doctor must feel at the stolid persistence of a stranger.

As the door finally closed on the last guest, and I saw my wearied host gathering himself for a new effort at entertainment, I desperately came to the point at once, and with a brief explanation gave him four poems to read. As he settled back in his chair to peruse them I tried not to watch his face for signs of indifference or pleasure; but his emotions were under perfect control, and his voice was even and unmoved when at the close of the reading he returned the brief manuscripts. The only criticism he gave me was that the poems were promising, which was wholly perfunctory, and the only advice, that perhaps I had better continue my literary studies for a while longer before thinking of publishing, which was exactly what I had intended to do before I had been unwillingly forced into his presence.

I was still of the same mind when I

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Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, first Editor of THE CENTURY

went out of the door, but before I had reached the gate I had determined to take my verses to Dr. Holland the next morning; for as we went down the steps my companion had said, somewhat complacently, I fancied, "Not very encouraging." My bit of temper was in a way a good omen: it definitely placed me at once in the class of the *genus irritabile.*

It was perhaps eleven o'clock the next morning when I entered the Scribner's book-store, at 743 Broadway, and inquired of a clerk where I might find Dr. Holland. He replied somewhat airily, "In the Thousand Islands," and when I had asked who was in charge during Dr. Holland's absence and where I might find *him*, he said, "Mr. Gilder," and, going toward the door and waving his hand to an outside door at the right, added that I would find him on the third floor.

He was there, in a small, darkened room, standing by a table, examining the contents of a small deal box that I was later to know well as "the poetry-box." I had selected two of the four

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poems that Dr. Eggleston had read, and these I now gave him. I know that he asked for my address and that this I wrote on each manuscript, but of anything else that either of us said in the brief moment I was there I remember nothing at all. As a constant reader of "Scribner's," however, I knew of him as the man of "The Old Cabinet" and a poet of growing fame, and I stared at him with all the impressionable awe of a raw young page at a medieval court on first catching sight of a champion of the lists, and the figure he made in the dim room is still more vividly clear than many of the images of things viewed yesterday. I thought him younger than I had supposed him to be, and he appeared a trifle frail, but he looked every inch a poet as we were led to believe that poets should look in that far-off Parnassian day. His face was finely intellectual, but without the stern lines that deep thinking often engraves; his hair dark and thick, with one stray lock falling over his forehead in the fashion that it had to the end; and his eyes were striking. They were of that limpid dark brown that one sometimes sees in topaz. His complexion was clear, but without color; his hands were long and sensitive. Indeed, in his whole personality he seemed the appropriately fashioned vessel of poetry, and I remember that for the moment at least I felt the total lack in my own of any such convincing signs of the indwelling spirit; for I was bronzed to a bright brick red by the tropical sun, a hue that in my nervousness seemed to make the small room suffocating, and my hands were calloused and stiff from working on shipboard, and in all probability still bore the stains of tar and paint.

But four or five days later, at my home, I received Mr. Gilder's notification that both my poems were accepted, with a check in payment that at the time appeared to me munificent. Somewhere Kipling says that merely by repeating his name aloud over and over a man may reduce himself to a hypnotized state of bewilderment. The thought that by placing certain nice little words in certain definite arrangements of short lines I had so far worked upon the mind of another that he had been moved to pay me a definite sum for the result left me uncertain of my own identity. Years later, when I had come to know Dr. Eggleston well, I asked him if he remembered our first meeting. He had forgotten, and somewhat maliciously I recalled the time, the advice he had given, the manner in which I had accepted it, and the result. He laughingly replied that he had never posed as a critic of verse, but was rejoiced that in my case his opinion had been back-handedly of value. He thought it a lesson for young writers.

It was seven years later, almost to the day, before I was to see the magazine office or the editors again, though in the long interval I had become a somewhat frequent contributor. Meanwhile the magazine had changed its name to THE CENTURY, had moved to its new quarters on Union Square, Dr. Holland had died, and Mr. Gilder had succeeded him. I was the deputy county clerk of Suffolk County, Long Island, in June, 1885, when one evening I received a short note from Mr. Gilder, asking me to come to the office for an interview. Without being positive, it was clear enough in its implications, and three days later I went down to the city.

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I found Mr. Gilder too ill to see me on the morning of my arrival, but I met him the next day at his odd little house in East Fifteenth Street, and we talked over the matter of my coming to the office. He was perfectly frank and held out no false hopes. Indeed, overhearing him, one might at first have suspected that I held a lien on a position that he was urging me to refuse; for he dwelt on the fact that editorial work was exacting and far from light, and furthermore that in this particular case there was little chance of stepping into dead men's shoes, since those on the staff were all comparatively young men and, so far as any one knew, in the best of health. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant life, he then added, and there was a fascination in it. With manifest pride he emphasized the fact that the editorial department was absolutely independent of the business office, and though it was ever ready, indeed eager, to receive suggestions, in the end it always acted on its own best judgment. It was clear that he was perfectly assured of the loyalty of all the departments to one another. My memory is not wholly clear as to this, but I think he told me at that time that on coming to the editorship on Dr. Holland's death, he had been asked by Mr. Roswell Smith to submit his editorials to him before publishing, but had refused on the ground that the act, if compulsory, argued a lack of confidence to which in self-respect he could not yield. He preferred to resign. And Mr. Roswell Smith had gracefully waived the point. On his own initiative, however, Mr. Gilder was ever ready to show his editorials and poems not only to Mr. Roswell Smith, but to other of his associates, and was always gratefully thankful for suggestions. It was the spirit of the office, as I was later to know. I speedily fell into the way of criticizing the literary work of my fellow-workers with perfect freedom, knowing that they would weigh the objections, whether good or bad, with unprejudiced minds, and with none of the sensitiveness to criticism that is not wholly unknown to the writing class.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, for twenty-eight years Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

On my asking what my own special duties would be, he replied that all the staff united in reading manuscripts, edited those that needed revision or cutting, and all read proof. In short, he added, all did whatever came to their hands. It was not very definite information, but it was all that I ever formally received. I think it was due to the bond of fellowship and the confidence that all had in one another that, on being accepted as one of them, it was taken for granted that one's

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work would be adequate. Time might prove it otherwise, but until that hour there was the *esprit de corps*.

I left Mr. Gilder at the end of our conference with the matter still in the air, but in the course of the week I received from Mr. Roswell Smith himself the offer of a position on the editorial staff. The offer was a definite engagement for fifteen months, but the company reserved for itself the right to transfer me to the dictionary, which was then just entering upon its great task of compilation, if at any time it seemed best. Of course it was perfectly clear that my own fitness or unfitness was to be the determining cause for the change, but I did not hesitate to accept. Youth is confident of itself, and I in particular have never lost the capacity to believe that to-morrow will surely bring to fruition all the hopes of to-day.

Three weeks later, on Tuesday, the sixth of July, 1885, I entered the editorial rooms of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the first time as a worker, then little dreaming that I was to live to be the "oldest inhabitant" of the department. Thirty-eight years! Yet I do not feel consciously older or in any way changed. I have, perhaps, a growing inclination to be surprised at the immaturity in appearance of the rising authors of the day, as if youthful precosity had become a national habit, and I have often been shocked by the aging faces of those whom I knew long ago and have not seen for years, and silently wonder if some secret malady has not laid its heavy hand on them; but for myself, I airily ignore time, preferring to feel that it has brought me no disability. I am still as confident of my own opinions as of old, still as boyishly delighted with literary finds, and still melancholy for days at my own errors. I can still hotly defend my own judgment as to manuscripts and pugnaciously oppose that of those holding opposite opinions, for in the matter of the magazine alone I have kept the conscience of a puritan, though other beliefs have mellowed with time. Yet whether I lose or win in the contention, my feeling of de-

Courtesy of The Christian Endeavor World

Mr. Gilder's editorial room in the old offices on Union Square

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jection or triumph is always overshadowed by regret at the momentary loss of harmony. Once, after a long series of objections to material that had been accepted, troubled, I rose from my desk and went in to Mr. Gilder's room.

"I don't want you to think, Mr. Gilder," I said, "that I am a chronic kicker. I want to agree, but I can't."

He looked up with a smile.

"That is just what I want you to do," he replied. "I want the other side, always. Besides," he added, "you and I usually agree. You must not forget that."

I had come into town from the country that first morning, and, the train being late, I did not arrive at the office until nearly ten, an unpardonable hour, I felt, for a new-comer to present himself to the gaze of his toiling co-workers-to-be. My chagrin was needless: the editorial rooms still slumbered in their dust. Relieved in mind, I went out to the main office, and introduced myself to Mr. Frank H. Scott, the treasurer of the company, as the one most vitally necessary to be assured of my coming; and presently, after a cordial reception, he returned with me to the editorial rooms, where Mr. Clarence C. Buel, the assistant editor, had now arrived.

My first impression of Mr. Buel never changed. I liked him at once, and never in all the years that we were associated together was there a jarring note in our intercourse. With a smile I recall that first interview with him as being in a way wholly typical. He always gave me the impression of being tremendously busy, and of being constantly hurried from one task that needed him to another even more pressing, and now, when presently I said that I was ready to go to work at any time, he appeared to be reminded of tasks of his own that could not wait while he set me to mine. Indeed, at that time the War Series kept him extraordinarily occupied, and I presume that he knew as little what I was to do as I myself knew. His desk was a vast litter of manuscripts, maps, and proofs, which no one else ventured to touch, but in the apparent disorder of which he found entire satisfaction. He turned to it now with the irresolute air of one confronted with a new and disturbing situation, but presently caught up the page proofs of Alice Maude Fenn's "Among the Red Roofs of Sussex," and, giving them to me with the remark that I might try my hand on them, with relief plunged at once into his own work. At a table, the bareness of which was only emphasized by its inkstand, pens, and pencils, I thereupon seated myself to my first task in the office, inwardly concerned as to what might be amiss with the proof, and whether, if anything was wrong, I should have the keenness to find it.

In truth, too, I had been impressed with the vast possibility of unending work that lay in Mr. Buel's heaped-up desk. The emptiness of my own and the thin sheaf of proof in my hands pointed too conclusively to the fact that I had not yet taken root to bring me peace of mind. But meanwhile William Carey came in—William Carey, who "made up" the magazine as a casual incident in life, but primarily (one might almost be tempted to say professionally) was, like *Kim*, "the Little Friend of all the World"; and presently, with the intuition of the needs of others that apparently never failed him, he dumped upon my bare

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An illustration by Harry Fenn for "Among the Red Roofs of Sussex"

readily as I had feared that first day.

Early the next week Mr. Roswell Smith returned to the office, and I was to meet him for the first time. Learning that I had arrived, he had taken the trouble to come back to the editorial rooms to greet me, and finding me alone, for he had come in early, he solemnly led me into Mr. Gilder's room for a quiet talk. I can now recall certain features of the interview with amusement, though I was far from feeling any at the time. I thought him a great man then, and I have never changed that opinion of him, and his imposing manner and figure awed me tremendously. It was high tide in the history of the magazine, for the War Series had made it notable, and his pride was manifest. Somewhat categorically he explained the position of every one in the editorial rooms. Mr. Gilder, he said, was of course the final arbiter of all matters relating to the magazine, and its chief literary adviser, while Mr. Johnson was his able and sympathetic assistant and the second in command. As a man of wide acquaintance with public men and affairs, Mr. Buel's attention was

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mainly directed in that channel. I do not know what he had been told of my own special fitness and attainments, but presently, after one of those pauses that marked his conversation, in which he appeared for the moment wholly mentally withdrawn, he gave me to understand that he looked to me to direct my chief attention to all matters relating to the sea and outdoor life and religion! I was thrilled with pleasure to know that he thought of the possibility of my being some day numbered among the great, and as to the sea and outdoor life I felt adequately prepared, but before the image of myself as the exponent of theological thought and movements I was mute with the horror of ignorance. Then solemnly he left me, and, glory be to the saints! I have heard nothing more of the theological side of my potential tasks to this very day!

Later in the month Mr. Gilder came in from his summer home at Marion on a flying visit of a day or two. I say "flying" advisedly. He always entered the office in the same way—in a little half-run, his head in advance of his body, his unseeing eyes apparently already busy with the tasks awaiting him, and in winter with the long black cloak that he often wore streaming behind him like wings. He wore no cloak on that first day, but a light gray suit with Norfolk jacket that would have been better fitted for the rag-bag if he had not been a poet and wholly indifferent to dress; for below the short skirt of his jacket a great triangular tear in his trousers flapped conspicuously. It was Carey who informed him of his mishap, saying unsmilingly, in that mellifluous voice of his, "Our Apollo apparently dressed hurriedly this morning, and carelessly put on his classical fig-leaf in the rear."

I was to meet the last of my future office associates two weeks later, when Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson returned from a brief holiday. Once, years later, in a newspaper interview, a young woman reporter, among other enthusiastic characterizations, spoke of him as a large-hearted viking of a man. Now, of his large-heartedness the years have brought me nothing but proof, but the viking-like aspect has never appealed to me, the vikings, to my mind, having been, in their casualness, a messy lot not unlike the bucko mates of a later age. Mr. Johnson was certainly not messy or casual. Of all the editorial force he was easily the most conservative follower of good form—good form in literature, good form in one's social relations. Indeed, in a private catechism of his own the first rule appeared to be not so much to glorify God and enjoy Him forever as to observe all the amenities of life. I always think of him as entering the office in the same way, not hurriedly, like Mr. Gilder and Mr. Buel, but leisurely; and as he passed our desks he would greet each of us with a cheerful "Good morning," never failing to mention our names with his salutation. Leisurely he would place his hat on the top of his desk, leisurely seat himself, leisurely take off his glasses and polish them. These formulæ over, he would glance through his mail, leaning forward to peer at the superscriptions, and arranging the letters in neat piles. Then he would be ready for work. Of the usual manner of his departure only the waiting janitor, I fancy, could tell; for however late I stayed, and lingering at my desk at the end of the day was rarely a foible of mine, he would still

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be poring over his tasks in the deserted room, apparently oblivious of time.

Before going to the office I had thought vaguely that it would somehow be not unlike a school, in which one would be assigned tasks, with more or less explicit directions for each. Of course nothing of the kind occurred. I had been told by Mr. Gilder that all read manuscripts and proof, and very naturally it came about that every morning the great mass of poems that came in with the general mail was placed upon my desk for the first reading. Prose articles and stories were sent to Mrs. Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, and on their return from her, with criticisms attached to each, these also came to my desk. In addition, special articles sent personally to the editors were usually given to me for a first reading. Thus for year after year I read nearly every manuscript that came to the office and sifted the wheat from the chaff. Though, naturally, I was told that, for courtesy's sake, old contributors and well known writers were not to be dismissed with mere forms of rejection, I never received any definite rules as to what I was to consider available: it was taken for granted that I knew. Of course the great body of material was hopeless, and this I returned without question, but when in doubt, I made a report and sent the manuscript on to one or another of the editors. But I have always despised the dictum, "I know what I like," and I religiously gave my reasons for liking or disliking such manuscripts—reasons that I felt to be fundamental. To "know what one likes" is too often merely personal eccentricity, or lack of appreciation or understanding of certain phases of life, though to many they may have vast interest.

But one cannot give reasons for liking or disliking a manuscript without reading it, or, if one is conscientious, return it by merely glancing at the unfavorable report of another reader. In consequence, I read all manuscripts, and, that I might bring an unprejudiced mind to the task, read them before looking at previous criticisms. I rarely read manuscripts to-day, but so long as I did, I never lost hope of finding the gold nugget in the dump I pored over. I early came to know all the traps that authors who suspect that their offerings are not read set to catch unwary editors, and at first took a boyish delight in placing my mark upon the discovered devices, ringing with a blue pencil the bits of paste that had held the edges of two pages together, or lightly pasting down the threads that would be found between other pages. It seemed to me then highly humorous. But, for all my searching, it was nearly a year before I came upon what was, I think, my first great "find" in the way of a story—"The Two Runaways," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, and began my long and delightful acquaintance with *Major Crawford Worthington* and *Isam*. I could not have been more delighted if I myself had written the tale. And it might so easily have been rejected, for the report of the first reader was distinctly unfavorable!

That my own judgment might be merely a personal eccentricity once led to an unhappy ending. One afternoon about twenty years ago Mr. Scott, the president of the company, sent in to me a sea-story by an unknown writer, asking me, as one familiar with the sea, to read it at my leisure. It had been

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man who not only knew how to write, but knew what he was writing about, for every line bespoke the sailor. Furthermore, I said, the company could not afford to lose it; I was emphatic about that.

Idly turning the pages, the president asked me if I thought it would sell. I said that I did not know, and, personally, I did not care, but the day would come when any publishing house would be proud to have that author's name on its list. I gave a synopsis of the story, but added that any synopsis must be unfair; from it no one could judge the beauty and accuracy of the work, the strong characterizations and local color.

"Well," said Mr. Scott, "you like the sea; many readers do not," and the very reason that had led him to send the story to me in the first place now seemed to his mind an excellent reason for rejecting my judgment in the end. At any rate, the story was returned, and a few months later was published by another house. On the strength of my ill starred judgment, however, I have long been proud to consider myself the first lover of Conrad in America; for the book was his "Typhoon."

THE CENTURY early gained the reputation of being peculiarly hospitable to unknown writers and of having been happy in its discoveries. The day a new light appeared was always a red-letter day. The tradition gave the magazine a certain standing among writers that was of incalculable value in widening the hopeful stream of literary endeavor that constantly flowed through the editorial rooms. The unknown aspirant felt that within its precincts he stood a peer among those who had already won recognition.

There is a side of the question that must not be overlooked: genius, even moderate talent, does not raise its head in a magazine office every day, though modern editorial "blurbs" may appear to judge otherwise; but fairly good workmanship and passably novel situations frequently arrive. As a matter of course, the majority of these come from writers who through long experience have somewhere already gained a hearing. Stories of this sort naturally leave the editor's judgment "on the fence." He may take them in the end because nothing better appears, for he is constantly in need of stories, and the known names signed to them may be deciding factors. Yet even here I think there is reason for hesitation; for I firmly believe that the merely passable story by an author who at a former time has delighted a reader is more disappointing to the reader than one of like quality by a writer whose name the reader has never heard. In the first case the reader's disappointment reacts against the magazine that has given him what he thinks to be inferior work; in the second he has no such resentment simply because he has had no special expectation.

(The end of the third part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

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Where Is Industrialism Going?

By Bertrand Russell

The indispensable conditions for the existence of industrialism in a community may be said to be: large organizations of workers engaged upon a common task; willingness in the directors of industry to forego present goods for future profit, an orderly and stable government, skilled workers, and scientific knowledge. Assuming that the conditions for the growth of industrialism exist, I want, in this paper to inquire what effects its growth is likely to have if it is not counterbalanced by other tendencies.

Industrialism does not consist merely in large undertakings requiring a great number of workmen. The building of the pyramids was a vast undertaking, but was not industrial. The essence of industrialism is the employment of elaborate machinery and other means, such as railways, of diminishing the total labor of production. All the characteristics of industrialism are exemplified by the substitution of a bridge for a ferry, in spite of the fact that bridges existed before the industrial era. If a small number of men wish to cross a river, less labor is involved in taking them across in a boat than in building a bridge. But when very many wish to cross, the bridge involves an economy of labor, in spite of the fact that it is a much more serious matter to make a bridge than to make a boat. It is obvious, also, that the building of a bridge, except for military purposes, depends upon the expected preservation of some degree of law and order, both because a bridge is easily destroyed and because, in very unsettled times, no one can spare energy or thought for objects of which the advantage is in a more or less distant future.

The essence of industrialism is the expenditure of much joint labor upon things that are not themselves consumable commodities, but merely means to the production of other things that are consumable. From this fundamental quality all the other characteristics of industrialism follow.

§ 2

The first thing to notice is that industrialism makes a society more organic, in the same sense in which the human body, which is a collection of cells, is more organic than a crowd of protozoa each consisting of a single cell. Each of the protozoa is capable of all the functions required for keeping alive; it does not need help from the others, and it does not die because they die. The cells composing the human body have no such independence; they have different functions, all necessary or at least useful for the life of the whole, and when any of the organs that perform vital functions are destroyed, the rest perish. The eyes can only see, the ears can only hear, and so on; an eye or an ear

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severed from the rest of the body cannot do what is necessary to keep alive, as the protozoa can. In this sacrifice of independence to coöperation there is both loss and gain. There is loss in the fact that the whole assemblage of cells can be killed by one vital wound, and that, therefore, a human body has a more precarious life than a crowd of protozoa. But there is gain in the fact that by specializing the several organs become capable of doing work that no number of protozoa could do, and that the life of a human body is thus enriched and its responsiveness to its environment enormously enhanced. Exactly parallel differences exist between an industrial and an unindustrial society.

In a primitive pastoral or agricultural community, each family produces all that is needed for its own subsistence. The happiness of such a family has been depicted by Pope in the poem beginning:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound."

But it may be doubted whether Pope would really have liked this state of affairs, since it would not have enabled a man to live by the sale of his verses. A society that allows such specialization is already on the road to industrialism.

In an industrial community no man is self-subsistent; each man takes part in a process that produces a great deal of some commodity or of some machine for making commodities, but no man produces the whole variety of commodities necessary for preserving life. Hence, trading or, at any rate, some form of exchange of products is absolutely necessary to survival wherever industry exists. The man engaged in a factory has to be fed and clothed by the labor of others and cannot even produce what is made in the factory without the machinery and the coöperation of the other workers. He has ceased altogether to be an economically independent unit. The capitalist is at least equally dependent: if men would not work for him, he would starve. Agriculture, as it becomes more scientific, shares, though to a lesser degree, in the tendencies of industry, as in the large-scale farming of the United States: it requires manures and machines that cannot be produced on the spot, but are often brought from great distances. Thus the whole community becomes knit together, so that the life of each depends upon the life of all.

Like the human body, an industrial society has its vital organs, the destruction of which paralyzes the whole organism. This becomes increasingly true as industry becomes more advanced and scientific. The destruction of a power-station may cause all the factories, trams, lights, and electric trains of a district to cease working. This is merely an example of the universal law that what is more highly organized is more sensitive. It follows that lawlessness and destructiveness can do far more harm in an industrial community than they can where the methods of production are more primitive.

§ 3

As society grows more organic, it is inevitable that government acquires more importance. The acts of individuals have more and more far-reaching effects upon others, and therefore require to be more and more controlled in the interests of the

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community. Hence a diminution of individual liberty and of what may be called the anarchic side of life, that is, the side in which a man merely follows his own whims. If this side of life is to be in any degree preserved under industrialism, special measures will have to be taken to that end.

Against the loss of liberty due to increase of government and organization, there is to be set a gain of liberty owing to the fact that the necessaries of life can be produced with less labor than in a pre-industrial society. The desires of an individual are subject to two kinds of restraint, namely, those due to the community and those due to material conditions. Industrialism, while it tends to increase the former, greatly diminishes the latter. The restraints imposed by material conditions are primarily those involved in warding off death. Most animals, owing to lack of foresight, die by starvation. Most human beings, owing to their possession of some slight degree of foresight, succeed in avoiding this form of death. But in a pre-industrial society they only succeed, unless they belong to the rich minority, by working hard almost all their lives in the production of food and other necessaries. This work is in itself often irksome from its excessive amount, and is a complete obstacle to the realization of all desires for knowledge, beauty, or enjoyment. Such desires, where industry is undeveloped, can only be indulged by the fortunate few, kings, priests, and nobles. But under industrialism the production of necessaries requires only a small part of the energies of the community, all the rest being set free for the production of either leisure or luxuries, including among luxuries education, science, literature, art, and warfare. Thus man is rendered freer by industrialism, since his bondage to nature is diminished; but each separate man may not be freer, since there is an increase in the pressure of the community upon the individual.

By diminishing man's bondage to nature, industrialism has rendered physically possible many things of great value which were only very partially possible in earlier stages. The mere business of keeping alive is shared by man with the lower animals, and does not raise him above their level in any important respect. What raises him above the level of the animals is his mental capacity, which has brought with it desires that are not merely material. When men are liberated from the pressure of the struggle to obtain food, they do not all sink into sloth and idleness; some remain active, but in the pursuit of knowledge or art or some other purely mental object. It is the work of these men that sheds luster on mankind as a whole. To have lived a certain number of years, consumed a certain amount of food, begotten a certain number of children similar to oneself, and then died, is not the utmost of which men are capable; yet, owing to the scant productivity of labor, it was, until lately, all that most men could hope to achieve. Now, so far as physical conditions are concerned, better possibilities exist; education and sufficient leisure could, if we chose, exist throughout the whole community, and the business of keeping alive could become an easy and unimportant part of our daily occupation.

What is called civilization may be defined as the pursuit of objects not biologically necessary for survival.

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It first arose through the introduction of agriculture in the fertile deltas of great rivers, more particularly in Egypt and Babylonia. Everywhere else primitive agriculture exhausts the soil and compels frequent migrations, but this was not the case in the deltas. Here the surplus food produced by one man's labor above one man's needs was sufficient to make possible the creation of a small leisure class, and it was this small leisure class that invented writing, architecture, mathematics, astronomy, and other arts essential to all subsequent civilization. Although the class that could share in civilized pursuits increased with the improvement of agriculture and the growth of commerce, it remained unavoidably small, because labor was still not sufficiently productive to create the necessaries of life except by the whole work of most of the community. Now, though the arts and sciences remain a prerogative of the few, there is no good reason why this should be the case; it would be possible for every man and woman to have as great a share of them as he or she might desire. If every man and woman worked for four hours a day at necessary work, we could all have enough; and the leisure remaining after four hours' work is amply sufficient for even the most intensive cultivation of science or art. This fact has destroyed the only strong argument that ever existed for an oligarchic organization of society, whether economic or political, and has made it almost inevitable that, if industrialism continues without disaster, its ultimate form must be socialism, which alone avoids inequalities for which the former reason no longer exists.

The desire to diffuse civilization has, it is true, played only a very small part hitherto in the development of industrialism, and it is perhaps hardly to be hoped that it will play a great part until after the establishment of socialism. There has, however, been a very considerable diffusion of civilization in industrial countries, owing to the operation of motives that were mainly economic. A man who has some education is a more efficient worker than one who can neither read nor write; hence all industrial countries have adopted universal compulsory education. This would scarcely have been possible without industrialism, since the time of teachers and pupils could not easily have been spared from more immediately necessary work. With the coming of industrialism and the complicated processes that it introduces, universal education becomes both more possible and more obviously necessary; increase of education may therefore be taken as one of the inherent tendencies of industrialism.

§ 4

With universal education come other things of great importance. The first of these is political democracy, which is scarcely possible where the working-class is uneducated, and scarcely avoidable where it is educated. By democracy I do not necessarily mean a parliamentary régime; the soviet system, as originally conceived, would have been quite compatible with democracy. What I mean by democracy is a system under which all ordinary men and women participate equally in fundamental political power, though exceptional people may be excluded for special reasons, such as

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endeavoring to upset by force the government desired by the majority. Interpreted in this wide sense, political democracy seems to be the system of government natural to an advanced industrial community, except in times of special stress, such as revolution or war.

Industrialism, as we have seen, diminishes the freedom of the individual in relation to the community, but increases the freedom of the community in relation to nature. That is to say, the actions of the individual, at any rate in the economic part of his life, become increasingly controlled by the actions of the community, or by some large organization such as a trust; but the actions of the community become less and less controlled by the primitive necessity of keeping alive. Hence individual passions, such as those which produce art and romance, tend to die out, while collective passions, such as those which produce war, sanitation, and elementary education, are liberated and strengthened. Each of these deserves separate consideration.

The decay of individual passions brings with it, first of all, a diminution of individuality. In a thoroughly industrialized community, such as the United States, there is little appreciable difference between one person and another; eccentricity is hated, and every man and woman endeavors to be as like his or her neighbors as possible. Their clothes, their houses, their household utensils, are all produced to standard pattern by the million, without any of those individual differences that characterize the products of handicrafts. And it seems that the men and women wish to assimilate themselves to the articles they use by forcing upon themselves the sameness of manufactured articles, as though the Creator himself had adopted industrial methods and were producing men and women wholesale with the very latest machinery warranted to make each specimen up to sample.

In such an atmosphere, art and romance and individual affection cannot flourish, since they involve preservation of individuality in oneself and recognition of it in others. There are other reasons, also, why such things decay under industrialism as it has been practised hitherto, but there is one point connected with the decay of romance that belongs to our present topic. The instinct for romance, when it is denied an outlet in one's own life, seeks, as instincts will, a vicarious satisfaction in imagination. Hence the passion for sensational stories, melodramas, and murder cases. A lunatic who kills his wife with every circumstance of horror is a public benefactor: into a thousand tame and listless lives he introduces the imaginative satisfaction of fierce passion. Every detail in the newspapers is eagerly devoured by men who dare not, in their own conduct, depart a hair's-breadth from respectable rectitude, for fear of losing their jobs. At the outbreak of war the delight of many of those who expect to be non-combatants has the same source: the gladiatorial show relieves the deadly monotony of the office or the factory even better than a foot-ball match or a horse-race. And in spite of all knowledge to the contrary, non-combatants persist in imagining modern war on the Homeric pattern, as an affair of individual bravery and initiative; for the dreary mechanistic mass-action

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that constitutes the actual operations affords no outlet to the starved instinct for individual romance. This same boredom and desire for excitement does much to increase the fierceness of revolutionary movements and to produce the preference for revolution as against more gradual and less sensational methods.

§ 5

One of the most important effects of industrialism is the break-up of the family resulting from the employment of women. The employment of women has two effects: on the one hand it makes them economically independent of men, so that they cease to be subject to husbands; on the other hand it makes it difficult for them to bring up their children themselves. The tradition of the monogamic family is so strong in all the chief industrial countries that the effect of industrialism on the family has taken a long time to show itself. Even now it has hardly begun in America, where Christianity is still not uncommon; but throughout Europe the process of disintegration, which had already begun, has been enormously accelerated by the war, owing to the ease with which women found employment in government offices, in munition works, or on the land. Experience has shown that the average woman will not submit to the restraints of the old-fashioned marriage or remain faithful to one man when she can be economically independent. For the moment the restraints and concealments imposed by the upholders of traditional morality have somewhat obscured the extent of the change thus brought about. But the change will grow greater with time, since it belongs to the inherent tendencies of industrialism. In a pre-industrial community, rich men held their wives as property, while poor men made them coöperators in their work. Peasant women do much of the hard work of agriculture, and working-class women have hitherto had their time fully taken up with household work and the rearing of children. In this way, whether in town or country, the family formed an economic unit.

But when the woman goes out to industrial work like her husband, and the children spend most of their day at school, the economic tie between husband and wife is enormously weakened. It is probable that with the growth of industrialism the practice of eating in public eating-houses will increase and housework will be reduced to a minimum. The children will have first their midday meal, and then all meals, at school; thus the peculiar work that has hitherto been done by wives will grow less and less. Under these circumstances, marriage, as it has existed since men took to agriculture, is likely to come to an end. Women will prefer to preserve their independence and will not rely upon the precarious bounty of an individual man. They will share their children with the state rather than with a husband, not invariably, but in a continually increasing proportion of instances. I am not concerned to argue whether this change is desirable or undesirable; I say only that it belongs to the inherent tendencies of industrialism, and must be brought about by the continuance of industrialism unless counteracted by some very potent force. It has, of course, the effect, always characteristic of large-

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scale industry, of increasing the pressure of the community upon the individual. The family has been hitherto a refuge of privacy, where it was possible to escape from the state, and even, to a certain extent, from public opinion. A man with unusual tastes or opinions could bring up his children with a view to their sharing his peculiarities; but this must cease when the state takes over the education of children and, as it must ultimately do, the whole economic burden of their maintenance. Thus the break-up of the family must increase the tendency of uniformity throughout the population, and weaken all those individual traits which cannot grow or flourish in a life lived wholly in public.

§ 6

Religion, in its traditional form, appears to be difficult to combine with industrialism, although it is by no means obvious why this should be the case. Of course the successful capitalists remain religious, partly because they have every reason to thank God for their blessings, and partly because religion is a conservative force, tending to repress the rebelliousness of wage-earners. But industrial wage-earners everywhere tend to lose their religious beliefs. I think this is partly for the merely accidental reason that the teachers of religion derive their incomes either from endowments or from the bounty of the rich, and therefore often take the side of the rich and represent religion itself as being on this side. But this cannot be the sole reason, since, if it were, wage-earners would invent democratic variants of the traditional religion, as was done by the English independents in the seventeenth century and by the peasants who revolted against agrarian oppression in the Middle Ages and in the time of Luther. It is singularly easy to adapt Christianity to the needs of the poor, since it is only necessary to revert to the teachings of Christ. Yet that is not the course that industrial populations take; on the contrary, they tend everywhere to atheism and materialism. Their rebellion against traditional religion must, therefore, have some deeper cause than the mere accidents of present-day politics.

The chief reason is, I believe, that the welfare of industrial wage-earners is more dependent upon human agency and less upon natural causes than is the case with people whose manner of life is more primitive. People who depend upon the weather are always apt to be religious, because the weather is capricious and non-human and is therefore regarded as of divine origin. On the rock-bound coast of Brittany, where Atlantic storms make seafaring a constant and imminent peril, the fishermen are more religious than any other population of Europe: churches crowd the coast, particularly its most dangerous portions, while every headland has its Calvary, with the lofty crucifix so placed as to be visible many miles out to sea. While the fisherman is at sea, he and his wife pray for his safe return; as soon as he lands, his relief finds expression in drunkenness. A life of this kind, exposed constantly to non-human dangers, is the most favorable to traditional religion. Indeed, the whole of traditional religion may be regarded as an attempt to mitigate the terror inspired by destructive natural forces. Sir J. G. Frazer, in his "Golden Bough," has shown that most of the elements in

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Christianity are derived from worship of the spirit of vegetation, the religion invented in the infancy of agriculture to insure the fertility of the soil. Harvest Thanksgiving, prayers for rain or fair weather, and so on illustrate what has been really vital in religion. To the peasant fertility and famine are sent by God, and religious rites exist to secure the one and avert the other.

The industrial worker is not dependent upon the weather or the seasons, except in a very minor degree. The causes which make his prosperity or misfortune seem to him, in the main, to be purely human and easily ascertainable. It is true that natural causes affect him, but they are not such as we are accustomed to attribute to supernatural agency. God may send rain in answer to prayer, because the need of rain was felt while religion was still young and creative. But although a population may be ruined by the exhaustion of its coal-fields, no one supposes that God would create new seams however earnestly the miners were to pray. Petroleum may bring prosperity, but if Moses had brought petroleum out of the rock instead of water, we should have regarded the occurrence as a fact of geology, not as a miracle. The fact is that religion is no longer sufficiently vital to take hold of anything new; it was formed long ago to suit certain ancient needs, and has subsisted by the force of tradition, but is no longer able to assimilate anything that cannot be viewed traditionally. Hence the alteration of daily habits and interests resulting from industrialism has proved fatal to the religious outlook, which has grown dim even among those who have not explicitly rejected it. This is, I believe, the fundamental reason for the decay of religion in modern communities. The lessened vitality of religion, which has made it unable to survive new conditions, is in the main attributable to science.

§ 7

There is one other tendency which has hitherto been very strong in industrialism, but which, I believe, might cease to characterize industry under socialism; I mean the tendency to value things for their uses rather than for their intrinsic worth. The essence of industrialism, as we saw, is an extension of the practice of making tools. In an industrial community the great majority of the population are not making consumable commodities, but only machines and appliances by means of which others can make consumable commodities. This leads men to become utilitarian rather than artistic, since their product has not in itself any direct human value. The man who makes a railway is regarded as more important than the man who visits his friends by traveling on it, although the purpose of the railway is to be traveled on. The man who reads a book is thought to be wasting his time, whereas the man who makes the paper, the man who sets the type, the man who does the binding, and the librarian who catalogues it are all regarded as performing valuable functions. The journey from means to end is so long, and the distinctive merits of industrialism are so exclusively concerned with means, that people lose sight of the end altogether and come to think more production the only thing that is of importance. Quantity is valued more

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than quality, and mechanism more than its uses.

This reason, as well as the one previously mentioned, accounts for the decay of art and romance under industrialism. But the utilitarian tendency of industrialized thought goes deeper than the decay of art and romance; it upsets men's dreams of a better world, and their whole conception of the springs of action. It has come to be thought that the important part of a man's life is the economic part, because this is the part concerned with production and utilities. It is true that, at present, the economic part needs our thought, because it is diseased; just as, when a man's leg is broken, it is temporarily the most important part of his body. But when it is healed and he can walk on it, he forgets about it. So it ought to be with the economic part of life; we ought to be able to use it without having to think of it all day long. The bodily needs of all could be supplied as a matter of course by means of a few hours of daily labor on the part of every man and woman in the community. But it should be the remaining hours that would be regarded as important—hours that could be devoted to enjoyment or art or study, to affection and woodlands and sunshine in green fields. The mechanistic utopian is unable to value these things: he sees in his dreams a world where goods are produced more and more easily and are distributed with impartial justice to workers too tired and bored to know how to enjoy them. What men are to do with leisure he neither knows nor cares; presumably they are to sleep till the time for work comes round again.

This utilitarianizing of men's outlook is, I believe, not inseparable from industrialism, but due to the fact that its growth has been dominated by commercialism and competition. A socialistic industry could be the servant, not the master, of the community; this is one fundamental reason for preferring socialism to capitalism. I wish to warn the advocates of economic reconstruction against the danger of adopting the vices of their opponents by regarding man as a tool for producing goods rather than goods as a subordinate necessity for liberating the non-material side of human life. Man's true life does not consist in the business of filling his belly and clothing his body, but in art and thought and love, in the creation and contemplation of beauty, and in the scientific understanding of the world. If the world is to be regenerated, it is in these things, not only in material goods, that all must be enabled to participate.

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Mary Austin

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The American Rhythm

Mary Austin: Discoverer and Prophet

By Carl Van Doren

Drawing by Harry Turner

THE cultures of an older world come to America as pioneers cross the mountains and the prairies: they leave behind them, that is, many possessions which seemed too heavy to be carried along and many which were light enough to be overlooked. But when they have established themselves in the new region they begin to miss most of the things they could or did not bring and if they prosper they undertake to create them or to import them. Creation and importation henceforth run a perennial race. For the most part, the necessities have been invented and made at home, the luxuries brought in from lands more ancient and more adroit. From England have come the modes of play and sport, from Germany scholarship and music, from France painting and sculpture and fashions in dress. The arts, with philosophy, have thus in the United States rarely been quite indigenous. Something of Europe or Asia clings to them. Nor does this mean merely that the forms of art, such as the Greek temple, the oratorio, the sonnet, the nude statue, the learned monograph, are here employed without great variation from their alien originals; it means also that the ways of looking at life and the methods of expressing the significance of it in some durable idiom, are affected by the alien language in which the artist ordinarily speaks. It is as if a man should make love in a tongue not wholly native to him and so should be betrayed into seeming less passionate, less direct, less convincing than if he spoke in words which not only had been on his lips from infancy, but which had also through previous generations been ingrained in the stuff of his being. As a consequence much of the finest American thought and feeling has been uttered in a dialect which is almost mandarin in its remoteness from the customary speech of the nation, and the vernacular in philosophy, architecture, literature, and the fine arts has busied itself with minor concerns or at least with concerns which have been so little regarded that they have grown up with little discipline or guidance. Sound speculative treatises go unread while the wisdom of the people shapes itself into rough popular humor; serious builders worry over respectable cathedrals while office buildings thrust their heads into the sky with an unattended beauty; between academic odes and negro folk-songs there is a hollow chasm. No small part of the strength of innovators has been spent in trying to bridge this chasm. Yet the best

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William James, for instance, could do was to shape a more or less coherent logic for the American gospel of workability; the best Walt Whitman could do was to graft the dithyramb upon the stump speech; the best Edward MacDowell could do was to weld Indian themes into a symphony. Somewhere back of these divergences is there not some common ground for the American philosopher or artist to stand upon?

§ 2

The work of Mary Austin has been to discover that common ground and to prophesy its uses. Born in the Middle West, now apparently the center of the nation's greatest energy, she lived her maturing years in a kind of desert isolation in California. There she had her vision, there she found what she felt to be her place in the cosmic scheme. "For all the toll the desert takes of a man," she wrote in her first book, "it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpitant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky, they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls." During this period in the desert, too, Mrs. Austin arrived at her conceptions of those human matters which have interested her: religion, art, love, character, society. In that simple universe, where she came to seem a kind of prophet to the simple people who lived around her, she watched the procession of birth, love, hate, aspiration, death, and the marching seasons. The first philosophers she knew were silent men innocent of sophistication; the first poets she knew were Indians whose songs had in them nothing of the divided art of white America. She endured hardships, she tasted immense bitterness, she healed herself with thought. The mark of the desert has never quite left her. It appears in the profound calm of her temper, in the large dimensions of her ideas, in her neglect of all that does not go to the roots of some matter or other, in her oracular habit of communication. Interpreting the desert to a more complicated world, she interprets that world to itself. By the desert she takes her measure of existence.

And yet, unlike most American writers with some chosen province from which to scan the others, Mrs. Austin has steadily refused to settle down and wear out her material by exploiting it. When, twenty years ago, she published "The Land of Little Rain," an older mood of romance was warring with the new mood of naturalism. Yielding herself to neither, she in a sense laid hold on both. Rich as the magic was with which she invested that dry land, she looked at it with singularly level eyes, relying upon history and science in her account and celebrating the human nature of the desert with an eloquence which somehow managed to be analytical. But though she won a prompt success with her report of the locality

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which she had discovered for literature, she seems seldom to have been tempted to repeat herself. Each new book has been notably unlike its predecessor. For this reason, if for no other, she has lacked the particular kind of reputation which is won by a continued strumming upon one note. Even if she had wanted to, she could probably never have achieved a strategic monotony. What she has written has been essentially the record of her growth, the growth of a deep and powerful spirit which has lived by extending its inquiries and its experiences. If now and then during her career she has found her record, as written in her books and delivered in her speeches, becoming less generally listened to than at other times, she has done little about it, but has gone confidently on. "Once in every seven years," she says, "New York discovers me." There is something characteristic in the amused egotism of her remark; there is something significant in the fact at which she hints. After all she has lived her life as close to the groundswell of the nation as she could get. No wonder that it should, by some rhythmic rise and fall, bring her occasionally to the surface of the national consciousness and then let her sink back again during another quiet interval.

Though the range of her concerns has been great, they fall under a few large heads. She has studied landscape and climate, with their human consequences, in "The Land of Little Rain," "The Flock," and "Lost Borders." She has studied the plight of genius, of the individual by some gift made incapable of conformity to an environment, in "A Woman of Genius," "The Arrow-Maker," "The Man Jesus." She has specifically studied the nature of love in "Love and the Soul-Maker," the position of women in "The Young Woman Citizen," the basis of national art in "The American Rhythm." She has made herself an expert, for all practical literary purposes, in Amerindian lore, and has in countless papers and addresses turned her grave scrutiny upon religion, sex, ethics, communal life, handicrafts, history, anthropology. In none of her concerns, however, is she far removed from any other. Her conception of landscape and climate touches all she writes. "A Woman of Genius" and "The Arrow-Maker" are, though works of art, none the less documents upon the struggle of women to lead, like men, lives not wholly circumscribed by their biological functions. The Jesus of her interpretation is a genius, taught by the desert, who goes to his mission and his fate among the people of towns who destroy him because his reverence to them seems blasphemy, so far are they strangers to habits of direct vision such as his. All that Mrs. Austin writes is interwoven, for she has, it appears, no tight compartments in her mind. The whole stream of her experience and reflection has passed through her and, no matter what the theme at any moment, has taken the color of her spirit.

§ 3

Her eminence arises from the abundance of that spirit. No one can estimate it properly who has not heard her speak. Some hearers she alienates by a forthright and unblinking candor which suggests egotism; some by the occasional looseness of her technical knowledge and the bold

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hand with which she uses it to draw bold general conclusions; some by the irony which is almost her only form of humor. Yet these are but outward qualities. Those of her hearers who can disregard them find themselves listening to words which have the authority of something curiously first-hand. She speaks as if she had just come back from the desert with fresh truth. But the desert from which she has come is not in California; it is in the clear country of the mind. The temptation is to say that the region lies deeper: in the soul, perhaps, or in the memory of the race. Yet a hearer who is chary of such terms may still admit that as she speaks he finds himself responding out of deeps in his own spirit. As if she were a sybil in a cave, he is aware of profound vibrations accompanying her voice. From every sentence rings of thought are thrown off, widening out till they are lost again beyond the reach of common speculation.

Yet, as with all oracles, it will not do to examine the spell of such a moment too crabbedly, or to try to repeat in ordinary prose what Mrs. Austin has just said. Other mystics have had most of her revelations, and not one of them has ever been able to prove to a really courageous or to a merely flippant skeptic that a given revelation must be trusted. This All into which they testify to having felt that they were merged—it is as much an hypothesis as an experience. So too with the stream of life which mystics feel when they turn to more purely human matters. Is it actually a kind of river on which the millions of individual beings are borne from birth to death, and perhaps to other births and other deaths; or is it merely a stupendous array of parallel lines, a line to a life, no one touching another, without the interfusions and cohesions which are ordinarily assumed? Nothing in human knowledge can answer such a question overwhelmingly. Mrs. Austin, however, starts with the primary assumptions of a God, or Allness, and of a life-stream, and she sees all existence under the light of these assumptions. Doubt them, or fail to feel them, and you may wonder that she should be so impressive as she is. It is at this point that she comes into conflict with the brasher intellectuals, who will not share her long views. To such of her critics she seems solemn if not pompous; to her they seem thin and ephemeral intelligences playing with fragmentary toys. Rarely enough have prophets spoken the language of the people they came to serve.

As a prophet, however, Mrs. Austin must be judged. She stands in this respect even the vulgar test of being asked which of her prophecies have come true. A decade before the newer forms of verse came into fashion, she had forecast them and practised them, deriving her methods from those of the primitive Americans near whom she lived. Her interpretations of various movements of opinion and sentiment about religion, the status of women, the forms of society, have been delivered in instance after instance so early as to have, apparently, an element of prophecy in them. And in the less vulgar aspects of her calling she has always had more than a little, and often much, of the seer's technic. Without it she could never have cut, as she has done, through the surface of appearances to the reality beneath. Thanks to the long views

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which she takes, and which are the best signs of a prophet, she has not fallen fatally into any mere habits of thought or feeling. Over that stream of life upon which she incessantly broods, she sees that thickening crusts of habit are forever being formed. Prophets and men of science have from time to time detected, or thought they detected, some tendency, some pattern in the stream. Once accepted, these guesses have been turned by the common faith into substantial dogmas, able to survive long after the tendency has veered, the pattern shifted by reason of new circumstances. Then, Mrs. Austin knows, it is for new prophets and men of science to announce new guesses, even though they thereby risk the club, the stake, excommunication, exile. That she is of the breed of prophets should appear, to contemporaries who cannot measure her by the test of fulfilment, from her preoccupation with the changing current. Let any dogmatist stand where he will upon whatever stiff crust of prejudice, and if he talks with Mrs. Austin he will catch some sound of the stream stirring beneath his feet. Let him watch her career, and he will see how often she has been one of the first to point out that here or there the pattern was breaking up.

§ 4

Any discussion of Mrs. Austin's achievement tends irresistibly to turn rather to her prophecy than to her art, as it tends to turn rather to her whole intentions than to her specific triumphs. No one of her books more than partially represents her. Her verse, for example, sounds slight by comparison with her searching plea for a native poetry that shall not content itself with the deft adaptation of this or that imported, sophisticated mode, but shall go down within the nation till it reaches the basic rhythms, the stroke of the paddle or of the ax, the curves of the landscape, the sequence of the weather and the crops. This indeed she admits: "mine," she says, "is not a singing gift." Nor does she succeed entirely in more dramatic undertakings. "The Arrow-Maker" has a theme to which Mrs. Austin has given as much thought and passion as to any other among the many which have engaged her: the conflict in a woman between the special endowment which parts her from her kind and the universal instinct which draws her back to the customary life of love and child-bearing. The setting of the play, among the Indians of the Southwest, is one of which Mrs. Austin has a masterly knowledge, as she has also of the tribal customs which give color to the action. Yet as a drama "The Arrow-Maker" does less than justice to theme or setting. Except for a few splendid moments, it does not move with the true, cruel rush of tragedy; though the language is high and pure, it lacks something of the authentic breath of human speech. On the whole Mrs. Austin is at her best when she is nearer to exposition or criticism than to invention or creation. To be explicit, she nowhere else quite equals the success she reaches in those lovely, luminous documents on the Southwest, "The Land of Little Rain," "The Flock," "Lost Borders," and the forthcoming volume in which she will return to that territory, "The Land of Journeys' Ending." To put it very broadly, she is much less than herself unless both her knowledge and her passion

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are so enlisted that they can be in something like equipoise.

What talent is it that is withheld from a writer like Mrs. Austin and is given to a writer like, say, H. G. Wells, who hardly knows as much or feels as profoundly as she does, yet who has twice the capacity for pouring himself into effective forms of art? Perhaps it is the talent for strategic ignorance, which she lacks as well as strategic monotony. Men and Wellses have the advantage over angels and Mrs. Austins that they rush in unafraid, no matter what the peril. Art, after all, is action, not reflection. The artist must strike, must put himself behind the blow, without too much weighing of the consequences, whether to himself or to abstract truth. Let it not appear that Mrs. Austin is always accurate or ever timid. But she has a spacious mind, with many inlets. Within it she revolves and broods, turning over all the sciences, building up huge structures of doctrine, constantly shaping the universe in reasonable forms. Then when she comes to utter what has taken shape within her, she hesitates. Or if she does not consciously hesitate, she is nevertheless held back by the weight of her speculations. So much as she has assembled cannot crowd with impetuous haste through the outlet of her art. Perhaps, however, it is wiser not to give much credit to ignorance, strategic or otherwise. It may be that what Mrs. Austin lacks is the ability to focus her diffused powers and interests, however great, within a necessarily narrow field. The farsighted sometimes fumble when they try to do neat tasks near at hand.

"Geese." Woodcut by Sabine Licht-Graef

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Sackcloth and Cymbals

Is the World About to Enter an Era of Fun?

By Glenn Frank

It may be that the most serious need of the human race just now is comic relief. At any rate, H. G. Wells has ventured the confident guess that the world is about to trade its sackcloth for cymbals and enter an era of humor. He predicts that "between now and 1940 or 1960, when the nations will be tested by their next bloody tragedy, they will look chiefly for fun." The notion of a carnival mood settling down over Europe with its paralyzing fears, its quivering insecurity, and its contagious unrest sounds paradoxical at least. How can a continent with so much unfinished business on hand afford to take a day off? How can Job turn jester while his boils last? Clearly here is a forecast that invites closer examination.

Ten years ago the prophet did not have the ready-made audience he finds to-day, for then men still believed in the myth of automatic progress. But to-day, the smiling optimist speaks to empty benches. And all the social, economic, and political astrologers find their ante-rooms crowded with eager throngs begging for any clear glimpse into the future that is to be had. Three representative forecasts come readily to mind.

Dean Inge foresees the possibility of a new Dark Age. "We are," he says, "witnessing the suicide of a social order, and our descendants will marvel at our madness." He gravely asserts that he does not consider himself specially fortunate in having been born in 1860 and that he looks forward with great anxiety to the journey through life which his children will have to make. And the gloomy Dean is but the director of a vast chorus of despair. His generalizations are confirmed by an increasing throng of specialists. Biologists say he is right; that the human species is biologically deteriorating. Psychologists say he is right; that the mind of the world is becoming the unstable, credulous, irrational, simple, and immoral mind of the mob. Economists say that he is right; that the economic machine is running down, that our industrial civilization is breaking down under its own weight. Administrators say he is right; that our cities, our states, and our empires have outgrown our ability to administer them, that the administrative capacity of mankind has been over-taxed, that the human race resembles nothing as much as a nervous spinster weakly clutching at the reins of a runaway team. Moralists say he is right; that we have rebelled against the old authorities without raising new ones, and are morally drifting without rudder or compass. Oswald Spengler writes

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his "Der Untergang des Abendlandes" as a sort of swan-song of Western civilization, contending that civilization is itself a sort of slow death, that races develop a "culture," which is a live and growing thing, and that this "culture" later becomes a "civilization," which is a stage of formalization and decay. Flinders Petrie flings out his thesis that there have been eight periods of civilization, and that we are now at the end of the eighth, which reached its height in the year 1800 or thereabout.

A. R. Orage foresees the possibility of a new Renaissance. He suspects that "a fresh advance of the human spirit is about to be made." He does not condescend to details, as do the prophets of a new Dark Age, but contents himself with saying that he senses the approach of an era of renewal in the temper and attitude of both scientists and mystics. Mary Austin, in whom science and mysticism have arrived at a subtle union, predicts the emergence of a new prophet of social redemption. And she thinks the race will recognize and rally to such a prophet, though he bears no signs and works no wonders as credentials. "Cattle in a drought will sense water much farther than they can smell it. The homing pigeon travels securely in the dark," she reminds us, and suggests that, in like manner, "Society, once it realizes its utterly lost condition, will probably rediscover its trail by some native instinct for social direction such as you cannot imagine it being without."

Against these two widely divergent outlooks, Mr. Wells throws his suggestion that we are about to enter an Era of Fun. "The world is at the present time drifting into an era of humor, an era of fun," he said recently to Mr. Ernest Brennecke. "We 've had our fill of tragedy, high seriousness, and storm and strife for the present, and we 're about to enter into a lighter period of existence. The world is now sick of wars and tumults and is looking for lighter entertainment, in order to forget the Inferno it has just passed through. Immediate dangers are not so terribly pressing; we are all simply anxious for diversion. Between now and 1940 or 1960, when the nations will be tested by their next bloody tragedy, they will look chiefly for fun. And so I am now at work on the kind of writing that I used to do, the sort of thing which provides me with the most fun. . . . We need fun in our architecture as well as in our literature. Why not comic relief in our buildings, a bit of flippancy in our stolid, austere cities? Yes!"

If this were said by any one of a thousand other writers we might dismiss it as merely the literary opportunism of a writer bent on turning out pot-boilers to catch a passing mood. But Mr. Wells has always had an abnormal sensitiveness to trends. His mind is seismographic. He is like the Japanese pheasant which catches, apparently before any other living thing, the first faint tremors of the impending earthquake. He is barometric. His mind senses, in advance of their coming, changes in the climate of opinion. He is not always right in his prophecies, but one always has the feeling that he is likely to be right, and that it is wise to inquire into the basis of his forecasts. What, then, is the significance of this latest Wellsian prophecy of a coming era of fun?

For one thing, it may be only

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another instance of a prophet's getting tired and abdicating just when he is most needed. Prophets have that habit. It has been hinted that even Atlas now and then got tired of carrying the world. It was Walter Weyl, I think, who suggested that there are epochs in history when humanity becomes tired, when emotions age quicker than usual, and radicals disappear. In such periods of reaction, he suggested, men who might have been rebels become saints or debauchés, depending on temperament and circumstances. A man like Mr. Wells who has spent a life-time pleading for intelligent social control might conceivably give up the ghost after a war that seems to have sent all his hopes of an ordered world aglimmering.

I do not think that Mr. Wells's feeling of personal responsibility for the human race has abated. He will be to the end a gadfly to the muddlers, but there have been signs that his earlier confidence in the outcome of the human experiment has been weakening. There was an almost pathetic wistfulness in his final comment on the Washington conference in 1921. "My moods," he said, "have fluctuated between hope and despair. But I know . . . that I must needs go about this present world of disorder and darkness like an exile doing such feeble things as I can towards the world of my desire, now hopefully, now bitterly, as the moods may happen, until I die."

This weariness of prophets is as regrettable as it is understandable. Chaos is always creation's supreme opportunity. When things are going along at a fairly pleasant gait the pleader for a new order is blocked by inertia, the most subtle and serious foe of intelligence. But in moments of wide-spread disorder the crust of custom is broken and, as drowning men clutch at straws, society may be willing to listen to new voices on the ground that any change may be for the better. But this is just the time when prophets are likely to grow sullen and content themselves with predictions of doom or go pleasure-hunting in an attempt to find some personal city of refuge from their fears.

The whole world to-day is in a mood of transient hysteria. And this hysteria is only another way of saying that the world is woolgathering. On the first day a man returns from his vacation and finds his desk piled high with a hundred details awaiting his decision, he is likely to spend the day nibbling at the edges of the pile, knowing hardly where to begin, and coming to the end of the day with an irritating sense of futility. The next day he is likely to pull himself together and do more work than he ordinarily does in two days. Just so the end of the war found the world's desk piled high with a thousand and one problems all crying for instant solution. No wonder the world threw up its hands and left the office. No wonder Parliament has been deserted for the music hall. No wonder the world is tempted to say, "We 'd as well go in for an era of fun. We can't manage all this. We 're swamped." But this is just the time for statesmen, prophets, and publicists to refuse to spend their energies in dire prediction or on recipes for diversion, and to undertake the simple analysis of this woolgathering mood of the world. A dozen minds doing that might help give the world fresh confidence that, after a

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good night's sleep, it may after all be equal to the pile of problems on its desk. Our leaders just now need to use the simple psychology of the old-fashioned family physician; instead they are frightening mankind with a medley of separate and partial diagnosis.

We are at the end of a long destructive process, in which the war was only an incident, the result of which has been the shattering of many of the ancient authorities and traditional methods of control. All the while this destructive process has been going on we have been gathering together the raw materials for a new social order. But, as before in history, we are standing paralyzed between the old world that is dead and the new that is yet unborn. Such an interim is always dangerous. We have patched together as best we could an interim ethics and an interim politics, but neither meets the situation adequately. Two dangers beset such a period.

On the one hand, humanity may scurry back to the old shelters instead of building new ones. This is happening all about us. In government the quest of the moment is for equilibrium. The three political catch-words of the last few years have all been concerned with the problem of equilibrium. Mr. Harding's "normalcy" and Bonar Law's "tranquillity" were followed by Mr. Coolidge's "stability." The goal of contemporary politics seems to be restoration rather than reconstruction. Now, we need political, social, and economic equilibrium, but there are different minds of equilibrium. There is the equilibrium of the boulder that sits unmoved through the generations, and there is the equilibrium of the moving wheel that keeps its equilibrium only as long as it keeps its momentum. Equilibrium is the by-product, not the main consideration of creative politics. In religion we are witnessing a scurrying back to the ancient shelters. And the educational world is caught in the sweep of a "safety first" movement.

On the other hand, humanity may simply give up and go fun-hunting. Unless the race is challenged by something more creative than a quest for equilibrium, it will inevitably grow bored and drift into an era of frivolity.

The era of fun that Mr. Wells suggests may be sinister or it may be salutary. It is not a very happy outlook if the race is to achieve no more than a moral laziness that enables it to go to hell gaily. This will be the outcome if the era of fun means only that humanity is looking for escape. If we turn to fun, as a dope-fiend turns to dope, to forget our troubles, humor will flit across the present night of disorder like a firefly, ornamenting but not illuminating the darkness. But there is a laughter of understanding as well as a laughter of escape. In its periods of greatest achievement the race has always been good-humored. "The mother of debauchery," as Neitzsche said, "is not joy, but joylessness." We are to-day in possession of all the knowledge and power we need to establish social control, but we lack the poise, the sense of relative values. A freshened sense of humor will help us to achieve poise and also to avoid an undue emphasis of one aspect of life at the expense of the others. The era of fun will be redemptive if it enables us to avoid the pathological seriousness of the reformer and to go gaily to the task of reconstruction.

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Mahatma Gandhi

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

DRAWING BY HARRY TURNER

SOFT dark eyes, a small frail man, with a thin face and rather large protruding eyes, his head covered with a little white cap, his body clothed in coarse white cloth, barefooted. He lives on rice and fruit and drinks only water. He sleeps on the floor—sleeps very little, and works incessantly. His body does not seem to count at all. His expression proclaims "infinite patience and infinite love." W. W. Pearson, who met him in South Africa, instinctively thought of St. Francis of Assisi. There is an almost childlike simplicity about him. His manner is gentle and courteous even when dealing with adversaries, and he is of immaculate sincerity. He is modest and unassuming, to the point of sometimes seeming almost timid, hesitant, in making an assertion. Yet you feel his indomitable spirit. He makes no compromises and never tries to hide a mistake. Nor is he afraid to admit having been in the wrong. Diplomacy is unknown to him, he shuns oratorical effect or, rather, never thinks about it, and he shrinks unconsciously from the great popular demonstrations organized in his honor. Literally "ill with the multitude that adores him," he distrusts majorities and fears "mobocracy" and the unbridled passions of the populace. He feels at ease only in a minority, and is happiest when, in meditative solitude, he can listen to the "still small voice" within.

This is the man who has stirred three hundred million people to revolt, who has shaken the foundations of the British Empire, and who has introduced into human politics the strongest religious impetus of the last two thousand years.

His real name is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. He was born in a little semi-independent state in the northwestern part of India, at Porbandar, the "White City," on the sea of Oman, October 2, 1868. He comes of an ardent and active race, which to this day has been split by civil strife; a practical race, commercially keen, which established trade relations all the way from Aden to Zanzibar. Gandhi's father and grandfather were both leaders of the people and met with persecution because of their independent spirit. Both were forced

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to flee for safety, their lives in peril. Gandhi's family was well-to-do and belonged to a cultivated class of society, but it was not of superior caste. His parents were followers of the Jaïn school of Hinduism, which regards *Ahimsa*, the doctrine of non-injury to any form of life, as one of its basic principles. This was the doctrine which Gandhi was to proclaim victoriously throughout the world. The Jaïnists believe that the principle of love, not intelligence, is the road which leads to God. The Mahatma's father cared little for wealth and material values, and left scarcely any to his family, having given almost everything to charity. Gandhi's mother was a very devout woman, a sort of Hindu St. Elisabeth, fasting, giving alms to the poor, and nursing the sick. In Gandhi's family the Ramanyana was read regularly. His first teacher was a Brahman who taught him to memorize the texts of Vishnu. In later years Gandhi expressed regret at not being a better Sanskrit scholar, and one of his grievances against English education in India is that it makes the natives lose the treasures of their own language. Gandhi became, however, a profound student of Hindu scriptures, although he read the Vedas and the Upanishads in translation only.

§ 2

While still a boy he passed through a severe religious crisis. Shocked at the idolatrous form sometimes assumed by Hinduism, he became, or imagined he became, an atheist, and to prove that religion meant nothing to him he and some friends went so far as to eat meat, a frightful sacrilege for a Hindu. And Gandhi nearly perished with disgust and mortification. He was engaged at the age of eight and married at the age of twelve. At nineteen he was sent to England to complete his studies at the University of London and at the law school. Before his leaving India his mother made him take the three vows of Jaïn, which prescribe abstention from wine, meat, and sexual intercourse.

He arrived in London in September, 1888, and after the first few months of uncertainty and deception, during which, as he says, he "wasted a lot of time and money trying to become an Englishman," he buckled down to hard work and led a strictly regulated life. Some friends gave him a copy of the Bible, but the time to understand it had not yet come. But it was during his stay in London that he realized for the first time the beauty of the Bhagavad Gitâ. He was carried away by it. It was the light the exiled Hindu had been seeking, and it gave him back his faith. He realized that for him salvation could lie only in Hinduism.

He returned to India in 1891, a rather sad home-coming, for his mother had just died, and the news of her death had been withheld from him. Soon afterward he began practising law at the Supreme Court of Bombay. He abandoned this career a few years later, having come to look upon it as immoral. But even while practising law, he used to make a point of reserving the right to abandon a case if he had reason to believe it unjust.

At this stage of his career he met various people who stirred in him a presentiment as to his future mission in life. He was influenced by two men in particular. One of them

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was the "Uncrowned King of Bombay," the Parsi Dadabhai, and the other Professor Gokhale. Gokhale was one of the leading statesmen in India and one of the first to introduce educational reforms, while Dadabhai, according to Gandhi, was the real founder of the Indian nationalist movement. Both men combined the highest wisdom and learning with the utmost simplicity and gentleness. It was Dadabhai who, in trying to moderate Gandhi's youthful ardor, gave him, in 1892, his first real lesson in *Ahimsa* in teaching him to apply heroic passivity—if two such words may be linked—to public life by fighting evil not by evil, but by love. A little later we will discuss this magic word of *Ahimsa*, the sublime message of India to the world.

§ 3

Gandhi's activity may be divided into two periods. From 1893 to 1914 its field was South Africa; from 1914 to 1922, India.

That Gandhi could carry on the South-African campaign for more than twenty years without awakening any special comment in Europe is a proof of the incredible short-sightedness of our political leaders, historians, thinkers, and believers, for here was a soul's epopee, unequaled in our times not only because of the intensity and the constancy of the sacrifice required, but because of the final triumph.

In 1890–91 some 150,000 Indian emigrants were settled in South Africa, most of them in Natal. The white population resented their presence, and the Government encouraged the xenophobia of the whites by a series of oppressive measures designed to prevent the immigration of Asiatics and to oblige those already settled in Africa to leave. Through systematic persecution the life of the Indians in Africa was made intolerable; they were burdened with overwhelming taxes and subjected to the most humiliating police ordinances and outrages of all sorts, ranging from the looting and destruction of shops and property to lynching, all under cover of "white" civilization.

In 1893 Gandhi was called to Pretoria on an important case. He was not familiar with the situation in South Africa, but from the very first he met with illuminating experiences. Gandhi, a Hindu of high race, who had always been received with the greatest courtesy in England and Europe, and who until then had looked upon the whites as his natural friends, suddenly found himself the butt of the vilest affronts. In Natal, and particularly in Dutch Transvaal, he was thrown out of hotels and trains, insulted, beaten, and kicked. He would have returned to India at once if he had not been bound by contract to remain a year in South Africa. During these twelve months he learned the art of self-control, but all the time he longed for his contract to expire, so that he might return to India. But when at last he was about to leave, he learned that the South-African Government was planning to pass a bill depriving the Indians of the franchise. The Indians in Africa were helpless, unable to defend themselves; they were completely unorganized and demoralized. They had no leader, no one to guide them. Gandhi felt that it was his duty to defend them. He realized it would be wrong to leave. The cause of the disinherited Indians became his. He gave himself up

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to it, and remained there in Africa.

Then began an epic struggle between spirit on one side and governmental power and brute force on the other. Gandhi was a lawyer at the time, and his first step was to prove the illegality of the Asiatic Exclusion Act from the point of view of law, and he won his case despite the most virulent opposition. In this connection he had huge petitions signed, he organized the Indian Congress at Natal and formed an association for Indian education. A little later he founded a paper, "Indian Opinion," published in English and three Indian languages. Finally, in order to work more efficaciously for his compatriots in Africa, he decided to become one of them. He had a lucrative clientele in Johannesburg (Gokhale says Gandhi was making at that time about five or six thousand pounds a year). He gave it up to espouse poverty, like St. Francis. He abandoned all ties in order to live the life of the persecuted Indians, to share their trials. And he ennobled them thereby, for he taught them the doctrine of non-resistance. In 1904 he founded at Phoenix, near Durban, an agricultural colony along Tolstoian lines. He called upon his compatriots, gave them land, and made them take the solemn oath of poverty. He took upon himself the humblest tasks.

For years the silent colony resisted the Government. It withdrew from the cities, gradually paralyzing the industrial life of the country, carrying on a sort of religious strike against which violence—all violence—was powerless, just as the violence of imperial Rome was powerless against the faith of the first Christians. Yet very few of these early Christians would have carried the doctrine of love and forgiveness so far as to help their persecutors when in danger, as Gandhi did. Whenever the South-African State was in serious difficulties Gandhi suspended the non-participation of the Indian population in public services and offered his assistance. In 1899, during the Boer War, he organized an Indian Red Cross, which was twice cited for bravery under fire. When the plague broke out in Johannesburg in 1904, Gandhi organized a hospital. In 1908 the natives in Natal revolted. Gandhi organized and served at the head of a corps of brancardiers, and the Government of Natal tendered him public thanks.

But these disinterested services did not disarm the hatred of the whites. Gandhi was frequently arrested and imprisoned, and shortly after official thanks had been proffered for his services during the war he was sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor after being beaten by the mob and left behind as dead. But no abuse, no persecution, could make Gandhi renounce his ideal. On the contrary, his faith in it grew stronger for his trials. His only reply to the violence meted out to him in South Africa was the famous little book, "Hind Swaraj," published in 1908. This pamphlet on Indian home rule is the gospel of heroic love.

For twenty years the struggle lasted, reaching its bitterest phase from 1907–14. Although the most intelligent and broad-minded Englishmen in Africa were opposed to it, in 1906 the South-African Government hastily passed a new Asiatic law. This led Gandhi to organize non-resistance on a large scale. In Septem-

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ber, 1906, a huge demonstration took place at Johannesburg, and the assembled Indians solemnly took the oath of passive resistance. The Chinese in Africa joined the Hindus, and Asiatics of all races, religions, and castes, rich and poor alike, brought the same enthusiasm and abnegation to the cause. The Asiatics were thrown into prison by the thousand, and as the jails were not large enough, they were hurled into the mine-pits. But it was as if the prisons fascinated these people whom General Smuts, their persecutor, called "conscientious objectors." Three times Gandhi was thrown into jail, while others died as martyrs. The movement grew. In 1913 it spread from the Transvaal to Natal. Huge strikes and monster meetings, masses of Hindus marching across Transvaal, alarmed and excited public opinion in Africa and Asia. All India was stirred to indignation, and the viceroy, Lord Harding, driven by public opinion, finally lodged a protest against the Government of South Africa.

The indomitable tenacity and the magic of the "Great Soul" operated and won out: force had to bow down before heroic gentleness. The man most bitterly opposed to the Indians, General Smuts, who in 1909 had said he would never erase from the statutes a measure prejudicial to the Indians, confessed, five years later, in 1914, that he was glad to do away with it. An imperial commission backed Gandhi up on almost every point. In 1914 an act abolished the three-pound poll-tax, while Natal was opened to all Indians desirous of settling there as free workers. After twenty years of sacrifice non-resistance was triumphant.

When Gandhi returned to India he had the prestige of a leader.

§ 4

Since the beginning of the century the movement for Indian independence had been steadily gaining ground. Thirty years before, a few broad-minded Englishmen, among whom were A. O. Hume and Sir William Wedderburn, had organized a National Indian Congress. Victorian Liberals, they had given the Congress a loyalist stamp and had tried to consolidate India's claims with the demands of England's sovereignty. In the meantime, however, Japan's victory over Russia awakened the pride of Asiatic peoples, and Indian patriots resented Lord Curzon's provocative attitude. An extremist party was formed in the heart of the congress, and its more aggressive nationalism corresponded to a general sentiment throughout the country. Until the war of 1914, however, the old constitutional part remained under the leadership of J. H. Gokhale, who was a great Indian patriot, although he believed in loyalty to England.

Although the Indian Congress, reflecting general sentiment, was in favor of home rule, or *Swaraj*, the various members disagreed as to the form this home rule should take. Some members believed in coöperation with England, others wanted to drive the English out of India. Some advocated the dominion system, as in Canada, while others asserted that India should aspire to become an independent nation, like Japan. Gandhi proposed a solution. It was religious rather than political, but at bottom it was more radical than any of the others. The principles are to

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be found in his "Hind Swaraj." But as this solution was based on conditions in South Africa, Gandhi realized it would have to be modified to suit conditions in India. He also realized that while his stay in South Africa had made him unfamiliar with conditions in India, it had proved what an irresistible weapon *Ahimsa*, non-violence, could be. And he determined, therefore, to study conditions in India in order to adapt the weapon of *Ahimsa* to them.

At this time Gandhi felt no antagonism for England. On the contrary, when the war broke out in 1914, he went to London to organize an Indian ambulance corps. As he explained in a letter written in 1921, he honestly believed himself a citizen of the empire. He refers to his attitude again and again, as in his letter addressed to "Every Englishman in India," published in 1920. No Englishman, he says, served the Government more faithfully than he during twenty-nine years of public life. He risked his life four times for England, and until 1919 he sincerely believed in coöperating with the Government. But now he can do so no longer.

Gandhi was not the only one to experience this change of feeling. In 1914 all India had been carried away by the hypocritical idealism of the so-called "war for justice." In asking for India's support the English Government had held out the most brilliant hopes. The granting of home rule, which the people longed for, was said to depend on India's attitude in the war. In August, 1917, the clever Indian Secretary, E. S. Montagu, promised India a government responsible to the people. A consultation took place, and in July, 1918, the viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and Mr. Montagu signed an official report recommending constitutional reform in India. The Allied armies were in a most precarious position in the early days of 1918. April 2, Lloyd George had sent an appeal to the people of India, while the war conference, sitting at Delhi in the end of the same month, had hinted that the hour of India's independence was near. And India had replied as one man while Gandhi promised England his loyal backing. India contributed 985,000 men and made tremendous sacrifices. And she waited confidently for the promised reward.

The awakening was terrible. Danger was over in the end of 1918, and gone was the memory of services rendered. After the signing of the armistice the Government saw no reason for feigning any longer. Instead of granting the promised liberties, it suspended whatever freedom already existed. The Rowlatt bills, proposed at the Imperial Legislative Council at Delhi, expressed an insulting distrust of the country which had given so many proofs of its loyalty. These bills aimed to establish definitively the provisions of the Defence Act imposed on India during the war, and made secret police services, censorship, and all the tyrannical annoyances of a real state of siege into a permanent reality. There was one burst of indignation all over India. The revolt began. Gandhi led it.

Hitherto Gandhi had been interested in social reforms only, devoting himself particularly to the conditions of agricultural workers. At Kaira, in the Gujarat, and at Champaran, in Behar, he had almost un-

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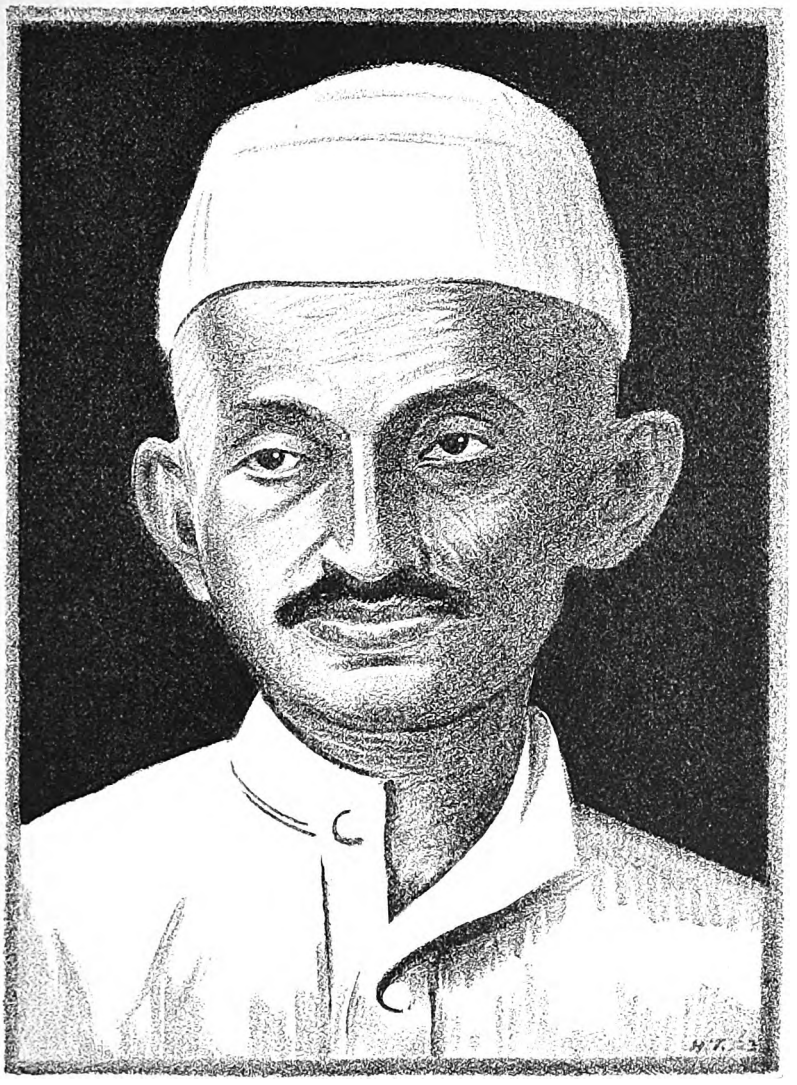

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

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noticeably and with success tried out the formidable weapon which he was soon to use in national struggles. This weapon was the will of active, passionate non-resistance. We will study it later under the name of *Satyagraha*, which Gandhi has given it.

Until 1919, however, Gandhi did not participate actively in the Indian nationalist movement. Having been united in 1916 by Mrs. Annie Besant, the most advanced elements soon outdistanced her and rallied under the leadership of the great Hindu, Lokamanya Bal Gangadbar Tilak. A man of extraordinary energy, uniting, as in a triple sheaf of iron, a great mind, a strong will, and a high character. His intelligence was perhaps even keener than Gandhi's, or, rather, it was more solidly nourished on old Asiatic culture. He was an erudite, a mathematician, who had sacrificed all personal ambitions to serve his country. Like Gandhi he sought no personal recognition and longed only for the triumph of his ideal in order to be able to retire from the political field and go back to his scientific work. As long as he lived he was the undisputed leader of India. Who can say what would have happened if he had not met with an untimely death in 1920? If Tilak had lived, Gandhi, who revered Tilak's genius, while differing radically from him in regard to methods and policies, would no doubt have remained religious leader of the movement. How magnificently the people of India could have marched on under such a double leadership! They would have been irresistible, for Tilak was a master of action, just as Gandhi is a master of spiritual power. But fate decided otherwise.

It should be noted that when Gandhi stepped into the political field as leader of the opposition to the Rowlatt bills he was moved only by a desire to spare the country from violence. The revolt was bound to come; he knew there was no possibility of avoiding it. The point, therefore, was to turn it into non-violent channels.

§ 5

To understand Gandhi's activity, it should be realized that his doctrine is like a huge edifice composed of two different floors or grades. Below is the solid groundwork, the basic foundation of religion. On this vast and unshakable foundation is based the political and social campaign. It is not the ideal continuation of the invisible foundation, but it is the best structure possible under present conditions. It is adapted to conditions.

In other words, Gandhi is religious by nature, and his doctrine is essentially religious. He is a political leader by necessity, because other leaders disappear, and the force of circumstances obliges him to pilot the ship through the storm and give practical political expression to his doctrine. These developments are interesting, but the essential part of the edifice is the crypt, which is deep and well built and meant to uphold a very different cathedral from the structure rapidly rising above it. The crypt alone is durable. The rest is temporary and only designed to serve during the transition years, until the plans for a cathedral worthy of the groundwork can be worked out. An understanding of the principles on which the vast subterranean crypt is based is essential, therefore, for here Gandhi's

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thought finds its real expression. It is into the depths of this crypt that he descends every day to seek inspiration and strength to carry on the work above.

Gandhi believes in the religion of his people, in Hinduism. But he is not a scholar, attached to a punctilious interpretation of texts, nor is he a blind believer accepting unquestioningly all the traditions of his religion. His religion must satisfy his reason and correspond to the dictates of his conscience. Nor does he look upon Hinduism as the only religion, and this is a very important point. He sees the errors and vices that have crept into religion through the centuries, and he brands them, but he adds:

"I can no more describe my feeling for Hinduism than for my own wife. She moves me as no other woman in the world can. Not that she has no faults; I daresay she has many more than I see myself. But the feeling of an indissoluble bond is there. Even so I feel about Hinduism with all its faults and limitations. Nothing elates me so much as the music of the Citâ or the Ramayana by Tulasidas, the only two books in Hinduism I may be said to know. I know that vice is going on to-day in all the great Hindu shrines but I love them in spite of their failings. I am a reformer through and through. But my zeal never takes me to the rejection of any of the essential things of Hinduism."

What are the essential things in which Gandhi believes? In an article, written October 6, 1921, Gandhi defines his conception of Hinduism:

1.—He believes, he says, in the "Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas and all that goes by the name of Hindu scriptures." He believes, therefore, in *Avataras* and rebirth.

2.—He believes in the "*Varnashrama Dharma*" or the "Discipline of the Castes," in a sense which he considers "strictly Vedic," but which may not correspond to the present "popular and crude sense."

3.—He believes in the "protection of the cow in a much larger sense than the popular one."

4.—He does not "disbelieve in idol worship."

Every Occidental who reads Gandhi's "Credo" and stops at these lines is apt to feel that they reveal a mentality so different from ours and so far removed in time and space as to make comparison with our ideals impossible, owing to the lack of a common measure. But if he will read on, he will find, a few lines below, the following words, which express a doctrine more familiar to us:

"I believe implicitly in the Hindu aphorism that no one truly knows the *Shastras* who has not attained perfection in Innocence [*Ahimsa*] Truth [*Satya*] and Self-Control [*Brahma-Charya*] and who has not renounced all acquisition or possession of wealth."

Here the words of the Hindu join those of the gospel. And Gandhi was aware of their similarity. To an English clergyman who asked him in 1920 which books had influenced him most, Gandhi replied, "The New Testament."

The last words of Gandhi's "Ethical Religion" are a quotation from the New Testament, and he claims that the revelation of passive resistance came to him after reading the Sermon on the Mount. When the clergyman asked him, in surprise, if he had not found the same message in Hindu

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scriptures, Gandhi replied that while he has found inspiration and guidance in the Bhagavad Gitâ, which he reveres and admires, the secret of passive resistance was made clear to him through the New Testament. A great joy welled up in him, he says, when the revelation came to him, and again when the Gitâ confirmed this revelation. Gandhi also says that Tolstoi's ideal, that the kingdom of God is within us, helped him mold his own faith into a real doctrine.

It should not be forgotten that this Asiatic believer has translated Ruskin and Plato and quotes Thoreau, admires Mazzini, reads Edward Carpenter, and that he is, in short, familiar with the best that Europe and America have produced.

There is no reason why a Westerner should not understand Gandhi's doctrine as well as Gandhi understands those of our great men, provided the Westerner will take the trouble to study Gandhi. It is true that the mere words of Gandhi's creed may surprise him, and that two paragraphs, in fact, if read superficially, may seem so different from our mentality as to form an almost insurmountable barrier between the religious ideals of Asia and Europe. One of these paragraphs refers to cow-protection, and the other to the caste system. As for Gandhi's reference to idol-worship, it requires no special study. Gandhi explains his attitude when he says that he has no veneration for idols, but believes idol-worship to be part of human nature. He considers it inherent to the frailty of the human mind, because we all "hanker after symbolism" and must needs materialize our faith in order really to understand it. When Gandhi says he does not disbelieve in idol-worship, he means no more than what we countenance in all our ritualistic churches of the West.

"Cow-protection," says Gandhi, is the central fact of Hinduism. It means that man concludes a pact of alliance with his dumb brethren; it signifies fraternity between man and beast. According to Gandhi's beautiful expression, by learning to respect, revere an animal, man is "taken beyond his species and is enjoined to realize his identity with all that lives." But there is nothing idolatrous about Gandhi's cow-worship, and no one condemns more harshly than he the fetishism of many so-called believers, who observe the letter of "cow-worship" without exercising a spirit of compassion "for the dumb creatures of God." Whoever understands the spirit of compassion and fellow-feeling that Gandhi would have men feel for their dumb brethren,—and who would have understood this better than the *poverello* Assisi?—is not surprised that Gandhi lays such stress on cow-protection in his creed. From this point of view he is quite justified in saying that cow-protection is the "gift of Hinduism to the world." To the precept of the gospel, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," Gandhi adds, "And every living being is thy neighbor."

Gandhi's belief in the caste system is almost more difficult for a European or Western mind to understand. I should perhaps say "European or Western mind of to-day," for while we still believe in a certain equality, Heaven knows how we will feel in the future, when we become thoroughly imbued with the consequences of the evolution, democratic in name only,

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which we are undergoing. I do not imagine that at our present stage of development my explanation of Gandhi's views will make them seem acceptable as regards the caste system; nor am I anxious to have them seem so. But I would like to make clear that Gandhi's conception of the caste system is different from what we usually mean by that term, since he does not base it on pride or vain notions of social superiority, but on duties.

"I am inclined to think," he says, "that the law of heredity is an eternal law, and that any attempt to alter it must lead to utter confusion . . . *Varnashrama*, or the caste system, is inherent in human nature. Hinduism has simply reduced it to a science."

Gandhi believes in four classes or castes. The *Brahmans*, the intellectual and spiritual class; the *Kshatriyas*, the military and governmental class; the *Vaishyas*, the commercial, industrial class; and the *Shudras*, manual workers and laborers. This classification does not imply any superiority or inferiority. It simply stands for different vocations. It should not be forgotten, moreover, that according to Hinduism reincarnation reëstablishes a general equilibrium, as in the course of successive existences a *Brahman* becomes a *Shudra*, and vice versa.

The caste system, which deals with different classes of equal rank, bears no relation whatsoever to the attitude of Hindus to the "untouchables," or pariahs. We shall study later on Gandhi's passionate appeals for the pariahs. His campaign in favor of the "suppressed classes" is one of the most appealing phases of his apostleship. Gandhi regards the pariah system as a blot on Hinduism; it is a vile deformation of the real doctrine, and he suffers intolerably by it.

"I would rather be torn to pieces than disown my brothers of the suppressed classes. . . . I do not want to be reborn, but if I have to be reborn, I should be "untouchable" so that I may share their sorrows and sufferings and the affronts leveled at them in order that I may endeavor to free them from their miserable condition."

And he adopts a little "untouchable" girl and speaks with emotion of this charming little imp of seven who rules the household with her gay prattle.

§ 6

I have said enough to show Gandhi's great evangelical heart beating under his Hindu creed. Gandhi is a Tolstoi in a more gentle, appeased, and, if I dared, I would say, in a more Christian sense, for Tolstoi is not so much a Christian by nature as by force of will.

The resemblance between the two men is greatest, or perhaps Tolstoi's influence has been strongest, in their condemnation of European and Occidental civilization.

Ever since Rousseau our Western civilization has been attacked by the freest and broadest minds of Europe. When Asia began to wake to a realization of her own power and revolt against Western oppression, she had only to peer into Europe's own files to compile formidable records of the iniquity of her so-called civilized invaders. Gandhi did not fail to do so, and in his "Hind Swaraj" he cites a list of books, many of which were written by Englishmen, condemning

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European civilization. But the document to which there can be no rejoinder is that which Europe herself has traced in the lifeblood of races oppressed and despoiled in the name of lying principles and, above all, in the brazen revelation of Europe's lies, greed, and ferocity as unfolded during the last war, called the "War for Civilization." And in it Europe sank to such depths that in her insanity she even invited the peoples of Asia and Africa to contemplate her nudity. They saw her and judged her.

Gandhi, however, had seen the real face of Western civilization long before 1914. It had revealed itself to him unmasked during his twenty-years' campaign in South Africa, and in 1908, in his "Hind Swaraj," he calls modern civilization the great vice.

Civilization, says Gandhi, is civilization in name, only. In reality it corresponds to what ancient Hinduism called the dark ages. It has set material well-being up as the only goal of life. It scorns spiritual values. It maddens Europeans, leads them to worship money only, and prevents them from finding peace or cultivating the best within them. Civilization in the Western sense means hell for the weak and for the working classes. It saps the vitality of the race. But this satanic civilization will destroy itself. Western civilization is India's real enemy, much more than the English, who, individually, are not bad, but simply suffer from their civilization. Gandhi criticizes those of his compatriots who would want to drive out the English, to develop India themselves, and civilize her according to European standards. This, he says, would be like having the nature of a tiger without the tiger. India's aim should be to repudiate Western civilization.

In his arraignment of Western civilization Gandhi scores three categories of men particularly: magistrates, doctors, and teachers.

Gandhi's objection to teachers is quite comprehensible, since they have brought the Hindus up to scorn or neglect their own language and to disown their real aspirations; in fact the teachers in India have inflicted a sort of national degradation on the school-children in their charge. Besides, Western teachers appeal to the mind only; they neglect the education of the heart and of the character. Finally, they depreciate bodily labor, and to spread a purely literary education in a country where eighty per cent. of the population is agricultural and ten per cent. industrial, is positively criminal.

The profession of magistrate is immoral. In India the courts are an instrument of British domination; they encourage dissensions among Indians, and in a general way they foster and increase misunderstanding and animosity. They stand for a fattening, lucrative exploitation of the worst instincts.

As for the medical profession, Gandhi admits he was attracted to it at first, but he soon realized it was not honorable. For Western medical science is concerned with giving relief to suffering bodies only. It does not strive to do away with the cause of suffering and disease, which, as a rule is nothing but vice. In fact, Western medical science may almost be said to encourage vice by making it possible for a man to satisfy his passions and appetites at the least possible risk. In opposition to the false medical

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science of the West, which Gandhi has often criticized unfairly, he places preventive medical science. He has written a little pamphlet on the subject entitled "A Guide to Health," which is the fruit of twenty years' experience. It is a moral as well as a therapeutic treatise, for, according to Gandhi, "disease is the result of our thoughts as much as of our acts." He considers it a relatively simple matter to establish certain rules that will prevent disease. For all disease springs from the same origin, i. e., from neglect of the natural laws of health. The body is God's dwelling-place. It must be kept pure. There is truth in Gandhi's point of view, but he refuses a little too obstinately to recognize the efficacy of remedies that have really proved to be useful. His moral precepts are also extremely rigid.

§ 7

But the nucleus of modern civilization, its heart, so to speak, is machinery. Age of iron! Heart of iron! The machine has become a monstrous idol. It must be done away with. Gandhi's most ardent desire is to see machinery wiped out of India. To a free India, heir to British machinery, he would prefer an India dependent on the British market. It would be better to buy materials manufactured in Manchester than to set up Manchester factories in India. An Indian Rockefeller would be no better than a European capitalist. Machinery is the great sin which enslaves nations, and money is a poison as much as sexual vice.

Indian progressives, however, imbued with modern ideas, ask what would become of India if she were to have no railroads, tramways, or industries? To this Gandhi asks if India did not exist before they were invented? For thousands of years India has resisted, alone, unshaken, the changing flood of empires. Everything else has passed. But thousands of years ago India learned the art of self-control and mastered the science of happiness. She has nothing to learn from other nations. She does not need the machinery of large cities. Her ancient prosperity was founded on the plow and the spinning-wheel, and on a knowledge of Hindu philosophy. India must go back to the sources of her ancient culture. Not all at once, of course, but gradually. And every one must help in the evolution.

This is Gandhi's fundamental argument. It is a very important one, and demands discussion. For it stands for a denial of progress and, virtually, of Europe's scientific achievement. This medieval conception is apt, therefore, to clash with the volcanic forward march of the human mind and risks being blown to bits. But, first of all, it would perhaps be wiser to say, the "forward march of a certain *phase* of the human mind," for if one may believe, as I believe, in the symphonic unity of the universal spirit, one must realize that it is made up of many different voices, each one singing its own part. Our youthful Occident, carried away by its own score, does not realize sufficiently that it has not always led the song, nor that its own law of progress is subject to eclipses, back-slidings, and recommencements; that the history of human civilization is really a history of human civilizations, and that while within the domain of each civilization

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a certain progress may be discernable, a progress irregular, chaotic, broken, and at times completely halted, it would be wrong to say that the predominance of one great civilization over another necessarily implies general human progress.

But without entering into a discussion as to the European dogma of progress and merely bearing in mind that this dogma, such as it is, conflicts with Gandhi's faith, we must realize that no conflict will weaken Gandhi's faith. To believe anything else would be to show a total ignorance of the workings of the Oriental mind. As Gobineau says; "Asiatics are much more obstinate than we, in every way. They will wait centuries, if necessary, for the fulfilment of their ideal, and when it rises triumphant after such a long slumber it does not seem to have aged or lost any of its vitality." Centuries mean nothing to a Hindu. Gandhi is prepared for the triumph of his cause within the year. But he is equally prepared for it within the course of several centuries. He does not force time. And if time makes haste slowly, he regulates his gait by its march.

If, therefore, in the course of his campaign Gandhi finds India insufficiently prepared to understand and practise the radical reforms he wishes to impose, he will adapt his doctrine to conditions. He will bide his time. Gandhi never asks men for more than they can give. But he asks for all that they can give. And this is much in a nation like India.

Between Gandhi and India there reigns, first of all, absolute agreement as to goal: *Swaraj*, home rule, for the nation.

"I know," he says, "that *Swaraj* is the object of the nation and not Non-violence."

And he adds,—words amazing on his lips,—"I would rather see India freed by violence than enchained like a slave to her foreign oppressors."

But, he continues, correcting himself at once, this is an impossible supposition, for violence can never free India. *Swaraj* can only be attained by soul-force. This is India's real weapon, the invincible weapon of love and truth. Gandhi expresses it by the term *Satyagraha*, which he defines as truth-force and love-force. Gandhi's genius revealed itself when, by the preaching of this gospel, he revealed to his people their real nature and their hidden strength.

Gandhi used the word *Satyagraha* in South Africa to explain the difference between his ideal and that of passive resistance. Particular stress must be laid on the difference between these two movements. Nothing is more false than to call Gandhi's campaign a movement of passive resistance. No one has a greater horror of passivity than this tireless fighter who is one of the most heroic incarnations of a man who *resists*. The soul of his movement is active resistance—resistance which finds outlet not in violence, but in the active force of love, faith, and sacrifice. This threefold energy is expressed in the word *Satyagraha*.

Let not the coward try to hide his cowardice under Gandhi's banner! Gandhi drives him out of the community. Better violence than cowardice!

"I would risk violence a thousand times rather than emasculation of the race. I would rather have India resort to arms to defend her honor

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than that she should in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless victim to her own dishonor.

But,

"Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will. Non-violence does not mean meek submission to the will of the evil-doer but the putting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant. Working under this law of our being it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration."

But at the cost of what? Of *suffering*—the *great law*.

"Suffering is the mark of the human tribe. It is an eternal law. The mother suffers so that her child may live. Life comes out of death. The condition of wheat growing is that the seed grain should perish. No country has ever risen without being purified through the fire of suffering. . . . It is impossible to do away with the law of suffering which is the one indispensable condition of our being. Progress is to be measured by the amount of suffering undergone . . . the purer the suffering, the greater is the progress.

"Non-violence in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering. I have ventured to place before India the ancient law of self-sacrifice, the law of suffering. The *Rishis* who discovered the law of non-violence in the midst of violence were greater geniuses than Newton, greater warriors than Wellington. Having themselves known the use of arms they realized their uselessness and taught a weary world that salvation lay not through violence but through Non-violence. . . . The religion of Non-violence is not meant merely for the *Rishis* and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violences is the law of the brute. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law,—to the strength of the spirit. . . . I want India to practice Non-violence being conscious of her strength and power. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of a whole world."

§ 8

But Gandhi does not doubt India's endurance. In February 1919 he decided to start the *Satyagraha* movement, whose efficacy had already been tested during the agrarian revolt in 1918.

The campaign is not at all political; as yet, Gandhi is still a loyalist. And he remains one as long as he retains a grain of faith in England's loyalty. Until January, 1920, he advocated coöperation with the Empire, even though the nationalists criticized him bitterly therefor. Gandhi's arguments are inspired by his sincere conviction, and during the first year of his campaign against the Government he could truthfully assure Lord Hunter that he believed the disciples of *Satyagraha* to be the most loyal supporters of the constitution. Only the narrow-minded obstinacy of the Government finally forced India's moral guide to tear up the contract of loyalty by which he considered himself bound.

To begin with, therefore, the *Satyagraha* campaign takes the form of constitutional opposition to the Gov-

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ernment. It is a respectful appeal for certain urgent reforms. The Government is guilty of passing an unjust law. The *Satyagrahi*, who are law-abiding people, will disobey this law deliberately, because they consider it unjust. If their attitude does not convince the Government of the necessity of repealing the law, they will extend their disobedience to other laws, and eventually they may cease all coöperation with the Government. But how different is the meaning which India gives to this word from that which we in the West give to it! Such extraordinary religious heroism as is contained in it!

As the *Satyagraha* are not allowed to use violence in advancing their cause (the idea being that the adversary, too, is sincere, since what seems truth to one person may seem untruth to another, while violence never carries conviction), they must rely solely on the love-force that radiates from their faith and on their willingness to accept suffering and sacrifice joyously, freely. This constitutes irresistible propaganda. With it the cross of Christ and his little flock conquered the Roman Empire.

In order to emphasize the religious character of the people's willingness to sacrifice themselves for the eternal ideals of justice and liberty, the Mahatma inaugurated the movement by setting April 6, 1919, aside as a day of prayers and fasting, by imposing a *Hartal* of all India.

This first step went right to the heart of the people, stirred their inmost consciousness. For the first time all classes of India united in the same ideal. India found herself.

Order reigned everywhere. At Delhi only there were a few disturbances. Gandhi set out to quiet them. But the Government had him arrested and sent him back to Bombay. The news of his arrest caused riots in Punjab, at Amritsar some houses were looted, and a few people were killed. In the night of April 11 General Dyer arrived with his troops and occupied the city. The fifteenth was a great Hindu feast-day. A meeting was to take place at an open space called Jallianwalla Bagh. The crowd was peaceful and numbered many women and children. The night before General Dyer had sent an order forbidding public meetings, but no one had heard about it. The general, however, came to Jallianwalla Bagh with his machine-guns and without warning opened fire on the defenseless mass of people. The firing lasted about ten minutes, till the ammunition was used up. As the grounds were surrounded by high walls, no one could escape. From five to six hundred Hindus were killed, and a much larger number wounded. There was no one to care for the dead and wounded. As the result of the massacre, martial law was proclaimed, and a reign of terror spread over the Punjab. Aëroplanes threw bombs on the unarmed crowds. The most honorable citizens were dragged to court, flogged, and forced to crawl on their knees, and subjected to the most shocking indignities. It was as if a wind of madness swept over the English rulers. It was as if the law of non-violence, proclaimed by India, stirred European violence to frenzy.

Owing to the rigorous military censorship, the news of the horrors of the Punjab did not leak out for several months. But when it did leak out a wave of indignation swept over India

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and alarmed even English opinion. An investigation was ordered, and Lord Hunter presided over the Commission.

In the meantime, the National Indian Congress formed a sub-commission to carry on investigations independently of the Government, but along the same lines. It was to the obvious interest of the Government, as all intelligent Englishmen realized, to punish those guilty of the massacre of Amritsar. Gandhi did not demand as much as that. In his admirable moderation he did not ask for the punishment of General Dyer and the guilty officers. While denouncing them, he felt no bitterness and sought no vengeance. One bears no ill-will to a madman. But one must put him where he can do no damage. Gandhi, therefore, merely asked that General Dyer be recalled. But *quos vult perdere.* Before the results of the investigation could be published, the Government passed an indemnity act to protect official employees. The criminal officers were not only maintained at their posts, but were rewarded.

While India was still in effervescence after the Punjab affair, a second conflict aross between the Government and the people, a more serious one this time, because it implied a flagrant violation of solemn promises. The Government's attitude shattered whatever confidence India still had in the good faith of the English rulers, and brought on the great revolt.

The European war had placed the Moslems of India in a very painful dilemna. They were torn between their duty as loyal citizens of the empire and faithful followers of their religious chief. They agreed to help England when she promised not to attack the sultan's or the calif's sovereignty. It was the sense of Moslem opinion in India that the Turks should remain in Turkey in Europe and that the sultan should retain not only authority over the Holy Places of Islam, but over Arabia as delimited by Mohammedan scholars with the enclaves of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. This Lloyd George and the viceroy solemnly promised. When the war was over, however, all pledges were forgotten. And when the rumors of the peace terms to be imposed on Turkey began to circulate in 1919, the Moslems in India began to grow restless, and their discontent finally started the *Khilafat* or Califat movement.

It began October 17, 1919 (Khilafat Day), by an imposing peaceful demonstration, which was followed, about a month later (November 24), by the opening of an All-India Khilafat Conference at Delhi. Gandhi presided. With his quick glance he had realized that the Islamic agitation might be made into the instrument of Indian unity. The problem of uniting the various races in India was a most difficult one. The English had always taken advantage of the natural enmity between Hindus and Moslems; Gandhi even accuses them of having fostered it. At any rate, they had never tried to conciliate the two peoples, who challenged each other childishly. To annoy the Mohammedans, for instance, the Hindus used to make a point of singing when they passed the mosques where silence should reign, while the Mohammedans lost no opportunity of jeering the Hindus' cow-worship. Mutual ill-will and persistent ani-

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mosity reigned between the two races, who never associated with each other, and were not allowed to intermarry or even eat in common. The English Government rested sweetly on the cushion of implicit trust in the impossibility of the two ever agreeing and adopting a common policy. When Gandhi's voice, therefore, proclaimed the identity of the Hindu and the Moslem cause, it awoke with a start. In an outburst of generosity, which happened to be sound politics, Gandhi urged the Hindus to do all in their power to advance Mohammedan claims.

"Hindus, Parsis, Christians or Jews, if we wish to live as one nation the interest of any one of us must be the interest of all. The only deciding consideration can be the justice of a particular cause."

Mohammedan blood had already mixed with that of the Hindus in the tragic massacre of Amritsar. The two peoples now had to seal their alliance, an unconditional alliance. The Moslems were the most advanced and audacious element in India. And they were the first to announce, at this Khilafat Conference, that they would refuse to coöperate with the Government if their demands were not met. Gandhi approved of this measure, but in his innate horror of going to extremes, he refused at the time to advocate the boycott of British goods, for he looked upon the boycott as an expression of weakness or thirst for vengeance. A second Khilafat Conference met at Amritsar in the end of December, 1919, and decided to send a deputation to Europe to inform the English Government and the Supreme Council of India's attitude. It also voted for the sending of an ultimatum to the viceroy, warning him of trouble if the peace terms should prove unsatisfactory. Finally a third conference, meeting in Bombay in February, 1920, issued a manifesto which, in its violent arraignment of Great Britain's policy, was a forerunner of the coming storm.

Gandhi realized the storm was brewing and instead of trying to call it forth he did all in his power to break its violence.

It seemed as if England also realized the danger. By belated concessions she seemed to be making desperate efforts to avert the consequences of her former attitude. An Indian Reform Act based on the Montagu-Chelmsford report gave the people in India more influence in the central government as well as in local administrations. The king approved the act by a proclamation December 24, 1919, in which he invited the people of India and the functionaries to coöperate with the Government in every way, while he also urged the viceroy to pardon political offenses and recommended a general amnesty. Gandhi, always ready to believe in the adversary's good faith, interpreted these measures as signifying a sort of tacit agreement to deal more justly with India, and he called upon the people to welcome the reforms. He confessed that they were insufficient, but he said they should be accepted as the starting-point for greater victories. He urged the conference to approve them unreservedly. After a heated debate the National Indian Congress adopted his view.

But soon it became evident that Gandhi's hopes were built on illusions. The viceroy did not heed the king's appeal for clemency, and instead of

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setting prisoners free, the doors of the jails opened only for executions. It became evident that the promised reforms would remain inoperative.

On top of this came the news of the peace conditions imposed on Turkey, May 14, 1920. In a message to the people the viceroy admitted they would prove disappointing, but he advised the Moslems to resign themselves to the inevitable.

Then came the publication of the official report on the Amritsar massacres. It was the last straw.

India's national consciousness was aroused. All ties were broken.

The Khilafat Committee, meeting at Bombay, May 28, 1920, passed a resolution adopting Gandhi's non-coöperation policy, and this resolution was ratified unanimously by the Moslem Conference of Allahabad, June 30, 1920.

Gandhi, in the meantime, wrote an open letter to the viceroy, informing him that the movement of non-coöperation would begin. He explained why he had recourse to it, and his arguments are worth studying, for they prove that even then Gandhi was hoping to avoid a break with England. In the bottom of his heart he still hoped that the Government might be brought to mend its ways by purely legal methods:

"The only course open to me is either in despair to sever all connection with British rule or, if I still retain faith in the inherent superiority of the British Constitution to adopt such means as will rectify the wrong done and thus restore confidence. I have not lost faith in the superiority of the British Constitution and it is because I believe in it that I have advised my Moslem friends to withdraw their support from Your Excellency's Government, and advised the Hindus to join them."

And this noble citizen of the empire the blind pride of the empire spurned.

(The end of the first part of "Mahatma Gandhi")

Estranged

BY HAZEL HALL

I have broken with myself.
Sickened of my own breath, I turned;
As smoke away from flame that burned
The sweet of wood, I turned from self.

Now I am not to touch with hand,
Nor see with eye, nor hear with ear,
And holding nothing hotly dear,
Know only what I understand.

Over my old self I lean
Like a ray of shattered light,
While a small untroubled night
Widens in the space between.

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The Big Show

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Woodcuts by Allen Lewis

SNOW is flying. It is early March, and cold. Hardly what one would call circus weather, yet there under the train-sheds the circus stands at the end of a south-bound passenger-train, a thing of resplendency, of silver-and-gold lettering, of backgrounds in which the main color is a beaming red, while along the length of it is emblazoned the caption:

"Biggest Circus on Earth
Advertising Car No. 1."

From ahead comes the "high-ball signal." A few quick hand-shakes, a last recounting of orders from the general agent, who talks to his car manager until the last possible moment. A rear platform, crowded with strong-shouldered young men, milling and jostling. A cheer. The train is moving. Soon only the owner and his general agent remain there on the station platform, watching the red-and-gold car as it travels far into the damp, cold haziness of the railroad yards, finally to disappear. The circus season has begun.

Rather, the first physical demonstration of a beginning has taken place. In reality, for the show-owner, the season begins when the season ends. Paradoxical? Not a bit. To circus-goers the circus season concludes in the autumn. To circus-makers the next season begins at the same time. A big show does n't just go on the road. Circuses, to their makers, are an exact science. When the show comes home in the autumn, they begin their preparations to send it forth again in the spring. They know what wagons to repair, what painting is necessary, how many railroad cars must be discarded and new ones bought to take their places; whether the "big top," or main tent, will stand another season, and where the show is to travel in the summer days to come. It does n't "just happen" that a circus goes to a certain town. The reason why has been studied out long in advance, and the show arrives for one or two reasons; either there is a surety of sufficient money to make a profitable day's business, or it is necessary to play the town in order to reach one farther on, where the crowds are sure and the money certain. Circuses don't "take all the money out of a town"; neither do they always play at a certain place just because it 's a good show town. Often it is n't, and the big organization loses money, leaving more cash in the village than it took away. But a show-train can only travel about one hundred and fifty miles a day, and if there is n't sure money within three hundred miles, it must take the best

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it can get, and be satisfied. I have seen "canvas op'rys" exhibit in places where the traveling population of the show was greater than that of the village itself. It is all carefully figured out in advance, with every possible condition taken into consideration: crops, money conditions, hard or good times, floods, forest fires—everything that can affect a pocket-book. If Jonesville and Thomasville lie within twenty miles of each other, and Jonesville has had a disastrous flood in its surrounding country while Thomasville has escaped, the circus is routed to Thomasville. How does the circus know? It must know, for knowing is part of its life. There is no other business organization that pays more attention to the various local conditions of the United States. The informants are the owners of the bill-board privileges in each town along the proposed route, playing a good business policy by telling the truth about their community. Often a circus general-agent has the news of a crop failure even before the Department of Agriculture. So every town is picked, every town is known. If a state capitol has only a small population, when does a circus play it? When the legislature is in session and the town is crowded! Does a circus play a college town in July? Hardly, but it will be glad to pay a visit in April, May, or late September. The students are there at those times; in July they have gone home. The circus knows. More, the circus prepares; long before the snows begin to melt even the size of the show has been decided upon, according to the money conditions of the country, starting its season in the south before the snow has left the ground of the north, and following the warm weather until summer comes. "Bigger than ever" is a fable. A circus is a business proposition, in spite of its romance. It adjusts itself to conditions. Does the dry-goods store carry a larger stock in bad times than in good?

So the departure of the "bill car," or advertising car, is a carefully thought-out, preconceived thing. It is to arrive at a certain town in the far south on a certain day, stay there so many hours, and depart at a certain time. All season it must live up to a schedule, that of being three weeks ahead of the show. If it loses a day through storm or accident, its men must do double work, a "brigade" of bill-posters being dropped at one town to look after the bill-posting, banner-tacking, country routes, and "programing," while the car, short-handed, hurries on to the next town and overtakes its schedule, leaving the brigade to catch up as best it can.

For the circus accepts no outside assistance; it depends upon nothing but itself and its own finely attuned organization. A theatrical company leaves its bill-posting to local concerns. It has the time to do so. A circus must move day by day; consequently it has its own railroad cars, its own equipment, its own men for everything. The bill car carries its own boiler for making paste; its lockers are filled with "paper," or billing, sufficient to last two months at a time. Above these are berths where sleep the twenty or twenty-five men who make up the car, the bill-posters, "tack-spitters," or banner men, the lithographers, the "squarers," or men who obtain permission for the posting of paper or the tacking of banners, and the manager. It costs a big show

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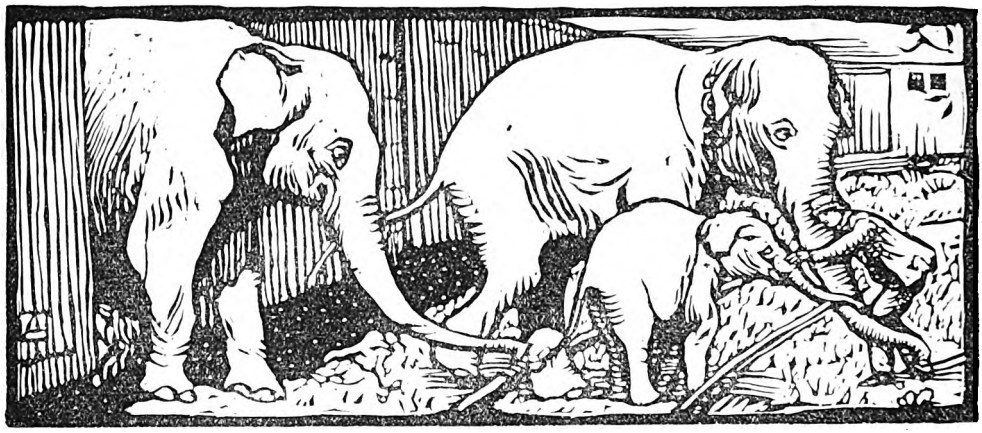

nearly a thousand dollars a day for its "advance" alone, for the mere publicity and promotion which heralds the coming of the circus.

More than a hundred men travel ahead of the show, merely to bring it to a town. There is the general contracting-agent, who makes all the primary arrangements, who arranges contracts for the circus grounds, for the bill-boards, for the exhibition and parade licenses, for the banners which overnight appear on the front of trolley-cars or flutter from the span wires, for the ten tons of hay, the five tons of straw, the three hundred bushels of oats, the twelve hundred bushels of bran, the hundred and fifty bales of shavings which are used by the show to sprinkle in entrances and rings and hippodrome track,—sawdust, in spite of tradition, is not used about a circus,—for the cord of wood necessary to keep up steam in the calliope, the ton of coal that will be consumed in the big traveling ranges upon which is cooked the food for the thousand or so persons of the show, and the nine hundred loaves of fresh bread for humans, and the two hundred loaves of stale for the polar bears. To say nothing of a broken-down horse or two to be killed for the lions, tigers, and cat animals, and the buying of ton after ton of beef from the divisional supply-houses of the big packing companies for the human complement of the show.

This completed, the agent hurries on, each day a constant round of contracts. A single item may bring its difficulties. Suppose in the year that has passed since his last visit the usual show-grounds has been cut up into building lots. He must find another, fully five hundred feet square, fairly level, rentable at a reasonable price, not too far from the center of town, and easily reached by main-trunk car-lines. It is n't easy. But he does it.

Then arrives the number 1 car, with its bill-posters, banner-men, and country-routers. Some of the bill-boards are contracted for, and are easily covered with the brilliantly lettered advertising posters, in which, you 've perhaps noticed, is a predominance of red. The reason is simple; red is an elemental color. It is the children's favorite. The circus appeals to the elemental, to the child in us all. Hence red.

Each man on the bill car has his job. It is the duty of the "banner-squarer"

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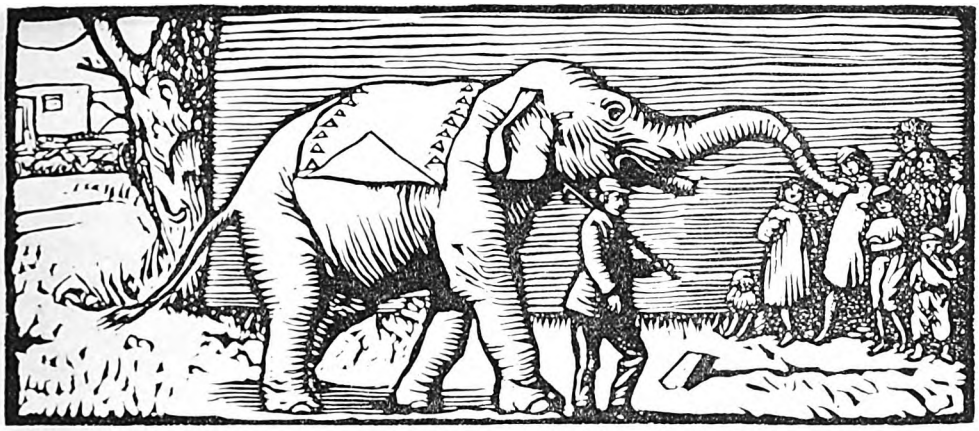

to argue the owner of any building with a blank wall that can be seen from a down-town street into allowing that wall to be covered by cloth announcements proclaiming the coming of the circus, without payment in actual money. The banner-squarer who buys space for anything except passes to the circus, and general-admission passes at that, is looked down upon by his fellow-workers as a coward and disloyal. Is n't a circus pass the most valuable thing there is?

Once that permission is gained, the tack-spitters or banner-men begin their work. No matter how difficult the wall may be, they will cover it. If it is too high to be reached by ladders, they will swing a scaffold from the top and there, in hot sun or chilling rain, fill their mouths with broad-headed tacks and work their magnetized hammers at a speed of fully forty blows to the minute. And a tack-spitter actually spits tacks, or rather, blows them, by rolling them one by one to his lips with his tongue, flat side toward the waiting hammer, then propelling them by air pressure to the magnet. An expert can hit the magnetized end of his hammer at two or three inches; others prefer merely to force the tack through the lips on the end of the tongue until it reaches the magnet. Thus, with one hand holding the canvas in position, the other swinging the hammer, and with nothing to hold them to their scaffolding save their sense of balance, these men work sometimes as high as two hundred feet above the ground, braving the death of broken ropes, a misstep, or being literally blown from their dangerous position, all to advertise a circus they never see.

Remember, the bill-poster and the banner-man must always be from a week to three weeks ahead of the show, depending upon which of the three advertising cars he is stationed. The result is that all he actually knows of his own circus is what he sees in the posters he daily distributes.

Incidentally, a circus is n't content with merely billing the city in which it is to show. Its territory of potential patrons extends for a distance of forty miles on every side of the show place, and these forty miles must be covered by each bill-car in a single day. Hence men depart by rail, buggy, and automobile for the country routes, and if they don't get back in time, sorry, but the car must move

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and they catch up as best they can.

There are three such cars with the big shows, one three weeks ahead, one two weeks, and the last one only a week. The job of the last two is to do everything that has n't been accounted for before, to renew billing that has been torn by wind or washed by rain, and to fight.

For circuses quarrel. It is a battle to a business death once one circus crosses the trail of another. Every big show carries in advance what is known as an "opposition brigade," with no other duties save to fight like brigades of other shows. As fast as one circus puts up a piece of billing, the opposition attempts to cover it. The result is flying paste brushes and buckets, faster flying fists, broken noses, black eyes, police, jail, bail, and the same thing over again until one side tires and quits, or circus day arrives to end the war of the opposition crews. This part of the advance knows no schedule—nothing, in fact, except to fight until a battle is won or lost. Sometimes a bill-board will bear as many as ten or twelve layers of posters, each alternate layer representing a different show; the last and winning layer slapped into place a bare twelve hours before the arrival of the contending circuses.

Then there are the press-agents who flit here and there, doubling on their tracks, dropping in at a newspaper in one town during the morning, appearing at another newspaper office fifty miles away in the afternoon, and still a third or perhaps a fourth farther on that night, according to the flexibility of train schedules. To say nothing of the "checkers-up," who inspect the work of the various cars and the "opposition brigade," and send each night a report of good or bad work to the general agent. And after all these are gone—

There comes the twenty-four-hour man.

They originally called him that because he came to town twenty-four hours before the circus arrived. A better reason might be because he works nearly twenty-four hours of the day. His is the task of seeing that every contract is ready to be fulfilled, that the fire department will have a man stationed at the fire-plug nearest the circus lot to provide water for the sprinkling carts, horses, elephants, and lemonade, that the circus grounds itself is in shape to receive the big

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show, any high weeds cut away, holes filled, hummocks leveled off; that the sidewalk crossings are well provided with boardings to protect them from the heavy wheels of the circus-wagons, all bridges safe on the parade route and that which leads from the unloading point to the circus lot, the licenses granted, food ready. Then after checking up on some twenty or thirty additional items he can sleep until four o'clock in the morning, when he must waken to await the arrival of the show-trains, arouse the various crews, and guide the cook-house wagon with its chefs, waiters, and flunkies, to the circus lot so that preparations may be begun at once for breakfast. Yet there are those who believe that a circus merely comes and goes.

Did you ever notice that the trains are always "spotted" at the same place when the show arrives? Did you ever seek the reason? There is one—rest assured of that; a circus never does anything without its consideration of cause and effect.

A big show must record receipts of from six to fifteen thousand dollars a day in order to live, so great are a single day's expenses. Often it exhibits in towns that have barely more than twelve or fifteen thousand population, and to gain a livelihood not a single opportunity must be missed, not a solitary chance to get one more person into the big tent passed by. Therefore, from the minute that circus arrives in town, it must do its utmost to flaunt itself before every available person, and breed the desire to visit the grounds where roar the lions and the tigers, where the bands play and the bespangled actors flash about the arena. It has one message and one alone, that of the instillation of the holiday spirit, the creating of an atmosphere by which a person says involuntarily and then repeats:

"Circus day — circus day — circus day!"

So it chooses a spot to unload where it can be seen by men going to work, by the early-rising newsboy, and found easily by those hundreds of enthusiasts who set their alarm clocks for the gray of dawn "to see the show come in." It sends its wagons to the grounds along routes selected for the same purpose; a circus wagon never goes up a side street when it can traverse one where a greater number of persons can see it. Always must that message be sent broadcast:

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"Circus day—circus day!"

Did you ever notice that there is no conveyance which makes exactly the same sort of noise as a circus wagon? There 's a certain individual truckling about the wheels, a different, hollower resonance as the axle flanges touch the steel of the hub-rims. It 's meant to be that way; a circus wagon would n't be such if it were like any other vehicle. It must shout its announcement from curb to curb, so that even the preoccupied citizen looks up, and says to himself, "Circus day!"

It does seem that there are more and better horses with the circuses nowadays than there once were, though, of course, there were always plenty of them. Is it because the wagons are heavier or—?

Not at all. Simply because horses are going out of fashion in other lines of endeavor; horses, especially fine breeds of draft-horses, are rarely seen on the streets any more. Every one loves the sight of a pretty horse. A good-looking equine exhibition on the street to-day is almost as much of a curiosity as an automobile once was. So the circus has plenty.

Why—every one asks the question—are those little red flags stuck about a circus grounds before ever a tent goes up? Do they mean anything? Or are they there just so that the drivers will know where to bring their wagons? Their meaning is simply this, that without them there might not be a circus. Those little red flags, fluttering at the end of a thin iron stake stuck into the ground, are the map of the big show. They have been placed there by a hurrying lot-superintendent, and to the workmen, the canvasmen, the roughnecks—

Beg pardon? Not roughnecks in the general acceptance of the term. The circus is a land of slang. Its people and workmen and departments are designated by argot terms which mean a separate division of the circus. Roughnecks are common workmen. Plankmen and seatmen are those who erect the seats to accommodate the thousands who gather at the afternoon and night performances. Canvasmen load and unload the tents, and aid in their erection. The big-top gang works nowhere except on the big top, or main tent. Razorbacks load and unload the cars. Kinkers are performers; flunkies those who wait upon the people of the circus in the

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cook-house or eating tent. Punks indicates a boy, an animal, anything not yet arrived at the age of maturity. Those who work in the side-show belong to the kid-show crew. The entrance, where you give your ticket to the bawling attendants, is the marquee. The attendants of the menagerie are animal men. The lions and tigers and leopards are cats. Anything in the pony, goat, llama, or bovine class, which can be taken to the circus grounds at the end of a rope or halter, is led stock. And the elephants are bulls. But to return to those little red flags!

They form a book of information. They tell the drivers, the workmen and others just where the big top will be, where the connections must be made to lead to the menagerie at one end and the stables and dressing tents at the other. They show the position of the "midway" and the side-show, in fact every one of the fourteen or so tents that go to make up the mushroom growth of canvas constituting the circus. Once they make their appearance, the rest is comparatively easy. The long center poles are placed and raised into position. The canvas travels upward. The tableau wagons and animal dens are wheeled into line. A bugle sounds.

"Hold-d-d-d-d yoah ho'sses. The elly—phants are coming-g-g-g-g!"

There are few horses to hold these days as the gleaming, resplendent parade turns into the main street, with its crowded curbings, its balloon vendors, its shouting fakirs and excited children. But a circus lives to a certain degree in the past. That bellowing warning has been a part of circusdom for years. It is expected, and therefore it is given. A parade would n't really be a parade without it.

Nor without the balloon vendors. Did you ever stop to consider that they might be present along the crowded streets to breed atmosphere as much as anything else? Bright colors, cheery colors. Remarks about the circus and the fact that this is the glad holiday of them all.

"Buy baby a bal-loon! Buy baby a nice red bal-loon. Baby won't be happy when she goes to the circus without a bal-loon. Remember, when baby goes to the circus, buy baby a bal-loon!"

The old power of suggestion! *When* baby goes to the circus! Baby may

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have been scheduled to return home just as soon as she saw the parade. But now it 's a different matter. Baby 's never seen a circus; it might as well be now.

And the parade is passing. Everyone in it seems happy. And bright. And cheerful. And smiling. Seems impossible that some one out of that long procession should not possess a grouch. But they 're all smiling because it 's part of their contract to smile in parade and performance. Is n't a circus the typification of happiness? Is n't it the bespangled fairy-land that drops out of the night, glories in the sunlight, then fades with the gathering darkness? Smile—smile—smile! That is the order, and it is carried out.

Three lions' cages have passed, with the side-boards down and the pacing animals displayed. Then a cage which is closed. Why, certainly if they could leave three cages open, they could leave a fourth. Wonder what 's in that cage; it must be valuable, something out of the ordinary, or they would show it.

There you stand and wonder—wonder at a game that is as old as that of Adam and Eve and the serpent, old as the world itself, that of curiosity. What 's in that wagon? What 's in that wagon?

Nor do you stop to consider that this may be the purpose of the whole parade, this play upon curiosity and upon the child-like credulity that is in all of us. The bill-boards, with their big red letters have announced a mile-long street parade, which will present a sample of everything that is in the big wonderful circus.

One little word has stuck in your mind. A sample. From childhood days that has meant something very, very small with which you raced to the store that you might return with a yard-length match for it. The thing you got was so much bigger than the sample. If it requires a mile to display a sample of the circus's charms, what must the real thing be? You reason without considering. Then, what was in those closed wagons? If the lion trainer can sit in the cage with three lions during parade, merely as a sample, what must he do in the performance!

Here comes a wagon with ten clowns atop it. The bill-boards said there would be fifty clowns, count 'em, fifty, in the performance. That must

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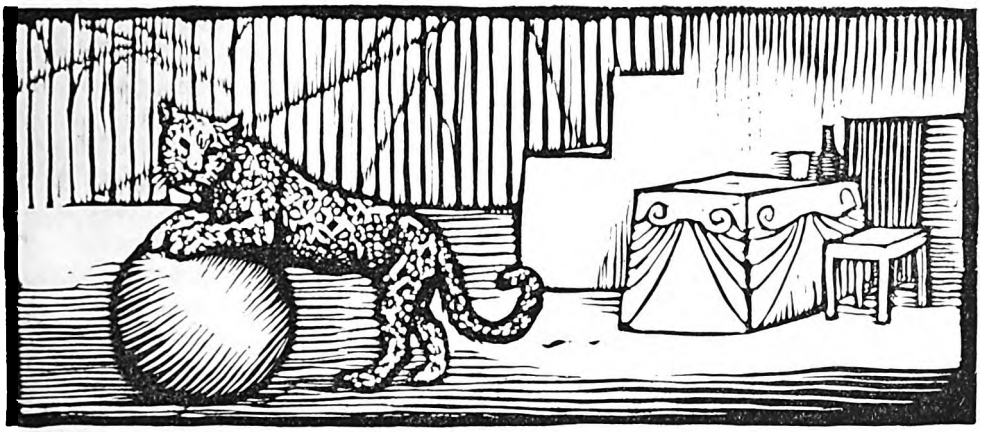

be true. There are ten here just as a sample.

How that one thought sticks! Then the band plays. The horses prance, as though they were dancing for sheer joy. Of course they are n't trained to dance in parade. Why should they be?

Why? Just so that they will achieve the object that that whole parade pursues, the embodiment of joy, of lightheartedness, the appeal which touches the hearts of us all when there is even a mention of a cessation of work and worries, of a real, true holiday. So the horses dance, and the clowns grimace, and the big-footed policeman in the tiny police-patrol picks up an urchin for a half-block ride, and the calliope player turns to the hundred or so children trotting in his wake with the question:

"Well, kids, what 'll it be next?"

Oh, there 's joy about a circus parade, joy beyond the gleam of the gold and silver, the blaring of the bands, the glittering of the spangles upon the dresses of the equestriennes —the joy of a thing well done, of an experiment in psychology worked out to the *n*th degree. There goes another closed wagon. Perhaps it 's got the rhinoceros in it. Or maybe— did n't some one mention the fact that the circus had a new sort of animal that no one in town ever had seen before?

Oh well. Ho hum! Half the day gone. Nobody at the office will be fit for work anyway. Guess you 'll go to the circus!

"Now-w-w-w-w, ladies and gentlemen-n-n-n-n, there are yet fortay-y-y-five minutes before the big show begins. Fortay-y-y-y-five minutes. A long time to wait, ladies-s-s-s and gentlemen. So we have arranged for your benefit a special exhibition in the Grand Annex and Museum of Wonders to delight the eye, please the brain, and sharpen the intellect. If you will just step a bit closer-r-r-r-r!

"I have brought out before you, ladies-s-s-s and gentlemen, a few of the strange and curious-s-s-s peo-ple who go to make up this Museum of Wonders. Starting at the right—"

Why have you stepped closer? You really had n't intended to move at all. But you did, did n't you? Because some one jostled slightly; was n't that it? The human is an obliging person. Some one jostled and

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edged closer. The operation had started with only four or five men far out there at the edge of the crowd. Naturally you have n't seen them; a hundred other persons have jostled forward since then. Could they have been men in the employ of the side-show, paid to move forward at the signal, and by one little movement cause a whole crowd of hundreds and hundreds of persons to obey that command from the "ballyhoo" man?

Incidentally, he 's talking again—describing all the "strange and curious-s-s-s-s peo-ple," urging that you become better acquainted with them inside. And repeating:

"Fortay-y-y-y-five minutes to wait. Don't spend your time on the hot, dusty, circus lot. Fortay-y-y-y-y-five minutes to wait. Plenty of time before the big show. Fortay-y-y-y-y-five minutes."

So you go in. Humans hate to wait. Circuses learned that almost as soon as the humans. For are n't circuses human themselves?

"The b-e-e-g show! This a-way to the b-e-e-g show! Performance starts in five min-utes. Buy yoah tickets for the be-e-g show!"

It 's crowded about the ticket-wagon. Up at the window the ticket-seller is scooping in money with both hands, apparently throwing it on the floor. You 've heard that before about the men in the ticket-wagons—about how they throw silver and gold and paper bills indiscriminately about them until they stand literally knee-deep in money.

But inside the ticket-wagon all is orderly. The silver passes into one drawer, just below the marble plate of the ticket window. The gold goes into another. The currency travels into high wicker baskets, one for dollar bills, one for fives, one for tens, and one for any denominations above that. A circus is n't so unbusiness-like after all.

Through those gates at last! What a crowd! What a jam! Why can't they make them bigger?

They could. But then that would n't cause a crowd. A crowd, you know, means popularity. Like breeds like. There might be fully a hundred dollars, even more, wandering about out there on the circus grounds that would be lost if the front gates did n't indicate a rush on the part of all humanity to get inside. Strange how they think of those things!

What was that the ticket-taker said to the fat woman who was trying to smuggle her ten-year-old boy through by carrying him in her arms? Was n't it: "Hey, Lady! Put down that there young man an' let him carry you! Twenty-five cents more for the young man, Lady."

And what was it the manager had remarked to himself as the protesting fat woman had paid the extra money? "Put the most honest woman in the world on a street-car or at a circus gate with a kid and she 'll lie her head off to get him through for half fare!"

The menagerie. You 've often wondered about menageries, why circuses go to the expense of carrying them.

Perhaps you 've never realized that were it not for the circus menagerie a great part of the youthful population of the United States would be devoid of an education in natural history; that most of the towns which a circus visits are without zoos, and that the only chance the population has to

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view jungle or strange beasts is when the show comes to town.

Thus the circus, utilizing everything, even as a packing-house makes some use of every by-product, keeps its cost of operation down through that very fact. There are many municipalities which would charge exorbitant licenses were it not for the fact that the circus has certain features in its menagerie that are necessary to the education of its youth.

More, the animal actors of the show are the cheapest actors a circus can carry. They draw no salaries and require no expensive food, and they serve a triple purpose; they take part in the parade, they form the menagerie, and they work in the big show, all without salary.

They have strange histories, these animals, strange likes and dislikes, things that the ordinary person never dreams of.

Tigers and lions, for instance, love catnip. They frolic in it, as a house cat does before the hearth. They eat only six times a week. Puritans are the cat animals; no food on Sunday, only rest.

You corner the menagerie superintendent and ask him questions. That 's what he 's there for. He knows that when you speak of it later you will remember the name of the show and perhaps mention it. Word of mouth is stronger than all the bill-boards or newspapers in existence. He tells you strange things; that elephants love coal, and that they munch it greedily whenever they get a chance. Even that a certain amount of dirt each day is, to them, necessary for a good digestion. That in those tiny, pig-like tails is danger. They look so small, but it is only because of the great bulk of the body, and that should you be struck by an elephant's tail, the blow could easily bring unconsciousness. He tells you that the hind leg of an elephant is different from that of the usual beast. So it is. It bends backward instead of forward, with a knee just as in the front legs. Strange you 've never noticed that before! He tells you also that the lion is the king of beasts only in looks, and a tiger can whip a lion any time he chooses. That a hippopotamus, with all those teeth, is camouflage.

"Tamest thing we 've got in the whole place," says the superintendent. "We let him out of his den, and he wanders the whole tent when the crowds are n't in here. But when the show 's on, well, everybody thinks he 's fierce because of all those teeth of his, and, well, we give 'em what they want."

Now-w-w-w, the b-e-e-g show!

Just like a great big family, is n't it, going through its stunts? But it is n't.

It 's a community, with community lines, classes, divisions, and society.

Every grade of performer belongs to a certain strata. The contortionist is not on the same plane with the aërialist, nor is the aërialist as high in social life as the equestrienne. Speaking of equestriennes, why are they able to stay on those horses so easily? And why are ring horses invariably white, gray, or dappled?

That 's why: so the equestriennes can stand on their backs. But that 's no answer. Pardon, but it is. Powdered resin, if you ever have seen it, is white. Powdered resin prevents one from slipping. But it can't be noticed when it is sprinkled on

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the back of a white or gray horse.

By the way, the equestrienne act is half over now. They 've brought in different horses. How fast they go! But they don't. The girls run faster when they make their jumps. The ring-master cracks his whip more frequently, the band plays twice as swiftly as it did before, but the horses move at the same old gait. Imagination is a wonderful thing.

But certainly, there, look at that girl who has been in the ferris wheel. She 's going to slide down the rope. Could n't she have made them stop the wheel when she was at the bottom?

Of course. But sliding down a rope looks harder, and the old spirit of the coliseum, where the circus originated, is in us all. We never saw a girl killed by sliding down a rope. Of course she has our best wishes, but—

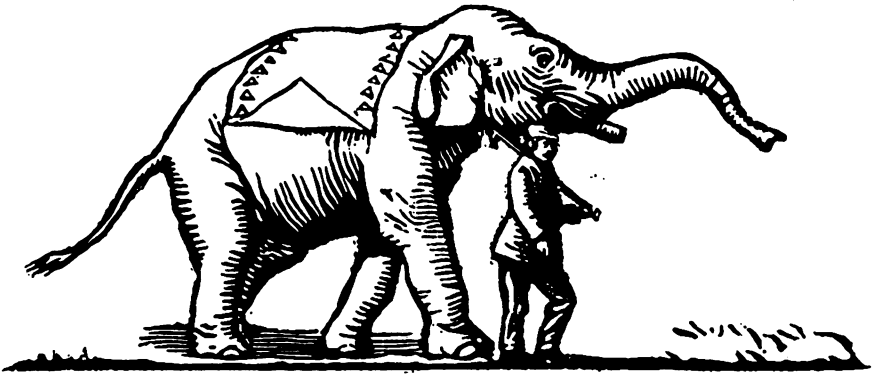
All but over! Into the hippodrome track go the rumbling chariots, each with its horses four abreast. They 're off! The whites are in the lead, if they 'll only hold it! But the blacks have gained. They 've passed the whites. Now they 're neck and neck again. A cheer! The whites are ahead again. Neck and neck once more. Now the blacks are in the lead. Now the whites. And they cross the tape nose and nose!

But it was a good race. If they could only have gone around the track once more!

They would have finished nose and nose again. For a circus is in the game of pleasing every one, those who want the blacks to win and those who favor the whites. So at every turn, at the end of the track, the inside chariot veers to the outside rail, while the outside chariot cuts across to the inside track. The difference in distance brings them neck and neck, and so they might race forever.

And that, really, is the secret and the why of the circus, the pleasing of every one. After all, it 's a simple task, for the circus has learned one great thing, that somewhere in our hearts is something that never grows up, that old though we may be in years, the child lives within us just the same, and whether we be seven or seventy, that something invariably answers the call of happiness.

Aw-w-w-l-l-l o-u-t an' ovah-h-h-h-h!



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The Box-Office Girl

By Arnold Bennett

The Rotunda Royal, as every one who knows the world knows, lifts its immense mass of yellow masonry—not really masonry, but iron thinly faced with stone—right in the middle of London. It is the largest music-hall in London and the most successful music-hall in London; and it burns more electricity than any other place of amusement in London. Its upper parts are glitteringly outlined in green and yellow electricity; its high tower can be glimpsed from all manner of streets, and the rich glow of the whole affair illuminates a cloudy sky for the whole of central London to see. Though entirely respectable, it has an altar of its own in the hearts of the young and the old bloods of provincial cities who come to town strictly on business. It is the Mecca of suburban inhabitants with a dull afternoon in front of them and ten shillings in their pockets to squander. To have his, or her, name printed in fire on the façade of the Rotunda is the ambition of every music-hall artist in the world, and of many another artist besides. In brief, the Rotunda is a very important, grandiose, and impressive organism—an organism which emphatically functions. And it is a household world. Even judges of the High Court have heard of the Rotunda. No daily paper in London ever appears without mention of it somewhere.

Now daily and nightly, behind a counter on your left as you enter by the main entrance into the grand foyer, stood until lately a girl named Elaine Edar. She was a blonde, with bright hair, an attractive, pretty, and benevolent face, and a good figure, because these attributes were essential to her position. Her simple, smart dress was of black, but it had touches of fantasy and of color, because Mr. Walter King (managing director, risen from call-boy, as he openly stated about ten times every day) had said that he did not care for his girls to look like hotel clerks. Elaine's face and hair were known to tens of thousands of people. Often in the street such people would start at the sight of her and murmur something to a companion, and Elaine knew that they were saying:

"That 's the box-office girl at the Rotunda."

So that she had a certain importance on earth, and assuredly at the Rotunda. For she gathered in money, and to Mr. Walter King the Rotunda was in the end nothing but a machine for gathering in more money than it paid out. Not that Elaine was the sole instrument for gathering in money. Far from it! Above her counter were displayed the words: "Box Office for this performance only. Boxes. Royal Fauteuils. Royal Stalls. Stalls. Grand Balcony." All advance book-

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ing was done in a special office up the street, and each of the unreserved parts of the house had its own entrance, with turnstile and money-taker. Still, Elaine took a goodish bit of money twice a day, and she was easily the most prominent of all the human machines that received silver coins and notes in exchange for bits of colored paper or base-metal discs.

Twelve performances a week, and Elaine had to be on duty ten minutes before the doors opened and to remain on duty until one hour before the end of each performance. Then she had to check her money and prove to the cashier's department that the total was correct. An anxious job, especially during the "rush" quarter of an hour, when she had to read with the glance of an eagle the numbers on the "sheet" of the performance, treat every patron as a benefactor, return good for evil, give change like a flash of lightning, detect spurious coins in the tenth of a second, and render sweet smiles to louts, curmudgeons, and cats. Happily, she was by nature profoundly and generally benevolent, and in this respect indeed a wonder to her assistant, who did the telephoning and lent a general hand. It was her benevolent air that had recommended her to Mr. Walter King, who had sacked her predecessor for being hoity-toity to patrons whenever business was abnormally good. She was devoted to the theater. Nobody thought of her apart from the theater, and, in fact, she had little private life. Mr. Walter King was himself passionately devoted to the theater, and he expected all the staff to be passionately devoted to the theater; but whereas his own devotion brought in a large share of the profits, Elaine's devotion brought in only a small fixed salary, which Mr. King did not dream of passionately increasing when business grew fabulous. Elaine saw nothing odd in this arrangement.

It was a quarter to ten. The day's work was nearly over. Elaine's assistant had gone. The entrance-hall and foyer blazed deserted with their super-lavish electricity. When an idle program-girl swung open a door at the end of a vast corridor and peeped forth, Elaine could faintly catch the sound of clapping. She rarely got more of a performance than these brief distant rumors of applause. For her the Rotunda was not an auditorium, but a foyer with box-office; and the artists were mere names on bills. She estimated the quality of the applause, and glanced at the clock and the time-table to know who was being applauded, for she had to be in a position to inform patrons what artist was "on" at any given moment. Then she proceeded with the secret counting of notes on a shelf beneath the counter. In view of the absence of a grille to protect the counter, and of the prevalence of gangs of robbers in London, her situation with all that money for Mr. Walter King might seem perilous. But it was not so in reality. Elaine and her treasure were well guarded by formidable giants and astute dwarfs in the shape of gorgeous door-men and pages. Though he disapproved of grilles, Mr. Walter King took no chances with the night's receipts.

Then a dark and elegant young man in full evening panoply appeared from the street. The guardians saluted him. He saluted Elaine. This unidentified and mysterious gentleman came nearly every night toward ten

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o'clock. Elaine guessed that he came to witness the performance of the Russian dancer, the incomparable illustrious Feodora.

"Did you keep the fauteuil for me, Miss Edar?" He had picked up her name from somewhere, it seemed.

She nodded, kindly smiling. She liked the regular visitant, not in the least because he was regular, but because he was dark, elegant, slim, and had a sad, wistful smile. Yes, she had kept the stall for him, despite the fact that if he had not come to claim it she would have had to pay for it out of her own pocket. He usually telephoned just before the rush, and Elaine had accepted the risk of his not coming quite a dozen times. Occasionally, as to-night, he would try to get a box, and if successful would pay for both the box and the stall. And he would show amazing indecisions. To-night she had no box to sell; the sole empty seat in the house was the one she had retained for him; and yet in his rich, low voice he would keep talking about a box, and also she had to repeat to him several times precisely where the stall was in regard to the stage.

At length he paid, raised his hat again, and went off toward the auditorium, followed by her benedictory sympathetic smile. The head doorman, his pocket gaping for the harvest of sixpences which he would shortly garner for putting patrons into cars and taxis, winked at her rather broadly, as if to indicate that the dark gentleman was queer in the head. But Elaine gently deprecated the wink, seeing in the dark gentleman a victim of hopeless love for a Russian dancer. Silence fell upon the foyer, whose ceiling was upheld by the immobile figures of pink, nude girls.

Elaine had taken out the self-locking steel cash-drawer from its niche, detached and hidden the telephone, and was about to disappear through the little door behind the counter, when Rachel Gordon hurried up, rather breathless, from somewhere.

"I 'm the publicity lady," Rachel would introduce herself to the new artists in the wings and in dressing-rooms when she wanted material for piquant press paragraphs. She did all the day-to-day publicity work for the Rotunda. A pretty Jewess, with full lips and eyes, waved hair, striking clothes, carefully tended complexion, and a general air of knowing all that was worth knowing; not quite young, but far from old. She spent every evening in the theater, and little in it escaped her attention.

"Feo asked me to give you this note," said she. "I 'm so glad I 've caught you before you 'd gone."

She handed the note, with a characteristic, sparkling glance that was full of chicane and the spirit of plotting. "Feo!" Thus she familiarly referred to the great, the unique Feodora. But then she managed to be very friendly with all, and she could be highly useful even to the greatest. As Elaine read the note she showed extreme astonishment. It ran:

"My dear Miss Edar, I give a party to-morrow night at the Fantasy Club, some friends, dancing, fun. Will you come? I do hope. Your obliged FEO."

Indeed, the thing was enough to astonish a box-office girl. "Your obliged." Elaine knew what that referred to. A fortnight earlier, when a not uncommon state of war existed between Feodora and Mr. Walter

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King, Feodora had been unable to get two free seats for friends. She had most particularly wanted those seats, even if it should be necessary to pay for them. But she was too haughty to tell Mr. King that she would pay for them, and so she had herself run round, furs and pearls and all,—as described by Rachel for the press,—to implore Elaine to allot seats to her even though all seats were sold. And Elaine, by methods known to box-office keepers only, had bestowed upon her the two desired seats, and Mr. Walter King not a penny the wiser! Feodora, in the generosity of her impulsive, poetic heart, had not forgotten.

"Shall you come?" asked Rachel, who evidently knew what was in the scrawled note.

"I—I have n't a rag to wear," answered Elaine, much flustered.

"Oh, stuff!" observed Rachel, simply. "You 're always awfully well turned out. Everybody knows that."

"But evening wear—" protested Elaine, despite a secret mistrust of Rachel.

"Oh, stuff!" Rachel repeated.

Elaine could scarcely sleep that night. It was an incredible happening. She rose early to look through her wardrobe.

§ 2

The Fantasy Club, scene of Feodora's party, was in Goodge Street, off Tottenham Court Road. Elaine had never heard of it, and, indeed, had some difficulty in finding it, since its portal was hidden at the end of a long covered passage and showed no signs of festivity. No wonder the conductor of the motor-bus by which she traveled could give her no information about it! In the lobby she saw a printed notice: "Breakfasts served from 5 A. M." This frightened her, but she was reassured by the sight of Rachel Gordon in the cloak-room.

Rachel gave the names of sundry high-brow novelists and painters and musicians who regularly frequented the club, and she said that in the art of turning night into day they were the greatest experts in London. Rachel laughed at the nocturnal pretensions of the more famous dancing-clubs; she scorned them as bourgeois. Anyone could join them, but according to Rachel, not any one could join the Fantasy. You had to be some one or the approved friend of some one to be admitted to the Fantasy.

The dancing-room was large, low, and very bare compared with the ornate interiors of the Rotunda. It had no decorations except electric lights in Chinese lanterns, and the costumes of the ladies. These decorations, however, were extremely effective. The room was full; it was also noisy and torrid. Revelers were eating, drinking, dancing, chattering, laughing, and giggling, with much gusto.

"There 's Feo's table," said Rachel, pointing to the biggest and busiest table in the place, and led Elaine towards it. Elaine was nervous.

"How sweet of you!" the slim and gorgeous Feo greeted her. "How sweet you look! No! It is more than sweet. I understand now when Carly does say how you are *exotique*. It is so. Yes. Sit down. Have drink? Have chicken? Or soup? Yes. Soup first. Rachel, occupy yourself with Miss." Feodora turned to two young men, who kissed her hand.

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Elaine listened eagerly to the confused talk at the table, but, though all laughed or giggled, she heard nothing that struck her as amusing. No doubt the humor was being accomplished in French or Russian, of which languages Elaine had no knowledge. However, all the ladies looked either lovely or strange. She was still very shy, but she was mysteriously happy too, somehow uplifted.

"Who is Carly?" she murmured to Rachel, and Rachel by a discreet turn of the head indicated a young man who stood behind Feodora, against the wall. Elaine started and flushed. It was the nightly visitant for whom she reserved stalls. The word exotic in the tiny mouth of Feodora had already exercised Elaine, who could not comprehend how anybody could regard her as deserving of such an adjective. That the nightly visitant should deem her exotic, and should have said so to a high goddess like Feodora, almost disturbed her while enchanting her! Rachel beckoned to the nightly visitant, who approached.

"Mr. Lyeskov," said Rachel. "Miss Edar. I think you have met."

She laughed. Mr. Lyeskov blushed.

The next moment Elaine became aware that her hand had been kissed. A unique experience. Hand-kissing was of course "foreign" and somewhat foolish, but it was surprisingly delicious, even flattering. So this was the young man who, while paying for stalls from which to worship Feodora, had found time to examine herself and to decide that she was exotic. Yes, disturbing! Disturbing!

He now asked her to dance. Could she refuse? How ridiculous! Unfortunately, in the dance she could not think of a single thing to say to him. He was a fine dancer, but scarcely cleverer as a talker than Elaine. They just danced, yielded themselves to the music and the movement. It was exquisite.

"You are a natural dancer. You have the gift," he remarked. She smiled. She knew that she was a natural dancer. She had no more learned to dance than she had learned to breathe; she rarely danced, and only in suburban resorts with one or two dull acquaintances; yet she knew all the steps and never erred, never hesitated. They danced two consecutive dances. As he restored her to the table, he asked if he might dance again with her very soon. Feodora called to him.

"How did you get on?" Rachel demanded of Elaine, with a peculiar glance.

"Oh, splendid! He 's asked me for another dance."

"And did you refuse?"

"Ought I?"

"Don't be silly. Can't you see he 's mad about you? Why do you suppose he comes to get tickets off you every night? Why do you suppose he got Feo to ask you here tonight? And let me tell you, he may be a French-Russian, but he 's very serious and very rich. *He* did n't lose anything in the Revolution, he did n't! Pity he 's so shy, is n't it?"

Elaine's face burned again. The fact is, she was overwhelmed, absolutely overwhelmed, as she realized bit by bit that "Carly" came nightly to the Rotunda not to worship Feodora, but to worship her. It was staggering. She was glad when a male performer in Feodora's troupe invited her on to the floor. She did not care for his face nor for his coarse

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manners nor yet for his dancing,—how different from "Carly's"!—but he enabled her to escape from Rachel Gordon's enigmatic scrutiny. As she went round the room with the professional dancer something happened to her, and she half stumbled and turned wholly pale. It was a night of sensations, blushes, and pallors, such a night as she had never before known. The dancer looked at his faltering partner inquiringly, but said no word, and Elaine recovered herself. No one knew, no one could guess, what had happened to her. And after all it was naught. She had only caught sight of Ned seated at a table with another man, and he had seemed to be somewhat unprosperous and defiant in his shabby evening-dress. And he looked older, thinner, worn. Ned was the one man who had entered into that private life of hers, the existence of which none of the patrons of the Rotunda could visualize. It was six years ago, when she was twenty-one, and before her connection with the life of music-halls. Ned was an advertising-agent and lots of things beside; he had had a hand in promoting one or two of the earlier dance clubs. He was up one month and down the next. He had defects, but he had made love to her, proposed to her, been accepted. She gave him all her heart; she learnt rapturously to love love. The world became magical. The date of the wedding was fixed. Then Ned came one day and said that candor was best, and that the sole manly course was to confess to her. What? What? That he had mistaken his feelings. That he had found that he did not care for her "in that way." Whereas, he did care for Alice "in that way"; and Alice cared for him "in that way." That of course, he was hers to command, but would it not be better for her sake and for the sake of them all, if she—he was extremely sorry. He did not and could not defend himself. Alice was a friend of hers, had but a few months before been congratulating her on her betrothal to nice Ned. Ned married Alice. And so that was that. Elaine's tragic grief softened gradually into vague regret, and vague regret changed into a vague feeling that perhaps she had done well to lose Ned. Such stories lie buried in the memory of numberless girls who go through life apparently as though butter had never melted in their mouths. And you dig up the stories with difficulty, with amazement. Well, she had caught sight of Ned Haltright.

The next minute his table was empty. She hoped he had not seen her, and could not help thinking that he had. Undoubtedly, she had had a shock. But, after powdering herself anew and drinking some champagne, she put her hand once again in the hand of Carly Lyeskov, and felt his right hand lightly on her back, and resumed the dance with him; the effects of the shock soon disappeared. She glimpsed herself in a mirror and was satisfied with the vision. Idle to deny that she was pretty, had a good figure, or that her frock was really smart! She was as presentable as most, and more so than a lot of them, though her only trinket was a necklace of Chinese-dyed mother-of-pearl. Carly's worship of her blossomed like a flower. It was heavenly to be worshiped, to be able to confer a favor by merely consenting to exist. She had a sense of dominion which intoxicated. And then the band, the

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colors, the movement, the feeling of being surrounded by illustrious and witty artists! She wondered who was who! And Carly was so distinguished. His very shirt-front was a miracle. And he was so deferential.

"May I ask where you live?"

She told him Fulham.

"I suppose you would not let me drive you home in my car?"

Yes, she would; he was really too kind! Romance! Romance! Soon she was thinking that Carly was unique in the whole world, so sympathetic he was! And he worshiped her. He had gone off his head about her. Triumph! Power! Dizziness! It was silently established between them that they would dance every dance together. And they did. The Fantasy faded to a dim background for their emotions. And Elaine looked with pity at her past life, at the horrid grind and daily work, at her loneliness, because behind her counter she was nearly as lonely as a bus-driver, and at home in her rooms she was terribly lonely. How had she supported it? Could she possibly continue to support it?

At three o'clock, when the gaiety was at its apogee, she said she thought she must go home. Not that she wanted to go home or had any reason for going home. She wanted simply to command him, and to prove to the entire Fantasy Club that he was hers to command.

She took leave of Feodora, who poured over her a delicious cascade of protests. And Carly did drive her to Fulham; Parson's Green it was. No little "liberties" in the large, smooth-gliding car, such as are expected and condoned by the primmest maidens after such ecstasies, in such circumstances, at such an hour. Nothing but the deepest respect. Yes, he was "serious." She leaned forward suddenly and tapped on the window. The car stopped. Mr. Lyeskov sprang to the pavement, handed her out, removed his hat, kissed her hand, and was richly rewarded by her smile under the lamp-post. He waited until she had found her latch-key and opened her door. Of course it was a poor little suburban house. But she knew that that did n't matter. It was where she lived.

§ 3

Elaine went to bed in a state of ecstatic, blissful excitement. No sooner had she laid herself down than she heard the prolonged trill of the front-door bell in the back room. She occupied the two rooms which constituted the third or top floor of the old house. In earlier days she had had only one room, but destiny had been fairly kind to her. The front room was a sort of bed-sitting-room; the back was a kitchen-scullery-dining-room. The floor was her home and held all that she possessed. Compared with many young and aging women in her situation of life she was affluent and of luxurious habit. Now there were four bells on the front door, each labeled. Sometimes, and especially at night, visitors got confused and rang the wrong bell. Elaine thought that on this occasion the wrong bell had been rung.

"They 'll have to keep on ringing," she said. After all, the bell did not make a great deal of noise. The bell continued to ring.

"Nobody can possibly be wanting me at this time of night," she said.

Nevertheless she put on her dress-

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ing-gown and opened the window and looked forth and down. But she could not see who was ringing because of the wide, leaded eaves of the old-fashioned porch. She shut the window and shut out the invading chill of the dark night. At length the persistent bell began to exasperate her fatigued nerves, and with an annoyed, apprehensive shrug, she crept step by creaking step all the way down-stairs and softly undid the front door.

Ned Haltright was standing in the porch. She gave a start, and instinctively drew the thin peignoir more tightly round her shoulders. As she did so, she stiffened, looking at him. She was affronted, angered, by this inexcusable visitation. Nothing but sheer good-nature prevented her from shutting the door in Ned's face.

"I saw you at the Club—" he commenced.

"Not so loud, *please!*" she stopped him in a sharp whisper, thinking of her immaculate reputation in the crowded house that so often buzzed with gossip. To have come home at God knows what hour in a car was bad enough, but to receive male callers still later—

"I want to see you. I must talk to you," Ned whispered plaintively.

"Not now," she whispered.

"Yes, now."

She shook her head firmly.

"Fancy coming here now," she whispered, in still colder reproof. "And how on earth did you get here at this time?"

"Walked," he whispered.

"Walked?" she whispered.

"Yes."

He must certainly have walked over six miles. The whispering seemed to render them intimate in spite of her aggrieved attitude toward him. It struck her as strange and affecting that she had once been his affianced sweetheart, that they used to kiss each other with long kisses, and that now they were nothing to each other. She made a sign for him to enter. She very cautiously closed the door.

"I 'm on the top floor now," she murmured, scarcely audible.

He nodded. The fan-light over the door let through the ray of the street-lamp, so that the first flight of stairs was fairly plain. The higher flights were dark. But Ned knew the staircase. Ned followed her on tiptoe, and every now and then a stair creaked with a thunderous sound that no prudence of tread could avoid. Elaine had the horrid illusion that behind every door as they passed it women with slanderous tongues were greedily listening.

At the summit of the perilous climb she led him into the kitchen-scullery-dining-room, and found the matches, lit the gas, lit the gas-stove. She put her fingers to her lips. They must still exist and communicate without sound. No sound-proof floors in that house! She motioned him to the wicker easy-chair. He sank into it. She looked at him and looked round the room. Happily the room was very tidy and cosy. He was pale, pathetic, with his pointed, exhausted, weak-charactered features. He wore a blue coat, strapped close at the waist and bulging out, above and below, over his evening clothes. In his hand he held an ordinary bowler hat. No style! What a contrast with Mr. Lyeskov! He had the air of defeat, even of being a prisoner-of-war. And he had walked more than six miles in his madness. Without a

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word, she turned away, lit the gas-ring, and began to make some tea. She had to do it from simple humanity. And there she was with him, sharing surreptitiously the room with him, in night-dress, peignoir, and slippers. Their tender intimacy emerged toward them out of the past, indestructible. Somehow, what had been, still was. How could she treat him as a stranger? She could not. Moreover, she felt far superior to him in moral force; she felt, despite her resentment, almost protective in a casual, condescending way. She had the adoration of Carly Lyeskov at her back.

"Well?" she whispered.

Ned gazed at the rug under his feet. Silence. Hiss of the gas-stove; hiss of the gas-ring; fizzing of the blue-yellow gas-jet within its mantle.

"Well, how 's Alice?" she whisperingly questioned, in a rather indifferent, half-quizzing tone, as if saying: "Well, you got your Alice. How does it work now you 've had her six years?"

He whispered solemnly:

"Poor Alice died two years ago, and the baby 's two years old. Had n't you heard?"

She shook her head. She could not speak; her throat was suddenly constricted; tears glittered in her eyes. At length she said:

"I 'm sorry to hear it." How poor the words! Then after a pause, while Ned stared at the inside of his hat, "Is it a girl or a boy?"

"A girl."

"What have you called her?"

"Alice."

"And how do you manage about the poor little thing?"

"Ah! That 's the trouble. How *do* I manage?" He looked up suddenly, and he was crying.

"Ellie,"—nobody else had ever called her "Ellie,"—"Ellie, I made a frightful mistake when I broke it off with you, and I 've known it for years. And then when I saw you to-night—It was too much for me. Yes. I had to talk to you." His whispered utterance was so obscure and feeble that she had to guess what he said; but she guessed right. The water boiled. She turned from him again to fill the tea-pot.

How weak he was! So impulsive! But so enterprising, too! Full of initiative as usual! He had had the wild idea of coming to her, and he had come. He had arrived. He had wanted to talk to her, and he was talking to her.

"And how 's business?" she asked, extinguishing the gas-ring. She was bound to say something—and something ordinary, banal, off the point.

"Oh, pretty fair," he whispered. "Not bad. Changeable, of course. But you rub along, you know."

She was confirmed in her notion that he was out of luck. He drank the hot tea, which seemed to revive him; he was a man easy to revive and easy to deject. She took some tea herself. As an afterthought she cut some bread and butter; she gave him a slice with her hand, as there was no plate save the wooden bread platter. He ate it savagely, and several more slices. The scene was domestic. The night, the enforced whispering, his trouble, her peignoir, the informality of the little meal, made it domestic. She stood near the fire in order to keep warm in her thin raiment.

"Ellie," he said, rising vivaciously to put his cup and saucer on the table,

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and standing near to her. "I 've always been in love with you. I know there 's no excuse for me. I did n't treat you right. But there it is. And when I saw you tonight—" He had raised his voice.

"*Hsh!*" she warned him.

She spoke gently, keeping resentment out of her voice, partly because she was flattered by the realization of her power over him—and she had the same power over Carly Lyeskov,—and partly because he was so wistful and she pitied him in his unhappiness. Nevertheless, in her heart she was indignant. She thought of her independence, of the stability of her position as a self-maintained woman beholden to none. She did not see Elaine Edar abandoning her independent situation for the status of the wife of a Ned Haltright, asking a Ned Haltright for money when she needed it, considering his wishes in regard to her own conduct, sacrificing herself to the baby of the girl who had supplanted her, sharing the material vicissitudes which must inevitably result from his character. He might love her, admire her, but that could not compensate. Moreover, the whole idea was absurd, monstrous. His suggestion amounted to effrontery. And Carly Lyeskov existed and worshiped. However, she offered no reasoned reply. Her daily traffic with all sorts of human beings had taught her when to argue and when not to argue.

"Please don't say any more," she murmured firmly. "You can't burst out like this."

"But I 've had it on my mind for years, I tell you."

"Please don't say any more."

He seemed to wither.

"I 'll go. Better go. Sorry I spoke."

The wicker easy-chair, empty, complained with creakings of the burden which it had had to bear. The dawn began delicately to announce itself in silver-gray gleams through the interstice between the curtains of the window.

"You must n't go yet," Elaine whispered.

"Why not?"

"Because it 's getting light, and the people on the first floor will be about, and I can't have a man, specially in evening-dress, leaving my rooms at this time. Besides, there 's no buses or trams yet. You must wait till every one 's up and people have begun to go up- and down-stairs, and you must cover up your shirt-front properly. Then you can slip out." She whispered soberly, with the sagacity of a young woman who has learnt her world. She added: "I shall lie down. I 'm frightfully tired, and you must be, too. Try to sleep in the chair." She left him for the front room, and locked the door, and dropped on her bed. She was indeed exhausted, but she could not sleep. Her eyes burned. She reflected that dancers were still dancing at the Fantasy. Then she slept.

§ 4

When she woke the alarm-clock, which never alarmed, showed the hour of ten. The memory of the night gradually reëstablished itself in her mind. How fortunate that her charwoman came only at eleven-thirty! She thought gladly: "Yesterday it was the day after to-morrow that I was to see Carly. Now it is to-morrow. Tea at the Regent

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Palace at five." It was she who had chosen the Regent Palace. She arose, washed, dressed deliberately, gave particular attention to the toilet of her face. Cautiously she unlocked her door and cautiously went into the back room. Ned was fast asleep, in a twisted, uncomfortable posture in the wicker chair. His pallid face had the pathos of a corpse. He appeared tragically defenseless, so much so that she could have cried at the sight of him and at the thought of his weaknesses, his perils, his incompetency to deal with the responsibilities attached to little Alice, the baby. Much gas had been burned, but she did not care. She drew the curtains back, and the entire room became pathetic, the tea-cups, the tea-pot, crumbs on the floor. The image of Carly Lyeskov was obscured in her soul. She turned off the gas-jet. Ned awoke with a jump.

"You 're all dressed. Shall I go now?"

"Where 's little Alice?"

"She 's with some people in Canonbury."

"Who are they? Relations?"

"No. Not relations. I 'm not strong in relations. *You* know that. I think they 're very decent people. She seems to be pretty well looked after."

"Oh, Ned! You must give me the address. I 'll go and see her tomorrow morning. I 'll have a look at things a bit."

The images of Carly Lyeskov, automobiles, luxury, distinction, worship, adoration, passion, eternal romance, began to slip away from her. She clutched at them, drew them back, held them fast, hugged them, but the next moment they were wriggling away again like eels.

"Oh, Ellie! There 's nobody like you, and there never was. You 're an angel and nothing else."

She wept. She let the tears fall, drop, drop; they slipped down her cheeks and fell into space. Perhaps she was sorry as much for herself as for little Alice and little Alice's father. She saw vistas of effort, struggle, reverses, obstinate recommencings, narrownesses, dependence, despairs, fluttering hopes, quarrels, reconciliations, disillusions, and illusions. People would cease to stare at her in the streets of the West End because she would never be in the West End. She would be withdrawn from the vast world of pleasure and excitement and electricity, where tinted statues of nymphs supported heavily carved ceilings on their frail shoulders. Yet an immense peace took possession of her disturbed soul and stilled it.

"This is my fate," she thought. "I was born for it. I was n't really born for the other thing."

The immense peace in her was warmed and lighted with tenderness and by the memory of far-off kisses. It was a strange sort of happiness, austere, purposeful, braced; but she was happy. She smiled kindly. Ned advanced towards her. She lifted her chin and stopped him. Did he suppose that things were as simple as all that, that the virgin fortress would yield like that at the first summons of the trumpet? Her smile changed to a look of self-possession and extreme gravity.

"Meet me this afternoon for tea at the Regent Palace, will you?" she said. "After the matinée. Then you can tell me just how matters stand."

And Carly Lyeskov went back to his Paris.

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The Oldest Woodcut

By Burton Emmett

Even now, twenty-odd years ahead of time, the five-hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing is getting itself talked about, which is quite all right. Meantime, however, the fact that this is the five hundredth year since the beginning of wood-engraving is being utterly ignored, which is quite all wrong.

The claims on behalf of 1923 as the woodcut's quincentenary year rest technically, but not sentimentally, on our acceptance of the priority of the famous and beloved old Buxheim St. Christopher of 1423 as the earliest dated woodcut. These claims, as fascinating in their pros and cons as the unraveling of a mystery story, are debatable. Before reviewing them, however, a word should be said against to-day's neglect of the ancient glories of the wood-engraving art. In common gratitude we should be less forgetful of the woodcut's early triumphs.

The first and greatest of these was the art of printing itself. Without wood-engraving, this never would have, nor could have, been developed. A second blessing which we owe to the woodcut has to do with book illustration. Copper-plate was only for the wealthy. Until the advent of photo-engraving, therefore, some thirty years ago, wood-engraving provided the only means whereby common people could have pictures in their books.

Without such pictures, the spread of knowledge would have been retarded for centuries. Instead of learning by a glance at the picture that "This is a zeb-ra," poor, bored children several years past the primer class would have had to struggle through whole pages of dreary description. Without the aid of pictures, the acquiring of even a rudimentary education would have been so stupid, cumbersome, and hopeless a task that only the rising young high-brow could ever have achieved it. Tom, Dick, and Harry might almost as well have had no books at all.

Apart from our gratitude for these and other benefits, there is still one more kind word to be said for these old prints. This is with reference to the magic spell they can weave about the affections of those who come within range of their charm. The woodcuts will get you if you don't watch out! They exert very strongly the same friendly appeal that was in the mind of Alonzo of Aragon, who said:

"Old wood to burn, old wine to drink,
old friends to trust, old authors to read."

And for the man of a bookish turn who, along towards middle-age, hungers for some sort of specialized fascination for his leisure time, or, in other words, for a hobby, woodcuts offer almost the ideal possibility.

And now, since they are the cause of these remarks, let us look into the

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claims of St. Christopher as the oldest woodcut. There are many, many woodcuts of this old saint, for the legend of his carrying the Christ-child across the stream was a popular one in medieval times, and nearly every engraver of the fifteenth century has left us at least one print of the subject. But the particular print in which we are now interested is the one which a noted antiquarian named Heinecken discovered one afternoon in 1769, pasted down on the inside back cover of a dusty, musty, old illuminated manuscript-book which for two hundred years or more had lain unopened in the ancient monastery of Buxheim in a little village of Swabia.

A century and a half, since then, of ransacking every little old dark corner of Europe has failed to disclose a single additional impression of the print; and this one, which for a long time was in the collection of Lord Spencer, is now in the museum of the John Rylands Library. Those of us, therefore, who wish to see it must take a trip to Manchester, England, or content ourselves with a facsimile.

Men who are lucky enough to fall in love with woodcuts are almost sure to have a particularly warm place in their hearts for this noble, rugged, quaint old print. This is not because of its priceless rarity, nor yet because of its beauty, for, although it has very real beauty, this is quite likely to remain unseen until after that often over-emphasized virtue has long since ceased to be worried about. The charm of the Buxheim St. Christopher is chiefly due to the romance and adventure in its story and to the fact that, in spite of nearly 150 years of the most astonishingly clever attacks against its priority, it still retains in the minds of many authorities its proud distinction of being the earliest-dated woodcut.

No other print has so frequently been honored by being reproduced as the frontispiece in books on engraving or printing, and it is doubtful if any other print or any other copy of a rare book has occasioned the shedding of nearly so much printers' ink in bitter battles of wits.

Most of these fierce intellectual onslaughts, many of them more subtle than anything ever attempted by *Sherlock Holmes* himself, were directed against the seemingly harmless and innocent-looking legend in the lower right corner. During the first forty years after the print was discovered this was deciphered as "millesimo CCCC° XX° tercio," translated as "1423" and generally accepted as the date of the engraving.

But there were doubts. Certain experts, pointing to the skilful drawing of the draperies about the shoulders, the effective suggestion of shading made by the thickening of certain lines and other sophisticated details, said that the work was far too good to have been possible of production at so early a date. After exhausting, however, every clue furnished by the paper, the water-mark, the ink, the hand-coloring, and the history of the Buxheim monastery, these doubters were still devoid of a scintilla of real evidence with which to upset the date's authenticity; and it was not until 1819, when a shrewd Austrian print curator named Konig took a hand in the controversy, that the real excitement started.

Konig claimed that the date itself had been tampered with. He de-

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clared that it should be 1473, that an L following the four C's (CCCC°L) had been erased.

This surmise having disclosed a fresh scent, all the doubters in Europe of the validity of St. Christopher's claim to the old-age championship were hot on the trail in no time. To discuss all the conflicting theories which resulted would require not an article, but a book. But mere mention of a few of the more interesting of these provides a fascinating glimpse of the methods whereby students of ancient prints and books grope and feel their way back through the darkness of past centuries in their search for dates, facts, and motives, not often, fortunately, with results so baffling and uncertain as in this instance.

The first theory following Konig's was an attempt to show that the last word in the date was not "tercio," meaning "three," but "terno," meaning "three times." Thus "xx terno" would mean "three times twenty" or "60"; and the date would read 1460 instead of 1423. Even more ingenious was the assertion that originally the "xx" had been an "xc" and that by a mere touch of the pen seventy years had thus been subtracted from the date, which, if untouched, would have been 1493. Another surmise was that, even if the date 1423 were genuine, it indicated not the date of the engraving, but an event of that date which the print had been issued years later to celebrate; and still another was that the "copy" for the Latin legend at the bottom of the print had happened to include this meaningless date and that the German engraver, not understanding Latin, had merely copied it date and all, the date having no relation of any kind to the year the engraving was executed.

But interest in these researches ceased suddenly with the dramatic discovery of another woodcut, pasted inside the lid of an ancient coffer in an old tavern just outside of Brussels—a woodcut which has since been called the "Brussels Virgin" and which, after being detached in fragments, cleaned, and patched together, was found to have on it, "clearly expressed," the date of 1418!

This find occurred in 1844, and at once the doubts and attacks on the St. Christopher date were forgotten in the new and even more complex question as to which of these two prints was in truth the earlier. The 1418 date seemed even more open to suspicion than that of 1423; and in the seventy-nine years since the "Brussels Virgin" was found the trend of expert opinion has veered back and forth between the two. But more and more good old St. Christopher seems forced to rely not so much on actual evidence, as on loyalty to his traditional claims of priority.

The last great authority who reluctantly has reversed his belief in St. Christopher's claims and sided with the "Brussels Virgin" is Mr. Campbell Dodgson, keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum. But the sentimental feeling for St. Christopher, like that for Gutenberg as against Coster, is very strong; and it is not unlikely that, if only some one had thought in time of a five-hundredth anniversary of wood-engraving, Mr. Dodgson and most of the other experts would have voted for 1923 as against 1918 as the year to be so gloriously honored.

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A Shortage of Scapegoats

Does the South Need More Trouble?

By Frank Tannenbaum

The range of discussion on the negro problem has been wide and varied. The literature on the subject is voluminous, and rich in many things: passion, hate, love, remorse, bitterness, and despair. There is strangely little that is calm and deliberate, little that is written in judicious temper and less written with a frank recognition of all the elements involved. There is an emotional bias in the discussion, there is a point of positive dogmatism, which, in the face of the facts, is both disconcerting and futile. Neither dogmatism nor emotion is very helpful in a difficult situation, and above all the negro problem is a difficult problem. In fact, it is not one problem, but a thousand and one, and there is no clear-cut formula and no magic rule. There is no solution. That is something that people have not been willing to face. A solution must be had, they say. It must be had immediately, without delay, and it must be efficacious, final, and utopian. But solutions are not available for real problems; all that may be had is attenuation, relief, a resetting of the strains, a removal of some of the friction. All that may be asked for is a change in the relative position of some of the factors, but the problem, as a problem, remains in a new form, possibly under a new name; but it remains, and taxes the ingenuity of man to a greater subtlety and more finesse.

How much more evenly the world would go if honest men could but learn to know that there are really two kinds of solutions, the possible and the impossible, and that the impossible ones are no solution at all! An impossible formula is a kind of emotional substitute for a facing of the facts. It is an escape from the problem. The real reason so much energy is expended in behalf of the impossible is because the possible is difficult and inconvenient. The impossible plan is a kind of magic formula. It is a promise of relief from a difficulty by some simple process, generally an emotion, a peculiar belief, or the hope of some cataclysmic occurrence. Generally, too, it may be achieved by wishing to achieve it, by believing that it will occur, by prayers and sacrifices of some special kind. It partakes of the form of magic. Like all magical things, it is sufficient. It will arrive suddenly, it will give no pain, it will relieve the difficulty forever. It has all virtues excepting one: it does not bring any perceptible change in the situation, and it leaves the difficulty where it was. It stands in the way of any real effort by diverting interest and attention from the facts in the situation and raises

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emotional tangents that block honest effort to face the problems.

When one reflects upon the literature of the race problem in the United States, one is astounded at the amount of writing, talking, agitating, and dreaming that has centered about these impossible suggestions. There are good-natured, naïve, and simple-minded people who keep on saying to the South that what is needed and, of course, is possible, is that the South should forget its memories. That is all. It is not said in words like these, but it means the same thing. People repeat day in and day out that all that is required is for the people in the South to go to bed one night and wake next morning loving their neighbors as themselves. Now, that is not a hard thing to do. If you believe it can be done, it can be done. The fact that it has never occurred, that there are no real grounds for assuming that it will happen within any immediate future, is no reason why you should not both believe in its possibility and talk about it also. In fact, it helps to keep you from doing anything real about the problem, and it thus serves its purpose to him who prefers to wish himself out of a difficulty rather than to work himself out of one.

If you do not recommend to the South that it forget its memories, you may suggest, as some people do, that the thing to do is to go color-blind. Of course people do not say that, either, in so many words. They do, however, say that there is no race problem if you don't think there is one. If you don't think there is a race problem, if you do not see differences in color, if you do not recognize certain patent facts, these facts don't exist. That, again, is a kind of excuse for avoiding responsibility. If there is no race problem, then I have no real responsibility. And seeing that I do not wish any real responsibility, I simply solve the problem by denying its existence. That is all.

Another type of refuge from facing actualities in the South is the suggestion that the South has to begin all over again. What is needed is for the slate to be wiped clean, for a resolution to be made that a new beginning shall be publicly registered. That, of course, seems easy. But it is impossible. If only—but there are no ifs except in the realm of wishes. There can be no new start at all. One might as well suggest to a person that he cannot be saved unless he be physically born again. If the South is to do anything, it must be done with the fact in mind that there are prejudices, memories, hates, fears, doubts, misgivings, passions, hopes, dreams, and gnawings of the heart; that those are there, that in a measure they constitute the raw materials which must be drawn upon in the adjustment of the problem.

I use the word "adjustment" deliberately. The race problem cannot be solved. There is no solution which can be devised that will do all the things that a solution would have to do, remove not only the difficulties, but all the traces of it. There is no solution for the race problem. One might add that that is true for all fundamental social problems. There are new realinements possible. Attenuations, adjustments, removal of the accumulated strains, the development of a technic for further improvement, but sudden magical solution there is none at all.

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Not only are magical solutions impossible, but even certain seemingly practical programs, which have been seriously suggested and upon some of which much elaborate effort and enthusiasm have been thrown away, belong to the same category of emotional expiation. There are some people still talking about the removal of the negro to Africa. That is one of the things that will never be done. The reason is that it cannot be done. There will never be possible in America a policy so consistent and deliberate as that involved in the transportation of ten million human beings to a distant country. It would, of course, take an enormous effort nationally, and ten million human beings are not merely shipped out like ten million grains. The negro is so well rooted both politically and economically that the wrenching of the political and economic fabric of American life resulting from any such deliberate policy would be appalling. It would be equivalent to a revolution or a war, and would still leave the problem unsolved; for the mere time it would consume and the resources it would call upon not only in taking up the strains here, but in establishing a material equipment in Africa, would cause a change of heart and an abandonment of policy even, if ever we could get into a national passion to make the attempt. But the attempt will never be made. It cannot be made legally. The negro would have to consent, and consent would be out of the question for more than a limited number. Nor would the rest of the country consent. When one thinks of the millions of dollars poured into the South for educational purposes by Northern church organizations, one reflects that it might cause a profound internal struggle, but it would not affect the transportation of the negro.

§ 2

Another solution of similar type is that suggested by people who would give the negro a State, and move him there, and let him govern himself—a State in the Union hermetically sealed up for generations. If people were not such eternal romanticists, one would simply have to laugh at such a suggestion. It involves all the difficulties of the former and a great many more; one of them is the simple fact that there is an increasing ebb and tide in American life and that there are no eternal barriers that would sustain the continuous pushing of human flux to a common level.

In fact, there are even people who still think that the negro problem will solve itself suddenly, passionately, righteously, and with fervor by a general massacre. One would hesitate to mention that if one had not been compelled to listen to people who say that it will be done. It was not suggested that there will be malice, deliberateness, preparation in it. No. Only some day a great tragedy will occur. A great passion will arise, a great bloodletting will take place, and the thing will be done, and then the thing will seem righteous and just. The years will pass, and the wounds will heal, and the deed will be haloed. That is a subtle suggestion. There is real danger of a great tragedy. When one remembers East St. Louis, Chicago, Atlanta, and Washington, one realizes that it might have been worse. But fortunately for the white race, the negroes are learning to fight. I say fortunately, because it is not

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good spiritually to slaughter the weak and the innocent. It is more wholesome to kill a man who is defending himself and who may make you pay the full price. There is some compensation in that. But we are still in danger that a great passion will some day sweep the South and parts of the North, especially with the increasing bitterness and separation of the races that have come with the educational and industrial activities of the negroes. But that, of course, would not solve the problem. Beyond making us a nation of murderers, it would only aggravate the situation.

§ 3

The trouble with the South is not that it has a negro problem. The trouble is that it is over-conscious of the problem. One might use a psychological phrase and say that the South is suffering not from the negro problem so much as from an emotional fixation upon the negro. What the South needs first of all is not a solution of the negro problem, but a breaking down of this intense preoccupation with the negro, which is actually making any solution impossible. What the South needs is a breaking up of the intensity of feeling upon the issue. It needs objectivity. If the South is to face its problem, it must be objective about it. No technic is possible without such a mental attitude.

One might really say that the trouble with the South is that it has not trouble enough. It suffers consciously from only one major affliction. It has only one great fear, it has only one great topic of conversation, it has only one great center of emotional excitation, only one scapegoat. What the South needs is more trouble, so that it could diversify its passions, its fears, its hates, and see them all a little more reflectively, a little more passively, a little more objectively.

This great emotional fixation has a background of fear. That is the canker that is eating into the vitals of the South. I do not mean physical fear. It is deeper and more fundamental than mere fear of physical violence. There is an underlying current of apprehension that the colored population of the South will outstrip the white. It is the fear of losing hold upon the world, of losing caste, of losing control. This fear is not always conscious. It is not always evident. But it is the force back of the generous condemnation of the negro. It is the factor that underlies much of the talk of inferiority, of much pointing a moral why it must not, why it cannot, why it may not, happen. I recall talking to a man,—a man of high standing in his State, a scholar of much learning,—and he said to me, "We will paint this State red before we paint it black." I was startled not by what he said, because he was simply repeating what another man had said, but by the tone in his voice, by the temper back of the sound, by the sudden hardening of the muscles and the sudden surge of emotion that the words brought to his face. It is this fear that colors all the talk about the negro, and as long as the present fear exists there is no possibility of securing in the South a general program that will lead to an amelioration of the situation. I am saying that bluntly and deliberately. What is needed is for the South to learn to fear other things besides the negro. What the South needs is a greater

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variety of hate, a greater opportunity for a diversification of emotional exasperations, and unless and until it secures that, it will not achieve the state of mind which will make rational dealing with the present problem possible. Nothing can be done in terms of the present factors.

To give this general statement greater poignancy I will venture upon a positive illustration. It is not possible in the South to raise any of the great social problems that confront the modern world and achieve a rational program as long as the current complex of race antagonism is an isolated fundamental in the situation. The South has many real problems centering about health. The ravages of tuberculosis and syphilis are great, and yet no real or far-reaching program is possible at present. If it were suggested that a basic health program be instituted, if it were also made evident, as is the fact, that any health for the white population depends upon health for the negro, that you cannot eliminate tuberculosis in the white community unless you also cure it in the colored community, the program would have to be abandoned, especially in those districts where the negro population is large. The whites are in fear of being outnumbered. They could not look with favor upon a large-scale program of child care and child saving. The fecundity of the colored race is so great in comparison with the white that there would immediately arise an underground pressure of public sentiment against any health activity in the community which would, as it must inevitably do, cut down the death-rate of the negro. Any one acquainted with the hearings before committees in Southern legislatures upon problems of social legislation will recognize the truth of this statement. I am, of course, not accusing the whites in the South of anything that the whites in the North or in the West or anywhere else would not do under the same conditions, especially if they had the same background of experience and emotion. I believe in facing a fact as such and not in slurring over it. The fact is that the whites will promote no health program in the South the end of which would make likely the rapid increase of the colored population to the proportionate decrease of the whites and their inevitable loss of control. That is all. In the present situation a program of genuine social legislation is impossible. There is only one way out. The present relation must be upset by the introduction of new factors, new elements. The South needs to stop being afraid of the negro. That, however, will occur only when the specter of negro dominance disappears. Destroy once and for all the fear of negro preponderance, and the whole scheme of negro-baiting, negro hatred, negro complex, lynching, and terror, will go by the board. Now the elimination of this fear is the real problem that the far-seeing people of the South must undertake. This is a specific problem, which can, I believe, be achieved.

§ 4

It must be evident, therefore, that any program concerned with the negro problem must serve two ends. It must increasingly weaken the fear of negro dominance and at the same time divert some of the emotional bias now generously lavished upon him. As matters stand, the South finds itself going in a vicious circle. It fears the

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negro, and yet is even more afraid to lose him. Any one acquainted with the impediments that were put in the way of labor agents, with the fact that in places labor agents were driven out by mobs during the war, that legislation was passed making it difficult, if not impossible, for agents to come into the rural South and move the negro away—any one who knows these things will recognize the fact that the South is afraid of losing him. This resistance to the departure of the negro did not come to an end with the war, but is evident to-day. There is at this writing legislation pending in many Southern States impeding the free movement of negro from State to State.

And yet that movement of the negro to other parts of the country is the first step in any alleviation of the racial situation in the South. Were the leaders of the South facing the problems, they would welcome gradual migration of the negro and attempt to replace him with foreign labor. That, of course, sounds easier than it is. But the difficulties in this case ought to be the special inducement for undertaking it; it would bring new problems and with them new spiritual goods. Before turning to a fuller discussion of the questions involved in the coming of foreigners to the South, I wish to discuss a little further certain aspects of the migration of the negro. If the negro goes from the South in any perceptible degree, as seems likely at present, a far-reaching economic and social revolution will occur in the South. The negro has been the background of much of the economic life in the South. He has been a basic factor in the production of cotton; he has been the laborer. His previous condition of servitude has left him and his masters with a technic of social relationship that cannot readily be carried over to any other labor group. That will be the first great difficulty. Even more important, however, than that will be the inevitable change in attitude toward the negro. The communities relieved of the fear of negro dominance will strain themselves, as they are already doing in places, to keep the negro by giving him better schools, better homes, better conditions of life and labor, a better social status. All of these factors are bound to react powerfully upon the attitude toward the negro. You can't really hate people whom you put yourself out to serve. That is one of the great promises in the situation; it foreshadows a new emotional realinement between the races. With the disappearance of fear and the growth of anxiety to keep the negro in the South because the South wants the negro and knows him, must come a gradual attenuation of feeling, a newer and broader sympathy for the negro.

§ 5

The migration of the negro will have other far-reaching consequences. It will, if there is any intelligence in the distribution of this large mass of colored workers, be a very important factor in breaking down the self-righteous, holier-than-thou attitude on the part of the rest of the country. It will make the negro problem a national problem rather than a sectional one. It will give the North and the West an opportunity to exhibit the greater wisdom, intelligence, kindness, that they have been boasting of; it will put their protestations of good faith to the test of experience, and

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from indications already available it is very doubtful indeed if they will do better with it than the South has done. But better or worse, more generous or less, kindlier or more brutal, it will be better for the negro and better for the South and better for the country as a whole ultimately to have the colored population spread over the entire country, participating in the life of America on a national scale and contributing to the making of the future community everywhere rather than in one region oppressed with unavoidable bitterness. The making of the negro problem into a national problem is one of the things that ought to be welcomed by all concerned. It will, in addition, have another very important consequence: the South will no longer be the sole bearer of the strain, the heart-burnings involved in the friction of the races, and will achieve greater tolerance, more humility, and greater willingness to accept criticism, once the difficulty is a national rather than a sectional one.

The migration of the negro which is now taking place ought to be welcomed and encouraged. There ought to be on the part of the Federal Government a national policy of guidance for the migrating negro labor. But what seems certain is that, guidance or no guidance, encouragement or no encouragement, the negro is gradually drifting out of the South. It is doubtful whether he will ever go in sufficient numbers to make him a negligible factor in the South. That will probably never happen, certainly not in the immediate future. What we may look for, however, is a migration sufficient to make the negro a valued possession by the South and to compel welcome to immigrating foreigners. That last will in some ways be even more difficult than gaining consent to the migration of the negro. Yet the coming to the South of foreign labor is as imperative for its spiritual, as well as its economic, not to say its racial, well-being. The South needs the foreigner. It needs him for its own sake and not for his. It needs him who has a different farm technic, who knows how to cherish the soil, to develop diversified crops; it needs him to take the place of the migrating negro and carry on the economic life of the South; it needs him in its developing industries; it needs him to break the emotional concentration upon the negro; it needs him because, if he comes in large numbers, it will learn to fear and hate him. If a community must have a scapegoat, it is better to have a diversity of scapegoats than one. It needs the foreigner also because a scattering of the immigrants through the hills and valleys of the South would prove a blessing to the strains of youth and manhood that has been isolated and locked up to go on inbreeding.

The South needs foreign immigration as a tonic to its spiritual and social well-being. This statement will rouse vehement protest. There is a kind of pride of race in the South that is well-nigh morbid. There is an insistence on superiority, on the fullness of spiritual possession—an insistence that the South is the standard-bearer of Anglo-Saxon ideals which will resist any suggestion that the foreigner is needed. This implicit claim of all the major virtues bespeaks a bulwark of defense against internal doubts and external criticism. There is entirely too much protest on this score. It reflects a sense of weakness which needs bolstering and

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support from continued repetition. Nor is there in all of this a suggestion of criticism against the South. To maintain a position of dominance in the face of a large negro population on one hand and continued self-defense against criticism by outsiders on the other has made the strain of self-conscious virtue inevitable. Dominance generates a dominant mood, and self-defense engenders a righteous temper. But such a state of mind, except on the battle-field, is weakness rather than strength. Self-criticism and the recognition of the legitimate criticism of others are essential in a world of give and take, such as a democratic and industrial community involves.

The facts, however, are as they are; the immigrant in the South will receive scant welcome, even less than the rest of the country has accorded to him in recent years. Yet if the South is to escape the vicious circle of abusing the negro because it fears him and fearing him because it abuses him, it must draw foreign immigrants into its social fiber.

The specific reasons for this resistance are numerous enough. There is the apparent fact that if the foreigner is to stay in the South, there must be a greater pliancy of temper and attitude toward him than that indulged toward the negro.

But a change of habit ingrained by generations of dominance toward a socially and economically inferior group is a difficult matter. There still persists a notion of the inferiority in those who do the work of the world. Any discussion of immigration in the South always raises the point, "We know how to get along with the negro." There is an ever-present assumption that the foreigner will not be so easy to handle. He will be more rebellious, more self-assertive, demand higher standards of living, insist on greater social equality. This is all true enough. But instead of being an evil, instead of being an argument for his exclusion, it is precisely the reason why the foreign immigrant should be welcomed with open arms. Spiritual regeneration will follow resistance from a group against whom permanent and eternal barriers cannot be constructed; there will be a softening of temper, a readier acceptance of opposition as essentially desirable in a democratic community, and it will compel a revaluation of values to the gradual discovery that there may be good and beautiful things beyond the immediate racial unit.

An even more fundamental cause for opposition to foreign immigration is found in the fear that the foreigner will lack sufficient resiliency in his resistance to the negro. This is a basic matter and cannot be passed over with a mere statement. It is apparent to any observer that the attitude toward the negro in the South is saturated with the traditions and prejudices generated by many years of intense history. The strained relations, the difference in color, in race, in economic status, are made more pregnant with emotions that have persisted from the days of slavery, from the smoldering memories of a bitter civil war and the scars of the days of Reconstruction. This historical residue is a part of the present situation. It is here that one must search for the roots of the moral fervor in the relations between the races. And there is genuine reason to fear that the immigrant will lack

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the imaginative resistance to the negro, because he will lack the Southern background of tradition and memory. He would not have the emotional tension in the matter, and would lack the proper fervor; he might, in fact, relent somewhat in the insistence upon racial integrity. But the fact that the mere dread of such an eventuality would tend to divert some of the fear and hate of the negro to the immigrant white population and thus also help ease the strain against the negro.

§ 6

Still another reason for opposing immigration to the South is to be found in its intense religious and racial self-consciousness. It is hard to overestimate the fervor, the intensity, the passion back of the assertion that the South holds aloft the torch of Anglo-Saxon ideals, racial integrity, and religious purity. Even among highly cultivated and educated Southerners one occasionally finds an almost startling self-assertiveness in the matter. I have seen it go to the extent of regretting the going of young Southerners to Northern universities on the grounds that their religious faith is undermined. There have been sporadic movements to build a great Southern university so as to make it unnecessary for the Southern youth to go to places like Columbia and Chicago, not because the education they would get would be better, but because religious intensity and sense of great racial pride would be saved thereby.

In the face of such a state of mind the incoming of large masses of foreigners, with their varied racial strains, their different cultures, their many tongues, their different religious faiths, would seem like a great despoliation, a great devastation, like the final deluge and the uprooting of all values worth retaining. This is no mere academic state of mind. It is vibrant with passions that surge to the front at any suggestion of criticism or doubt. Here again, however, the thing would prove a blessing in disguise. The gradual Americanization of the white foreigner, the gradual intermarriage, the slow process of adjustment, the passionate struggle for the preservation of the things held sacred, would all be valuable interests and emotional diversions tending to destroy the morbid pride of race and the bitter sense of religious righteousness. The path in such an adjustment would be long and full of strife, but whatever its biological complications, it would serve useful spiritual ends.

In this discussion I have omitted certain economic and social results that would emerge from any heavy migration to the South, such as the readier transition to a diversified crop, the speedier industrialization of the community, the introduction of newer racial strains, especially in the rural regions, with their decrease of inbreeding. I have left these out because they are the more obviously present things in any consideration of the problem.

The South, therefore, in a search for solutions must turn to the gradual migration of the negro and his replacement by foreign labor. These two factors are the only available means at hand for the breaking up of the emotional concentration upon the negro, the gradual achievement of objectivity in attitude toward him, the slow softening of the burden of fear

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and hate that has scared and seared the South to this very day.

Before bringing this essay to a close there are two other factors that I wish to speak of. The industrial development of the South has been closely bound up with one industry, the manufacture of cotton. This industry has lent itself to the development of a feudal type of industrial organization, which has carried over to the poor white something of the attitude derived from the treatment of the negro as a slave. If the South is actually to achieve full spiritual status, it must rescue those men and women from the state of spiritual dependence upon the mill-owner. This can be done only by organization of the men into labor-unions. I recognize, of course, that any such suggestion will be resisted, that it will be a costly adventure, that it will bring bitterness and hate. It will, however, also bring manhood, integrity, and self-reliance. The South will need these men to help merge and adopt as well as assimilate the immigrant, and to give them back their manhood, they will have to be organized. Under present conditions the individual mill-worker is a helpless and impotent being. Self-reliance can come only through the group and with it.

The wiser leadership of the South will encourage such a resurrection on the part of the hundreds of thousands of mill people as one of the greatest spiritual gains of the South, and this in turn will give a healthier tone to the whole social problem there. This will not be done without much friction, but the wiser and more generous spirits of the South will welcome the strife and the pain involved in the organization of the workers as a small payment for a great gain.

The other point is the question so often raised. What will be the final outcome of the race problem in America? Experience would dictate the recognition that there is no finality in social problems, that there is always a beyond—beyond the projected final. It would compel the recognition of the simple fact that an end is but the beginning of new ends. There is much need for the simple recognition of the fact that hermetically sealed solutions and formulæ stay sealed only in the closed brains that conceived them rather than in the throbbing world for which they were projected. It will take a bold and brazen soul indeed to venture the prophecy of what will happen a thousand, two thousand, or ten thousand years hence. It is best to be humble and stand with bowed head before the inevitable.

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Phantom Adventure

By Floyd Dell

I. A Secret. He was not a banker by temperament. But nobody in New York, nobody east of the Rockies, knew that. It was his secret.

When he graduated from college, instead of preparing himself seriously for life by cleaning the ink-wells in some Wall Street institution, as an ambitious young man should, he got a job on a Western ranch. He did this for no better reason than that he had been fond of reading about cow-boys. He learned many things about horses and cattle, and made friends with every cow-boy within a hundred miles. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied; for cow-boy life, while interesting enough in fact, is less romantically adventurous than in fiction. Yet he stayed there for five years, dreaming now of the sea and reading stories of sailor adventures.

Then an uncle died, leaving him a legacy of a little more than five thousand dollars. With five thousand dollars a young man could get started in business, and it was high time for him to do so. He went to San Francisco and looked about for an opening.

In a café he met a man who had just come back from incredible adventures in the South Seas. To this man's tales he listened all evening, and then went back to his lodging, where he could not sleep, but walked back and forth for hours in a little garden, dreaming, awake, of strange birds and strange trees and slim, brown, laughing girls with flowers in their hair.

Next morning he went down to the waterfront, and looked out thoughtfully in the direction of the South Seas. With his five thousand dollars he could buy or build a little boat and, with some congenial companion, set sail for those islands of incredible adventure. But he knew that this was mere romantic folly, more worthy of a boy than of a man. He must begin to take life seriously. He shook his head and frowned, and went on to the café.

Every morning—sometimes it was noon—for a whole year he went down to the waterfront and looked out over the bay. And every afternoon and evening he sat in some café. At the end of the year he had made many friends and heard many curious tales, and his money was all gone.

He began to look for a job. He had an extensive convivial acquaintance among the business men of the town; but they did not seem to have any job for him, though they were willing to lend him a few dollars.

So he borrowed a little money and came to New York, where no one knew, as he expressed it, what a damn fool he was.

He took care that no one should know. He got a job in a Fifth Avenue bank, and when he was barely forty he was one of its vice-presidents. He

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had an apartment in town and a house in the country and a car and a wife and four lovely children, and he was proud of them all.

He was proud of being a sober and responsible citizen—proud of having conquered his romantic propensities. Perhaps his children knew, from the wild, half-true and half-imagined tales he told them at their bedtime hours, that he was still at heart a romantic adventurer. But nobody else, and least of all his sweet and sensible wife, suspected his secret.

II. A Conversation. In the summer of his fortieth year the town apartment had been closed, and his wife and children were in the country. He himself was going to the country in a day or two, as soon as he had cleared up those matters, whatever they are, that keep bankers in town in August. He stayed at his club until one evening on an impulse he went down to an out-of-the-way little street near Washington Square, in the hope of hearing some talk from a man who lived there, and whom he had been thinking of at intervals all day.

He was thinking of this man because he had read the night before, at the club, a story of his in a magazine. This man was a writer of stories and lived in what was called Greenwich Village; and this particular story was one of romantic adventure in the South Seas. The story-writer's wife and the banker's wife had been friends from girlhood, and the story-writer and the banker were acquaintances of a sort. The banker was always a little aware in the other's presence of his own secret and foolish past. He was embarrassed when he talked of financial conditions by a fear and perhaps also a hope that the other would somehow see through him. Also he kept wondering if a writer imagined all his romantic adventures or if some of them had really happened. He particularly wondered this about the story he had read the night before at the club, for it gave such a vivid description of a South Sea island that it seemed as though it could only have been written by one who had lived there.

The story-writer was at home. His wife, he explained, was at the seashore with the children, and he was staying in town to do a story or two to pay their summer bills. He sat down again in his study, cocking up his feet on the type-writer desk and lighting a fresh cigarette.

"No, you 're not interrupting me," he said. "Don't worry about that. I never get started to work till after midnight, and I want somebody to talk to while this new South Sea yarn ferments in my head. Have a cigarette." He started to talk. Again the banker had the feeling of guarding a secret.

It was nearly midnight when the conversation took a turn that promised to satisfy the banker's curiosities.

"It 's odd," said the story-writer, and paused. "It 's very odd. I 'm supposed to be a respectable citizen. But consider these stories of mine. The hero, who is me, meets a beautiful girl and falls in love with her. Sometimes she is a princess, sometimes a chorus girl; just now she is usually a dusky maiden with flowers in her hair. I suppose I 've met and made love to more than a hundred girls in the course of my literary career. To be sure, I always ask them to marry me; but I never tell them of all the other beauti-

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ful heroines I have loved and left behind me. And yet nobody thinks I 'm a scoundrel. Not even my wife!"

"Of course not," said the banker. "That would be absurd."

"Yes, it would be unthinkable," said the story-writer. "For when I have finished one of my adventures, I mail it to an editor and get a check for it. And that 's exactly why my wife does n't object. It pays the rent; and so it 's perfectly all right for me to spend my life in extra-matrimonial love scenes. But why do I get paid for these adventures?" he went on meditatively. "Because people want adventures. When a man reads one of my romantic yarns, *he* becomes the hero, *he* makes love to beautiful, strange girls. And yet no one has thought of proposing laws to forbid married men to read love-stories."

"After all," said the banker, ironically, "there is a slight difference between reading a love adventure and going out and having one."

"No," said the story-writer; "the difference is not slight; it is considerable. But just what is that difference? A love adventure in story form is guaranteed to be complete in itself, to be over when it is finished, and to leave behind it nothing but a pleasant memory in the reader's mind. In all these ways it differs from a love adventure in reality, concerning which no such safe guarantees can be offered. We try to live orderly lives, and while the love adventures of reality may upset the well considered plans of a lifetime, the other kind leave everything exactly as it was. The heroine may swoon with ecstasy in your arms to-night; but she will not call you up on the telephone in the morning or write you passionate and compromising letters."

"Poor girl—she can't!" said the banker.

"She does n't want to. It is only women of the real world who want love to be a part of life. She belongs to the world of romance, which has laws of its own."

"The world of fancy," said the banker.

"Don't pretend to despise the world of fancy," said the story-writer. "Fond as we are of the real world, it is far from satisfying all our demands. It is too inexorable. The phantom world of fancy is in many respects a more agreeable place. And everybody goes to it for solace. The sober triumphs of reality are never able for long to satisfy us; always we turn from those four-square actualities to live for a delightful hour in that extravagant land where our most impossible wishes can come true. It is a need of our human nature."

"Oh, no doubt," said the banker. "But nevertheless—"

The story-teller interrupted him.

"Have you thought of this? That the self which goes out adventuring in the land of fancy is not a part of this real life of ours at all? It is a kind of phantom, existing joyously and irresponsibly in a phantom world."

"I had n't thought of it just like that," said the banker, reflectively.

"But here is the real question. These adventurers in the phantom realm of fancy, *why do they never meet?*"

The banker stared.

"I 'm not sure that I understand you."

"Suppose a man and a girl, unknown to each other, reading the same story at the same time; their phantom selves

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are sharing the same adventure, one that some writer has created for them. But suppose they dispense with the writer's assistance. Suppose these phantom selves should meet and create their own adventure. Why not?"

The banker stirred uneasily in his chair.

The story-writer laughed.

"It might happen."

"It might," said the banker.

"I wonder," said the story-writer, "what my wife would say if I told her of such an adventure. It would be like all my other adventures, more beautiful, perhaps, than any of the others. And yet—"

"I hope," said the banker, frowning, "that you—"

"Go to bed," said the story-writer, suddenly. "You 'll find the guest-room on the top floor. I 'm going to get to work on my South Sea story. I 'll wake you up for coffee in the morning."

He took his feet down from the type-writer desk and threw away his cigarette. His hands hovered over the keyboard, and already he had forgotten the outer world, including his guest, who rose and wandered uncertainly from the room.

III. The Ivory Gate. He found the guest-room up-stairs. But whether it was the faint clicking of the type-writer below that disturbed him, or his own thoughts, he was disinclined to sleep.

There was a pile of magazines on the table, and he began to read a story. It was the kind of story he had been fond of all his life, an adventure and a strange meeting with a beautiful girl.

But he let the magazine slip to the floor. He was thinking of old times in San Francisco. He remembered that he had wanted to build a boat and sail to the South Seas.

"But I did n't!" he said to himself triumphantly.

No,—a mocking thought came to remind him,—he had stayed on shore and listened to café yarns.

But since then he had been sensible. He had been sensible for twelve years. Twelve years! In a sudden panic he wondered if his youth had slipped by and vanished with those years. He went over and gazed at himself in the mirror. He saw a man in the prime of life, strong and clear-eyed.

He did not want to go to bed; but perhaps a walk to the club would make him sleepy. He debated whether to disturb the man at work below to tell him, and decided he would not. He went down-stairs quietly.

On the second floor he looked out to reassure himself as to the weather. The sky was a little cloudy, that was all. And then, as he stood there looking out of the hall window, he saw below him a little garden in the moonlight. He looked away quickly, but not in time, for he remembered a moonlit garden perched on one of the hills of San Francisco, where as a young man he had walked night after night dreaming impossible things. That memory was painful, and he hurried down-stairs and took his hat to leave the house. But the pain of that memory was strangely sweet, and afflicted him with a kind of nostalgia. He wanted to go out into this garden and be again the young fool he had been. He walked up and down the hall with his hat in his hand, wanting to go away and wanting to stay and dream in this garden. It was a queer thing.

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He had stopped drinking, and he had stopped dreaming, years ago; the desire for drink had never come back, but the desire for dreaming was upon him again. He felt that his whole life of triumphant common sense was at stake. But no, it could n't be. An hour in a moonlit garden could not undo the solid achievement of twelve years. He put his hat back on the stand. With a guilty sense of having yielded to a weakness, he passed quietly out, past the door from behind which came the inspired click of type-writer keys fashioning some strange adventure.

In the garden he stood and looked about. There was a full moon above, dimmed with clouds and casting that half-light which transforms the accustomed world into the realm of fancy. *On such a night as this*— Odd bits of poetry, remembered from his youth, come into his mind.

Across from where he stood was a high board fence, and in it a gate, painted ivory-white. He had an impulse to go over and open it. But instead he stood still, mockingly analyzing that impulse. "In a story," he said to himself, "there would be an adventure waiting in the next garden. But in real life, as I well know, there is only another garden, like this, with no one there. People do not moon about in gardens."

But then he reflected, "I am mooning about in a garden." Realizing that bankers do not do such things, it seemed to him that he was not a banker, but, as his friend had said, a phantom in a phantom world where impossible things come true.

He surrendered himself for a moment to this feeling, and began to think foolish thoughts, such as he had not thought for twelve years.

"What if there should be an adventure waiting for me on the other side of that gate? What if there were a girl in that garden, waiting?" These thoughts were frightening, and nevertheless they made him happy.

Then his common sense reasserted itself. There was nothing in that other garden, and he was being a damn fool. He reflected gratefully that no one would ever know what a damn fool he was. The depositors at the bank could never guess, nor could his wife. And since there was nothing on the other side of the gate, he might as well go and open it and look into the garden, and then go back to bed.

He walked over to the gate, and there he paused. Why trouble himself to prove what he already knew? Why not keep intact the memory of this absurd fancy and have the pleasure of thinking that perhaps, after all, there had been an adventure waiting beyond that gate?

He realized that if he opened the gate and nothing happened, it would hurt. He put his hand on the latch in a mood curiously like the mood of prayer. If he had had a God to whom such a prayer could be addressed, he might have prayed that just this once —But his was no pagan deity, and so he did not pray. Lacking the courage that prayer sometimes gives, he took his hand from the latch.

Then he remembered how he had gone down to the waterfront every morning and looked out over the bay and never set sail for the islands of romance; and he felt that this was a test. It did n't make any difference what happened: he could n't turn back.

He pushed open the gate softly.

Seated on a little wooden bench was a girl; her face was turned away from

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him, but he could see the languid sweep of a slender arm, bare and beautiful.

One last reminder of his ordinary self intruded into his mind, the façade of the bank on Fifth Avenue, symbol of twelve years of sturdy effort in the realm of common sense. But it seemed to have no relation whatever to this moment, and it faded and was gone.

He stood looking at the girl for the space of a breath; then he walked over to her through a tangle of moonlight that broke through the branches of an elm.

IV. Afterward. The milk-wagons were rattling over the streets when he went back through the ivory gate, and he could hear the type-writer still clattering within the house. He went silently to the guest-room, undressed, and flung himself on the bed. The adventure was over, and now he had to think about its relation to actuality. But he did not think; he fell asleep.

At the bank there were other matters to occupy his mind. On the train to the country that afternoon there was a neighbor who talked about financial conditions. At the end of the ride there was his wife's welcome and the children climbing into his arms. It was n't until after dinner that he had any time to think.

He was rather surprised at his thoughts. They were, first of all, thoughts of relief at being back at home. It was as if he had strayed for a few hours out of time and space, and was happy to find himself again safely within the cosy contours of the familiar. He was glad to be back in a world that had a meaning beyond the moment, a world that reached back in memory and forward in hope, the world of reality.

As a happy citizen of this comfortable world, he was naturally concerned with the inquiry whether his position in it had been endangered by last night's adventure. And it seemed to him that he need have no fear. That adventure was a thing utterly apart from all the rest of his life—a thing complete and perfect in itself, with no sequel to be feared or hoped for; they did not even know each other's names. She herself had preferred that it should be so.

"And," she had said, "you need n't fear that it will ever be made commonplace by our meeting at a tea somewhere; you will never see me again." And he had said, laughing:

"You speak as though you were going to die or going on a very long journey!"

"Yes," she said; "something like that. You must n't ask me about it, only take my word for it."

And he strangely believed her. Why, he did not know. But to-day he was glad to be so sure that their adventure was ended and that no one but themselves could ever know about it. He had left his friend and gone up to bed; he had sat down to read a magazine before he went to sleep; and in the morning he had been awakened for coffee. Over the coffee he had asked:

"Who lives in the little white house next door, a writer?" and was told, "A school-teacher, I believe." Evidently his friend did not know of the school-teacher's guest. No; so far as all the world was concerned, there had been no midnight adventure. It was as detached from reality, as immaterial from any common sense point of view,

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as if it had been merely a story he had read in a magazine that night. He might, if he wished, think of it as that.

He was a little startled, as by an odd coincidence, when his wife asked: "Shall I read you a story? The new magazines have come." But really it was no coincidence at all, for she knew that he liked magazine stories and enjoyed being read to in the evenings. The thing had happened many times before; nevertheless, it was a little strange to be listening to such a story, while in and out of his mind there flashed bright memories of another story.

"Why always the South Seas, I wonder?" his wife paused to remark, looking up from the big chair where she sat with the magazine in her lap. "I suppose it *is* a more romantic place."

"Yes, perhaps," he said.

He had talked to that girl last night about the South Seas; he had said he would like to take her there to see the strange birds and flowers. And she had told him about Venice. And while they talked of sail-boats and gondolas, they were sitting on a garden bench.

"He gets the romantic atmosphere rather well, does n't he?" said his wife. "I think I can guess which one of the girls he is going to fall in love with, the one with the red hibiscus flower in her hair. What do you think?"

"Very likely," he agreed.

Who was she, the girl of last night's story? He could n't guess. She was n't young, as girls in stories are; there were even tragic lines marring the beauty of what had been a lovely face. But her eyes were incredibly young—the eyes of a child, full of wild dreams. Perhaps, in her ordinary life, she was some one quite different from what she had been that night—as different as he had been from his ordinary self. None of his friends would have recognized *him* as the romantic wanderer whom she had held for a moment in her arms. He had even quoted poetry to her. *On such a night as this*— Well, he did n't care; it had not been sham. It was another part of himself. And she? It did not matter what she was to her friends. Last night she had been his strange and lovely playmate.

His wife looked up from the magazine.

"A little improbable, don't you think?"

Many things were improbable, he reflected. That room last night, with its flowers and tall candles.

"This is n't my place, you know," she had said. "Shall I tell you the story? It belongs to a school-teacher, a queer little old-maidish person one would have thought if one had seen her in her school-room, no doubt. She invested all her savings in oil stock; and contrary to what you might expect, she made a fortune,—oh, just a little fortune, but enough to last *her* for the rest of her life. And she bought this house in Greenwich Village, and fitted up this room as a place for romantic things to happen in. But nothing romantic happened. So yesterday, when we met,—she was going away on a visit, and I was in town for a day and a night, on my way somewhere else,—well, we became very quickly acquainted, and she wanted me to stay here. I was thinking of her when you walked into her garden to-night. Shall I tell you? I think that she believed *I* was the sort of person to whom romantic things do happen, and that if I were

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here, this room of hers would fulfil its destiny. Is it shameless of me to tell you that?"

"It 's beautiful of you to tell me that," and he took her in his arms, no longer wondering how this adventure would end.

"I don't like her." It was his wife, speaking of the heroine of the story she was reading.

"Why not?"

"She is n't real."

He looked at his wife. She was real. And that was better than being the phantom creature of a lovely moment. Why should she begrudge the other kind of girl her moment?

It was odd; he was n't in the least ashamed. Men, he remembered, sometimes had bad consciences over things like this, they were driven to confession by remorse. But he had nothing to be sorry for. Why should he confess?

His wife laid the magazine aside a little petulantly.

"Oh, well," she said, "it 's just a story."

"Yes," he said absently, "just a story."

V. The Face. It was a fortnight before he went back to town. That evening he invited his friend the story-writer to dinner, and they talked. And as it seemed by accident, their talk touched upon the subject of neighbors.

"Is Greenwich Village any different in that way from up-town? Do you know your school-teacher neighbor in the little white house next door, for instance?" Surely, he thought, it could not be rash to ask that. Certainly his friend would not suspect him of a personal interest in an old-maid school-teacher. So he was thinking when he heard, "She died there to-day."

Afterward he could hardly believe what had happened, except that a wild conviction came into his mind, whirling him out of his chair, out of the restaurant. He wandered somewhere, with one thought in his mind:

He must see that dead face.

Then he found himself in a house, in that house, among a fluttered group of school-teachers who talked to him about the woman who had died. They took him for one of her family. He did not talk to them. He went up a stairway and into a room with faded flowers and tall candles ranged about a high bed like an altar. A dead woman lay there, with a sheet drawn over her face. He lifted the cloth and looked at her face and went away silently.

VI. The Confession. It was queer, he knew, this impulse to confess that haunted him day and night. When she had been alive he had never wished to speak the words that might set him free to seek again the strange solace of her lips and arms. But now that she was forever out of reach, he felt this mad compulsion to make known their shadowy love.

To speak now would be to risk losing all the happiness he had built up for himself in the real world, out of an inexplicable loyalty to the memory of his dead playmate. But he could not think of such things now. He could think only of the dreamer who had decked a room for a beautiful adventure that did not come, and who sat in a garden waiting, wondering whether death would come before the adventure; and of a gate that swung open one moonlit night to make her dream

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come true, and of two adventurers happy for an uncalendared hour in the phantom world of fancy. The time would come, his reason urged, when this memory would be a thing remote and forgotten, when it would no longer hold for him even the ache of regret, when its pathos even would be faded, as its bright joys were already fading in his thoughts. He would be sorry to have spoken. He would know that he had been a fool to speak. But now, though he lost everything that would one day be dear to him again, he did not care.

He fought against that mad impulse while he could. Then, lest he blurt the thing out suddenly, he began to plan the manner of his confession.

He remembered a fantastic idea uttered that night by the story-writer and he thought, "It will be easier to tell it to her first as a story."

And one evening he told her the story.

He began haltingly enough, constrained as he was to present to her imagination these two nameless figures of a man and a woman who had wished rashly for a happiness not to be had within the solid confines of reality; but as he talked, he forgot all else, and his confession became a passionate vindication of the rights of that phantom self for which the work-aday world has so little use, and which can achieve only a pitiful and momentary freedom in what the world calls folly. Then, for he had come to the end of his tale, in that picture of a room with its faded flowers and spent candles and a face whose eyes were no longer bright with wild dreams, abruptly he ceased speaking. And it seemed to him that even without as yet naming himself, he had confessed his crime of secret rebellion against the wisdom of the world.

He looked up and saw that there were tears in his wife's eyes.

"It 's true," she said. "Women do feel like that."

He was bewildered.

"All women," she went on. "But I did n't think men knew. How *did* you know?"

He was about to tell her how he knew, when she spoke again, softly.

"I 'm glad she found so beautiful a lover."

Then he was ashamed, of what, he hardly knew, unless it was of what he seemed to his wife. He realized that he was to her merely what he had labored for twelve years to seem to all the world. Not the foolish adventurer of his tale; no, she could never believe that. He imagined how it would sound to her if he pretended to be that man in the story. It would be the strangest argument in the annals of marriage. He could prove nothing; his secret was fatally secure. She would say, "You have dreamed it, dear."

And seeing himself with her eyes, he was shaken by a doubt. Perhaps it *had* been just a dream.

VII. Catharsis. But presently a thought of bitter comfort came; he would tell his friend the story-writer, who would do what was after all the only sensible thing to do with a dream in this world, sell it to other dreamers.

And after a time that was what happened.

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OLD ENGLISH CAROLS

WITH MODERN DECORATIONS

BY E·E·HENRY

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WAUKIN'

As Joseph was a-waukin',
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birthnight
Of Christ our heavenly King.

"His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen
With white wine or with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair, white linen
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-waukin',
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

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Out of the East a star shone bright,
For to show three kinges a light,
Which had travelled day and night,
To see that Lord that all hath sent.

Thereof heard King Herod anon,
That three kings should come through his region,
To seek a child that peer had none,
And after them soon he sent.

King Herod cried to them quickly;
"Ye go to seek a child truly,
Go forth and come again me by
And tell me where that he is lent."

Forth they went by the starry beam
Til they came to merry Bethlehem,
Where they found that sweet Barin-Him
That sithe for us His blood hath spend.

Baltasar kneeled first adown
And said: "Hail King most of renown,
And of all kings Thou bearest the crown;
Therefore with gold I Thee present."

Melchoir kneeled down where he stood
And said: "Hail Lord, in Thy priesthood,
Receive incense to Thy manhood,
I bringe it with good intent."

Jaspar kneeled down where he stood,
And said: "Hail Lord, in Thy knighthood,
I offer Thee myrr to Thy godhead,
For Thou art He that all hath sent."

Now lords and ladies in rich array,
Lift up your hearts upon His day,
And ever to God let us pray,
That on the Rood was rent.

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The shepard upon a hill he satt;
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tarbox, his pipe and his flagat;
His name was called Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a gud herdes boy.
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard upon a hill was laid;
His dog to his girdell was taid;
He had not slept but a litill braid,
But 'Gloria in excelsis' was to him said.
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,
"I will go see you farly sight,
Where as the angel singeth on hight,
And the star that shineth so bright."
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Whan Wat to Bedlem cum was,
He swet, he had gone faster than a pace,
He found Jesu in a simpell place,
Between an ox and an asse.
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

"Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,
My skirt, my tarbox, and my scripe;
Home to my felowes now will I skipe,
And also look unto my shepe."
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

'Now may I well both hope and sing,
For I have bene at Cristes bering;
Home to my felowes now will I fling.
Crist of heven to His bliss us bring."
Ut Hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

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HE CAME ALL SO STILL

He came all so still
  Where His mother was,
As dew in April,
  That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
  To His mother's bower,
As dew in April,
  That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
  Where His mother lay,
As dew in April
  That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
  Was never none but she!
Well might such a lady
  God's mother be.

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A Referendum of Psychologists

A Survey of Opinion on the Mental Tests

By Frank N. Freeman

During the last year or two much has been written by journalists, educational theorists, and other non-technical writers on the subject of intelligence tests and their broader implications. Some of these writers have drawn startling conclusions from the results of the tests. We are assured, for example, that the application of the intelligence tests in the army demonstrated that forty-five per cent. of us are hopelessly dull, that the average adult is only equal in intelligence to the thirteen and one-half year old child, and that this deficiency is the manifestation of fixed and inborn characteristics which cannot be remedied by education. Another group of writers, unwilling to accept such damaging indictments, and unable to show by critical analysis that they are not legitimate inferences from the intelligence tests, attack the tests and the psychologists who made them, and attempt to discredit the whole testing program. We are thus put on the horns of a dilemma: either we are much more stupid than we thought we were, or the intelligence tests, which seem to have revealed this condition, are not reliable measures of intelligence.

This is but one example of a number of extreme and widely divergent views which are popularly entertained regarding intelligence tests. Tests measure pure native capacity, or they reflect merely the results of education. They indicate that there is a wide gulf between the intelligence of men in different walks of life, or they reveal nothing but different habits of thought and action. They indicate that the criminal is feeble-minded or that he is no different in intelligence from the law-abiding. It is obvious that such contradictory opinions cannot be wholly right.

If we could find out what trained psychologists who have used mental tests think about them, we could not only point out what is wrong with the popular opinions, but we could gain some positive indication as to what the correct view is. With the hope of discovering and formulating a view of mental tests which would agree with the sober judgment of psychologists, or at least of finding the variations of expert opinion and of setting the limits within which they vary, the writer recently corresponded with a number of the men who have been most prominent in the testing movement. The inquiry was sent to twelve men, and each one made a considered response to the inquiry.

If the number who were consulted seems small, the professional standing of the men will be instantly recognized as making their opinions authoritative. No attempt was made to compose a

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list which would be complete, but the attempt was made to include the outstanding leaders in the design and use of intelligence tests. The standing of the group is sufficiently indicated by the fact that it includes Dr. J. McK. Cattell, the founder of the testing movement in the United States; Dr. R. M. Yerkes, the director of the intelligence testing in the army; Dr. L. M. Terman, the chief author of the "Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale"; Dr. E. L. Thorndike, one of the foremost leaders in the whole testing movement; Dr. Charles H. Judd, who is distinguished in both psychology and education; and Dr. G. M. Whipple, whose manual of "Mental and Physical Tests" has had wide influence in the dissemination and standardization of mental tests.

The method which was employed to ascertain the views of these men upon mental tests is the most direct method to use in the circumstances, though it would not be valid in ordinary circumstances. It consisted in submitting to these experts a series of fifteen statements concerning the nature and significance of tests, and asking them to indicate their agreement or disagreement with these statements. In cases in which the recipients of the inquiry disagreed, they were asked to make qualifying or alternative statements. Such a method would partake too much of the nature of the leading question, and would have too much suggestive influence, if it were pursued with the untrained person; but the professional scientist is too jealous of his independence of thought within the field of his special study to fall into the snare of suggestion, and is, in general, more apt to emphasize differences than agreements in opinion.

Before giving an account of the views of these experts on the particular items, it may be remarked at the outset that, while a good deal of agreement upon the chief facts and principles was looked for, it was surprising to find that the opinions are as much in agreement as they appear to be. The extreme views and sweeping statements which are made by popular or semi-popular writers are absent.

While it is true that the inquiry revealed very general agreement on the fundamental issues, the various persons, even while subscribing to the general tenor of the statements, probably do not, in all cases, wish to be considered as agreeing in rigid fashion to the precise forms of statements which were presented to them. As one of them put it, "In almost every case, however, I should want to make certain qualifications and interpretations, so that I hope you will not make any rigid use of these replies of mine. . . . Probably all you wish is a rather general and elastic consensus of opinion." With the understanding that the replies are not to be interpreted too rigidly, we may proceed to consider the opinions in detail.

§ 2

The first statement which was presented for criticism is as follows: "'Intelligence Tests' are forms of standardized examinations which have been developed as a result of prolonged experimentation and which have proven their usefulness through the fact that they work."

To this statement every one agreed. What is the significance of such a declaration? It means that psycholo-

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gists did not invent mental tests out of hand, as some writers imply. The validity and serviceableness of tests do not depend upon mere opinion. Some of the tests which the ablest of psychologists, among them Binet, once thought would work, were found by actual trial to be useless. All the tests which survive are proved by careful methods of trial and testing to be consistent in their operation and to agree with some other method of measuring the ability which they purport to measure. Experimentation with mental tests has been going on for over thirty years, and it is only now, after this considerable period, that psychologists are sufficiently satisfied with the products of their labors to recommend them for general use.

To the second statement there is also unanimous agreement. It reads: "The aim of these tests is to measure general mental ability. Regarding the precise nature of general mental ability psychologists differ in opinion, but that individuals may be distinguished according to general mental ability they agree." This statement means that intelligence tests have an aim which is different from certain other types of mental tests. They aim to measure general mental ability, or, as one correspondent more precisely expressed it, general intellectual ability. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the tests have convinced psychologists that some such general ability exists than to say that it was the original aim of the tests to measure such ability.

The next statement is one of those on which some diversity of opinion appears. The reader may already have guessed that this statement deals with the nature of this general intellectual ability, now that it has been agreed that it exists. Psychologists have given a good deal of thought to the definition of intelligence and they are still not in complete agreement. The description which was proposed is as follows: "General mental ability differs from special ability in that it consists in ability to perform operations requiring abstract thought, generalization, the apprehension of complex relationships etc., as distinguished from those activities which depend for the most part on keenness of sensation or dexterity of movement. Another, perhaps, equally good way of describing general mental ability is to say that it represents ease of learning in the intellectual field."

The comments on this definition are worth quoting at some length. One of the most influential of the men who responded drew the distinction between intelligence as it really is and the sort of intelligence which is measured by our tests. He says: "In regard to '3' we of course all realize that definitions are difficult, and I think that it would be my preference to omit a definition altogether rather than to attempt a substitute. However, in my opinion the kind of ability that our tests measure is the kind that may lead to success in the usual school and college work. It is primarily the ability to deal with verbal and numerical situations."

According to this view, our conception of intelligence has been too much influenced by our preoccupation with success in school and college. Intelligence should include the kind of ability which is required for, say, social and business success. Our tests, furthermore, have been standardized too

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much with this restricted type of ability in mind.

Two other correspondents expressed the opinion that it is necessary to distinguish various types of intelligence, and specifically suggested that the type which is described in the questionnaire be called "abstract intelligence," and that to this be added "social intelligence" and "mechanical intelligence."

One psychologist, instead of distinguishing between types of intelligence, disagrees with the distinction between keenness of sense and skill of movement, on the one hand, and intellectual capacity, on the other, and would "include the various aspects of sensation, perception etc. in general intelligence." Another accepts the distinction between the higher and lower mental functions, and goes still further by suggesting that there is a "certain degree of specialization of ability even in the higher intellectual field." Finally, one of the leaders in the whole movement simply replied, "I don't know."

Most psychologists, if they expressed their real feeling as to what intelligence is, would confess to something of this doubt. Nevertheless, the situation is not so confused as the diversity of replies would seem, on the surface, to indicate. The difference of opinion is due largely to the fact that some take the term "intelligence" in a broader and some in a narrower sense. Some restrict it more nearly to the aspect of mental capacity which our general tests measure, and others give it a broader connotation. The difference is, in some degree, a difference in terminology merely. If we could agree on the use of the word, there would still be some difference of opinion on the fact, but it would not be so great as it now appears to be.

For a clear understanding of intelligence tests it is necessary to recognize just what it is that they measure. This is brought out in the next statement. "General mental ability cannot be measured directly. It can only be measured by measuring its manifestations. These manifestations make up the individual's intellectual performance."

This principle is generally agreed to, with minor qualifications. Its corollary and a supplementary observation lead us into the heart of one of our problems. They are as follows: "Intellectual performance depends on both capacity and experience, or training. Marked differences in training will affect intellectual performance and hence the score in intelligence tests, just as the score is affected by differences in capacity. If individuals have equal training, their scores in intelligence tests represent with a good degree of accuracy the differences in their intellectual capacity. If individuals have equal capacity, differences in their training will be represented by differences in intelligence test scores."

The nub of the question is, How marked must differences in training be in order to affect the score in the intelligence test? Or, Are the scores of various individuals within the same community, or the scores of groups of individuals in different communities or different occupations, seriously affected by differences in their training or general surroundings?

It is essentially a question of degree. As with all questions of degree, it is a difficult one to answer, and the an-

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swers which are given to it by different competent persons vary. Some believe that the effect of training on test scores is great enough to necessitate different norms or standards for the various social or environmental groups, while others believe that it is only necessary to make some slight allowance for home conditions, schooling, and the like.

The above statements are phrased as though both training and ability were wholly general. We must, of course, recognize that training may increase the individual's efficiency in special types of work while it does not materially affect his general ability. Further, it is true that equal capacity in general intelligence does not necessarily mean equal capacity in the abilities which may be measured by specialized tests, as, for example, tests of musical capacity.

The recognition that such differences in opinion exist, and that our evidence is not yet adequate finally to settle the problem at the present time, is made clear by the general agreement which was given to this statement of the case: "The differences in test scores which exist between large groups of persons, such as those belonging to different occupations, social levels or localities are probably due in part to inherent and partly to environmental factors. Psychologists differ as to which set of factors is the more important. No experimental method has yet been applied by which the issue can be settled."

We have ample evidence that large differences in the scores on intelligence tests between occupational, environmental, and social groups exist. For example, manual or unskilled laborers stand much lower than professional men. Moreover, the children of day laborers and the children of professional men occupy the same relative position as their parents. City children excel country children, and children in favored neighborhoods in the city excel children in poor neighborhoods. Psychologists disagree with those extremists who ascribe these differences wholly to training, and also with those who ascribe them wholly to inborn capacity. This much we can say with assurance. From the practical administrative point of view, therefore, we should make some allowance for the child's environment in interpreting his score, but we should regard the score as, in some measure at least, measuring real inherent capacity.

§ 3

It is quite obvious from the foregoing discussion that the interpretation and application of the results of intelligence tests is a difficult and delicate affair. Many hasty and ill considered inferences have been made by persons whose knowledge of mental testing is most superficial. It is better to know less about what mental tests mean for our social and political life than to know so much that is not true.

It is somewhat of a relief to turn for a moment from some of the debatable questions to one on which intelligence tests have shed clear light and on which psychologists are agreed. Critics of mental tests have sometimes taken advantage of the doubt which does exist on some matters to throw a smoke screen over the whole subject and to obscure some facts which should be clear. While we are not entirely clear concerning differences between groups of persons whose life is led

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under widely different circumstances, we have abundant proof from the results of the examination of persons whose training has been substantially alike that inherent differences in capacity are large and of vital importance. This fact is stated in the following form, to which all correspondents are agreed: "The careful study of the reaction of individuals to intelligence tests, to the demands of the school and of vocation and to special forms of training indicates that marked differences in intellectual capacity exist within groups of fairly equal educational and environmental opportunity and that these differences are inherent."

The foregoing discussion has dealt with the meaning and interpretation of intelligence tests. We have seen that, while they measure behavior directly and intellectual capacity only indirectly, and while the extent to which this behavior is affected by education is not precisely known, it is generally recognized by those competent to judge that tests are convenient and fairly accurate instruments for measuring something which we call intelligence. The remainder of the inquiry, and the remainder of our discussion, deals with a further question, which may be put thus: "How important is this trait, which for convenience we call intelligence, in determining human behavior, and success in human undertakings?"

In the attempt to summarize the probable facts which bear upon this general question a preliminary statement was offered which asserts the existence of other important mental traits as factors in achievement. This is the statement: "The individual's achievement is determined by other traits in addition to mental capacity. These other traits, like mental capacity, are inherent, but their development is subject to the influence of training and environment to an important degree."

With minor qualifications, this statement was unanimously accepted. The qualifications consisted of an objection to the term "mental capacity," which should be changed to "intellectual capacity," and the suggestion that the word "probably" be inserted after "development is."

The traits which determine achievement in addition to intellectual are those which we ordinarily designate by the terms "will," "character," "temperament," or "emotional attitudes," and include such characteristics as persistence, quickness, and finality of decision, self-confidence, energy, enthusiasm, cheerfulness, industry, equanimity, quick temper, sociability, and their opposites. We need not suppose that such important traits as these are completely independent of intelligence. In fact, they may affect intelligence, and intelligence may affect them. These and like traits, however, appear to be largely independent of intelligence, to be influential in the determination of behavior, and to be in a large measure inborn, but still subject to education.

We are now concerned with an attempt to specify a little more precisely the bearing which intelligence and the emotional or character traits have upon achievement. As might be expected, when we attempt to specify amounts we get upon debatable ground. Nevertheless, the attempt does not seem to be entirely hopeless. Let us begin with the proposed formulation: "A small percentage of

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human beings, about two or three, are incapable of performing more than very simple routine duties, and perhaps fifteen per cent. are limited to elementary education and to the humbler vocations. Leadership in the professions, in business, and in larger political life, on the other hand, is probably confined to five or ten per cent. who are especially well endowed."

We may first consider the question of the percentages. Two expressed uncertainty concerning them, but did not manifest a definite opinion that they should be larger or smaller. Three expressed the opinion that the percentages were somewhat uncertain because of the ambiguity of such terms as "humbler vocations," "leadership," "larger political life," and "especially well-endowed." With reference to the last term one said, "If that means well-endowed as determined by our intelligence tests, I think that the per cent. of those who may obtain leadership especially in business, when they have inherited opportunities, should be much larger. I have no idea where Mr. — or Mr. — [two wealthy American business men] would have stood if such tests had been made on them in college, but doubt whether they would have stood in the first five or ten per cent. If they would have stood not much above the average, I should not be surprised at their obtaining their present leadership." Since this is the most radical criticism, it is only fair to say that its author would probably agree that any man in college would stand within the top twenty-five per cent. of the whole population in an intelligence test. Virtually, all college students make A or B on the army test, and these scores include less than twenty per cent. of the recruits. This opinion, therefore, is not in such marked disagreement with the proposed statement as it seems to be at first sight.

There is not space to amplify the statement in order to make its terms more precise. Admitting that they are somewhat vague and the percentages not very certain, it does give some notion of the significance of the findings of intelligence tests, and the degree of agreement upon it is decidedly encouraging.

The preceding statement dealt with the extremes in intellectual capacity. Its general significance is that at both extremes intelligence, or the lack of it, determined very strongly the nature of achievement. At the upper end, rather high degree of native intellectual capacity is necessary for conspicuous success, and, at the lower end, very meager intellectual capacity limits the individual to success in the very simplest vocations.

Is intelligence as important a factor in success in the case of the persons whose capacity lies between the two extremes? Unfortunately, the statement which was formulated on this question was ambiguous and was probably misunderstood. It was couched in these words: "For the seventy-five or eighty per cent. of individuals who are not exceptional by virtue of deficient or excessive endowment inherent intellectual capacity is a much less important factor as compared with environmental influences and traits of character or temperament."

The ambiguity is in the phrase "much less important." This was intended to mean, "less important than in the case of persons of extremely

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high or low capacity." It was evidently taken to mean "less important than character and temperament." The results of the questionnaire on this point are therefore not conclusive.

The writer's own opinion is that, if the individual's capacity is neither very high nor very low, his character and temperament determine to about the same extent the degree of his success in the ordinary undertakings of life as does his intellectual capacity. But this cannot be taken to represent the consensus of opinion.

The last specific problem which remains to be considered is the relation of intellectual capacity and non-intellectual traits to misconduct and crime. It is rather widely believed that intelligence tests have indicated that crime is usually caused by mental defect. This is the statement on this point: "Marked mental defect is an important factor in misconduct, but non-intellectual traits and environment are more important than intellectual capacity for the upper eighty or eighty-five per cent."

The most pronounced disagreement with this statement was expressed thus, "I doubt the marked importance of non-intellectual traits which you seem to imply." Another comment was, "I don't think we know about this." Otherwise the correspondents agreed, with only unimportant qualifications. We may regard it as fairly well agreed among psychologists, therefore, that so far as we can judge from present evidence, degree of intelligence is an important cause of crime in the case of those who are very defective, but that in the case of any but those of quite low-grade intelligence, character traits, temperament, and environment are the chief causes.

The final statement expresses a general sense of the value of intelligence tests. "If the above mentioned facts are all kept in mind, so-called intelligence tests are extremely valuable devices for use in educational administration." Only one qualification was suggested—that there are bad as well as good tests, and that only the good ones are valuable.

A few words in final comment. Do intelligence tests, particularly the army tests, indicate that forty-five per cent. of the entire population are stupid or that the average adult has a mental age of about thirteen and one-half years? These inferences from the army tests have been emphasized much more strongly by lay students of the subject than by psychologists. Psychologists have been somewhat puzzled to know how to interpret the army statistics, but we should be clear that the tests do not stand or fall with this particular interpretation.

These are the facts. What the army tests show concerning the intellectual capacity of typical Americans is that forty-five per cent. of us are duller than the other fifty-five per cent. That is all so far as the percentages are concerned. Taken by themselves, the tests do not indicate whether the letter grade D or the grade C represent dullness or mediocrity, except in relation to the persons who receive higher or lower grades. They indicate merely the degree of brightness which is defined as the degree possessed by a given percentage of the population. They do not further define this degree of brightness.

How, then, have the army tests come to be interpreted as indicating brightness or mental age, except on the basis of the percentage who receive

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various grades? The interpretation has been based on a comparison of the scores which are made by children and by adults on the same tests. From such a comparison the army scores are translated into terms of mental age. We have learned to interpret various degrees of mental age as representing rather definite degrees of intellectual capacity, and to define the person's intelligence in terms of the mental age which he attains or is likely to attain when he is intellectually mature. Now, according to this usual mode of interpretation ultimate mental age of slightly over thirteen means dullness.

But notice the remarkable change which must have taken place in the common intelligence if we thus interpret the adult scores in mental-age terms. We should have to accept the astounding conclusion that the percentage of persons who have an ultimate mental age of twelve years increases from two and three tenths per cent. in childhood to over thirty per cent. in adulthood. This, of course, cannot be, making any allowance that is thinkable for an influx of dull adults through immigration. Conclusions, therefore, that are drawn from the interpretation of adult scores in terms of the mental age of children must be scrutinized with the greatest caution, and the scare-head announcement that nearly half of us are stupid must be taken strictly for what it is worth.

One other final comment. Intelligence tests have been violently attacked because of their supposed bearing on the question of the effectiveness or the limitations of education. Properly interpreted, the tests shed little light on this general question. Not only do they not indicate how greatly human nature may be modified by education; they do not even assume any definite theory on this point. What they do ordinarily assume is this: first, that human nature is not indefinitely modifiable by education,—that is, that there are limits and degrees of modifiability,—second, that the capacity of different persons to profit by education differs, and that common experience indicates that some are markedly limited in comparison to others; and third, that mental tests enable us, with a degree of accuracy that makes them practically serviceable, to pick out the persons who can profit largely by education and distinguish them from those who can profit slightly.

That all can profit by education psychologists affirm as vigorously as any. They only add that the kind and amount of education from which they can profit most is to a large degree determined by their original endowment. The interest in differentiating the education of those who differ in endowment is not antagonistic to the interest in improving the productivity of education in general. It is supplementary to it. In fact, the effort to give exceptional children a special type of education, far from indicating a disbelief in the value of education, is the best evidence possible of a faith in education. Else what difference could it make whether bright and dull children were given the same or different treatment? Unless the critics of intelligence tests are prepared to maintain that all children are best served by precisely the same kind and the same amount of education, they cannot rationally find ground of objection to the view that individual differences in capacity require differentiation in education.

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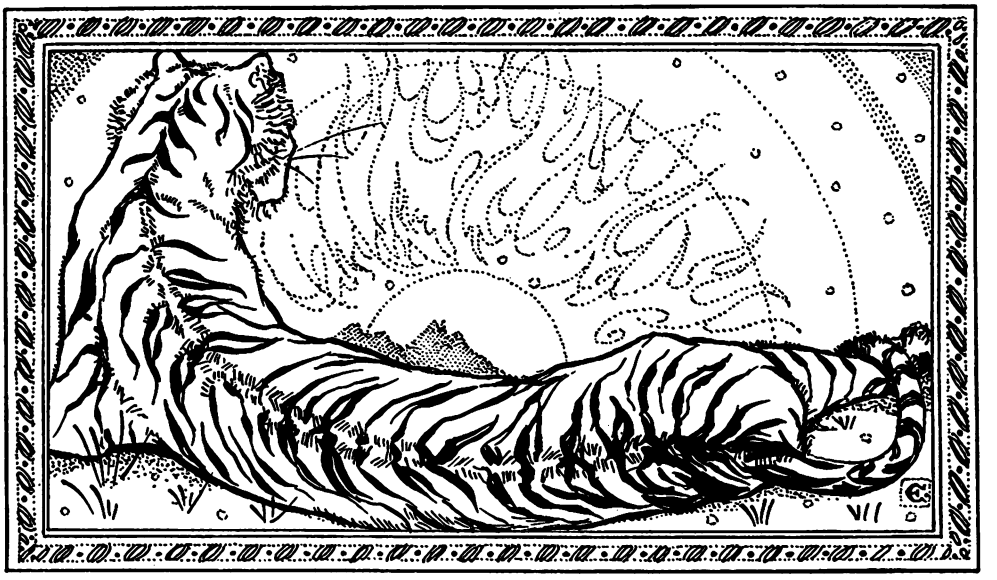

The King of the World

An Asian Motif

By Ferdinand Ossendowski

Drawings by Edith Emerson

Asia, the cradle of nations, religions, and laws, of the ruthless struggle for existence, the great historic cemetery of vast states, of magnificent cults, and of powerful cities; the land of beautiful, thousand-colored, but always terrible, landscapes, preserves unending echoes of ancient legends and prehistoric myths in its mountain gorges.

But these age-old echoes, reverberating from the earth, rocks, and walls of Himalayan ranges, Tibetan mountains, Pamirian clefts, Mongolian passes, and Chinese cloisters, died down for a time and then resurged into live, active, and powerful ideas; for in their diminuendo they only penetrated more profoundly, as the spring waters penetrate the sand to form a subterranean lake which feeds the rivers and streams flowing on the surface of the earth.

The ideas and currents of culture of the thirteenth century are for Asia these rivers and streams. The life and spirit of the descendants of Jenghiz Khan, of the great Tatar dynasty Yüan, of the rulers of Asia from the Pacific to the Caspian Sea, have persisted and permeated all Asia these nine centuries and are yet full of charm and of natural mysticism mixed with awe. In this atmosphere of ancient times which have passed to return no more on the whole earth, secluded Asiatic nations and tribes lead a life of different, but always elemental, forms

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of social and patriarchal régime. But privileged castes exist in all these nations, the caste of princes, descendants of the once powerful rulers, and the caste of the priests.

These, in their silken tents, in magnificent palaces, in mysterious cloisters, study the science of the spirit, delving deep into questions which have either not yet become the problems of contemporary humanity, or which have been forgotten by it, just as it has forgotten the history and even the names of vanished tribes through its absorption in the struggle for existence and in the strife of personalities, peoples, and states.

But we are not to suppose that all the scions of the ancient rulers of Asia or the whole clergy, Buddhist, Lamaic, Chinese, Shintoist, or Mussulman distinguish themselves by a special spirituality. Not at all.

A struggle for political influence, an invidious, destructive, and relentless fight, rages everywhere. Throughout all Asia the natives suffer from the exactions of the priests of all creeds; but above it all remains the secluded caste of those initiated into the highest forms of speculative sociology and psychology, into the mysterious problems of the strongly twisted road of causes and effects, a road along which we see blind humanity groping its way —humanity, this smallest molecule of the esoteric cosmos.

From this craving for the proper road that could lead humanity to God is born a mystic shibboleth which is profoundly penetrating the minds of the Asiatics. It is a watchword based in politics, a watchword proclaiming the superiority of the spiritual strength of the East, and affirming the necessity of forcing all humanity to accept its will and its world-outlook, even at the cost of general blood-spilling, even by hurling Asiatic multitudes upon the nations rotting in the bog of European civilization.

Accordingly, at the fires of the nomad shepherds of the prairies, in the Tzaidam marshes in northern Tibet, in the Himalayas, on the banks of the Hind and the Ganges, in Asia Minor, in Iran, in the valleys of the Yang-tse and the Hwang-ho, people of different colors, tribes, races, and creeds, but united by the common bond of Asiatic ideology, talk, discuss, sing, and dream about the approaching hour, when the hand of the Asiatic will be the hand of karma and will execute the decrees of fate. Awakened Asia!

Asia took the first step in this direction in 1900, when the foreign armies, fighting with the "great fist" in China showed in such a magnificent way their moral downfall.

Then came the Russo-Japanese War, with its defeat of Russia by Japan, the enfeeblement of all states during the World War, and the complete ruin of the Muscovite power. Echoes of these events had their repercussion everywhere: on the shores of the Pacific, of the Indian Ocean, of the Mediterranean Sea; and the natives of the arctic tundras whisper the terrific story of Russia, as the Mongolian tribes on the Volga, in the Urals, and in Siberia carry on their backs the whole burden of the catastrophe. Asia has raised its head in a really terrible concentration of mind, has turned to the West its mysterious eyes, and is listening. And only occasionally the dull murmur of eight hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics is heard in the Occident.

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"Has He and has His time already come? Is the Great Unknown among us?"

Such impressions crystallized themselves in my mind after my journey through central Asia, when I had the occasion and the chance to penetrate to places that are most difficult for a European to reach.

Englishmen bombarded a number of Tibetan towns, took Lhasa, but did not see the dalai-lama, did not discover the secret of his influences, and are disturbed and puzzled by this. Englishmen imprisoned Mahatma Ghandi and Battur-Ul-Sheih, but have not resolved the problem of Indian insurrections, and they see with consternation that this consuming human fire grows fiercer and more scorching every day.

Who has really studied and discerned whence came the bold politics of Turkey, this exhausted country and needy people that speak haughtily with the powerful victors of the World War?

The idea of the Great Unknown exerts a strongly vitalizing influence upon the political and spiritual phenomena of the Asiatic continent. It is the antithesis of the idea of the antichrist, which is now accepted readily not only in Russia, but by many persons in other countries.

Antichrist, a negative greatness, hostile, bringing death. The Great Unknown, a positive greatness, beneficient to humanity, giving life.

In the mountains of Ulan Taiga I met the first evidences of this idea of the Great Unknown, otherwise called the King of the World. Near some sulphuric springs I saw a rock with a cavern in it. A runic inscription on the wall said, "This is the entrance to the State of the King of the World, *to the subterranean country of Agharti*" and a simple Mongolian, guiding my steps near this place, whispered:

"Here is the entrance to Agharti. Be silent and concentrate your mind."

Ereksen-Sodzog, brother of prince Todzi of the land of the Toobes, or Urianhai, once over our night fire at the time when we went from Kara Khem to the Little Yenisei to elude the Red partizans, told me the following tale:

"Once in the principality of Soldjak, between Koso-gol and parts of the Tannu Ola mountains, in the cloister of Teri-Noor, appeared a Sayan hunter. He told the monks that he had found in the mountains a cleft from which vapor issued. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he entered it and penetrated inward to deep caverns, where he found men, flourishing sciences, and great order, and where peace had reigned for thousands of centuries. These people were ruled by one whom they called the Great King of the World, recognized as the summit of the triangle, omnipotent and merciful. The hunter told many other things, but the Living God of Kemchik heard about him and summoned him to his presence. After having heard his story, he ordered the hunter's tongue cut out to prevent him from telling further about what he had seen and heard in the subterranean country of the unknown nation. The hunter, although dumb, retained an expression of happiness and exaltation. When he had grown old, he saddled his horse and journeyed again to the mouth of the cave, where he evidently entered once more the Kingdom Agharti, for the horse returned alone to camp, and the hunter never was seen again."

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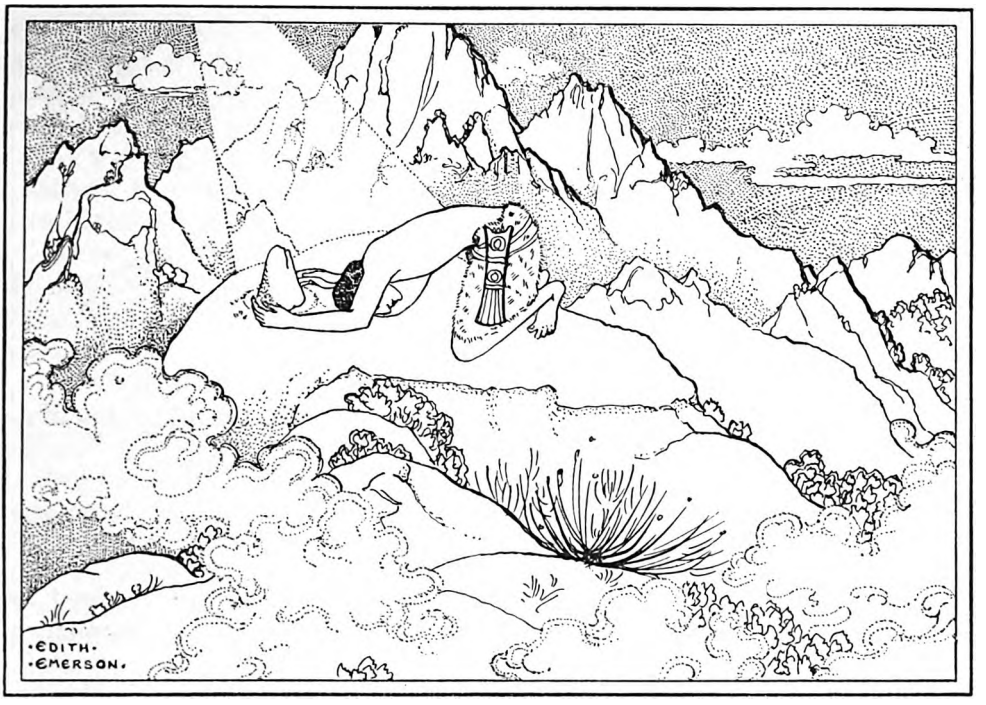

"'Rama in discouragement ascended to the summit of a high mountain'"

The Mongolian Sait in Uliassitai, the prince Chultun-Beyli, and his chaplain gelong, as well as my friend Jelyb Djamsrap, Hutuktu of Narabanchi Kure, knowing that a corner of the mysterious veil covering the Great Unknown had been accidentally lifted before me, confided to me further facts regarding this mystery of their cult.

"Sixty-five thousand years ago, seeing that the red spirit of evil was conquering the earth, Rama in discouragement ascended to the summit of a high mountain, and there before the face of the Creator voiced his prayers, his fears, and his longings. God bade Rama strengthen his mind for the conservation of the good seed. After some days Rama returned before God and declared his intention to persist with the faithful to wipe out 'the trail of the tiger,' which personifies evil on earth.

"With a million of the faithful, Rama marched to the country of bottomless caverns and precipices in the western Himalayas, and entered with them into the vaults. From that time these faithful never reappeared. Some God-fearing Brahman and Buddhist sages accidentally discovered this country of Rama and brought back news of it. By the medium of the knowledge of the twenty-two mysteries, Rama created the subterranean human state of Agharti, where crime, sin, and disobedience to the law are unknown. Having divided the mysteries among twenty-two castes of humanity, Rama gave the understanding of the mysteries and power over them to the 'chosen in spirit,' or the Guru,

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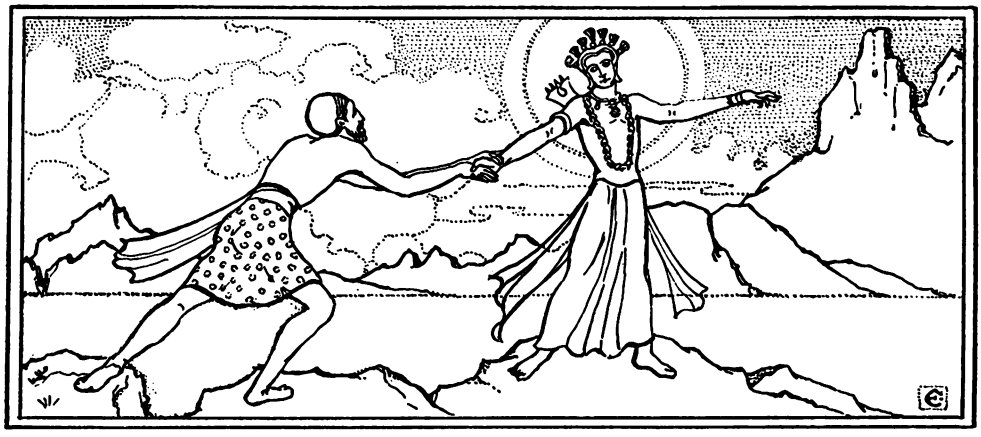

"'Rama searched out the poor in spirit and conducted them to Agharti'"

who formed the supreme council.

"Rama searched out the pure in spirit and conducted them to Agharti in solitary places difficult of access. Now the population of Agharti has increased to forty millions, half of whom dwell in the subterranean kingdom, while the remaining half are scattered over central, eastern, and southern Asia.

"More detailed knowledge of the kingdom and its people is possessed by the dalai lama, by the pantzchen lama in Tibet, by the Bogdo Khan in Urga, by some maharajas of the Council of God on the earth, and by the hundred Chinese Buddhist sages."

A legend, a myth, a remnant of some old cult? Is a modicum of reality to be found in this idea of the Great Unknown? If so, what is the reality? What are the ends toward which this idea, surrounded by mystery and secrecy, is tending?

As these questions interested me very much, I endeavored to make a deeper investigation of the subject and the genesis of the story of the King of the World. First I asked myself: Is the King of the World a fiction or a living fact? What are his activities and what importance has he?

These questions were answered for me by the Hutuktu of Narabanchi Kure.

He stated to me that this idea has its inception in the Asiatic principle of the supremacy of one ruler for the whole world, as a counteraction against the trail of the tiger, which tends to the annihilation of power and mind and to the destruction of the influence of personalities of a high moral and intellectual character.

The King of the World shields the nations of Agharti from crime and protects them from absolutism from above, as well as destroying instincts from below. Possessing deep and magic wisdom, he knows the future of humanity and previsions the actions and intentions of those who direct the lives of individuals and the affairs of states. He is the invisible support of those rulers, chiefs, priests, and sages whose actions are beneficent for humanity; he forestalls evil. He directs the development of sciences and the enlargement of the cycle of Agharti, joining to it always new groups of men.

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The King of the World, when guiding the studies concerning the human mind, directs also the investigations in experimental sciences, gathering together a vast store of wisdom for the fulfilment of all physical wants of future humanity, as well as for service in the coming final struggle between the good and evil spirits. In that struggle the King of the World with his armies will ally himself with the good spirits and will fight for the triumph of the future state of the initiated and the pure in spirit.

Nations which long ago completely disappeared from the surface of the earth found shelter in Agharti. Among such were the tribes from Atlantide, Gondvana, Lemuria, Lelizria, and other mythological continents, about which very distinct notions are conserved in Buddhist cloisters.

When in my astonishment I asked the Narabanchi Hutuktu and afterward a wise Maramba in Urga how it is that Buddhism has preserved such lively and almost realistic notions concerning continents lost in the ocean, about which only legends remain in Europe, I received this answer, very seriously delivered:

"Europe has a young humanity. We Asiatics are the oldest scions of the human family. The period of San-Chuan in China is more ancient than the period when these continents disappeared in the ocean, and their populations sought refuge in the vaults of Agharti with their science and spiritual inheritance."

What could I say? To be sure, it was before the appearance of the red race in Egypt and Europe—an appearance which left after it the Etruscans and the Basques; it was before the development of the high Peruvian culture; before the state of the Aztecs; before the state of the Shinar, at the mouth of the Euphrates.

And the Hutuktu Jelyb told me many details about strange animals once existing on these continents, about tortoises with eight pairs of feet, about immense harmless snakes which were good to eat, about birds with teeth, about immense lizards able to break without effort powerful palms and bamboos, about the former magnificent brightness of the sun, which is now darkened, veiled by "emanations of human blood."

He likewise told me that pious hermits found on the inaccessible summits of the "roof of the world," the Himalayas, on the Pamir, and on Kwanlun traces of unknown beings and plants which were supposed to be from Agharti and to have reached the surface of our planet through profound clefts of the mountains.

I learned also that the Great Unknown is not completely separated from the rest of humanity. He possesses his chosen in every state, and by their medium influences the course of social and political phenomena. In Asia a whole organization under his control directs the most important affairs of men and states. This organization is called "the Council of God," and to it belong the three Buddhist and lamaic pontiffs, the dalai and pantzchen lamas in Tibet and the Bogdo Gegeni Khan of Urga; after them a little circle of mahatmas, one hundred sages from China, and the council of initiated maharajas.

The King of the World appeared several times in Asia during the last century. He was seen by multitudes in Delhi, Mirzapur, Karakoram, and Narabanchi Kure.

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He appeared in India, riding upon an elephant and dressed in a white cloak with a red border, with magical signs on his breast, wearing a tiara with seven crowns, signs of power over the seven forces of heaven, earth, and hell. When he looked upon the sick, they rose from their beds; the blind recovered their sight, deaf their hearing; the paralyzed regained the faculty of movement; traitors and criminals died suddenly under his burning glance; the dead came to life again.

In Mongolia the king appeared as an unknown rider with a small retinue.

In Karakoram he appeared at a time when the ruling Bogdo Khan was in danger from the Chinese. The King of the World arrived one night in July, blessed the Bogdo Khan, and afterward rode around the city. A storm rose that night, heavy gray clouds transformed themselves into snow, which blinded and covered the advancing Chinese soldiers. In the morning a severe cold hardened the snow under which the Chinese riders perished. At noon the following day the sun melted the snow, and the hot weather returned.

When traveling across western Mongolia I made the acquaintance of one of the best known lama wizards, tushegoun lama, who played a notable part during the Mongolian-Chinese War. Talking with me, he said that the King of the World possesses the greatest magical power; and afterward, quite unexpectedly, he declared that he himself had been in the Kingdom of the Great Unknown, and that is the reason why the dalai-lama regards him as his brother. Whatever may have been his journeyings, the fact is indisputable that the influence of Tushegoun Lama, this Kalmuck from Russia, is very powerful in the lamaic countries.

In Ta Kure or Urga I was told about several people besides Tushegoun Lama who had visited Agharti, but had only seen the outer regions of this country, the entrance of which is carefully guarded.

Only one mortal man has ever been in the temple of the Great Unknown and before his throne, Gautama Buddha. He was allowed to go everywhere, and he made a thorough study of the régime, sciences, philosophy, plans, and life of Agharti.

Buddha made careful records of all he saw and heard, and wrote many volumes from these scrolls; but when finally he decided to return to the surface of the earth, the Great Unknown deprived him of memory, so that Buddha forgot his manuscripts as well as everything that he had written. He conserved only the faith in the ideal moral status of peoples, societies, and families. This was at the time when Buddha lived alone in the wilderness.

The lamaites represent the King of the World under the form of a triangle:

Brahytma

Mahytma Mahynga

Mahytma is the wisdom of the cosmic soul, the union of causes, and results of spiritual forces—the spiritual element.

Mahynga is the material strength of the cosmic soul, the union of causes, and results of the physical forces—the material element.

Brahytma is the summit of the triangle, the King of the World, the Great Unknown, who is the director of these elements, fulfilling the will of the Lord of the cosmic soul.

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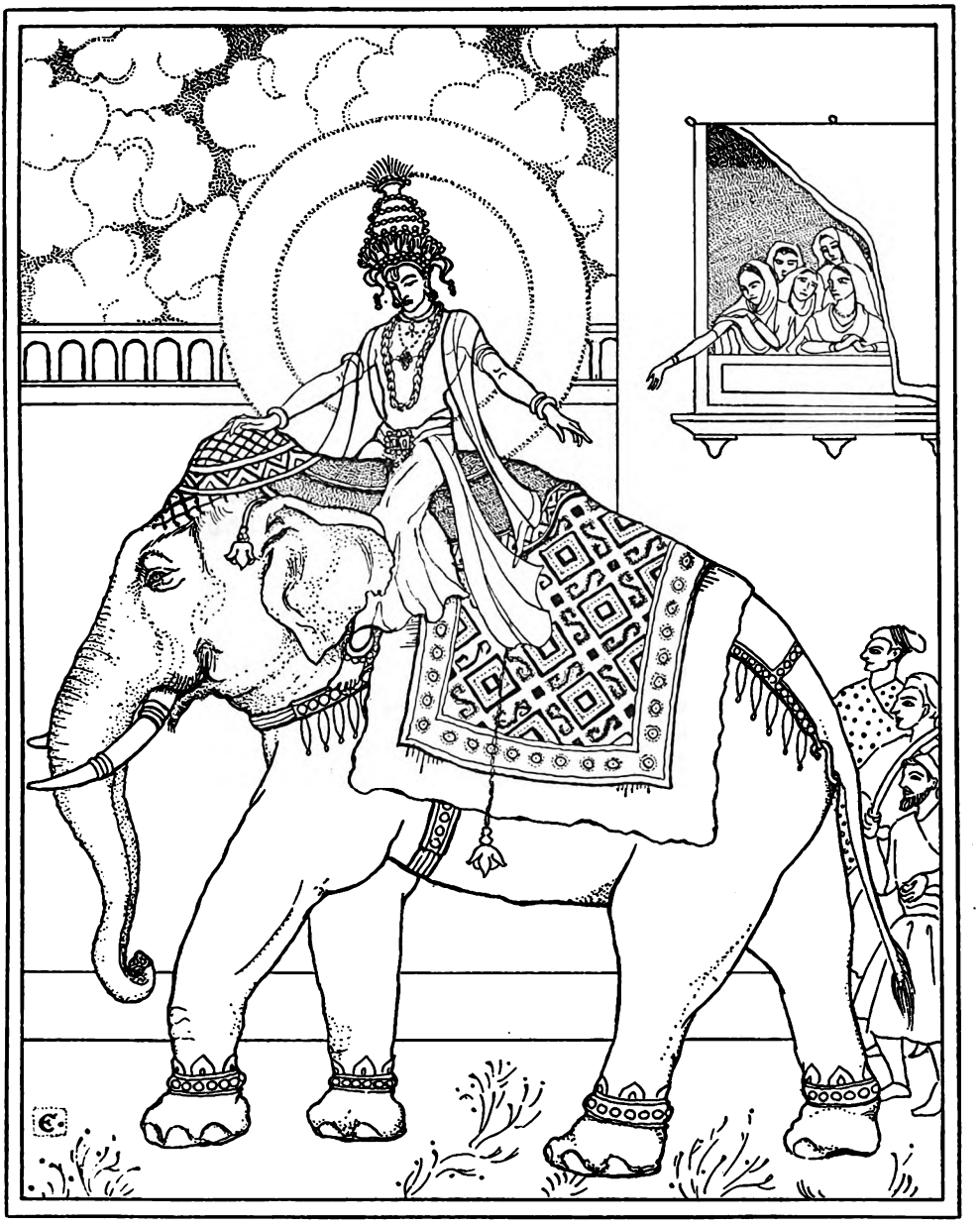

The King of the World appeared in India riding upon an elephant

The initiated Buddhists and Lamaites state that the King of the World is not at all a god, but a man with a strongly developed intellect and a faculty for feeling and understanding the will of the cosmic soul, of God, creator of everything.

He is chosen by the highest dignitaries of Agharti and of the Council of God on earth among the living. The

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highest lama priests in Erdeni Dzu and in Zain Shabi said that at the beginning of the nineteenth century a Hindu from Travancore was King of the World; in the middle of the century a "black man" from the West, —that is, an Arab,— and at the end of the century again a Hindu from Kashmir.

The deputies from Agharti place on the neck of the elected a golden chain with a golden tablet inscribed with the magical mantras, and from this moment the new ruler is endowed with the knowledge of the twenty-two mysteries and possesses the seven forces of heaven, earth, and hell, which are represented by twenty-two magical signs on his dress and by the seven crowns on the tiara of this pontiff and half-god.

Only one mortal man has ever been in the temple of the Great Unknown.... Gautama Buddha

The King of the World can have a family, which lives with him in Agharti, whence for the Brahytma there is no return to the surface of the earth.

The Lamaites imagine Agharti as a pyramid composed of a number of steps which give a likeness to the Assyrian *zikkurats;* that is, towers of pyramidal form. Had this any influence in shaping the forms of Assyrian and Egyptian monumental architecture? These steps, or layers, correspond to the castes which form Agharti. The palace of the dalai-lama, Potala, in Lhasa, is built according to this model. It is composed of terraces of buildings inhabited by lamas of different hierarchal degrees, from simple servants and pupils to the highest ranks of gelongs, marambas, and hutuktu.

Sacred commands come from time to time from Agharti. The King of the World holds communications almost exclusively with the source of the Buddhist Lamaite wisdom, the tashi lama of Tibet. During the period of existence of this hierarchal personality, the tashi lamas in times of greatest import mysteriously receive brass tablets inscribed with mystic signs which no one can decipher. These tablets are accepted as written messages from the King of the World. Usually the tashi lamas have employed fortune-telling to decipher these writings, and it is said that only one tashi lama has ever read the message for himself. He did it in a very original manner. He went to the temple and, after protracted solitary prayers, he placed the mysterious tablet on his head and prostrated himself for a long time before the statue of Avalokitesvar,

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asking for help. The subject of the writing suddenly became quite clear to the tashi lama, who at once acted according to the revealed commands of the Great Unknown, to the everlasting glory of Lamaism and Tibet. A copy of this writing forwarded by the tashi lama to the living Buddha at Urga is preserved in the strong-box of Jenghiz Khan with the most treasured Mongolian relics, the ring and seal of this great khan and the sacred bulls of the dalai-lama.

The writing of the King of the World is called Wotan and is a form of runic script which is not known to or used by any earthly scholars. Only the Shamans of the Orochons and the Kalmucks and the old Tzigane wizards possess wooden tablets incised with signs very like some of those of the Wotan.

I found also some explanation for this fact in the tales of my lamaic informants.

Twenty-five hundred years ago an insurrection broke out in Agharti, as some tribes not sufficiently pure in spirit joined its population. The lowest layers of the pyramid of Agharti wanted to occupy the highest places. A fight took place during which the King of the World threw down on the heads of the insurgents a part of the roof of the vaults of his state, and thus separated Agharti from these servants of evil. A part of the insurgents, namely, the Orochons, the Kalmucks, and the Tziganes, escaped and returned to the surface of the earth, taking with them some fragments of magical formulæ and some crumbs of the great wisdom of Agharti. With the help of these, they became fortune-tellers and wizards, adepts in secret magical sciences. In Sanscrit, the Tziganes are called *bohemi*, which signifies, "Go away from me." It is the curse of banishment, of damnation. But how strange it is that this name is so very like the other name for the Tziganes, Bohemians. Is it perchance possible that the spirit of Agharti, of the Great Unknown, has had any influence here?

A second nation, the isolated tribe of the Toobes, or Soyots, of Urianhai which came from the south, perhaps from Mesopotamia, and which had been for a long time inhabitants in Agharti, seeing the insurrection against the supreme authority of Brahytma and sure that evil spirits had invaded the kingdom, left its boundaries and began their tragic pilgrimage, which ended in the twelfth century on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Such are the tales told by lamite sages about the Great Unknown and his kingdom.

Agharti is the center of a big moral and governmental organization, it is a structure of many cycles, and the King of the World, the Great Unknown, Brahytma, forms its summit.

The first exterior cycle, the base of the structure, is composed of a great number of Buddhist and lamaic cloisters known for their very severe morals, as for instance Narabanchi and Erdeni Dzu; of separate principalities; rajats, temples, and different groups of the chosen, the initiated, the learned.

The second exterior cycle is formed of Asiatic nations, which belong to the stable population of Agharti, but are the vanguard of the King of the World on earth.

Beyond these lie the interior subterranean cycles of the *djidjases*, or reincarnated yogis (united in God); of

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five thousand pandits, pandvans sages; of three hundred sixty-five bagvands cardinals; of twelve of the highest enlightened bagvands of Gurus, bearing on their breasts the signs of the zodiac and having the power to use all the energy of the cosmos; of twenty-one black and white arhi who must spend their whole life in Agharti; and finally, as the summit of the structure, the magic triangle, Mahytma, Mahynga, and Brahytma.

The hierarchy of the learned pandits and pandvans works in the sciences and in the administration of Agharti; the priests, or bagvands, manage the great alliance of men with God and the cosmic forces.

The science which forms the power of Agharti is called "Om." Its aims are the study of "Akasa"; that is, of the element of divine powers and characteristics; the study of life from the point of view of spiritual and material transformation in the substance; the study of the invisible beings of the air, water, fire, and earth; of currents of "unknown and invisible rivers flowing from one pole to the other" (we would call them geo-magnetic currents); the study of the radiations of men and animals; the study of fluids; of the migration of souls across the north pole to the mysterious mountain Méru.

In the sphere of the material culture Agharti possesses artificial light, giving life and fertility to plants and brightness of mind to men; artificial atmosphere, making life long and death painless.

However, the most curious thing is the science of the gurus, who possess the secret and power of making the human body more hard than steel, impervious to pain, but conserving all the characteristics of a live organism. By the strength of their will the gurus send such men into the spaces between the planets, into the abysses of the ocean, or into the fires erupting from the earth. Such petrified men study the life and the sciences of other worlds and carry their observations to the gurus, who with these experiences enrich the science "Om" and the power of the wisdom of Agharti.

This mysterious legend about the King of the World is now spreading wider and wider among the nations of Asia. When during my travels I heard about it and afterward had serious talks about the King of the World with men at the helm of politics of Asia, it came to my mind that this legend cannot be of very long standing and must have a character speculative and political. About politics Asia has very diverse opinions, and it would be difficult to publish one general watchword, to find a name which would lead the masses of the populations of Asia to great political aims, as, for instance, to an attack against the white race—an attack which is the dream of some Asiatic circles.

The King of the World will be this watchword, and his name will draw Mongolians, Toobes, Tibetans, Chinese, Hindus, Afghans, Persians, and perhaps even Turks and Japanese.

Perhaps Agharti is also a mahatma mystic source of power, and the Great Unknown will appear in Ceylon or the Punjab or in Lhasa.

At all events, it is more than probable that the white race will be obliged to reckon with the influence of the now only legendary King of the World.

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

IV—Learning the Ropes

By L. Frank Tooker

Engravings from old Century Magazines

I had entered the office near the beginning of July, and that being the height of the vacation season, it chanced that Mr. Buel was the only editor present during the first week after my arrival. He always rushed into the editorial rooms with so impressive a haste, and settled himself so quickly to the seemingly endless task that his heaped-up desk displayed, that even though I had not been constitutionally averse to asking my superiors questions about matters that I was instructed to do, and therefore supposed to understand, in my awed fear of disturbing him I should have taken the course that I did—gone about my work in my own way. The only proof that was given to me to read was already in final page form, and sometimes I was appalled by the number of corrections that appeared necessary, and by the consequent expense that would follow. At that time the manuscripts and proofs of all material for each month were kept together in separate pigeon-holes for two years before being put away or destroyed, and in order to learn what others had done before me, I used to take these old proofs home at night for careful study. In a roundabout way I thus learned, what subsequent years of working with them were to disclose more fully, the characteristic changes that each editor was inclined to make.

Mr. Gilder's reading was of course hasty, an editor-in-chief having too many other duties to permit him to spend much time and strength on so prosaic and benumbing a task as the painstaking perusal of proof may easily become, and his few changes were mainly those in the direction of good taste, the deletion of slang and coarseness, and the softening of all expressions or statements likely to offend.

That he was also opposed to the use of puns in the magazine I was to learn in another way, for within a year after I became associated with the office, I think, I one day found in the mass of material from unknown writers a short humorous poem by Esther B. Tiffany designed for Bric-à-Brac. I was so greatly impressed with its brightness that I immediately took it to Mr. Gilder to urge its acceptance. He read it at once and gave his approval, but laughingly crossed out one stanza, saying:

"Oh, we can't use that!"

We did not, but though I have not chanced upon the verses since their

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publication, and have wholly forgotten them, the two offending lines have so persistently haunted my memory that I am tempted to bring back the wandering sheep to their fold and lost companions. The lines were:

"And she set down where marmoset,
And laid where marmalade."

Why should a thing like that follow a man so relentlessly for more than thirty, yes, almost forty, years? It is almost uncanny. But now perhaps the ghost is laid.

Against certain affected forms and stereotyped expressions Mr. Gilder also revolted. "Her face went white," he once agreed to my changing in a story by a well known author. He called it strained and unnatural. I can readily imagine how relentless he would have been with "the psychological moment," "in the last analysis," and "along these lines," which within the last ten years, though now less persistently, have bespattered the pages of half the manuscripts that came from American authors. Our minds have become machine-made, standardized.

Mr. Johnson, though also a rapid reader, was quick to notice misspelled or incorrectly used words, solecisms, or bad literary form. He had, I thought, an extraordinary gift for detecting an inverted "s," but the deadliest of all literary sins to him was an inaccurate quotation. On the margin of the page opposite all extracts he always wrote, "Verify." Whenever we failed to identify the passage quoted, we would write to the author using it to give us its source in order that we might compare it with the original. It was one of the strictest of our rules. One of the convictions I found current in the office when I first entered it was that clergymen invariably misquoted the Bible, and nothing in my own subsequent experience has led me to doubt the general accuracy of the belief. Their very familiarity with the sacred text has led them to quote from memory with the facile inexactness with which we all visualize the everyday objects of our lives.

For indeed is it true that "we see through a glass, darkly." Years ago, in preparing for the press a story of New York life, I came to a passage where one of the characters of the tale, passing Saint-Gaudens's statue of Farragut in Madison Square, paused for a moment to comment on the pose of the great commander. The author described the pose: Farragut with his right hand shading his eyes as he looked out toward the river. I laid down the proof, took up my hat, and walked up to the square. The author of the story, it seems, as I suspected when I set forth, had not taken that trouble, for in Saint-Gaudens's Farragut the right hand hangs straight down. The left arm also hangs at his side, the hand, holding a pair of marine glasses, curving in a natural way in front of him, just below his belt.

Now, though Mr. Gilder had accepted the story without noting the blunder, I supposed that, on my drawing his attention to the passage, he would detect it at once; for he was one of Saint-Gaudens's enthusiastic admirers and one of his most intimate friends. Indeed, he had written for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE an illustrated appreciation of the Farragut at the time of its unveiling in June, 1881.

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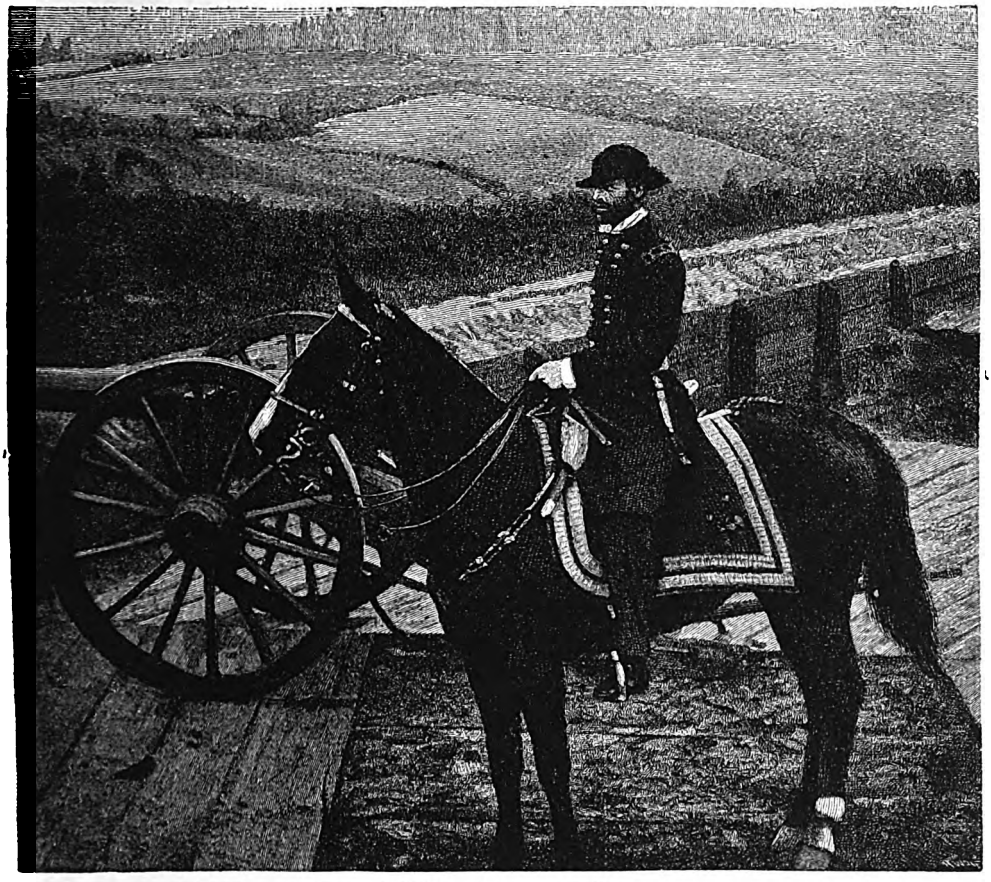

General William Tecumseh Sherman

Yet when, on returning to the office, I asked him to read the passage, he did so, and then looked inquiringly up at me. He saw nothing wrong. I took the passage to Mr. Drake, and then to many others in the office; it was the same story with all. They were familiar with the Farragut, perhaps passed it every day of their lives, but their minds had never carried away from it more than a vague impression; now when they read the faulty description they saw only what they were told to see.

The sailor does not shade his eyes with his cupped hand when scanning the far horizon; that is the plainsman's trick, at least the plainsman of the artists. And now when some old sailor rises and declares that sailors do do what I say they do not, that he himself has done it innumerable times, I am quite prepared to admit that he is right. Thank heavens! I am as human as my neighbors.

For no logical reason other than my own simplicity, one characteristic of Mr. Buel's proof-reading, or editorial supervision, always surprised me. He was a bachelor at that time, a clubman, and an old newspaper man, and, therefore, to my ingenuous mind the

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one of all my co-workers most likely to be indifferent to the things distasteful to those with a leaning toward prudery. On the contrary, as I was subsequently to learn, whenever I was moved to object to certain expressions or passages as too broad for a magazine that was assumed to be read in the most refined family circles, it would be to Mr. Buel that I would go, knowing that he would not only agree with me, but would be a far more vigorous advocate than I in gaining our point, should it happen, as it often did, that Mr. Gilder and Mr. Johnson saw nothing objectionable. We were in effect the two grim puritans of the office. All this, however, I was to learn only after long association.

Thus nosing out the ways of the magazine by myself and troubling Mr. Buel as little as possible, I came to the end of the first week with quite as deep a feeling of self-satisfaction as the circumstances perhaps justified; for on Saturday afternoon, meeting Mr. Buel by chance at the railroad station in Long Island City, I was asked by him where I had had previous experience in editorial work. And when I had replied that I had had none, he very graciously "registered" surprise, and said that he would have thought otherwise. In my pleasure in his comment I fear that I overestimated his knowledge of what I really had been doing, and stressed too little the fact that I had refrained from pestering him with questions; but if I had gone away with my head in the air at the thought of the shower of praise that was continually to fall upon me, I should have been doomed to a vast disappointment. It simply was not the way of the office. As Mr. Buel himself, speaking of another matter, recently wrote to me, "In Gilder's day obscurity was thought to nourish genius."

Indeed, having been received as a member of the staff, one went his way unwatched, unbidden, and in a manner forgotten. But if there was little decking with laurel, there was still less open faultfinding, as all my immediate superiors were too experienced in the work to retain any belief in the infallibility of mortals; for it is the inexperienced man who exclaims most loudly over the subtle errors that at times creep into the printed page. Both experience and a sensitive shrinking from giving pain made Mr. Gilder peculiarly free from direct criticism, but one afternoon in the early nineties I was alone in the main editorial room when he came in from luncheon, rushing in with more than his wonted haste. Instead of passing on to his room, he stopped at a high stand that stood by Carey's desk, and I heard behind my back the rustling of leaves as he rapidly turned the pages of a magazine. Sensing disaster of some sort, I rose and went to his side. Nodding to me to look, he pointed to a passage in a copy of THE CENTURY that had just been published. Instantly, as clearly to be seen as the full moon in a cloudless sky, I saw the word "temperament" masquerading there as "temperment." I uttered an exclamation, and my heart sank like lead.

"We ought all to resign!" Mr. Gilder cried in a white heat of excitement. "We all read that proof, every one of us." And with that one explosion his excitement vanished, and presently he grew philosophical over the mysterious elusiveness of words, and told me that once, in

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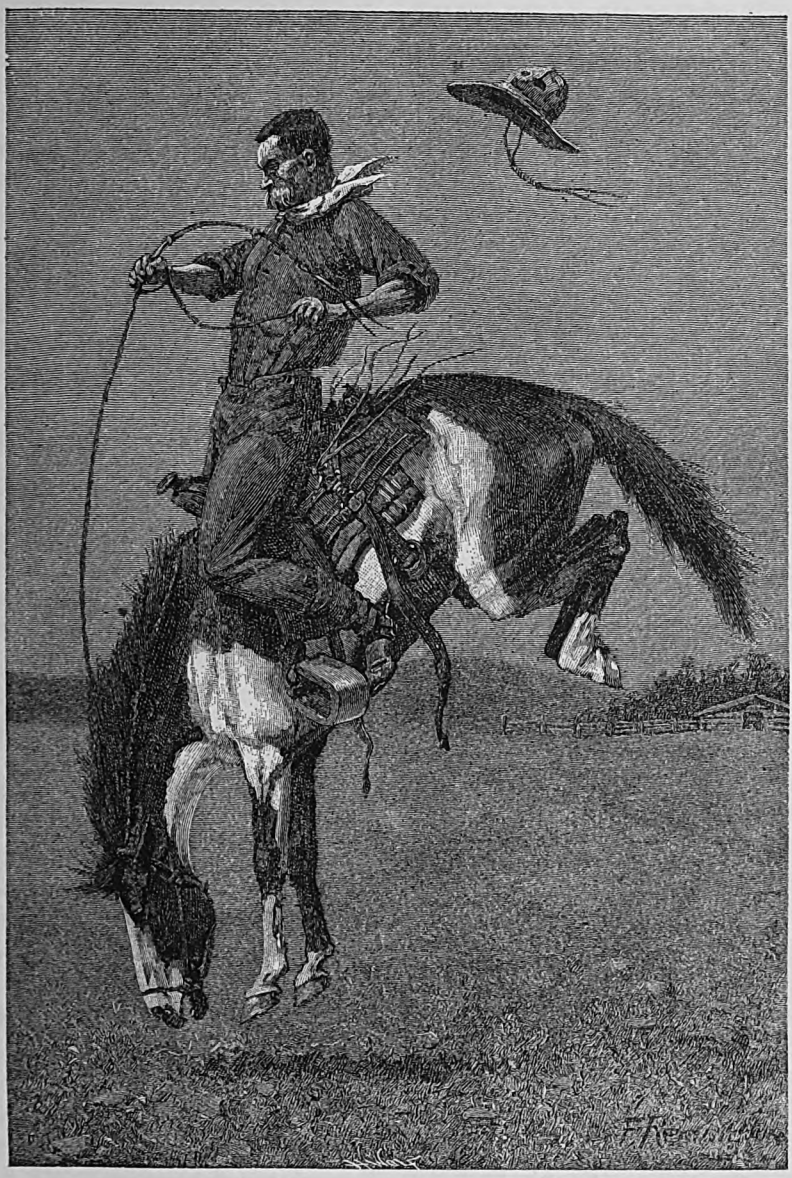

A bucking bronco. An illustration from one of Theodore Roosevelt's early stories of Western life

speaking to Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, the assistant editor of the Century Dictionary under Professor William Dwight Whitney, of a former stupid blunder of his that he could not explain, Mr. Smith had replied that that was nothing, and in no way to be compared with one that had been made in the dictionary. In defining the word "baptism," the definition had been read by Professor Whitney, by himself, and by all the dictionary staff, and had also been submitted to various theologians. Perhaps, Mr. Smith had

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said, the definition had been read and approved by eighty persons; yet in the end it had been cast as, "Baptism, a sacrament or *right* of the Christian church." And presently, dwelling on the inscrutability of the human mind, which can read one word and clearly visualize another, we became almost cheerful. And neither of us resigned. But the point I wish to make is that this was the only case approaching open reproof with the office that I can remember of Mr. Gilder.

An Arizona type of cow-boy

If he had lived until to-day, I fear that I should have heard more frequent outbreaks from him, for within the last ten years everything has changed for the worse in the matter of accuracy of printing. The frequency of strikes; the coming-in of type-setting machines, with mere boys and girls to operate them, and the rapid disappearance of the old-time compositor; the spelling-reform movements, with their weakening of old standards, which have mainly brought about not simplicity, but a growing disregard of all standards—all these have led us upon evil days. Even when the final page proof has been read for casting, one cannot be sure that the text will appear from the foundry without errors. With type-setting machines the mere change of a comma necessitates the resetting of the line, and in making the change the careless and uninstructed operator is quite as likely as not to add another blunder of his own.

One case of the sort is certain to hold its place in my memory. At the time of the printers' strike in New York four years ago I took our printing for a month to a Western city. In reading the page proof of an article that had been set from a perfectly correct galley proof, I found that the compositor had changed the words "between the" to "betweem the." It was sent back for revision, only to return as "betwene the." Again I sent it back, and this time it came as "betwee uthe," as though the poor "n," despairing of ever finding its proper place in the world, had crawled over to the "the," turned up its heels, and died. Then I walked over to the printing-office and stood over the compositor until the change was correctly made. Once I sent to the same compositor a page proof upon which I had corrected two errors, one at the top of the page and another near the bottom. When I received the page back with the revise, I found that only the error at the foot of the page had been corrected. On my showing the pages to the compositor, he looked at them blankly for a moment and then said, nodding toward the uncorrected

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error at the top, "I guess I did n't look up there." And he was the foreman of the office! And I have done the same thing, and worse things.

Though I had nothing to do with the War Series beyond occasionally acting as "first reader" of certain general articles that had been submitted for approval, I had in the bustle and stir of my surroundings an exhilarated sensation of being a part of great events. Perhaps no other literary movement has ever taken a deeper hold upon the nation as a whole. Surprisingly enough, in all the great flood of manuscripts that came to the office—manuscripts of generals, of privates, of non-combatants, and of women—there was a curious absence of resentment, prejudice, or bitterness. It was as though each writer, being in an assembly where some great and many-sided occurrence was being discussed, had risen in pleased and modest surprise and said, "Why, I can tell you all about that." It was noticeable, too, that when old combatants met in the office, —and in my memory I always think of the place as swarming with them, —there was always an added warmth in their greeting, as though bitterly contending against one another in a cause that had been sacred to both had bound them together in some inexplicable fellowship.

The Texas type of cow-boy

In a lesser way I had the same feeling. Day after day I saw the romantic figures of my early boyhood march across the stage, the "heroes" I had adored and the "rebels" that had aroused all my childish hatred and fear. General Phil Sheridan, short, broad, and grown sadly unlike my idealized picture, was still the great cavalryman, the symbol of power and victory, but General Joe Johnston was romance, and touched the heart. As a historical figure, undoubtedly General William Tecumseh Sherman —what a happy inspiration had been that christening of Tecumseh!—was physically the most impressive of them all, and impressive, too, in a certain grim stateliness of mien and countenance. I vividly remember the morning he stood in Mr. Gilder's room and Mr. Gilder himself came out to my desk to take me in to meet him. I recall nothing of what he said, though he spoke clearly; for the moment I was eyes, nothing more. It was visualizing the spirit of the war itself.

Comedy came into the place early one morning. I was standing by my desk when I caught the sound of a quick, heavy tread coming in through the outer room, and, glancing up, saw "Marse" Henry Watterson and Proctor Knott, *Arcades ambo*, true sons of Kentucky's soil, walking abreast, in perfect step, and with eyes to the front, come swaggering in and make straight for Mr.

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Gilder's room. Inside they paused, stared about, and, wheeling, strode out. In front of me they stopped, and "Marse" Henry nodded a greeting.

"Where 's Gilder?" he asked.

"Not in yet," I replied; and at that they went striding out as they came, a mimic procession.

As equally amusing, and as apocryphally unstudied, was a glimpse that I had of Roosevelt at about the same period. I had come down from my old home on Long Island that morning, and as I stood out in front on the ferry-boat to Thirty-fourth Street, I heard a voice near me say laughingly:

"Look! Look at Teddy!"

I had read in the paper as I came in by the train that Roosevelt was starting that morning for his ranch in the Bad Lands, and at the exclamation I craned forward to see. There by the middle of the iron gates at the front of the boat, ready to leap ashore at their first sliding back, stood Roosevelt himself. He wore a hunting-suit, and a blue silk bandana was wound about his head in lieu of a hat, and over each shoulder he bore an un-cased gun—a rifle and a shotgun, I think. To the group of young commuters standing near me the episode was clearly highly humorous. Two thousand miles from his hunting-ground, but already armed for his prey!

I was later to be interested in the results of the hunting that followed, for we published his sketches in the magazine, and the publishers issued them in book form under the title of "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." While Mr. W. W. Ellsworth was casting about for a suitable binding and make-up for the book, he asked me if I knew of any model that he could follow. I suggested "The Master of the Gunnery," the memorial volume published by the former pupils of the master in question, and illustrated by Hamilton Gibson. The suggestion was pleasing enough to Mr. Ellsworth not only to follow it, but in the end to give me the model, and a copy of "Ranch Life" when the latter was printed. I keep the two books side by side.

After all, perhaps my most acute memories of the War Series came to me in an even more roundabout way than in being a mere watcher of the veterans marching past my desk. They are certainly more amusing as I recall them now. If a certain amount of deafness that has hampered me nearly all my life has often made me appear aloof in spirit and held me apart from pleasant intercourse, I have tried to convince myself that the defect has not been without compensations: it has left me free to concentrate my thoughts on my work, undisturbed by the bustle of a busy office. Nevertheless, I have always been painfully sensitive to any apparent lack of concord the reason and extent of which I have not understood, and in consequence my early days in the office did not pass wholly untroubled.

My desk stood near the door of the main editorial room, and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buel sat behind me, at the other end, busily engaged with the War Series. As remote and unheeded as the jangle of a smoothly rushing train to a reading passenger the normal sounds of the office would flow over me, when suddenly a satirically clear "Now, R. U. J.," or an excited "O Buel!" would shatter my inattention,

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and I would awaken to a realization that the Civil War had broken out anew at my back. Sometimes Carey would wheel softly in his chair and nudge me, with an amused smile broadening his face, and his head cocked to one side like a terrier eager to enter the combat, and I would smile back with the supersensitive deaf man's grin of feigned comprehension. The battle would ebb and flow, renew itself in a last explosion, and then die out in what I was convinced could be nothing but contemptuous silence. And while I sat troubled, fearing that the happy peace of the office was gone forever, the two would rise and amicably go out to luncheon together. I never knew what it was all about; I simply took it for granted that they had differed about certain details of "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."

Indeed, the atmosphere of the editorial rooms was harmonious, and one entering them at that time as a worker could not long be unaware that the same spirit pervaded the whole company. Departmental criticism must needs languish in the face of success, and from the first the magazine had been successful. Its originators had seen it grow in popular esteem as a really national institution, they had been proud of it as the generally accepted leader of the world in its development of woodcut illustrations, and now had come its triumph of the War Series—its triumph and amazing prosperity. I think that every one of us was a little awed by it all. It was natural that I, who had come to it at the height of its popularity, should be awed, indeed a trifle humbled, at finding myself the come-by-chance heir of all its traditions; but that Buel, who was in a way the fountainhead of our latest and most striking renown, should not prance among us with metaphorical rings on his fingers and bells on his toes, but quietly took his place with us as an indefatigable and modest worker, struck me as extraordinary. The natural impulse of my youthful reverence was to deify all my co-workers. Perhaps it was due solely to the illogical nature of reverence that the deification did not always endure.

If the "outer office," or business department, at times voiced a mildly satirical criticism of the irregularity of the editorial force in keeping office hours, in the face of mounting subscription lists the censure was not taken seriously to heart. It was not to be expected that such temperamental departments as art and literature would always dwell together in unity, and little gusts of dissension would occasionally ruffle the placid surface of our days. We would complain that the art department lost our manuscripts or kept them overlong, while it in its turn would decry our inadequate display of its most artistic work. Drake's always mild, indeed gentle, comments appeared to be not so much direct reproof as a casual invitation to ponder over the merit of his own suggestions; but the woeful melancholy of his accompanying smile was harder to bear than the truculent stridor of Fraser when at times he would come strutting into our rooms through the cut-room door and reduce our women assistants to tears. We were compelled to agree with Drake, but Fraser incited us to battle.

As one whose special task it was to spy out error in every possible form, I early acquired the conviction that

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General Philip H. Sheridan

my appearance in the art rooms with a page of proof in my hand was as welcome as the howling of a dog at night under his window to a superstitious man. I clearly recall Drake's greetings at such times. He would look up with his ever ready smile as I approached his desk, and then, catching sight of the proof in my hand, would surmise the cause of my pres-

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ence, and ask what was wrong, nervously fidgeting about in his chair. Almost always, as though to put off as long as possible the knowledge of anything unpleasant, he would add, "I 'm very busy just now, and if you could wait—" But he never made me wait, and if the matter related to an error in an illustration that I thought I had found, his judgment would be instant and clear when the facts were explained.

I have never been able to decide whether the average magazine illustrator wilfully ignores the facts of the situation he chooses to sketch, believing his own interpretation of the scene easier to portray or more effective than the one described by the text, or that by reason of his imaginative nature he is the most inaccurate of men. Whatever the cause, he is a source of woe to the editor who concerns himself with all the details of his work. I recall a picture of a coachman in London who had brought his carriage to the curb on the right side of the street, with his horses heading to the right. The artist was himself an Englishman, but long residence in America had possibly dulled his memory to the difference in traffic regulations between the two countries. I have had to cope with illustrations where riders mounted their horses on the right side, and with others where farmer-like persons, who should have known better, were milking cows on the left,—in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" *Tess* herself is disclosed in a like breach of bovine etiquette,—and to expect an artist to draw correctly the rigging of any sort of sailing craft is to have the faith that removes mountains.

But cases like these are more understandable than those more readily recognized ones where illustrators wholly ignore the facts of the text. The professed reason of the artist for such changes I recall in one case with great particularity. Several years ago we published a New England story of two lovers of forty meeting for the first time after an estrangement of twenty years. When I received the final proofs, among them was a full-page drawing of the lovers, drawn by a popular and well known artist. Now, though the time of the meeting of the united lovers was definitely fixed by the lovers themselves in conversation as twenty years after the last Yale-Harvard boat-race in Springfield, which fixed the period positively as in 1897, and the story also abounded in references to telephones, hot-water bags, stylographic pens, and kindergartens, the author had clothed his characters in the costumes of 1830, the most noticeable features of which were the hero's tight trousers, strapped under his boots, and his bell-crowned high beaver hat. It was as startling in its incongruity as that famous picture by an old Dutch master of the fishermen-apostles, in wide Dutch trousers, landing on a wharf on the Sea of Galilee, with beer-barrels standing in the background.

When I called the attention of Mr. Gilder and Mr. Drake to the anachronisms, Mr. Drake summoned the illustrator. His defense was both amusing and exasperating. He waved aside all the evidences of modernity in the text as unessential; they were blunders of the author, he declared. For the spirit, the atmosphere, of her tale was that of an earlier period—the period, to be exact, in which he had costumed the lovers. It was

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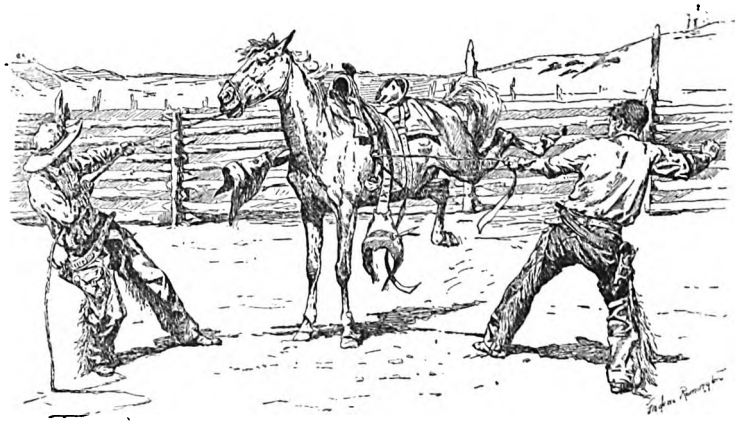
only when Mr. Gilder finally said that he could not use the picture unless it was changed that the artist yielded ungraciously.

He modernized the bell-crowned hat and painted out the straps to the trousers, and in our gratitude at this concession, we cut out "the last Yale-Harvard boat-race at Springfield" to make less noticeable other anachronisms of a minor character. Thereafter, as long as Mr. Drake remained with us, drawings of that character were always submitted to me when they came to the office; but times beyond reckoning, when the pictures were received too late to make alterations, I have changed the text to gloss over the eccentricities of illustrators.

Personally, I think it a doubtful advantage to illustrate fiction, especially in the casual fashion of to-day. The writer always has a mental picture of each of his characters, and the reader has his; that of the illustrator is rarely satisfactory to either, and oftener than not disappointing. I read my Dickens at an early age, and though the "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), Leech, and Cruikshank drawings gave me keen pleasure, it was a pleasure wholly apart from the characters they were supposed to portray. For them I had my own visualization, which I steadily refused to give up. *Captain Cuttle* to me was always cast in the image of an old sailor I knew well; *Mrs. Gamp* was an old neighbor. Because she had outlived most of her generation, she was presumed to know all the art of clinging to life, and often served as a nurse in cases of emergency. In memory I can still see her passing in the street, moving painfully and slowly, and momentarily clamping her toothless jaws together in a grim, but fascinating, foreshortening of her withered old face—*Mrs. Gamp* still. But the "Phiz" drawings do not revitalize my Dickens. They are still delightfully grotesque figures that charmed my early days, but no more: I picture my own tales.

(The end of the fourth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")



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The Rediscovery of Jesus

By Alfred E. Zimmern

The greatest task that lies before our generation is not the perfecting of international relations or the establishment of a new and juster social system. It is the understanding of Jesus.

This is not a mere time-worn platitude of the pulpit. It is at once a statement of fact and a program of work. We in this generation have the privilege, denied to our forefathers, of being able, if we so desire, to draw closer to the understanding of the greatest figure in human history.

It is no coincidence that new trails should have been blazed in the exploration of the personality of Jesus just at the very time when men's apprehensions have been sharpened by the unparalleled experience of the war years. Both in our thinking about Jesus and in our thinking about political and social matters we have arrived, in this post-war period, at a decisive stage; and the two inquiries, separate though their lines may seem, are in truth closely connected. Both are actuated by the same impulse to penetrate from the outer to the inner; both have come to realize that their first task consists in clearing away a mass of debris accumulated by the industrious, but short-sighted, labors of nineteenth-century specialism.

I want, if I can, in this paper to direct attention to the new vistas that are opening out for students of Jesus as a human personality. Whether he was more than that, it is not the purpose of the students I have in mind to inquire. They are concerned neither with the old theology nor with the new. For those whose faith and meditation are fixed in those regions, they have nothing to offer. They deal with Jesus as a significant personality, and they will have fulfilled their purpose if they stimulate others to adventure further along the same path.

§ 2

If we could approach the study of Jesus with minds free from preconceptions, we could go straight to the heart of the subject. This may sometimes be the happy fate of an Asiatic or African student when he has been fortunate enough to experience his first contact with the founder of Christianity, undisturbed by the distorting mediation of his modern representatives. It may, indeed, well be that Asia and Africa, free to use the results of our Western inquiries without the encumbrance of our traditions, will give us startling lessons both in the apprehension of Jesus and in the dynamic power of Christianity. However that may be, we of the West are the heirs of our own past, and, burdened as we are with a legacy of wrong thinking and false sentiment, we must needs begin by deliberately clearing away this debris.

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The school of critical inquiry into the life of Jesus is about a hundred years old. Although important contributions were made by earlier thinkers, its first great landmark was the publication of David Friedrich Strauss's "Life of Jesus," in Germany, in 1835. The book created a furor, which ruined the career of its author; but from that day to this, the outpouring of literature on the subject has not ceased. A recent bibliography lists over 350 modern lives of Jesus, or similar works, by western European and North American writers alone.

This is not the place for a rehearsal of the technical and detailed results of the last hundred years of textual criticism. I am obliged to content myself with a mere assertion of the fact that during the last century scholars have applied to the four gospels the same methods of historical criticism they have used in the study of other ancient documents. They have sought, by these methods, to discover not the Jesus of tradition, but the Jesus of history.

What has been the result of this vast and diligent process of critical inquiry? It has been almost purely destructive. To quote the summing up of Albert Schweitzer at the close of his volume on "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," a work as penetrating in its thought as it is comprehensive in its learning and information, "there is nothing more negative than the result of the critical study of the Life of Jesus." A non-specialist, consulting the latest works of scholarship in order to keep himself abreast of modern inquiry, is staggered at the emptiness that he finds. The familiar features of tradition have been removed, and what has been set in their place is virtually nothing. Out of the Christian origins of our boyhood, the critics have made a solitude.

The fact is that the critical study of the Gospels has swept away the Jesus of our boyhood, the Jesus of the harmonized Gospels, and has left us not with a biography, but with the dim outline of a personality.

A century of labor, designed to clear the biography of Jesus from all accretions and to give us "the Jesus of history," has failed in its object. It has succeeded only in revealing to us how little we know, or, in all probability, ever will know, of Jesus as a historical figure. To cite Schweitzer once more, "there is nothing more negative than the critical study of the life of Jesus."

But all this negative work on the biography of Jesus raises many other basic questions. What of the whole superstructure that has been built up in our minds and in the formulæ and organization of our churches upon the traditional, uncritical reading of the four Gospels? What of Christianity as the religion of Jesus? Modern scholarship has not burked the question, and it is ready with an answer. Christianity, we are told, is not the religion of Jesus. It is something very different and far more complex. "I trace back to Plato, and so to Greece," writes Dean Inge, "the religion and the political philosophy of the Christian Church. . . . The Christian Church was the last great creative achievement of the classical culture. . . . Christianity is the least Oriental of the great religions. . . . The Church was half Greek from the first, *although the original Gospel was not.* St. Paul was a seer of the Dispersion, not of Palestine.

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. . . His later epistles are steeped in the phraseology of the Greek mysteries. The epistle to the Hebrews and the Fourth Gospel are unintelligible without some knowledge of Philo, whose theology is more Greek than Jewish. In the conflict about the nature of the future life, it was the Greek eschatology which prevailed over the Jewish. St. Paul's famous declaration, 'We look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal,' is pure Platonism and quite alien to Jewish thought. Judaic Christianity was a local affair, and had a very short life."

§ 3

Modern scholarship leaves us, then, with Jesus as a figure standing by himself, independent of the movement connected with his name and of the church he was believed to have founded—a figure about whom, from the point of view of scientific history or biography, we have no connected and intelligible record. All that is left us with certainty is the personality that shines through the scattered surviving fragments of his sayings. Against the Acts of the Apostles and the external record of the early Christian Church we set the words of Jesus.

Is this newly realized blank in our historical knowledge pure loss, or does it bring its own compensation by forcing us to face the real problem?

To the historians and theologians of the nineteenth century the story of Jesus seemed all in all. What they sought in him was not what he was, but what he did. They judged his career, as the nineteenth century was wont to judge, by its results—its results, that is, in the material and external order of the world. Jesus was to them not so much a personality as a social force. Seeley is perhaps the best example of this unconscious materialism. In a remarkably candid and revealing passage, which has formed the substance of countless sermons, he compares Jesus and Socrates. "Both Socrates and Christ uttered remarkable thoughts and lived remarkable lives. But Socrates holds his place in history by his thoughts and not by his life; Christ by his life and not by his thought." He proceeds to contrast Socrates, the thinker and teacher, with Jesus, the propagandist and man of action. "The philosopher works upon man in isolation, though he may for convenience assemble his pupils in classes. He also abstains carefully from biasing his feelings by any personal motives, and abjures the very principle of authority, making it his object to render his pupil his own master, to put him in possession of a rule by which he may guide his actions, and to relieve him from dependence upon any external guardianship. Christianity abhors isolation: it gathers men into a society and binds them in the closest manner, first to each other, and next to Christ himself, whom it represents as claiming their enthusiastic devotion on the ground of gratitude, and as exhibiting to them by a transcendent example, and also *incidentally by teaching, but rather rhetorical than scientific teaching*, the life they should lead."

Here is the contrast between the thinker and the organizer, the midwife of men's minds, to use the phrase of Socrates, and the founder of a

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church, fairly and clearly stated. But the careful reader will notice that, though the passage opens with a contrast between Socrates and Jesus, when he comes to work out the comparison Seeley lets the name of Jesus drop and quietly substitutes "Christianity." For how could he say of Jesus that he "abhorred isolation" or that his activity as a teacher was "incidental" or "rhetorical"? The fact is that Seeley's characterization of Socrates applies far more nearly to Jesus than his characterization of "Christianity."

The critics, by sweeping away the Jesus of narrative history, have at least dealt a death-blow at this materialistic view of Jesus. It is no longer possible to say that his greatness, or, still more, his divinity, consisted in the fact that he founded a successful church or was otherwise successful in making history in the external world order. To define the greatness of Jesus in these terms is to bring him down to the level of our every-day social and political expediencies and efficiencies, of "honesty is the best policy," "nothing succeeds like success," or, in the more grandiose German phrase which has justified so much wickedness, "the judgment of history is the judgment of the world." Of the world, yes, but not of the kingdom of which Jesus taught.

This nineteenth-century tendency to dress up a historical Jesus in a concrete social milieu and to exhibit him as a social reformer rather than as a personality recalls three incidents vividly to my mind.

The first is a sermon preached some fifteen years ago in the University Church at Oxford by an eminent bishop. His argument, as I recall it, consisted of three parts. Part one was a restatement of Christian doctrine, in terms neither old-fashioned nor ultra-modern. Part two was an argument on the lines of that already quoted from Seeley, that "abstract" doctrine was not sufficient to constitute a living religion: there was needed also a basis of concrete historical fact. In part three the preacher retailed, in a tone of triumph, the traditional incidents of the Gospel story. As I left the church I remember reflecting that the bishop's singular conception of logic would enable a Moslem or a Buddhist to appropriate parts one and two of his sermon and to add any concrete part three of their own that they might consider relevant. "All they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword"; and they that yearn after the concrete and need a faith based upon signs and wonders are on more treacherous ground than they dream. The house built upon the rock is not built upon concrete history.

At about the same time as the bishop's sermon a book appeared by a young Oxford man which, whether deliberately or not, served as a convenient *reductio ad absurdum* of the "quest of the historical Jesus." Written in the form of a romance, it told of the discovery of an inscription which proved the story of the Resurrection to be a myth. At the spread of the news, all the world went awry, the foundations of morality were loosened, wars and discussions broke out on all sides, and human society seemed on the verge of dissolution. At the height of the crisis, it was discovered that the inscription was not genuine, and the world at once returned to its familiar Christian moorings. Let those who still think that

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the faith they live by is dependent upon the chances of historical evidence or belief in the occurrence or non-occurrence of certain events in the outward world-order ponder on the implied argument of this story, whether sermon or satire, I do not know to this day.

My third recollection is concerned with Jesus as a social reformer. At a summer school in England, largely attended by Quakers, I once had the privilege of listening to an argument between the advocates of "applied Christianity" as being the religion of the master, and that prince among modern religious thinkers, Baron Friedrich von Hügel. Some one had produced a pet scheme for "Christianizing the industrial order," "introducing the spirit of Jesus into international relations" or some other nostrum of the moment. I shall never forget the old baron's onslaught upon the terrified group of social reformers.

"Do you imagine," he cried, "that with your leagues of nations, your industrial councils, your wage-boards, and other devices of social improvement, you are going to make the spirit of Jesus at home in the modern world, or in any world of weak human beings? Jesus is not, and never can be, at home in the world; nor can the world be wrenched out of its framework to be accommodated to his way of living and thinking. Jesus lives on another plane from that of the social reformer. Ascend into his kingdom as often as you can, make it, if you dare, the familiar home of your spirit, in solitude or in the intimacy of true companionship: but do not imagine that, by applying the best efforts of your organizing intelligence to adjust the political and social problems of our large-scale, inhuman, de-personalized modern world, you are following in the footsteps of Jesus. Go, do your work, but do it without illusions. For if you think you have Jesus with you in Whitehall or in Geneva, you risk not finding your way back to his kingdom." Such, if I remember right, was the substance of the baron's outburst; for one hearer, at least, it marked an epoch in the understanding of Jesus.

Schweitzer, who has abandoned a distinguished career in the academic world to work as a medical missionary in West Africa, echoes the baron's thought in a striking passage in the second edition of his book. "Do not attempt," he exclaims, "to make an artificial adjustment between the teaching of Jesus and our modern social ethics. The teaching of Jesus is fundamentally individualistic and unworldly: it pays no heed to the established values and purposes of the world and demands only the absolute inner perfection of the individual. The attempt to deduce our ethical system as a whole from that proclaimed by Jesus is senseless and mistaken. It can only lead to a distortion of the teaching of Jesus into something applicable to our own time. Our modern social ethics, like our metaphysics and our general philosophy of the world, must be arrived at through the processes of our own reason and built up according to their own natural and immanent laws. Jesus can no more be the foundation of our ethics than of our religion. He can only supply one element, though a powerful and determined element, in them. . . . Jesus' all-powerful claims of unworldliness and the inner

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perfection of the personality are in standing conflict with every kind of reasonable or social ethics, although, in the last analysis, the claims of Jesus are themselves reasonable, because it is only the man who has in his own soul overcome the world and freed himself from its obsession who can be effective as an ethical force in the world. If Jesus were to return to the world to-day, his thought would no longer move along the lines of the later Jewish eschatology, but the basis of his ethical thinking would be the same now as then; in face of the philosophical, theological, nationalist and social ethics which make up our modern 'system,' he would repeat: 'If your righteousness be not better than that of the scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven,' and would demand absolute perfection and absolute devotion. That is why it is futile to attempt to bring the ethics of Jesus into line with our modern system."

§ 4

We are forced back, then, to the real problem, the problem, not of what Jesus did, but of what he was, the problem of the personality, the consciousness, the inner life, the psychology, of Jesus. And, to study that problem, we have, as for Plato and Shakspere, Dante and Goethe, the evidence not of outward activities and social milieu, but of what we rightly entitle in the case of artists and thinkers, their works. That Goethe was a *Geheimrat*, Shakspere a Warwickshire gentleman, Dante a Florentine aristocrat, that Plato lived at Athens, tells us less than nothing about them. It is by their works, that is, by their surviving thoughts, that we alone can know them. "My teachings and writings," says Plato, in one of his letters, "are only the smallest part of myself: they are but sparks from the fire burning within." True; but they are live sparks, real indications of personality, far more real than the external facts of biography, whether measurements of the Globe Theater or the record of Florentine factions or a faithful description of the society of Capernaum or Weimar.

In the case of Jesus the negative results of historical inquiry coincide with a remarkable advance in the study of human nature and personality. If the nineteenth century will live in intellectual history as the century of natural science and of the application of the methods of the natural sciences to human studies such as history, archæology, and sociology, the twentieth century bids fair to be an age of psychology, of subtle and intimate investigation into the inner life of men and nations. Immense and hitherto undreamed-of advances have already been made in the last two decades in the understanding of the inner springs of human nature. To take but a single instance, we have been made aware of the whole world of sub-consciousness which lies, often tumultuous and repressed, always alive and contributing ceaselessly to our personality, below the level of our conscious mental life. Thus it is but natural that the psychological method should have been applied to the study of Jesus. For some time past there has been a growing tendency in books about Jesus to include a psychological chapter; and a number of writers, among whom Sanday deserves particular mention, have dealt specifically

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with the problem. Sanday's Oxford lectures on "Christologies, Ancient and Modern," published in 1910, put forward a theory, remarkable as coming from a scholar who had previously deprecated as irreverent any treatment of the subject, that the divinity of Jesus resided in his subliminal consciousness, which he regards as halfway between the conscious and the unconscious. "That which was divine in Christ," he says, "was not nakedly exposed to the public gaze; neither was it so entirely withdrawn from outward view as to be wholly sunk and submerged in the darkness of the unconscious; but there was a sort of Jacob's ladder by which the divine forces stored up below found an outlet, as it were, to the upper air and the common theatre in which the life of mankind is enacted." The vague, tentative, and quaintly metaphorical language employed by the Oxford canon is characteristic of the way in which theology, so long enthroned in solitary grandeur within its well barred citadel, has been pushing out of recent years to establish contact, perilous, yet inevitable, with the advancing forces of psychology.

But it is to one in particular of recent psychological discussions of Jesus's personality that attention can be drawn here in any detail, a volume recently translated and published in this country by a French Swiss Protestant clergyman named Georges Berguer. Berguer holds a pastorate in a suburb of Geneva, and his book is rewritten from a series of lectures delivered at that university between 1917 and 1919. It is modestly entitled: "Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus from the Psychological and Psychoanalytical Point of View," but, in effect, it is a boldly pioneering work which puts the discussion of Jesus's personality on a wholly new plane and is certain to exercise an important influence on all subsequent inquiry into the subject.

Berguer's special contribution is to have attempted, for the first time, to apply to the study of Jesus the categories and methods of psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis, as is not always remembered by lovers of the latest fashionable shibboleth, is not a new philosophy, still less a new religion. It is simply a new method of exploring human nature, a means, and an approved and successful means, in Berguer's own words, "of discovering and revealing to men what is in them and how they can make use of their hidden energies." The result of Berguer's searching is twofold. He finds that the distinctive feature of Jesus's personality, from the psychoanalytical point of view, is that he was completely normal, immune from the crises and repressions from which the ordinary man suffers so much; and he finds, also, that in his attitude to others Jesus adopted, by anticipation, spontaneously, and naturally, the approved methods and attitude of modern psychoanalysis.

The first point is best illustrated by Berguer's treatment of Jesus's conception of God as the Father, or rather as his Father, and the Father of all who could follow him in his inner experience.

"What was the central experience," writes Berguer, "which so completely filled his life that his sole aim, the only possible meaning of his existence, consisted in revealing it to men, his brothers, and in helping them to participate in it? This experience can be

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summed up in one word: *the Father*. Jesus, one can say, had discovered at the basis of his own inner life who God was. What he summed up in that word was an attitude of his whole being, his natural attitude, that which should have been, but, alas, was not, the attitude of mankind. In receiving, in its plenitude, the influx of life *which made of him a human personality*, he said, quite naturally 'Father.' This vital influx, this inner outburst of energy, that which Gaston Frommel has called *'the moral obligation,'* which the psychoanalysis have called *'the libido,'* Schopenhauer *the will to live* and Bergson the *vital urge*, Jesus experienced, differently no doubt, but in a manner akin to theirs, as 'the *Father*.' Jesus early recognized that he experienced it differently from other men, and that his manner of feeling it was the right manner, that his attitude was normal, while that of others was abnormal, since it cast them away from life into aberration, dreams, and sin. Hence both his suffering and his ardent and imperious desire to save his brothers in giving them the secret of life, in helping them to adopt the same inner attitude as himself, in order that they too might experience the power of the Father in the vital influx which penetrates man's nature from within."

If space permitted, it would be interesting to cite other passages in which this interpretation of Jesus's message is worked out in greater detail, especially the sections dealing with his experience of adolescence ("Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?") and with the temptation. But we must pass on to what Berguer has to say about Jesus's method of teaching.

Professors Lake and Foakes-Jackson, as the result of a learned inquiry, lay it down as certain that the primitive appellation of Jesus was not "Lord," but "Teacher." It was thus that he was known, they hold, among his personal followers. How did he teach?

"It is the psychology of Christ which, as it is better studied," says Berguer, "will yield us the secret of his teaching; it is his personality which, in the last analysis, supplies the key to what has been called the gospel doctrine of the Kingdom." Modern scholars, such as Eduard Meyer, steeped in the intellectual life of the age of Jesus, are fond of telling us that this or that phrase or idea in Jesus's teaching is not original: it is found among his predecessors or contemporaries. But the real originality of his teaching was not in the phrases or ideas he used, but in the life and reality he gave to them, not in the substance of his teaching, but in its method.

The first characteristic which Berguer picks out in his suggestive chapter on the teaching of Jesus is that his method is always positive rather than negative. "Instead of proceeding by means of vetoes or negative instructions, he proceeds by affirmations. It would seem as though his whole nature were turned to the positive side of life, to the 'yes' side. . . . As we read the gospels we hear the same note sounded throughout. In the discussions with the Pharisees, particularly regarding the Sabbath, he does not set rules of his own in opposition to theirs. He adopts a positive, not a negative, attitude, affirming the supremacy of life over all else. 'The God of Man is Lord also over the Sabbath.' Away with the restrictions which tie

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up our lives! Let the God who is within you speak, and things will arrange themselves."

The same positive method Berguer finds employed in Jesus's work as a healer. "Sin wrinkles the brow of the sick; they feel themselves living under condemnation; their soul is chained by the old doctrine that sickness is a punishment of sin. Jesus approaches them and frees them by an affirmation: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' In truth," he continues, "it would seem that in all this Jesus practised psychoanalysis before its time. He employs the same method: he preaches the same confidence in the work of life. He knew that what destroyed life was the obstacles and negations with which certain false doctors of the soul encumber it. And he entered upon his ministry as a liberator, as a Saviour."

These few extracts and indications must suffice to introduce a book which is certain to exercise a wide influence. It is not free from defects and even from inconsistencies; its argument is, at times, unduly interlarded with edifying reflections, and in parts it will strike many readers as over-ingenious. But it breaks new ground, which was waiting ready for cultivation, and will remain memorable as the first more or less systematic attempt to bring a method of study which is profoundly affecting our judgments of contemporary mankind to bear upon the greatest figure of the race. It is pioneer work with its inevitable limitations. But it marks the achievement of a fruitful contact between studies which had long been converging, and is surely destined to begin a new and vitalizing stage in the understanding of Jesus.

"Winter." Woodcut by W. H. Esherick

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The Man Who Kept a Diary

By J. C. Squire

Mr. William Wigglesworth was a bachelor. He had graying hair, a bald spot, a small mustache, chambers in Gray's Inn, and a respectable, but not a bloated, income. His only near relative was his niece Mary, who was engaged in social work. Now it was nursing, now it was education, now it was the promotion of international harmony. She had poorly paid jobs in connection with all these successively, and she more than earned her pay, for her ability was considerable and her disinterested idealism even more notable still. They often talked of society and the duties of its members.

"Well, Uncle," Mary would say, "no doubt you are very kind in your own circle. You help your charwoman's family, you have helped me, I have sometimes persuaded you to subscribe, and you give handsome Christmas boxes to the porter at the gate; but you really do not justify your existence."

"My existence?" Mr. Wigglesworth would murmur in reply. "Can I really be of importance to any one? I am a very humble person, really. I merely want to go on my quiet way. I am unfitted at this stage to earn my living. I know nothing whatever about politics; besides which, nobody in politics would ever take me seriously. I make what you would consider a good use of the margin of my small income; my pleasures, which consist of reading a little and observing the world a little, are surely harmless. I beg you do not attempt to convert me into something other than I am."

"Oh, Uncle, you are hopeless!" Mary would reply; and, with a sigh, she would resign herself to enjoying the admirable luncheon that he had provided for her.

The sherry and the claret she often forgot to commend; but, idealist though she was, she never attempted to conceal her liking for the lobster, of which she always secured the major share. After luncheon, with her coffee-cup in her hand, she would walk round the room, looking a little enviously at his books, which were numerous and well bound. She knew so little about them and she wished she had time to know more. Yet at the end, despite all their mutual affection, she always went away wondering whether this selfish bachelor existence ought to be tolerated. Was not such epicureanism the canker which destroyed empires? Was not Mr. Wigglesworth, however modest and conventionally virtuous, one of those drones in the hive whose parasitical presence makes the workers justly angry? She would sometimes discuss him with her more intimate friends.

"I know," she would say, "that it 's hopeless to expect him to go into the

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House, but if only he would serve on committees, or become honorary secretary of the Lifeboats or the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families, it would be better than nothing."

"But how on earth, my dear," the friend would reply, "does he spend his time?"

"Oh," she would reply, "fritters it away somehow. He goes to his club and he goes to private views, and he sometimes goes out to tea and he sometimes gets asked to a City dinner. I believe he knows all the booksellers and picture-dealers, and old friends ask him away for week-ends. And sometimes he gives men's dinners in his chambers. Most of the men he asks are lawyers. In the morning he reads 'The Times' and sticks in bookplates and throws out crumbs for the pigeons."

"What a life!"

"Yes, what a life!"

§ 2

For the ninety-ninth time Mary had been tackling her uncle about his lack of occupation. He had, she thought, been more than usually annoying about it to-day. On previous occasions he had at least had the grace to be embarrassed by her reproaches and to try perpetually to change the subject. How well she knew those artless stratagems, the questions about her work, the comments on the morning's news, the solicitudes about her health, the remarks about letters which he had received from distant cousins in Australia, the sudden suspicions, even, that there was something wrong with the wine and that a fresh bottle must be obtained! "No, my dear Mary, let me get you another glass; I simply cannot allow you to drink that." To-day there had been an odd difference in the atmosphere, no evasions, no shamefaced excuses. Almost always in the past, though his appalling inner stubbornness and inertia had beaten her on the major issue, she had at least reduced his arguments to pulp. He had hardly even attempted to argue, only to beg immunity from too severe a condemnation. To-day he had assumed another and a very exasperating attitude; it was for all the world as though he had just parted from some bold, conscienceless, even misogynist ally in the background who had braced him to fight for his evil cause. To-day there had been none of those rather pathetic silences under rebuke when care settled on Mr. Wigglesworth's forehead and his heavily lidded eyes looked sadly out of the window in search of the relief which he knew would not be forthcoming. There was a new confidence in his bearing, something almost of boisterousness. Her most direct assaults were met not merely with equanimity, but with jocularity. His eyes looked straight at her and they positively glittered with amusement. When she attacked, he almost seemed inclined to counter-attack; he even chaffed her. No captain of industry or attorney could have worn a more assured air, no successful sailor could have been more buoyant. "Was he drunk?" she asked herself for one awkward moment; but, no, he was not drunk. Yet he could not have been more unlike himself had he been at the crisis of a desperate bout.

"Occupation?" he said. "There are all sorts of occupations. I don't wish to criticize your mode of life, but I must ask you to suspend judgment about mine. I fully agree that my pursuits are not obviously utilitarian,

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but you really must take it from me that there may be more in them than meets the eye."

"It 's all very well, Uncle William," she replied, "but I 'm not going on my own opinion, though I should have thought that the way in which you waste your time was perfectly obvious, and I confess that until now I always thought you admitted it yourself. It is n't only me; everybody I know who knows you thinks it too dreadful that you have n't got any aim in life except just amusing yourself. I know you 're not selfish at the bottom, but it does look like it, does n't it?"

Mr. Wigglesworth bit his lip and hesitated a little, while Mary recollected, in a flash, all the occasions on which she had tried to whitewash her uncle. "I know he 's rather weak, but he 's most awfully kind, really. He 's too modest; he does n't think himself capable of really useful work; and it 's so difficult to change old habits, is n't it, especially for a bachelor living by himself?" Had she been mistaken? Had the mask of diffidence and frailty at last fallen from a nature which, in truth, had always been hard and wilful? She rose unhappily as soon as the meal was over.

"I 'm very sorry, Uncle William," she said in a slightly strained voice, with her gaze averted, "I 've got an appointment, and I sha'n't be able to wait for coffee."

"Look here, Mary," he said, with sudden decision, taking the door-handle from her and waving her to the comfortable window-seat, "you simply must stay for a few minutes."

Still a shade sulky, she half attempted to renew her protestations, but he would have none of them, and her chagrin was displaced by curiosity when he added, with a very earnest air, "I 've found it very difficult to tell you, but I can't bear that you should misunderstand any longer. I am not so idle as you think." She was baffled and bewildered; images crowded on her confusedly: secret service, a midnight concentration on the ologies. He was smiling blandly at her. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am keeping a diary."

"What!" she exclaimed, as though he had said he was keeping a spaniel. "I can't see that there 's anything remarkable about that. I keep one myself."

"Yes, Mary," he went on, "but mine may be a little different." Mr. Wigglesworth was always an exact man, with a dislike for overstatement, so he left it at that.

"Oh," said Mary, rather mystified.

"Yes," added her uncle, with a slightly conspiratorial air, "but I 'd rather, if you don't mind, that you kept it a secret."

When she reached the Bureau of Psycho-Technical Research she at once went to the room of her friend Agatha Bonner and told her all about it. A passion for social reconstruction does not always imply a general education, but Agatha Bonner was unusually well read. She took in the situation at once.

"I don't know your uncle, Mary," she observed, "but I take it he is hardly likely to be a Marie Bashkirtseff. You are probably the niece of a modern classic. It 's rather thrilling, Mary; it may be a great historical document."

"Well, I never!" said Mary. "The old fox!" But the cordiality of their relations was subsequently uninterrupted.

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§ 3

It is one thing to talk about a man behind his back and another to talk to him to his face. Many months elapsed before anybody directly mentioned his clandestine activities to Mr. Wigglesworth, and then it was a total stranger, a large lady with a treble chin whom he had taken down to dinner in a young Jewish politician's house in Bayswater. During the soup she looked at him coyly, and in a winning whisper said to him:

"Oh, dear Mr. Wigglesworth, I would give anything for a glance at your famous diary."

Our friend smiled urbanely, yet modestly, and observed:

"Honestly, I don't think you 'd find it very interesting. People exaggerate so absurdly!" and then hastened to turn the conversation to Mr. Epstein's latest exhibition. The lady was pertinacious, and several times during the meal showed an inclination to return to the theme; but Mr. Wigglesworth successfully fenced her off without direct rudeness and even managed to avoid conceding her an invitation to see his charming collection of pictures in his delightful chambers about which she had heard so much. This encounter, had it been reached without preliminary warnings, might have startled Mr. Wigglesworth. In the old days, indeed, it would have been a matter of great surprise to him had any stranger at all disclosed not merely interest in, but bare knowledge of, his previous existence. He had walked quietly on the outskirts of the pulsing world and had grown accustomed to pass unnoticed. But during these last months the community had shown increasing symptoms of a new attitude toward him. Several college friends, who for years had forgotten him in the pursuit of their promising careers, had sent him invitations to stay in the country. He had gone; he had found himself included in carefully chosen and entirely enjoyable parties; more than this, diffident though he was, he had been unable to avoid feeling that he had held his own with the wittiest and the most important. The days had apparently passed when, except his few intimates, nobody asked him anywhere except to fill an odd chair, and when in a crowd he had been accustomed to find his partner, after a few perfunctory words to him, addressing herself to her other neighbour. And he confessed feeling to himself that he liked the change; it was agreeable to find people laughing in chorus at his little jokes, to be engaged, as equal with equal, in earnest discussions by persons at the center of affairs, to be consulted as to his wishes, and to be persuaded into joining all the most pleasant excursions. His town life, meanwhile, had suffered a similar gradual transformation. Cards had begun to pour in on him from everybody he had ever met and from some enterprising hostesses whom he had never met at all. Wherever he was asked, there he went. It was a congenial change to have a status in the world; he was beginning to talk very well and he was always the cause of good talk in others. It was especially stimulating to find so many people anxious to discover what his opinions were concerning art, letters, and politics; they seemed so often to wish to agree with him. Materially, he was also prospering. At the second large political reception to which he had gone a cabinet minister edged him

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aside into a corner, and, after putting very strongly his own side in a very complicated dispute then raging behind the scenes, gave him a financial tip on which he told him he could safely put his shirt. This Mr. Wigglesworth did, with the result that he found no difficulty at all in producing the large entrance fees and annual subscriptions of the three excellent clubs which he had recently been persuaded to join. In a thousand and one ways Mr. Wigglesworth had perceived the indications of a growing interest and prestige; as we have seen, therefore, it was no shock to him when point-blank he was informed that his carefully guarded secret was out. He did not even seem to mind.

§ 4

Barely two seasons had passed since all London that counts had grown familiar with the notion of Mr. Wigglesworth as chronicler-in-chief to his time before an ever-vigilant press became aware of him. The first paragraph which came to Mr. Wigglesworth's eyes was a scanty one, but significant in that nobody else under the rank of a countess was mentioned in it. It appeared in a column signed "Yvonne," and ran:

"Amongst the well known people seen at the Canine Waifs and Strays Thé-Dansant yesterday were Prince Hippos of Greece, the Grand Duke Justiman, Lord Ramsgate, Lady Clackmannan and her two charming children, Bertie and Gertie, and Mr. Herbert Wigglesworth, who watched with interest, but did not dance. *On dit,* by the way, that when Mr. Wigglesworth's diary appears, the dovecotes are likely to be fluttered."

Only a few days elapsed, however, before a further and more elaborate reference was made, this time by a male *causeur.*

"Yesterday at an exclusive club I listened to a fascinating conversation in which two statesmen of European reputation and a famous admiral took part. The subject was diaries and the possibility of our own eventful time providing posterity with a diarist of the standing and value of Pepys or Greville. The opinion was unanimous that a record of the kind was likeliest to come from the pen of Mr. Augustus Wigglesworth. Mr. Wigglesworth, who is one of the best-known and busiest of men about town, goes everywhere and sees everybody. For years he has kept a full day-to-day record, and a duchess told me the other day that Mr. Wigglesworth had been the repository of more secrets than even the late Sir George Lewis."

This became the stock form of all subsequent references, and they need not detain us further. It was natural that, after the matter had been openly referred to in print, Mr. Wigglesworth should on occasion find people bold enough to refer to it in his presence. Yet these were comparatively few. Now and then a brazen lady would beg for a glimpse of the diary. Once on a wet Sunday morning in the country his hostess blandly suggested that the company should come up-stairs to her room and Mr. Wigglesworth should read them a few innocuous extracts. "*Do;* only quite old ones about people who are all dead." Mr. Wigglesworth evaded the request easily; he carried no diary about with him.

"What about the entries you made last night?" cried one of the sprightlier of the younger ladies; while the solici-

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tor-general, who had that evening engaged Mr. Wigglesworth in an earnest conversation, gave an involuntary stare of consternation. "There was none," said Mr. Wigglesworth, and, as a concession, gave them a number of reminiscences that were very dull, although entirely truthful. The one place where frequent reference to his habits was made was the smoking-room of the liveliest and latest of his clubs. There he lived on terms of affectionate esteem with a number of subalterns whose sense of humor was crude. They would banter one another at tea-time, and when one of them had made a remark of more than ordinary obscenity, another would say, "Mind you put that in your diary, Wigglesworth," at which the whole assembly would burst into a loud guffaw.

"A busy man," they said in the paragraphs. To Mr. Wigglesworth's shame, it must be confessed that he was just as idle as he had been in the days of his retirement. He still lived in Gray's Inn; he still rose late; he merely went about more and talked more; nobody ever saw him working. But the world knew his *raison d'être*, and, besides that, it was impossible that a man who was seen so much could be conceived as anything but an active man. In truth he had never even joined a committee. In the old days, except for the sporadic and unsupported solicitations of Mary, he never received a request from anybody to do anything; he was too obscure. Nowadays nobody asked him, though he occasionally accepted the office of patron or vice-president, because he was too celebrated.

"Who else can we put on?" the conversation would run.

"What about Wigglesworth? He 's very sensible, and everybody knows him."

"Oh, you can't ask him; he 's sure to have much too much on his hands to settle down to a routine job." A trusteeship of the National Portrait Gallery was another matter; that he was pleased to take, especially when he remembered how little notice anybody took of his opinions about art in the old days. This was his one real office.

He kept the diary; it was all he did. During those first few years he learned a good deal about human nature. In a few instances men with whom he had been intimate in the past seemed to avoid him; they grew constrained in his presence and look askance. Once one of them broke silence and revealed to Mr. Wigglesworth the disadvantages of his new rôle. He was sitting in his library late at night, drinking a last whisky and reading Saint-Simon, when there came a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in," he called, laying down his book, covers upward; and there appeared, red and embarrassed, yet oddly resolute, the face of Sir Herbert Pantile, the K. C. "Excellent, Pantile!" exclaimed Wigglesworth. "It 's splendid to see you. I thought you were never going to come near me again. Have a drink."

"No, thank you," said the lawyer, shortly, sitting upright on the edge of a hard chair. "Look here, Wigglesworth, there 's something I want to speak to you about."

"Why not?" said Mr. Wigglesworth. "Though I don't suppose I shall be able to be of any use."

"Don't you, though? Well, I 'd better come to the point at once. Do you remember that time in these rooms

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when I told you about that affair with Sylvia?"

"Why, of course," said Mr. Wigglesworth, sympathetically, "and I can't say how sorry I was."

Pantile glared at him; then he suddenly burst forth: "Look here, to put it bluntly, I know very well you 've got every word of it down in your damned diary." His eye caught a large black, enameled deed-box in the corner; he flushed again, and almost shouted: "I won't have it. You 've got to tear it out. It 's monstrous. It 's damned blackguardly. I 'll, I 'll, I 'll take proceedings."

"Listen to me," said Mr. Wigglesworth, really perturbed and distressed. "I swear solemnly that not a word of that has ever passed my lips, nor is there a syllable about it in any diary I may have kept."

"What proof have I got?" asked Pantile, a little mollified, but still suspicious. "Everybody knows that a diarist would defeat his own objects if he told everybody what he was putting down. I 'd like to see that day's entry."

"I can't show you that," said Mr. Wigglesworth. "I don't suppose you were the only person I saw that day, and the confidences of others must be respected as well as yours. On my word of honor as an old friend, your name is not so much as mentioned either on that page of my diary or any other. That 's the absolute truth."

The assurance was at last believed; yet something about the mode in which it was conveyed seemed to leave Sir Herbert even more angry than he was before. Before he was red and now he was white. "Good night," he said brusquely, and walked out without shaking hands. Mr. Wigglesworth sighed and realized that, however silver the lining, there must always be a cloud. Yet how small his clouds usually were in these days! Those who avoided him were as nothing in number compared with those who sought him out. Men saved up their jokes for him, and rattled them out breathlessly. Women dressed for him, strikingly and in a describable fashion, as though they wished to be raw material for epigrams; he was in a manner an elevator of social standards; at his approach the sober vegetable garden became the gay parterre; like the sun he illuminated everything upon which his radiance fell. Great men whose eyes would have absently glazed if left with him in the days of his obscurity now sparkled and shone to meet him. Many and various were the confidences he received. He knew, and was one of the very few who knew, why Crete had not made war on Corea, and for the sake of posterity three several persons had given him a full account of the negotiations which led to the passage of the Imperial Federation Act.

Private scandals rained upon him. Even when, as occasionally happened, a hubbub ceased awkwardly as he entered a room, and he felt all too sure that something was being concealed from him, it always reached him in the end. "You remember, Mr. Wigglesworth, that day when you found us all in the drawing-room together. Well, I wonder if you guessed what it was we were talking about. I 'm sure I ought n't to tell you, but I simply must. You 'll hardly believe it, it 's almost too disgraceful, but Billy says that Betty—" Yes, the diary was seldom mentioned, but it had a thousand contributors. And a

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thousand candidates. Several times a lady told him that she had been the *one real love* of some illustrious dead man; no fewer than three ladies made this assertion about their relations with the late Lord Strype, a man of unblemished repute. Painters, novelists, even sometimes a preternaturally intelligent commercial magistrate, sought the diarist's private and particular attention. Two or three people even bequeathed flattering miniatures of themselves to him when they died. Truly the faces that were presented to Mr. Wigglesworth were not always characteristic faces, and he was assured that, screened from the world, there was a better side to many natures deemed hard, ambitious, and grasping. He was astonished at the industry with which people endeavored to reinforce the impression they had first made upon him. With him the wit was always preternaturally witty, the dreamer abnormally dreamy, the sagacious man sagacious indeed. He often marveled at the aspirations thus innocently revealed to him, and wondered now and then, after a long encounter, whether or not he had imposed too great a histrionic stress upon some strenuous aspirant after a reputable immortality; whether or not sometimes his departure might be the signal for a reaction, a collapse, a call for restoratives, a swoon even.

§ 5

Nobody was surprised when Mr. William Wigglesworth became a K. B.E. The marvel was rather that so generally respected and trusted a figure should not have been honored before. "For public services," the description in the list briefly ran; after all, he was patron and vice-president of a great many indispensable organizations, and he had contributed substantially to the National Art Collection Fund. The prime minister had insisted; otherwise Mr. Wigglesworth might have declined. He took a childish pleasure, when attending vast parties at which orders and decorations were worn by all save him, in being the only man in the room with a plain black coat. At such parties the diarist was, in his later years, an invariable feature, much balder now, a little rounder, his mustache grown completely white. He would stand the complacent, but charming, center of an admiring circle, or wander through the rooms exchanging cheery words with dowagers and diplomatists, artists, men of letters, and, with a due admixture of deference, princes of the blood. Sometimes Mary, now Mrs. Wilkins, would be there. "Yes," she would whisper proudly to her companion, "of course he 's my uncle." And what, in such brilliant scenes, were the thoughts of Mr. Wigglesworth, or, as we must now call him, Sir William, as he moved so successfully through this world where events were being molded and history, of which he was to be recorder, made? He kept them to himself, as had always been his way; but they ran like this: "There is Barnby beckoning to me. He is shaping for an entry in the diary. He conceives it like this:

" 'At the Queensferrys' crush I saw —and Barnby. Poor fellow! he has taken on too much, and they overwork the willing horse. The Polish business is obviously weighing on his mind, but it is simply his duty to spare himself. We cannot afford to let him have a breakdown. He looked anx-

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ious, worried, but the lines he has contracted only make his thoughtful face more handsome.' Little does he realize that I should be much likelier to put it down like this: 'Saw that pompous ass Barnby at the Queensferrys. His stupidity and smugness are bad enough, but that look of spurious concentration is more than I can bear. It was like his infernal cheek to pester me with his veiled abuse of all his colleagues.'

"And there again on the balcony is Palmer, the poetaster. He has seen me, but of course he pretends not to have. I know what he wants. His pale profile against the soft midnight sky, a strange alien in that worldly scene. Yes, I know all about that. The most disgusting *poseur* in London, and about the worst poet who ever deluded the world into taking him seriously. Poor little Jones over there in the corner is ten thousand times better. I 'll go up and speak to him, though I shall probably frighten him out of his life." Then he would go down the staircase, chatting and nodding to the orders and decorations, get his hat and coat, and depart alone in a taxi for Gray's Inn. The porter would unbolt to him, and under the dark sky he would walk through the quiet old squares and up the rustling avenue of trees to his rooms and his secret, a mystery, an enigma, a sphinx; the repository of a myriad confessions and the divulger of none.

Diarists and non-diarists, we all travel the same road. The last entry must be made. There is a page filled, and the next page must remain empty forever. One night Sir William left a jolly men's party at Panton's studios looking as well as ever; next evening the papers recorded that he had been found dead in his chair. "The Times" on the following day had a long and respectful obituary notice. "Sir William," it said, "was a man of great energy and multifarious interests. His services will long be remembered. He had a host of friends and was on terms of close intimacy with half the most eminent men of his day. But it is quite possible, nay, likely, that to our remote descendants he may be far better known than to his contemporaries. It has long been matter of common report that throughout his life he was an indefatigable diarist. Few, if any, have been privileged to see his records, but his opportunities for observation were unique. Wigglesworth's diary may well take its place besides Pepys's and Greville's. The comparison is not too extravagant. Sir William's industry and opportunities were fully equal to those of his predecessors, and in point of wit and breadth of culture he surpassed both of them. We understand that the executors under Sir William's will are the Rt. Hon. Lord Barnby and Mr. Godfrey Palmer, the poet, both friends of long standing."

So it was, and in a codicil of the will Sir William not only gave his executors full discretion as to the publication and expurgation of his diary and the ultimate disposal of the manuscript, but provided that any profits arising therefrom should be divided between the executors named, assuming them to consent to act. The residue of the estate he left to his niece Mary, now the wife of John Wilkins, Esq., of Somerset House. The executors under took the burden of the trust.

One spring morning, when the sun shone brightly and the rooks cawed cheerfully over the tree-tops in Bacon's

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Walk, a little company assembled in the old chambers, still tidy and comfortable, as their late tenant had left them. Lord Barnby had brought his secretary, Mr. Palmer had come alone; the fourth of the party was the deceased's solicitor, who had brought a bunch of keys. There was an air of expectation, even of excitement, about the party; Mr. Palmer fingered books on the shelves almost feverishly, while the solicitor cryptically fumbled with papers in his attaché-case. At last he was ready.

"Well, gentlemen," he said heartily, rubbing his hands, "we may now gaze upon the buried treasure." The key went into the lock, and was turned.

They pulled them out. There were four enormous volumes as large as ledgers. All except one were completely virgin of any writing. On the first page of that one there was a date carefully written and a note of the phase of the moon; underneath, in large block capitals, this sole and simple entry:

THIS IS THE DIARY I HAVE KEPT. I HAVE KEPT IT FOR YEARS. I THINK, IF PUBLISHED, IT SHOULD BE PUBLISHED AS IT STANDS. SHOULD MY EXECUTORS IN THEIR WISDOM THINK OTHERWISE, THE RESPONSIBILITY IS THEIRS.

W. W.

Rhyme of the Struck Lad

BY BASIL THOMPSON

He is that lost boy, left and alone,
His mind is a darkness, his heart is a stone.
Yesterday—was it?—or the day before
Life whispered in his ear, "Never any more."

Down by the crazy creek, a half-mile away,
This thing happened only yesterday.
Yesterday, brother, or the day before?
No matter, nothing matters now any more.

The crazy creek was it, or was it the lagoon?
Odd how one forgets, forgets so soon.
Yesterday, brother, or the day before?
Devil! I 'll not think of it ever any more.

He is that found lad, fickle as the weather,
His head is a foolishness, his heart is a feather.
Yesterday—was it?—or the day before
Love whispered in his ear, "Never any more."

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Moses: A Miracle of Mercy

By Lincoln Steffens

Drawings by E. M. Lilien[1]

In a dark corner of a dismal café in Paris one night I saw a light. And the light fell upon the fate of Moses, the first mighty Messiah, who led the people of Israel out of the darkness of Egypt up into the Land of Promise. It illuminated, that sudden light, the divine conception of justice. It showed in a flash why, at the end of the wanderings in the wilderness, God took His faithful servant up on a hill, whence he could look over into the future, and, thus having let him see from afar the realization of his vision and the land and the opportunities his people were to possess, put Moses, their leader, to death.

That was just. It had always seemed to me to be unjust, and the ecclesiastical commentators from the very beginning have endeavored in vain to fit this act of God into their priestly conception of reward and punishment. The sacred writers of the books of Moses themselves discovered only earthly excuses for Jehovah; and their successors, the profane scholars and theologians who have been searching for centuries in the texts and in human reason and in man-made laws for the justification of God to man, have come to the impious conclusion that His ways are past all comprehending. This is not so. The

[1] Courtesy of B. W. Huebsch, Inc

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theologians look in unlikely places for the light they lack. God created light out of darkness, and the students of man are coming to an understanding of God in the understanding of men; in the ever-revolving cycles of identical human experience under the laws of His life and ours.

That night in Paris, in that dismal, dark café, I saw that it was right to kill Moses on the last hill before the valley beyond: either it was divine justice or it was a miracle of mercy.

No such thought was in my mind when I went to the café. I was intent only upon meeting there a young Russian who wanted to go home. He had been in Paris all through the war and the revolution. I had just come back from Moscow, and he wished to ask me about the ways and means of making the pilgrimage. His appearance may have given my thoughts a biblical turn.

He looked like the Christ. Some Russians do, you know. In the gentle mobs of the first revolution in Petrograd marched blond men who were more Christ-like in aspect than Demetri Nikolovitch. He was dark, black. Not his face. That was white, a pale, glowing light; framed in and pitched high by black hair and a black beard, both full and fine and both parted in the middle. And the kind, intelligent spirit of the man looked tenderly out at you through eyes as clean, serene, and trustful as a deer's.

Afterward when I heard that he was caught and killed on the way, I wondered what kind of men they were that could aim rifles at a countenance like his and fire between such eyes. Then I remembered how, when I was a boy, I shot and wounded a doe that looked up at me with eyes like his and, as they pleaded, dropped a *tear*. And I cut the creature's throat.

And the Christ Himself was killed; and before the end, after He had prayed, weeping, and appealing from human to divine justice. God would not let Jesus stay to see the fruits of His labors either.

But it was not the story of Jesus that came to me that night; it was the story of Moses. So I think it was not Demetri Nikolovitch that suggested the idea of justice, but those others who dropped in while we were talking. They were Russians too, revolutionists all. That was "their café." They "lived" there. And a sad, suppressed life they lived. Hope was gone out of it wholly.

As they moped in, one by one, and heard what we were talking about, they shook their heads, protesting.

"Don't go, Demetri Nikolovitch," they said. "It is not what you think."

He heard them, listening attentively to all they had to say, and he seemed to understand them profoundly. If ever there was sympathy in the gaze of a human being, it was in the caressing, wistful, helpless look he gave his friends when they bade him not to go to Russia. But he did not heed their advice. Nor did he attempt to answer them; not then. He told me later that he had tried before to lead them to see revolutionary Russia not as an end achieved, but as a beginning, as an opportunity to lay foundations for a new civilization that it will take generations to complete.

"They could not see it so," he said. "They cannot. They have thought always of the revolution as the realization of their ideals, of their very various ideas of the perfect society.

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It is not that. It could not suit them all. It cannot for a long while meet anybody's expectations. I think of the revolution as a clearing of the ground, which now must be plowed, sown, worked, in order that the future may reap. I see what my friends see, the horrors of to-day. I cannot show them what I see: a to-morrow possibly better than any yesterday has ever been—possible if we of the present will go there and labor and serve and suffer for what can surely be."

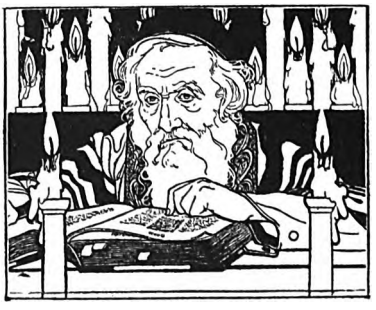
So he spoke to me afterward, but to them that night he said none of these things. He waited; he talked patiently along other lines till there could be no rebuke in his persistence, then he returned softly to his first inquiry.

"You think, then, that Reval is the best place to go in from?" I answered him as best I could, but my interest turned to those others and their stories.

They were men who had given their lives to the revolution. They had labored for it; they had conspired, plotted, committed crimes for the revolution in Russia, and every one of them had done time in the prisons of Siberia or, escaped, waited and worked in exile for the revolution everywhere. They were leaders, too, faithful servants who had had out of their service no earthly reward; nothing but misery, dirt, disease, and their dream. They were tired now; in body and in spirit those men were weary and disillusioned. They had seen the revolution; it had come; in their absence it had come to Russia first. Astonished and rejoicing, they had hurried, hunted and hiding, but happy, back to Petrograd. Their dream, the vision that had inspired and supported them through all the years of their wanderings in the wilderness—they had seen the realization of their high hopes; not from afar, not dimly from a hilltop. No. They had gone over into the Land of Promise.

There were seven of those witnesses that night. They told me seven stories. And the seven stories were all one story. I have heard others since, many, many more; not only of Russia, but of Hungary also, and Germany, France, Italy, England, Mexico; and before any of these, I recall now, in my own country, leaders with vision who had labored for a cause of the people and seen it win, achieving the chance to achieve achievements, great or small, and so been awakened out of their dreaming.

The seven stories were one story; and the one story is seventy times seven stories, all told best the first time, in the Book, where it ends best.



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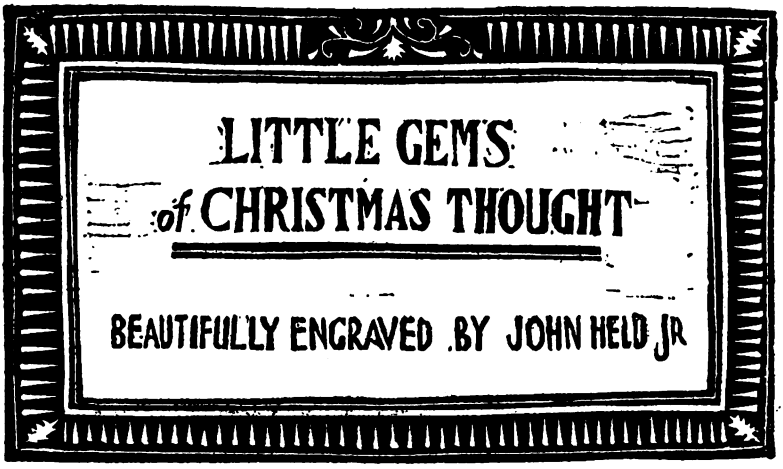

CONCERNING THESE ENGRAVINGS

Mr. Held has, he frankly informs us, beautifully engraved a series of Christmas pictures that were inspired by works of art with which we are all familiar—the "chromo" or "oleo" which hangs in the farm-house "parlor." It was in the last quarter of the nineteenth century that cheap processes of color reproduction were discovered, and the sentimental seventies reveled in such touching scenes as "The First Kiss," "The Prodigal's Return," "Rover Rescuing Rosie," etc. Mr. Held, who is a bit of an antiquarian in his way, has been recently doing research in American art. When one reaches the early North-German-Lloyd period, in which the chromo flourished, one must laugh lest one weep

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HOMEWARD BOUND for CHRISTMAS

AS OH! THE TEMEST RAGETH.

JOHN HOLD JR.

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The ARTIST'S Xmas

OH SO PROUD! BUT O-SO POOR
STILL HE KEEPS HIS SOUL AND HEART
THOUGH THE WOLF IS AT THE DOOR
CHRISTMAS FINDS HIM AT HIS ART

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The PUSSY CAT'S CHRISTMAS

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THE ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS

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Hither and Yon

IV—Some American Cross-Sections

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

One day during the 1912 Presidential campaign an editorial writer on the New York "Evening Journal" named Ferguson, a great pro-Wilson man and author of a strange book called "The Revolution Absolute," came to Democratic campaign headquarters to tell me about a certain lawyer in Kansas City.

"He has n't decided yet whether he is for Wilson or for Roosevelt. He has a great deal of influence with the voters out his way."

I was interested immediately. Ferguson went on to say that he thought that if the influential undecided could see and talk to Wilson, he would be ours. I said, "Wire him to come on at once."

He came. And so one torrid July day, Frank P. Walsh and I journeyed together down to Sea Gate, where Woodrow Wilson had his summer cottage. After lunch Eleanor Wilson and I went off to an adjacent rifle-range, leaving her father and Mr. Walsh alone on the piazza. By the way, the man in charge of the rifle-range was introduced to me this year as the new senator from Iowa, Mr. Brookhart.

When we came back to the cottage, there was Mr. Walsh, convinced that Mr. Wilson's progressiveness was more progressive than the colonel's, and within a week Democratic headquarters hummed with the news that a bureau for social workers was to be established as part of the Democratic campaign and that Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City was to be in charge of it.

I did not see much of Mr. Walsh again until the next July, after President Wilson's inauguration, when the President named the personnel of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission. The commission created during President Taft's administration by act of Congress at the suggestion of a group of public-spirited citizens under the leadership of Jane Addams was to investigate the causes of industrial unrest in the country. The McNamara case had vividly called the public attention to the fact that through the length and breadth of the land there was armed warfare between wage-earners and profit-makers.

The commission had nine members, representing equally public, capital, and labor. After Mr. Louis Brandeis had declined the chairmanship, the office fell to Frank P. Walsh. With my appointment as one of the commissioners representing the public began a new chapter in my life. Heretofore I had been interested in labor, but it was "on my own." I felt now that it was vastly important for me to understand thoroughly

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the whole industrial war, because I was a public servant. I felt that I was on my honor as a woman to make as few mistakes as possible. There were too many critics of women in public life, not to speak of the women specialists in industrial matters, like Florence Kelley who had, I presume, reservations about the selection of a comparative amateur.

I prepared to move to Washington. Bordie, enthusiastic as ever about the things that were happening to add interest to my life, fell in love with Washington, as I had.

At one of the first parties I went to after we took the New Hampshire Avenue house, I met Mrs. Patterson, mother of Cissie Cizycka and Joe Patterson. She was a stately, but lively, figure with her pretty face and rich white brocade dinner gown and ropes of pearls. She gave me a sharp look. "So you 're the dangerous woman who 's come down to take all our money away from us?"

As curtain-raiser to the two years that were to follow came the incident of Mr. Garretson's telephoning to me from New York to Mount Kisco on July 1, ostensibly to say how glad he was about my appointment, but also to tell me that a strike vote had been taken by the four railway brotherhoods, and that within forty-eight hours traffic on the Eastern railroads would be tied up unless some means of arbitration could be agreed upon. Mr. Garretson was president of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors at that time.

I had been hearing of this danger all through June from various civic federation officials, but Mr. Garretson's message brought the thing home to me as imminent disaster, and as I stood there at the telephone, I suddenly felt that the responsibility was mine. Everybody has that experience in life, especially people who are impulsive by nature. All sorts of things seem social responsibilities, but one "lets George do them," until suddenly some situation is singled out by impulse, and one plunges into action. I asked Mr. Garretson to meet me the next day at my house in New York, and for two hours we thrashed over the situation.

I found out that the men were demanding higher wages, and that the railroad executives were answering them by declaring the roads too poor to pay more to their employees until they had authority to raise rates. Under the proposed Newlands Bill, both sides, Garretson assured me, were willing to come together. The solution seemed simple to me, for I was still young in the ways of governments.

Unabashed by the fact that the President had already gone to Cornish for the summer, I called up Tumulty at Avon, New Jersey, and arranged to bring him all the facts I had the next day. July 4, at seven o'clock, I journeyed down to Avon in the heat, going over and over again in my mind all that Garretson had told me.

I had talked with Tumulty hardly ten minutes before he exclaimed:

"Why, this is serious. It won't do at all for this strike to take place. It would seriously damage the administration."

I saw the machinery of government started, and came home. Within the week the President returned to the capital, and the Newlands Bill, as the newspapers said, was "jammed" through Congress. There was no strike. And my faith in arbitration

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and the setting up of peace machinery grew like the bay-tree.

I went to Washington with what I presume now was a false hope—that everything was possible; the Industrial Commission would be able to make it so. My first approach to the task was a curiosity about the personalities of my fellow-commissioners.

The commissioner representing the public besides Walsh and me was Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin. The best description of John R. Commons came from the president of the University of Wisconsin. He used to say, "Commons is a thought."

§ 2

So much happened in the two years that followed my appointment as Walsh's fellow-commissioner until the last stormy hours when I refused to sign his report that I cannot recall what my first impression of him was. My opinion of him now is that he would have made a very good labor representative, but I still question his suitability as one of the representatives of the public. He was quite sincere in his desire to better labor conditions, but quite unjust, I often thought, in many of his conclusions about capital. He is a born agitator, with a very engaging personality. To me he was always the lawyer, not the judge; always cross-examining, as though capital were in the dock, and helping labor with the spot-light.

One of the employers' representatives on the commission was Mr. Harris Weinstock of California, a very enlightened citizen on industrial matters, whose political ideal was Hiram Johnson. According to Weinstock, there was no question Johnson could not solve, and nothing he could n't do better than Woodrow Wilson or Roosevelt. There was something humorous as well as touching about his enthusiastic awe for his hero.

Thruston Ballard, flour-mill owner from Louisville, Kentucky, another of the employers' representatives, was one of the most amusing and original men I have ever met, and the most completely outspoken. Walsh had appointed me resident commissioner, and I used to go to see Brandeis and other people whom we were consulting. Ballard complained of me to the chairman before the whole commission, saying that he did n't think it fair of me to go alone. After that I did my best to see that he missed nobody, and we went about and learned the ropes of Washington together. And I grew to like his forthrightness. I 've never seen people enjoy being in the public service and doing a government job more than Ballard and his charming wife, whose name was "Sunshine."

The third representative of the employers was Mr. Frederic Delano, a delightful and cultivated gentleman, greatly in the confidence of both railway owners and railway employees, and an urbane, restraining influence on our chairman.

Of the labor men, Garretson was the strongest. Mr. John B. Lennon of Illinois, vice-president of the A. F. of L., was particularly kind to me. He was one of the most sympathetic men I ever knew. Distressing testimony would always make the tears run down his cheeks, and yet he was always tolerant of the employers' side. Mr. James O'Connell, the other labor representative, did n't believe in women in public life. At first he made me feel like a specimen from the

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zoo; but after a few months his voice lost some of the growl, and I liked him. I discovered through him and others that labor is just as uncordial to women in politics and industry as are our business men.

In the first few months of the hearings, when employers were subpœnaed, I began having interesting experiences. Men whom I had casually met once, perhaps, in my life years before would write and remind me of the acquaintanceship and ask if they might call. Lovely flowers would come to my house from those about to be cross-examined. No matter how self-complacent I may have been, I could n't entirely put down these sudden outbursts of emotion to any personal charm. It was a play to feminine vanity through indirect influence with a vengeance. Most employers, however, treated me, just as the labor representatives did, as one of the members of the commission. The commissioners themselves let me taste the joys of being "just a person" instead of a lady, and took off their coats and smoked cigars, and we were all comfortable on the job together.

The commission's work was to have been twofold. There were to be hearings to which witnesses from both sides of various industrial disputes were to be called, and scientific and academic investigations were to be made. In the end, most of the money and time went toward mere hearings. We did succeed in dramatizing the hidden facts of industrial warfare, and it is true that for the first time labor felt that a branch of the Government was giving them a full say and a square deal. Walsh made them feel that way, but the commission was named to do more than that, and we did n't do it. T—— comforts me by saying that the eleven volumes of our published hearings are not dead. "Those eleven volumes," he prophesies to me, "may seem to be sharing the moldy fate of most government print, but they are the *'Comédie Humaine'* of America. They tell from a thousand angles the story of industrial unrest. The war is still on. Most of what the experts advised is still undone." He argues with me that the most important thing ten years ago was to make people aware of the economic drama. "It had to be staged," he says, "and your unjudicial chairman was just the impresario that was needed. What could your experts do with a country that was n't ready to admit that it needed them?"

I had been acting as resident commissioner for about two months when trouble broke out in New York over the resigning of the peace protocol, the instrument under which the cloak-and-suit industry had enjoyed a fairly amicable four years of arbitration since the big strike of 1910. Telegrams from many sources were sent appealing to the commission to come to New York and hold hearings, so that the whole difficulty could be thoroughly investigated for the benefit of both the public and the industry itself. Chairman Walsh was away in Kansas City. I hastened to consult Mr. Brandeis, who from the time Anne Morgan and I had gone to him during the Lawrence strike had always been ready to talk with me about industrial matters. He advised our accepting the call from New York and seemed to feel that our going might save the protocol from breaking down. I got Walsh on the long-distance telephone. He was in the middle of trying a case,

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but told me to go ahead and preside at the hearings. My ideal for the hearings may have been a very calm review of causes, but what I had on my hands was heated and noisy dispute. I wielded my gavel like a pickax. The chief clerk of the board of grievance of the cloak trade and the secretary of the Garment Workers' Union started to rush each other. The principals in the dispute, which was bitter, as I now know all economic disputes are, were not the only ones who kept me pounding for peace and quiet. Our own judicial Mr. Ballard, hot and gallant Southern gentleman, during testimony of how, in a certain strike, a foreman had insulted a girl, jumped to his feet.

"I am from Kentucky, and in my State, if a foreman grossly insulted a girl, he would have got a beating, and been left three quarters dead instead of being remonstrated with. A strike would n't have been the weapon." Much shouting and denial followed.

In the end the protocol was signed again, all of which redounded to the commission's good name.

Sometimes we were sent for by workers and by employers who wanted the national attention focused on their own districts or industries. More often we made lists of those who had special information on one of the many subjects assigned to us by the original enactment, and subpœnaed them to give their testimony. We called before us a cross-section of America, from John D. Rockefeller himself down to widows of miners in his companies who had been shot by state troopers.

I think I can say that during those two years the work of the Industrial Relations Commission, its probe into the causes of the misery and unrest of the workers, was the focus of attention not only of the United States, but of the entire world. The sessions of the commission were at all times open to the public and to the reporters. Even the members of the commission were surprised at the eagerness of the young reporters to give news of the sessions to their papers, and at the great interest which those reports aroused in the public. Editorials and feature stories, written from all angles of the problems of labor and capital, appeared in both American and foreign papers.

As we moved from city to city over the United States, now concentrating on some specific strike, now trying to find out what the efficiency engineers do not only to increase production, but to make the factory system more tolerable for the worker, now trying to trace the history of the I.W.W. and their hold on the migratory workers in the lumber-camps, now touching on the problems of immigration both from Europe and the Orient, now inquiring about child-workers and about illiterates, all kinds and varieties of people, with every sort of economic standing and religion, came before us. Each bore witness what the economic struggle looked like from his angle, and many attempted to say how conditions might be bettered. What they told us was told again in the newspapers. We gave the gift of tongues to many people.

One day in Washington the maid told me that I had a visitor. I went down, and found in the garden a little old woman in a tidy bonnet, at first glance the sort of benign little body, if one lived somewhere on Main Street, one would like for a neighbor. You could go to her to find out about the children's croup or mixing bread dough. She said she had come to see

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me because she wanted to know what I was like. She wanted to know if I was good for anything, and she wanted to tell me about her boys. From the moment she began to speak I put away the word "benign." Her eyes had seen something more than Main Street. I wanted to laugh and cry at the little bonnet-strings under that chin, for it was Mother Jones, known for forty years down every mine-shaft in America. Her boys were the two hundred thousand members of the United Mine Workers of America, and hundreds of thousands more besides. For the next two years I was to find her name a legend wherever we went, summoning the downtrodden to speak for themselves at our hearings. I still think she is the most significant woman in America, though her life has been alien to everything comfortable American womanhood is supposed to stand for. She has been a mother to men. She has kept alive their hunger for freedom. She has been a firebrand, foul-mouthed and partizan, a camp-follower and a comforter in the industrial war. Humble men, rough men, men who speak the languages of every country in Europe and Asia, are among her "boys." Something she said to a group of women out in Denver finally gave me the key to her. It was in the midst of Ludlow, and she was addressing a group of polite and earnest Denver club-women.

"I want to say to you," she shouted to them, "that you have had the ballot for twenty-one years, and your children will yet see the day when they will blush with shame at your indifference to these miners' women and children. I have never had the ballot, but I have raised hell, anyhow, and I have made the nation know that I am alive and on the ground." She called it raising hell, and her enemies called it raising hell. To me she was only alive, felt, above the ground. Other people seemed dead beside her, themselves not feeling, and unfelt. Sometimes her talk was scattered, incoherent; still, you were stung by her spirit to pity and to awareness of the struggle about you. Once two years later at one of the city hall hearings in New York she said something complimentary to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"I 'm afraid you flatter me, Mother Jones," he said. She retorted:

"I don't throw bouquets; I am more used to throwing bricks."

Worse than bricks. She always told people exactly what she thought. In the beginning, seeing how I felt about her personally, I think she had great hopes of me as a recruit to the labor cause. She kept telling me over and over, "You can't do anything worth while till you get over minding what people say." She had put her finger on my greatest weakness. From the time I was a child I have hated being criticized or disliked. When I was a young woman I felt depressed all day if a butcher boy looked cross when he came for orders in the morning. She used to talk to me a lot about John Mitchell, and I hate to remember it now, for I imagine that since 1915 she feels toward me what she felt then toward him. "He was a fine fellow," she would say, then, with intolerable scorn, "he 's gone with the rich. He 's no good to his own people any longer." With that she thrust him out of her picture.

I think of Mother Jones and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., together, and what I think of them throws less light on the

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problem of capital and labor than it does on my own philosophy. I had for some years thought of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a psalm-singing, cold-blooded capitalist. He came to us as a witness in the Ludlow strike, for he was one of the principal owners of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. I found him intensely human. Even Mother Jones felt that he was making an effort to do right. The tragedy had occurred. But for us he might never have got close to the terrible drama for which, because he was capital, he was in the last degree responsible. About such men as Rockefeller there is a wall. Their underlings tell them pleasant things. The rich must have imaginations indeed if, wrapped away as they are in cotton wool, they are to know the sufferings of the laboring classes and be moved by the misery that now exists in the world.

I remember one witness we had, an automobile-manufacturer worth many millions of dollars. I had no particular interest in him at the time. I had heard of him, nothing more. He gave his testimony in an absent-minded kind of way. I do not mean absent-minded; it was vague. He had gentle eyes, like an animal. He told us about how he had left his first job and went from Detroit to work for Thomas Edison as a machinist. He had never had very much schooling except a little while at business college. One thing he said seemed important to me.

"I went to the Edison Illuminating Company. Within a year I took charge of the plant, and I shifted that into an eight-hour working day. It was twelve hours, and I shifted it into eight hours, without adding any men, and found that we could run at eight hours with the same number of men better and more economically than they could do it with twelve."

The man who told us that was Henry Ford. I never forgot him. And whenever Judge Gary has given out a statement on the twelve-hour day, I remember the young machinist who reorganized a shop twenty-five years ago and told about it in such a simple, straightforward way.

§ 3

At the end of spring, 1914, I was very tired, and as it was necessary for Bordie to go to Carlsbad, it was decided that we should go abroad, and stop in England to collect various reports on British methods of dealing with the labor problem.

I had a London season largely occupied with dockers and employment bureaus, and had gone on to the German cure when war broke out. When I came back, my husband was still very ill, and I missed many of the autumn hearings of the commission. On December 1, Bordie died.

I did not want to be parted from Ethel, and so I took her with me at Christmas-time, though I knew we were bound for the terrible scene of the tent colony fire at Ludlow. It seems unfair to relate the circumstances of that famous Colorado strike without first pointing out how difficult it is to be fair. There was no villain, unless perhaps the publicity agent who worked for the corporation and falsified the statements he gave out about it. Behind the dispute that grew so rapidly into civil war were all the problems that our commission had been formed to study. There were immigrant workers, uneducated and far from their native land. Here was a corporation behaving like a monster,

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though the people who owned its stock were cultivated men. Corporations have no souls. Men have not learned how to give them souls. I think now of the Colorado strike always in little broken images. In the city hall in New York, Mayor Mitchel had lent us a court-room for our hearings. The place was crowded. Many times we had heard the story from other lips. Each time it sank deeper home that something must be done to make such conflicts impossible. I can hear Mrs. Pearl Jolly's voice yet as she stood there, Melinda Scott behind her, telling how a miner's wife saw it all.

"Well, a week previous to the strike," she said, "my husband went to Trinidad to do a little shopping down there. When he came back . . . they wanted to know what his business was in Trinidad. He told them he was down there on private business. They asked him if he was a delegate to the convention at Trinidad that the United Mine Workers had held there before. He said no. They told him that they did not need him there any more; that he was to get out of camp. I think it was fifteen minutes that they gave him to move his furniture and everything. . . . I went down to a farmhouse below and spent the week there until the Ludlow tent colony was built. . . . We did not want to have any trouble. At one time the gunmen came to the Ludlow tent colony, just as near as they could get, fired two shots into the tent colony. Our men took their rifles and went to the hills, thinking that by so doing they would lead the fire that way and keep them from firing on the colony, where the women and children were. . . . After that our men took and dug pits under the tents, so that if the same thing should happen again there would be some means of escape for those women and children. . . . When the militia came in there we made them welcome; we thought they were going to treat us right. They were escorted into camp with a brass band. They attended all of our dances. They came down and took dinner with us two or three different evenings, but when they were in there two or three days they turned, and we could see that. . . . One of the women, I believe, told them that they could not be on two sides at once. . . . One time myself and three or four different women started for the post office one Sunday morning. When we got about half-way there a detail got up in front of us and fixed their bayonets and their guns and told us we could n't go any further. . . . This happened in December, in real cold weather, snowing at the time. One of the women with us had a baby six months old in her arms. When we started back they would not let us go into the homes. I don't know why. They were already in the camp searching. They told us we could not go in there. They put a detail in front of us and kept us out in the field in the snow. The baby was screaming, it was so cold. . . .

"On April 19, we had a baseball game. The militia had always been in the habit of attending the baseball games, but never before had they attended with their rifles. On April 9 was a Greek holiday, Sunday, and they thought perhaps that our men would be drinking, and those men, if they were to go down there with their rifles, would be able to stir up some trouble. They stood right in the

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diamond with their rifles. . . . One of the women said to them in a joke: 'Don't you know if a woman would start toward you with a BB gun you would all throw away your guns and run?' He says, 'That is all right, girlie, you have your big Sunday to-day, but we will have the roast to-morrow. It would only take me and three or four men out there to clean out all the bunch'; and they cleaned out the bunch on the following day. . . .

"They put guards in our camps Sunday night. . . . Monday morning, about 9 o'clock, five militiamen sent in for Louis Tikas, . . . when Louis Tikas came back he told us the machine guns and everything were set ready to wipe the tent colony. The next thing we observed was Louis Tikas coming from the depot waving a white handkerchief. There was about 200 tents in the tent colony and about 1000 inhabitants, about 500 women and 500 children. . . . He was waving this white handkerchief, I suppose for us to get back. While he was running toward us and waving the white handkerchief they fired . . . they turned the machine gun into the tent colony and started to firing with rifles. Our men decided if they would take to the hills, take their rifles and go into the hills, that they would lead fire from the tent colony into the hills and thus protect the women and children in the tent colony. There was just 40 rifles in the Ludlow camp. They will tell you there was 500 or so. There was 40 in there, and I would swear to that before any jury in the United States. . . . They kept the machine guns turned on the camp all that day more or less. . . .

"They got the machine gun set better and at better range. . . . Between 5 and 6 o'clock they set fire to our tents. When they set fire to our tents we decided that we would go from cave to cave as fast as we could . . . getting the women and children together. . . . We had about fifty when we saw one little Italian woman. She is not sane, I don't think. Her three children were killed out there. . . ."

I had no business to take Ethel to the scene of all this tragedy.

As we came back in the chilly dusk, in the motor-car, Ethel, cold and tired, suddenly broke out against all uplift and uplifters.

"Why don't they stay at home and attend to their own affairs?" She turned on the poor young man who was conducting us about. With a nervous torrent of words she overwhelmed both him and me. But the next spring, at her school in Catonsville, she wrote a composition on the Colorado strike for the school paper. She had been drinking it in all the time!

In recalling what was so well known to the whole country ten years ago, I cannot say what were most important or what were the blackest scenes in the civil war. I can only turn a few pages in my own memory, recall a few of the men and women whose intolerable burdens it was my business to understand and to lift.

In March that year we went down to Dallas to hold hearings about the land question in the Southwest. I looked forward to it as one might to going South for a vacation.

The problem there was that, whereas forty years ago virtually all the farmers in Texas owned their own

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land, to-day more than half were "renters," and there was growing up the same bitter antagonism between landowner and tenant farmer that we had seen between capital and labor in industry. Complaints about absentee landlordism came into the testimony over and over. I understood at last why my grandfather sympathized with the Irish. As usual, it was not the statistics, none of the orderly facts, none of the accounts of various forms of tenancy, or history of crop prices, but two human beings who made the most impression on me.

I shall never forget the hours and hours we spent getting bit by bit, in answer to our questions, the life story of a farmer and his wife named Stewart. The man was forty-five and his wife, a tired-looking woman in a sunbonnet and a calico dress, a year or two younger. They had always lived pretty much in that part of the country. Hour after hour the monotonous inquiry went on. Levi Stewart was one of eleven children, all but one "renters" like himself. He had married a neighbor's daughter when she was fifteen. They had eleven children, eight still living. They worked! "We got up early and stayed with it late," he said. They went into the fields "by sun-up." He plowed and hoed, and his wife hoed. There were no amusements at all during "crop-times," and crop-time was from the middle of February to the middle of July. We asked who picked their cotton. "I and her picked it around them times," he said. He had some railroad land for a year, but cotton went down, and everything got balled up, and he could n't pay for it. He had cleared three acres of land and built a house with his own hands. One year he had "no wagon." His oldest boy never got more than one year's schooling. He 'd had only one suit in five years, and the whole family, the one year they kept account, spent only seventy-four dollars for clothes.

Wearily it went on. Year after year they raised corn and cotton, cotton and corn. He 'd been obliged to give chattel-mortgages and had to pay ten per cent. interest. He 'd always had to pay extra-credit prices for his goods at the store. His wife never went to town, except once when she had erysipelas, when he 'd carried her himself.

Always he was looking for a better place. He lost his tools. They had sunk seven hundred dollars in debt the year they moved to Mulberry Bottom. I remember one story he told about going to work for a man.

"I was a tenant once on one place," he said, "and a fellow had some Bermuda grass and Johnson grass on the place, and he came to me and he says, 'If you will take that place and kill that grass and fix them ditches, you can have it as long as you want to.' And I went up there, and I killed that grass and I took my team and filled up the ditches and got it in nice shape, and then he came round and says, 'I want to work this myself, and you can go over to this other place of mine I have got some Bermuda grass and Johnson grass on, and you can clean that up and you can have that.' "

What luck the man seemed to have! He was always having chills and fever. Most of the farmers down there had them. Chairman Walsh had me do the questioning of his wife. My own back seemed to ache as she went on with the story of their lives.

As the second year of the commis-

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sion hearings progressed, I found that the hearings of labor's grievances took more and more time, and the academic studies of legal and scientific problems involved in the administration of labor laws were, it seemed to me, neglected. There was just so much money left of our congressional appropriation. I thought this money should be spent for finishing and publishing expert investigations that Charles McCarthy, who had acted as director of research, and Professor Commons both felt were the most important part of the commission's work.

Imagine the surprise of the employers on the commission and of Professor Commons and me when we learned that Mr. Walsh had summarily dismissed McCarthy, and Basil Manly was put at the helm in his place. Those of us who had stood by McCarthy felt as though we were on a train that in some wayward fashion was tearing east just after the station master had sold us tickets for a point west. The life of the commission was almost over. How were we to go on record? Mr. Walsh let Manly draw up a report summarizing the testimony of the thousands of witnesses we had been hearing in the last two years, and make many recommendations. Walsh signed it himself, the three labor men signed it, and every effort was made to get my signature.

Mother Jones suddenly appeared on the scene again and pleaded with me by the hour. I afterward heard that Walsh personally had paid for her pilgrimage. She said I would be a traitor to the workers if I failed to sign Walsh's report. What she could never understand was that the employers were my own people, that all human beings were my own people. It would have been disloyal of me not to understand the problems of capital as well as the problems of labor. And it seemed to me that Walsh's report was a high-handed labor report and nothing more. It did not appreciate the technical problems of production.

Professor Commons and I wrote a report of our own, which was in reality the majority report of the commission, for Commissioners Ballard, Weinstock, and Aishton also signed it, making five.

It is audacious of me in a few paragraphs to try to characterize and compare the two reports, for both ran to many hundreds of type-written pages, and were in fact a digest of eleven volumes of testimony. Professor Commons's big proposal was for permanent national and state industrial commissions, to be created for the administration of all labor laws. We believed that probably the greatest cause of industrial unrest was that our American statute-books were encumbered by labor laws that were conflicting, ambiguous, and either unenforceable or only partly enforced. People were losing confidence in the making of laws by the legislature, the interpretation of laws by the courts, and their administration by officials, and came naturally to taking of the law into their own hands. I quote from our report:

"The struggle between capital and labor must be looked upon, so far as we now see, as a permanent struggle, no matter what legislation is adopted."

But we believed that there were certain points where the interests of capital and labor were harmonious and could be made more so, and we believed that the field where no real conflict existed was much wider than

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at first might be imagined. We believed that by recognizing these two facts of permanent opposition and progressive coöperation, we had a starting-point from which to reduce antagonism.

The minority report, which somehow as the staff report, took precedence of ours in the publication, seemed to me far less concerned with setting up permanent peaceful machinery than with reciting anew the grievances of labor. I was quite as shocked as they to discover the number of American families with no privacy;—in many working districts thirty per cent. of the workers keep boarders,—and to discover that in New York City one corpse out of twelve is laid in a pauper's grave; but it seemed to me that their recommendations were idealistic and socialistic, not practical.

Walsh himself, in a supplemental statement, italicized the following: "We find the basic cause of industrial dissatisfaction to be low wages; or, stated in another way, the fact that the workers of the Nation, through compulsory and oppressive methods, legal and illegal, are denied the full product of their toil."

Later he says: "The responsibility for the conditions rests primarily upon the workers who, blind to their collective strength and oftentimes deaf to the cries of their fellows, have suffered exploitation and the invasion of their most sacred rights without resistance. . . . Until the workers themselves realize their responsibility and utilize to the full their collective power, no action, whether governmental or altruistic, can work any genuine and lasting improvement."

Statements like that seemed to me incendiary and revolutionary. It was like using the Government to organize one class for swallowing up another.

However differently all of us saw the next steps, not one of the commissioners failed to recognize the historic value of the hearings. Capital and labor had been brought face to face, and in the very airing of their misunderstandings, in the articulation of their bitter hatreds, they had come to understand each other better.

I still believe with Professor Commons that a permanent industrial commission is to be the next great step toward intelligent minimizing of the friction between employers and employed, but it must wait until labor asks for it. Now there is not faith enough among the workers to trust Government to erect such an instrument.

(The end of "Hither and Yon.")

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Day In and Day Out

Adams, Morley, Marquis, and Broun: Manhattan Wits

By Carl Van Doren

Drawing by Harry Turner

THE editorials in American newspapers were once personal affairs. They were made by hand and their readers knew whose hand it was that had fashioned this or that comment upon the news of the morning or evening. Now, however, personality has given way to something less diversified. A newspaper is known by the policy it keeps. As a rule the special editorial hand is not to be recognized except by experts, whose guesses, moreover, are occasionally wrong. But personality is too obstinate a thing to be easily expelled. Thrown out through the door, it comes back through the window and is shortly as much at home as ever. The generation in America which saw the distinctive color dying out of editorials saw at the same time the rise of the distinctive paragraph which kept the editorial section from settling down to any monotony of sense. Deft paragraphers multiplied and made their papers famous. Publisher strove with publisher to catch and develop writers who could be themselves and be amusing every day. Out of so much imitation, so much competition, a standard form emerged. Eugene Field set the standard, as regards dimensions, at a column, and went a long way toward setting the standard as regards themes and methods. He poked fun at current folly, he told jokes on himself, he turned out yards of brisk, bright verses in his column called "Flats and Sharps." Field lived, however, to divide his honors with George Ade, also a columnist in Chicago, who in his "Stories of the Streets and Town" at once specialized and broadened the functions of their sort of humor. Since Field died and Mr. Ade gave up his column, few decided novelties have been introduced among the paragraphers. Bert Leston Taylor with his "A Line o' Type or Two" long carried on the tradition in Chicago. Other cities have their local wits, several of them of amazing fecundity and pungency. But in New York, to which so many things are drawn by its sheer magnitude, the column has at present its greatest prestige and influence.

There the successful members of the guild enjoy reputations which are unequaled by those of any other contemporary authors. They have, of course, advantages. Not perhaps monthly, like story-writers, nor perhaps annually, like novelists or dramatists, but daily they appear before their publics; and their publics daily

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number hundreds of thousands of readers in New York, with possible millions elsewhere for those of the columnists who are taken up by newspaper syndicates. Appearing thus punctually, these wits can pounce first upon the news and make, or publish, the earliest *mots* on topics that invite them. Appearing thus regularly, these same wits, having beat up their game, can chase it with comic persistence as long as need or interest lasts. Being so topical, they are naturally for the most part also local. They retail the gossip, promulgate the jests, discuss the personalities, represent the manners of New York. To read them in any distant city is to miss half the points they make, or at least half the freshness of their points. They are licensed jesters of the town, free to catch the most respectable citizen momentarily off his guard, without fear of being taken too seriously. They can turn a mayor to ridicule, send hundreds to a theater or keep dozens away from it, stimulate the sales of a book, give a clever phrase household currency, fix public attention upon some neglected figure or episode, past or present, laugh some general hysteria to sleep.

The great audiences which they have by virtue of their positions they hold by their particular qualities. They are immensely personal. They take the public into their confidences with whimsical candor. One of them devotes a day each week to publishing his diary. Another calls out joyfully when he has found a new book or a new drink. Another humorously records his progress in getting rid of superfluous pounds of flesh. Another makes charming capital out of the sayings and doings of his son. Thus through the confusion of the daily news they pick their ways and yet preserve their identities. Readers who have found events more or less impartially reported and more or less judicially discussed, like still to find them touched with the hand of comedy by a definite person. The columnists are a perpetual relief from what may be called the newspaper grand style. Nothing is too great for them to bring it before the bar of laughter; nothing is too small for them to flash a beam of light upon it. It is true that they are sometimes accused of forming a smug corporation, exchanging compliments from column to column, overpraising one another's books and plays, capriciously shutting out the dull barbarians who do not habitually cross their paths; but these accusations have so far not become very ominous. If the columnists were not felt to be untrammeled personalities, they would not be felt at all.

There are, indeed, more than four of such Manhattan wits who have each a loyal following. The four, however, who are most widely known and followed happen among them to cover virtually all the ground that the columnists ever cover. They are, as no one questions, Franklin P. Adams of "The Conning Tower," Christopher Morley of "The Bowling Green," Don Marquis of "The Lantern," and Heywood Broun of "It Seems to Me."

§ 2

Mr. Adams is in a strict sense the wit of the group. He is the neatest of them all with his gay verses, the crispest of all with his puns. He has a satirical taste for exact language. He catches up instances of bad grammar, of loose diction, of mixed met-

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aphor, wherever he comes upon them, and exposes them in his column. He dislikes what is hackneyed no less than what is inexact. To give a kind of dramatic emphasis to his quest for platitudes he invented Dulcy and then put into her mouth all the threadbare phrases and sentiments which tickled or irritated him. Much interested in words and facts, he is less interested in large ideas, large speculations. He is quick to dissent from general statements and to weaken them by pointing out exceptions. Eloquence does not melt him nor cosmic melancholy subdue him. He walks as stubbornly along the broad way of common sense as Horace did. He has a feeling for the classics which has led him, like Eugene Field, to make numerous Horatian versions and parodies. He has a delight in first-hand documents which has led him to adopt the manner of Pepys in his weekly record of adventures around town. Yet both in his Horatian and in his Pepysian modes, Mr. Adams is contemporary and vernacular. He brings his masters down to date. He seems quick and hard and sure, a man never to be found napping, the very quintessence of Manhattan.

Because of his cautious habits he limits himself to a relatively narrow range of theme. Very many of his witticisms are merely verbal; many of them are very trivial and some of them are cheap. He concerns himself, on the whole, rather with the foolish things men say than with the foolish things they do. He seldom touches public affairs more closely than to point out some misquotation or solecism in a speech by some public man. The taste for gossip grows upon him. Something kindred in his constitution turned him to Pepys. At the same time, Mr. Adams is more than a gossip. There is that pungency of comment, not too savage and not too easy-going, with which he falls upon absurdities and affectations. He has much that is Horatian in his constitution too, so much that it has been contagious and has bred a whole school of Horatian imitators. He draws to his column, and publishes in it, the most edged, the most stinging, the most impudent annotations upon the minor occurrences of the day. He is almost infallible in rejoinder. It is perhaps his dexterity and insouciance, his gyroscopic balance, which have seemed to his followers to be his most delightful traits; yet there must not be overlooked that touch of plaintiveness which adds a special interest to his charm. Again and again he lets slip some hint of the despair he feels when he encounters supreme loveliness in poetry and by it measures his own jaunty product. Back of that alert self-possession of his lies a certain engaging modesty which his followers sense without realizing. Like the dyer's hand, he is stained by the materials he works in. At heart, however, he is largely a poet who has been taught by the nice technic of his art to be a wit as well.

§ 3

Mr. Morley is as expansive as Mr. Adams is self-possessed. His manner is all mellowness. Nothing about him, if he can help it, betrays the fact that he is the youngest of these four columnists. Seasoned in Oxford, he has the air of a man who has been reading old books and drinking old wine with old friends before a fire of old wood. His muse has haunted

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many libraries and has brought back many antiquarian treasures. At his pen's end he has the vocabulary of the Elizabethans, the idioms of the seventeenth century. A great deal of fine liquor, apparently, has flowed under his bridges. He knows where the best food may be obtained and ransacks ancient volumes for imaginary meats. He is a connoisseur of tobacco and understands to a nicety the conduct of a pipe. He talks spaciously of pets and children; his most considerable book has a hero who may be taken for either a dog or a man. Mr. Morley has a robust feeling for life lived out of doors and a special taste for the sea and ships. Into all these subjects of discourse, his port of entry is likely to be a literary one. What he writes is full of echoes; he abounds in parodies; he can fit himself to obsolete modes of verse or prose with marked facility. It is to be suspected that Dickens helped him to like ale and that Joseph Conrad helped him to like oceans. But there is nothing pedantic about Mr. Morley's tastes. His special quality is the heartiness with which he takes his public into his confidence on all the topics that enlist him. He has shown many persons who did not guess it before, what magic there is in dingy shops filled with dusty books. He has dug up curious authors, such as Sir Kenelm Digby, out of an obscurity which might have been expected to be immortal. He has considerably enriched the imagination of his followers by laying a new stress upon the pleasures of eating and drinking, of playing and laughing, of collecting good things and living jovially among them, of preferring scholarship to jazz.

He encourages enjoyment rather than reflection. When he touches upon speculative themes he touches, as a rule, only the most general ones. He is a liberal whose liberalism comes from spontaneous sympathies, without too much analysis. His comments upon the passing show rarely bite and never pulverize. He is bland and lacks the concentration of sardonic wits. Mellowness, it has been suggested, came over him before he was ready for it. When did he serve his years in the conscript army of rebellion which human life perennially raises among its youth? To the more ironical among his readers, there seems something unknit and ungirt about his persistent gusto. Yet it must be seen that what he lacks in point he partly makes up in energy. Not only his daily column, but books as well pour from him in a broad stream. And it must be seen, too, that he has traveled a long way from the adolescent lushness of his juvenilia. His sinews have tightened, his style has grown firmer, his observations have taken on a deeper tone. No one can quite prognosticate his course. Moods of adventure and fresh ardors are plainly stirring in him. If his column, and all the columns, were to be wiped out to-morrow by some solemn dictatorship, Mr. Morley would fall upon his feet and would find that he could walk alone in any one of several paths, most successfully in the path of poetry or of the whimsical novel. Meanwhile he keeps a kind of literary inn, inviting all who are not too austere or too sophisticated or too serious to take their ease with him in a tap-room filled with congenial smoke in which numerous pleasant fellows endlessly and convivially discuss affairs of taste and exchange agreeable scandal about the universe.

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§ 4

What distinguishes Mr. Marquis from his rivals among the columnists is a racy substance in him which makes him able to create character as no one of the others can. He has more point than Mr. Morley; he has a more burly energy than Mr. Adams; but he lives for his public primarily in the careers of those preposterous, fascinating personages who wander on and off his daily stage. That they are in outline the broadest kind of caricature does not seem to matter. Archy the cockroach, Mehitabel the cat, Hermione the platitudinarian, Fothergil Finch the minor poet, Prudence Hecklebury the incomparable prude, Captain Fitzurse the swaggerer, Al the bartender, the Old Soak who in dry days lifts his thirsty voice with incredible ingenuity of protest—they all have their absurd outlines filled in with comically real human elements. Mr. Marquis has the gift of using a vernacular technic with classical materials. Once he has hit upon a given character, he continues to exploit it almost as if he were a cartoonist, with a set figure to show off day by day in slightly new adventures. Archy must forever give his messages to the world by jumping from the ceiling to the keys of a type-writer and so pounding out his insect observations; Mehitabel must be true to her motto: "*Toujours gai*—What the hell!"; Miss Hecklebury each night before retiring must roll her peach under the bed to see that no dangerous male is there; Hermione must keep up her brainless babble to prove that she keeps up with every silly fad; the Old Soak must see the whole universe through a softening haze of alcohol. Yet these obvious devices are only tricks employed to catch running readers who might be surprised to learn at how many points Archy and Mehitabel suggest the beast fables of medieval France and how often Captain Fitzurse suggests the braggart soldier of Latin comedy. There is of course no imitation to be hinted at. The likenesses come from the fact that Mr. Marquis fixes his eyes upon the aspects of the comic scene which in every age attract shrewd satirists. And he is more than a mere satirist, winging folly in his own person. He is so much of a dramatist that he must invent stalking-horses behind which to shoot and must make the creatures look so much alive that they seem at any moment about to gallop off on their own affairs.

Having in him the substantial quality needed by a creator of characters, Mr. Marquis seems something more, also, than a mere town wit. He suffers less than most of the New York columnists when put to the test of being read at a distance from New York, possibly because he has spent a larger part of his life outside metropolitan circles. He knows provincial humors and turns of speech. Without being in any respect a small town philosopher, he has a knack at understanding and reproducing the processes of thought and the shades of feeling which belong to villages rather than to cities. In this sense he smacks of the American soil as it exists in the interior districts which cosmopolitan humorists find chiefly laughable. If his methods suggest the cartoonist of the comic strip, so do they suggest the older tradition of native humor as it descends from Jack Downing and David Crockett to Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. He is robust, hilarious, given to vast

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exaggeration, capable of vituperative outbursts. Even when he appears simply wrong-headed, as in his sentimental praise of booziness, he conducts his arguments with such random vitality that they are funny. The same vitality marks his verse, which ranges from graceful lyricism to a mad mélange of topsy-turvy burlesque. In verse as in prose he moves with a rush that carries him frequently through his whole column with a single item, which he may find it necessary to continue to another day. It is significant, however, that he loses something when he turns to the conventional forms of literature: his stories are not particularly distinguished, and the successful play which he built around the Old Soak has little besides its leading character to recommend it. Mr. Marquis is thus proof that, no matter how many elements may enter into the art of the columnist, it is a special art, requiring certain special gifts no one of which in the case of any individual columnist can by him be safely dispensed with.

§ 5

How varied columnists can be appears from the fact that Mr. Broun writes for the same page of the same newspaper as Mr. Adams and that neither ever extinguishes or often dims the other. So far as Mr. Broun is concerned this would be the fact no matter by whose side he might do his daily turn. His method is outwardly very simple. He writes no verse, he throws no verbal handsprings, he invents no personages for his column. He talks about himself and his opinions. As he is not bothered by false reticences and as his mind never stops revolving, his topics are singularly numerous. Whether he talks about religion, politics, economics, sex, sport, books, plays, or personalities, he says what he thinks with the same candor and the same ease. He has this advantage over others of his guild, that he is also a dramatic critic and the best all-round sporting writer of his time, and is so prolific as to spill the flood of his disquisition beyond the borders of his own paper into many others. But though he thus attracts an unusual amount of attention to himself, he does it by his abundance rather than by any common egotism. He illustrates the paradox that if a writer is only personal enough he achieves impersonality as well. There is, after all, something very impersonal about the free mind. Though Mr. Broun does actually color all his discourse with his own unmistakable qualities, his aim is to simplify and to elucidate on his own terms. There is no harm done if he simplifies and elucidates on his own terms; if, for instance, he dislikes books unless the characters behave as he himself approves, whatever the art of the narrative, and if he insists upon reasonable codes of human conduct which do not always allow for as much perverse complexity as human nature insists upon displaying in difficult moments. Mr. Broun makes perfectly clear what his terms are and then proceeds with a humane logic which it is virtually impossible to refute without recourse to arguments which are likely by comparison with his to sound like prejudices.

He stands in the long line of American commentators, from Franklin to E. W. Howe, who have sharpened their wits upon contemporary topics and have thereby made their names remarkable. But whereas most of them

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have been prudential and conservative, Mr. Broun is steadfastly provocative and radical, at least as regards ideas. If he is not eminently hospitable to novel methods of expression, this is because he is not eminently interested in them. He writes in the simplest way himself and does not greatly care to dig and to pry for meanings in other writers. Directness of mind and manner is his forte; his distinction arises from the zest with which he hunts new ideas and from the skill with which he puts them to work upon raw materials. He must have many readers who, having come to this or that hasty judgment upon some contemporary topic, discover that Mr. Broun's thinking begins where theirs left off. Unlike the majority of sensible men, who give the impression that they are leading the discussion back to first principles, Mr. Broun gives the impression that he is leading it forward to them. He lifts common sense to that plane on which it is enlightenment. Without doubt it is his good fortune to have flourished in an age when enlightenment is a literary fashion, when conservatism, however powerful, is extraordinarily dull. His prosperity, however, depends less upon his luck than upon his ability to bring a fresh, honest mind to all sorts of current themes. In this he is assisted by his loyalty to newspapers for their own sake. Though he has written novels and has collected some of his sketches within formal covers, he does not give the impression, in his column, of hoarding his words for more permanent refuge elsewhere. Often loose, often diluted, he keeps up an intelligent fire, not too much worried about a future for his arrows if only he can bring down his daily game.

§ 6

The race of columnists, however, are not in too important a degree shaped by the race of newspapers which are their medium. They are town wits, as Addison and Steele were in their merry London, as Irving and Paulding were in the New York of a hundred years ago. Like their elder prototypes, the columnists occasionally forgather in what might once have been called taverns or coffee-houses, or sit each in his favorite haunts with his friends and hangers-on. The things they say, it happens, do not now have to be caught up and spread by the gossip of the listeners. There are the daily columns yawning to be filled with light, gay, personal by-products of such conversations. To the little periodicals in which Addison and Steele, Irving and Paulding published their essays, and which were as sounding-boards to convey their voices beyond their immediate circles, have succeeded the metropolitan newspapers in which the columnists appear, and which may more properly be compared to radio instruments designed to broadcast them over a good part of the continent. The difference in the audiences makes, of course, differences between the periodical essayists and the columnists. And yet by virtue of their essential qualities these column-conductors, closely as they fit their times, continue a tradition which goes back to one of the earliest moments in the history of human fun—the moment when cities began to demand of their wits a more edged, more sophisticated, more varied, and more continuous entertainment than had been demanded among the farms and villages.

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The Wages of Complexity

On Civilization and the Biology of Death

By Glenn Frank

Again and again during the last two years I have discussed in these columns the probable future of Western civilization. I have attempted a sort of running commentary on the current literature of forecast. I have tried to shadow the more important of our contemporary prophets, to eavesdrop their varied fears and hopes, and to chart the grounds of their outlook. I have reviewed in turn predictions of an era of decline, an era of frivolity, and an era of renewal. At least in the touch-and-go fashion that is inseparable from editorials written in the midst of other distracting duties, I have tried to make a decently realistic assessment of the forces of health and the forces of disease in the existing social order of the Western nations.

I have been prompted to these studies by more than a merely professional desire for good copy. My mind has stayed tethered to this question by the conviction that the general problem of the probable ruin or possible renewal of Western civilization is a very personal problem for every man and every woman now living. The Spenglers, the Inges, the Wellses, the Petries, the Ellises, and all the other major and minor prophets of our time are dealing with an issue that concerns the policeman on his beat as intimately as it concerns the philosopher in his library. Whether we are heading into the new dark age of Dean Inge's fear, into the era of frivolity that Mr. Wells predicts, or into the new renaissance of Mr. Orage's confident guess is not merely a nut for academicians to crack; it is a practical issue alike for Main Street and for Wall Street. If you are a business man, you cannot wisely determine your future policies without taking into account the present drift toward disorder and disaster that is apparent throughout Western civilization. The issues of world peace and social coherence are as fundamental to your business plans as are costs of production. If you are an educator, you must reckon with the possibility of an era in which mankind, its mind sodden with despair and its total energies consumed in fighting for the scraps of bread scattered sparsely through the social debris of a falling order, will pay little attention to the claims of mind and spirit. If you are a minister, you must face the possibility of a period of social decline in which mankind will renounce the ethics of a humaner era, and embrace, in its struggle for mere existence, the unqualified code of the jungle. If you are a man of means, looking forward to spending the years of your retirement surrounded by a happy and well supported family, you must shake

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yourself into a realization of the fact that unless mankind effects some fairly sharp turn in human affairs, it is not at all impossible that you may have to spend your declining years in poverty and, as Mr. Wells has suggested, probably perish in some quite miserable fashion, as thousands of just your sort of family have already perished in Austria and Russia.

I have returned to this problem month after month, therefore, because I have felt that we Americans, living a bit outside the main current of world affairs, need to be reminded again and again that the present plight of European civilization and of the entire Western world will sooner or later color and control, down to the most intimate detail, the personal lives of all of us. But an even more personal reason has held me to this issue. During the last five years, in common with thousands of other men here and in Europe, I have had to put up a persistent fight to prevent myself from falling into a purely fatalistic philosophy as I have faced the highly problematic future of Western civilizations which at the moment sees its social fabric disintegrating, its economic machine running down, its political leadership paralyzed or prostituted, its spirit soiled by hatred and harried by fear, its noblest traditions repudiated, and the development of centuries abruptly broken off. The various editorials I have written in this field during the last two years represent, therefore, the diary of one man's attempt to find some valid ground for courage as he faced the possibility of having to live out the rest of his life in the chill and shadow of a disarticulate and despiritualized world.

Normal interest in the intelligent opinion of my time and the habit of following rather closely the generalizations that emerge from the various sciences have made me a fairly careful reader of the literature of despair that has been pouring from our presses in an increasing stream since the war. Month by month I have read grimly detailed forecasts of a new dark age in which all civilized values will disappear and the race be plunged back into the precarious existence of our primitive ancestors without their primitive strength to meet its challenge. Now, a man several years past his majority can read all this with a measure of confidence that, even if the direst of current predictions come true, there will remain, for his lifetime at least, scattered oases of civilization to which he might turn as to cities of refuge or, as Havelock Ellis puts it, "cloisters wherein life would yet be full of joy for men and women determined by their vocation to care only for beauty and knowledge, and so to hand on to a future race the living torch of civilization." But for some time now I have had an uneasy fear that, if all this literature of despair be finally true, my son may, when he is old enough to understand, damn me for having given him life so late that he will be obliged to lay the foundations of his career in the bleak twilight of 1950.

An hour ago I re-read Oswald Spengler's forecast of what he thinks the state of civilization will be like in Western Europe and America by the year 2000. Let me quote its final paragraph.

"States have disappeared," says Mr. Spengler, writing as of the year 2000, "and even history has sunk into slumber. Man has become a simple plant, clinging desperately to the soil

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that bore him. Villages, which belong to no epoch, survive. Peasants bear children and sow their fields. Peoples have become a harried, frugal herd, through whom sweeps, from time to time, the tempest of an imperial *soldatésca*. Here and there remain ancient cities, formerly great metropolises, now vacant receptacles of extinguished souls, where nests a race of human beings without a history. Men live from day to day, contented with a parsimonious and modest felicity. The headless masses are lacerated and crushed under the feet of armies fighting for power and booty. Those who survive fill up the gaps with primitive fecundity, and continue to endure and suffer. Rulers alternately conquer and are conquered. The blind and unquestioning faith of a new religiosity spreads among the masses. Only in souls possessed of that faith is there the ghost of peace."

Richard Grützmacher interprets Spengler as estimating the present period of our civilization in the following terms: "We have already reached the point where we are producing no new tissue in the field of ethical and systematic philosophy, nor shall we be capable of doing so hereafter. Art has reached the end of its creative period. . . . In economics and politics we are now under the domination of democracy or money. We have already reached that transitory epoch between a civilization that is dying and a civilization that is being born, which is marked by wars of extermination, the rise of imperialism, and the eve of Cæsarism."

As I read this I had difficulty in believing that this could ever be true of our American civilization. William Hazlitt began his essay on the feeling of immortality in youth by saying that "No young man believes he shall ever die." Nor does a young civilization. There is a strange passion for persistence in men and in nations—a passion that expresses itself in the desire for longevity and the hunger for immortality. From Ponce de León's quest for the fountain of youth to Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," the Steinach operation, and the grand adventure of gland-grafting, the race has sought for sources of rejuvenation. Men want to live as long as possible in this world, and when death proves inevitable, they want assurance that they will live forever in the next world. When Steinach fails them, they want to feel, with Goethe, that life is the childhood of immortality. But convinced as we are that men must sooner or later die, we have never quite convinced ourselves that civilizations must necessarily die. We have persistently searched for the causes of the decline and fall of the ancient civilizations. We have felt that nations fall because men blunder in their administration. And to-day we are concerned to be forehanded in the face of the threatened decline of our own civilization. The student of world affairs to-day is not a political Job asking, "If a nation dies, will it live again?" He is asking, "Must my nation die at all?"

This was the mood in which I read Spengler's dark forecast. And by happy coincidence I turned to Dr. Raymond Pearl's new book on "The Biology of Death." In this book Dr. Pearl asks and attempts to answer two questions: first, Why does man die? and, second, What can be done to postpone death? Analogy is, I know, the most dangerous method of reason-

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ing, but I cannot avoid the conclusion that this book, dealing the issues of life and death for the individual, throws a searching light on the issues of life and death for civilizations. In short, I think this book on biology is a political and sociological document of singular importance.

To summarize that part of Dr. Pearl's treatise which seems to me to have important social implications, I cannot do better than to quote Mr. H. L. Mencken's extremely clear statement of its main thesis. He says, ". . . death is by no means a biological necessity. The cells that man is made up of are all theoretically immortal. In a suitable medium, properly fed, warmed, and protected against accident, every one of them might go on dividing and subdividing for all eternity. . . . But man always dies. Why? Simply, says Dr. Pearl, because the cells from which he springs, in the course of their multiplication and differentiation to form the various parts of his body, have become so highly interdependent that it is now more and more difficult for some of them to function and keep alive. A brain cell, for example, cannot exist for more than a few moments unless there is a heart cell somewhere pumping food to it and carrying away its excreta. If that service ceases, it will die either of starvation or of auto-intoxication. All the other cells in the enormously complex cell community called the human body are similarly dependent upon the efforts of others for their existence. Most of them must have food of a highly specialized sort; nearly all need heat as well as nourishment; very few have private means of getting rid of their own slops. Thus damage to one group . . . is pretty sure to be followed by damage to other groups, and so the whole machine goes to pieces and the man dies. But not all at once. When the cells which make up the heart muscles cease to function, what we call death ensues instantly, but there are other parts of the body that do not actually die until the parts already dead begin to poison them, or the embalmer douses them with formaldehyde, or the grave worms gobble them. These parts, theoretically, might be kept alive forever. Some of them *have* been kept alive for a dozen years."

This seems to me such a strikingly accurate and suggestive picture of the present status of our Western civilization that I think a copy of Dr. Pearl's treatise should be sent to President Coolidge and to every member of the Senate. If they would only read it and see the point, specially marked copies should be sent to the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and to certain senators who, by their parochialism and demagoguery, have robbed world reconstruction of its biggest potential inspiration and removed the chief moral restraint from the imperialistic purposes and militaristic passions of Europe.

I do not want to belabor the point or ride the analogy too far into the enemy country of details, but I do want to call the attention of our political leadership to the fact that the private ability of any single cell or group of cells to keep alive cannot prevent the death of the human body. Life can be assured only at the price of maintaining a working harmony between all the interdependent cells of the body. No single cell can save even itself by declaring a policy of

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splendid isolation. No dignified senatorial cell can win immortality by trying to avoid entangling alliances with the other cells of the body. Only single celled creatures can entertain the notion of isolation.

Biology thus classifies Senator Lodge and his kind where they belong, as the amœba of politics, strange survivals from a prehistoric era of the lowest form of political intelligence. The nations of the world are to-day as interdependent as the cells of the human body. And in politics as in biology it seems that the wages of complexity is death. Any security that America may attain apart from a reconstructed Europe will be only the security of one healthy cell extracted from a dying body and artificially kept alive in a laboratory. We might achieve *existence* entirely apart from the rest of the world for a brief period, but if we want *life*, rich and full, we must find it in a healthy functioning of all the interdependent nation-cells that make up the body of Western civilization. This is the challenge to our political leadership. A whole nation cannot turn ascetic. The diseases of civilization can cross every ocean, filter through every foreign policy, and overleap every barricade. We must master the perils of interdependence or be mastered by them. Foreign policy is no longer a matter of party politics; it is a matter of life or death.

Haunted House

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Here was a place where none would ever come
For shelter, save as we did from the rain.
We saw no ghost, yet once outside again,
Each wondered why the other should be dumb;
For we had fronted nothing worse than gloom
And ruin, and to our vision it was plain
Where thrift, outshivering fear, had let remain
Some chairs that were like skeletons of home.

There were no trackless footsteps on the floor
Above us, and there were no sounds elsewhere.
But there was more than sound and there was more
Than just an ax that once was in the air
Between us and the chimney, long before
Our time. So townsmen said who found her there.

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Is the World Going Dry?

The Relation of Big Business to Prohibition

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

WHEN the dazzling fact of the eighteenth amendment dawned suddenly upon him, many an ardent prohibitionist must have climbed in fancy upon the peak of that great achievement to spy out the other lands as ripe for conquest.

At this, sophistication laughs heartily, being sure that racial habits are invincible. England without ale, France without wine, Germany without beer! Fair sir, these things be not in nature. Economists, too, or many of them, are equally scornful.

But the wisdom of one generation is the blithesome jest of the next. Ten years ago wisdom was equally sure of the United States, and on grounds as good. These confident deductions that Europe is all walled and moated against prohibition may be all wrong; ominously, European faith in them has been waning of late. Slowly, thoughtful men abroad are coming to see that forces are at work stronger than brewery trusts, stronger even than the ancient habits of races. As such men reflect upon certain manifest conditions now developing in this world, the advertised failure of prohibition in America begins to lose its point. In the way alone important to economic Europe, prohibition has not failed in America, but has eminently succeeded. The only test of prohibition that counts is economic, and Europe is getting ready to own, in ways to cause some astonishment, that under such proving American prohibition stands up well.

We know the eighteenth amendment to the national Constitution, unprecedented in form as in purpose, slid through with a celerity to take one's breath. It was passed by the national Senate August 20, 1917, and by the national House of Representatives December 17 of the same year, whence it went to the state legislatures for ratification. In the next twenty-nine days two of these had adopted it. Only one year and eight days later it had been passed triumphantly by the requisite thirty-six States, and was thus shot at express speed into the Constitution. This was all abnormal; for it was no shadow of precedent.

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What brought this about? For more than forty years a national political party had regularly and with facile argument offered prohibition to us at the polls, and we would have none of it. Not a perceptible dent had it ever made in the electorate. Yet prohibition was on the verge of national adoption. If for once we can wrench our minds away from the question whether prohibition is good or bad, with which we have nothing to do here, this will seem to us one of the strangest facts in American history.

Many editorial and other learned commentators have agreed that the force at work these wonders to perform is to be found in the marvelous organization and audacious methods of the Anti-Saloon League. On examination, the Anti-Saloon League does not appear to be more marvelous or more audacious than a thousand other like associations that have never compassed the like magic. The task was to move the legislators in thirty-six States to vote for a measure that traversed human experience and customs and involved an enactment few of the legislators believed in and still fewer had any purpose to obey. It was a thing harder to conceive than an ale-less Great Britain or a wineless France, and nothing in the Anti-Saloon League seemed likelier to cope with its terms in 1918 than in 1900. Even when we admit the power that lay in the average legislator's fear to be called a "rummy" and all that, the residue is all illogical. Why this sudden easy sweep to victory of an idea before deemed impossible?

It is true enough that some of the States had experimented with statewide prohibition, and might therefore be thought in a mood to extend its blessings across the continent. Southern States had taken it on rather than deal more intelligently with their race problem; certain Northern States had it for reasons that will be apparent as we proceed with these annals. But such sporadic instances could not explain the national overturning.

Evidently, back of these manifestations was at work another power, great, rather subtle, not well defined, working wisely, silently, and irresistibly. What this power was might have been surmised by anybody that noted the part in the movement for national prohibition taken by the largest and most astute employing interests of America. The fact was well known then and came afterward to be widely published that this interest had financed and inspired the campaign for the amendment that other agencies had managed. What in some quarters is equally well known, but has never been published, is that within a few years this same interest has abolished the red-light district in every American city. If this will not open our eyes, we must be blind indeed.

§ 2

The bitter crisis that came upon Great Britain and menaced her life when the World War was six months old was born chiefly of her lack of all things with which nations fight on land. Continental countries had ample stores of munitions and ample machinery to make more. Great Britain had neither. In the appalling emergency that followed, while commanders on the front begged and implored for shells, and there were no shells, the labor of every man that produced anything, and every minute of

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that labor, became of vital importance. Not only of the men that produced shells or rifles, but of every man that produced food, clothes, shoes, coal, or what else; if he were not making shells, he might be making food to feed the shell-makers. Efficiency in production suddenly loomed upon statesmen as the substance of the whole situation. Upon it hung the nation's life. Newspapers and Parliament discussed the conditions that blocked the way to this efficiency, the time of miners between pit-mouth and vein, for instance, the regulations of unions, the need of machinery; but above everything else and at all times stood out the national drink habit as chief enemy to topmost output. Whether statesmanship believed or disbelieved in prohibition as a principle mattered nothing; there were the facts with which the Government had to deal. Working-men whose brains were dulled with beer were inefficient producers. At a time when every second was precious to the national welfare, beer was causing the loss of time that mounted into the equivalent of months. It was largely because of beer that commanders were clamoring in vain for shells, and the western front was often silent for their lack.

Records kept at munition and other factories showed that week after week normal production was never attained before Wednesday. Everywhere the figures for Monday and Tuesday were below the mark; often twenty-two per cent. or even more on Monday, ten per cent. on Tuesday. The reason was that on Monday many workers came to their work still unsettled from their exploits of Saturday night and Sunday with the clinking cannikin; came unsettled, or did not come at all, for the absences on that day were pestilential. Even by Tuesday many had not rebounded to their natural tension. It would be monstrous, of course, to affirm or to suggest that drunkenness was the rule or even common among British workers; but drink was common, and it was drink that worked this havoc.

The noon hour, with its pot of beer and bit of cheese, time out of mind the poor worker's luncheon, was another disaster. Everywhere the first two hours after luncheon were hours of slackened production, at a time when moments were like diamonds and there were no shells for the western front. "Drink in England is Germany's most powerful ally," said the prohibitionists, and there was no gainsaying their indictment. Experiment showed that where men could be induced to pass up the beer at noon there was no complaint about slackened production for the rest of that day.

In this crisis the skill that steered the affairs of the nation was great. Any attempt to abolish beer would be full of peril. In 1915 the working population as a whole had no great zest for the war, anyway; the loss of its beer it would have regarded as an intolerable addition to the troubles it was already bearing. Thus the Government would be raising one of those domestic issues it most wished to avoid. Without tempting this besom of destruction, it met the requirements of the case not by taking beer away from working-men, but by taking alcohol away from beer.

Even this it did without needless advertisement. It did not command the brewers to make an unintoxicating beverage; it merely limited the amount of grain they could have for brewing

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purposes, which the brewers interpreted to mean the same thing. The result was a liquid that looked like beer, foamed like beer, tasted like beer, and had that fine old musty fragrance the poets from old John Still down had been singing about, but had no more lurking demon of iniquity in it than is allowed to us in the mixtures fathered by the famous Volstead Act. It was near-beer; simply that and nothing more.

At this deception, which he instantly discovered, the British working-man uttered a wail of wrath. Government responded first with a threat to take over the whole drink business from hop-stack to bar (see Lloyd George's budget speech of April, 1915), and then with reminders about the grain shortage. Was the nation to go without bread that the working-man might have all the old-time kick in his can? "We must get on with the war," said Government, and made pointless the grumbling it could not stop.

At the same time, with a success ever memorable, it raised production to normalcy and sent first to Sir John French and then to Haig the shells they needed.

The extent to which alcohol dropped out of the national cup is easily shown. On what is called beer in England, and we should call ale if we had any of it, the Government's tax is based upon a "standard" barrel containing eight per cent. of alcohol. After the tax has been paid on this, the brewer can dilute his product as much as he pleases—or dares. The beer as it finally leaves his establishment is recorded in what are called "bulk" barrels. In 1901 the number of "standard" barrels on which tax was paid and the number of "bulk" barrels sent out to be consumed was virtually the same; there was no watering. In 1915, 1,669,000 barrels of water had been added to the "standard" barrels before they were sold to the public; in 1916, the amount of water added was 1,818,000 barrels; in 1917, 3,538,000 barrels; in 1918, 5,269,000 barrels, under which dispensation beer had become about as potent as lemonade.

The restrictions of grain were chiefly responsible for these inundations in the nation's favorite drink. In 1914 the brewers used 52,818,000 bushels of barley and malt; in 1917 they used only 28,664,000 bushels, and in 1918 only 22,265,000 bushels. The nation's consumption of alcohol declined from 92,000,000 gallons in 1913 to 37,000,000 gallons in 1918.

In yet other ways the Government had accelerated this decline. It put spirituous liquors out of the reach of the poor by increasing the tax on such liquors, and it ruthlessly cut down the hours in which public houses (saloons) might be open. In 1909 the internal revenue duty on spirits was $3.68 a proof gallon. In 1918 it had become $7.50 a proof gallon, in 1919 $12.50, and in 1920, $18.12. The duty on wine was raised from thirty cents a gallon to sixty-two cents for wine having less than thirty per cent. of alcohol, and $1.25 for wine of a greater strength. The whisky that formerly cost $1 a bottle now cost $3.50.

The duty on beer was also greatly increased, so that the retail price of a pint was more than doubled. But this had more reference to the needs of increased revenue than to the end of furthering temperance.

Under all these innovations drunkenness almost disappeared from the nation, as may be seen from this table

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covering six years in England and Wales:

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS

Year	*Male*	*Female*
1913	153,112	35,765
1914	146,517	37,311
1915	102,600	33,211
1916	62,946	21,245
1917	34,103	12,307
1918	21,853	7,222

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM

Year	*Male*	*Female*
1913	1,112	719
1914	1,135	680
1915	867	584
1916	620	333
1917	358	222
1918	222	74

In all the United Kingdom the total proceedings for drunkenness were 374,749 in 1913 and only 71,306 in 1918.

Something, though not much, is to be allowed from these figures because in 1918 a million men or more were out of the country. We are to note, also, that in 1919, with the extending of the hours of sale and with the bacchic joys of post-war reunions, the convictions for drunkenness rose to 46,765 for men and 11,183 for women. Yet remains the pregnant fact that for the population at home, 1918 was the year of greatest sobriety the country had ever known, and the foregoing recital shows why it was sober.

It was also the year of the greatest production efficiency. Production kept even pace with sobriety.

The lesson of this demonstration was not lost. In the present stage of our industrial civilization no such lesson could possibly be lost. Production means too much to the world, and what affects production is too profoundly important. The truth is, a force has come upon human society more potent than guns, armies, governments, press, or public opinion. It is this indeterminate and almost incalculable power of production needs. Certain basic products mankind must have; as population increases and distribution becomes more complicated, so the more imperative become these demands; and on the supplying of them rests, not without peril, the whole business superstructure.

§ 3

A strange fact about this huge power is that in an age of apparent publicity it is often unexpressed and seems to have no need of expression. It works out its purposes by a kind of tacit consent, as in Great Britain about the beer. With or without organization, with or without public attention, it goes to its ends because it must do no less. In this case the facts about production and its exigencies were talked about daily in the British Parliament, but nobody said there the beer had been watered to secure clearer heads and greater efficiency among British working-men. Most persons knew it, and few persons talked about it; but Government recognized it so perfectly, if silently, that when the war was over, Government sought to retain the efficiency the war had forced, and to that end has been slowly strangling the liquor traffic.

Not avowedly, of course, but effectively. Before the war public houses might open at five o'clock in the morning and remain open until midnight, or in some places until an hour later. To-day they cannot open until 11:30 A.M. At three o'clock in the afternoon they must close for two hours and

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a half. From half past five they can remain open until 10:30 at night. This means eight and a half hours for the selling of liquor as against nineteen or twenty hours before the war. These are the hours for most of the boroughs of London and elsewhere; in some places the saloons open earlier and close earlier, but have no more of total open time. On Sunday, in most instances, they close at ten P.M.

Formerly, working-men had a habit of stopping at a saloon on their way to work of a morning and drinking a mixture of hot coffee and spirits or hot spirits alone. The new hours cut off that libation. Formerly, many working-men had a habit of sitting late in the saloons, more commonly on Saturday and Sunday nights. Now ten o'clock comes, or 10:30, and the house closes before they have a chance to get much fuddled on a drink that has only four per cent. or less of alcohol. In truth, it is less than half as strong as it used to be.

There remains what was long known in New York as the "growler," a word that must have passed now from the bright American lexicon. I mean drinking at home. This the inordinate taxation on beer tends to discourage. In 1914 the tax on beer (ale) was only $1.83 a standard barrel; by the act of April 1, 1920, it was made $25 a barrel. As to other means of discountenancing this traffic, the Government has lately passed an act forbidding children to go to saloons to buy the family drinks, and is thereby supposed to have frowned once more on the whole liquor business. This was one of Lady Astor's reforms, and is regarded as only a beginning, with more on the fire.

Always the greatest increase in sobriety has been in the industrial regions, where always it is most desired. In one year, from 1921 to 1922, Liverpool's convictions for drunkenness declined fourteen per cent., and Liverpool for this vice was long known as "the black spot of the Mersey." Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bristol, Hull, great industrial centers, rejoice in a similar access of virtue. Ulster, living chiefly on ship-building and linen-spinning, has closed its public houses on Sunday, shortened their hours on other days, and looks but loweringly on what the publican has left. Above all, take note that the two districts in Scotland where absolute prohibition has appeared are coal-mining centers.

"The land of the free—where a man can't get a drink!" was at first a favorite sneer of the complacent Briton as he read of America's draconic remedy for the inefficiency bred by drink. It is a sneer that in these days is fading from British lips. Efficiency is promoted by the taking away of part of the alcohol. Does not that indicate surely the taking away of the rest? And to that question no one has been able so far to frame a really apt negative.

As to the United States again, the course it has followed was at first the trail of the older country; if before long the follower became the leader, we may recall we had less precedent to restrain us. National prohibition began with us as a war-time expedient and was not pretended to be anything else. The nation's utmost producing capacity we needed that we might launch the thousand ships, make the millions of shells, clothe and arm the millions of soldiers with which the war

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was to be won. We could never have production at its best and also have John Barleycorn, and before this iron-visaged fact Barleycorn must go skipping. All the experiments with state-wide prohibition had shown the same finalities. Everywhere production had been stimulated, production costs had been reduced in proportion to the output. It was this revelation that spread the tide from State to State. On December 1, 1917, eight months after we entered the war, President Wilson gave the last-needed touch to the argument by suspending by proclamation the brewing of beer and establishing about coal-mines and munition plants a state of absolute prohibition of all liquor.

When war-time prohibition succeeded, it merely confirmed all this. Every condition of industrial production notably improved wherever the saloon was abolished. Without expense, the yield of mine or factory was enlarged. Employers had the equivalent of an increased force of workers without an increase in the pay-roll. For years augmented production efficiency had been much in the thought of every wise manufacturer. How many "speeding-up" systems, how many well devised plans of premiums and rewards had been proposed, how many strikes they had caused or threatened, memory flags to recall. Now all these ends were achieved by the simple and inexpensive means of throwing out the beer-can. Under such conditions, the beer-can was out to stay out.

The theory of prohibition may be good or bad; it is to the physical fact of prohibition that we chiefly owe the strangely placid economic waters in which we now navigate. At a time of profound agricultural depression all other industry should suffer. Other industry does not suffer now, but does more than usually well because increased production efficiency enables production to stand the strain of raised wage levels.

Foreigners are beginning to note these facts, even if we ignore them. After two years of American prohibition, Mr. G. C. Vyle, a British business man and anti-prohibitionist, came to this country to observe the workings of the new reform. On his return he was quoted as declaring in a speech at Birmingham that seven American working-men with the same plant, same materials, same facilities, would produce more than ten British working-men.

Mr. C. A. McCurdy, member of the British Parliament from Northampton, was lately quoted as saying to the business men of Leeds, England, that the American worker was producing, man for man, three times as much as the British worker, and he gave figures from the shoe industry to enforce his statement. He added that while in Great Britain the average output of coal had declined from 312 tons a year for each miner to 259 tons, the average output in the United States had increased from 400 tons for each miner to 681 tons.

The president of a Pittsburgh manufacturing company was quoted in 1922 as saying:

"Prohibition has been an incalculable economic and moral blessing to millions of our people and to the nation as a whole. There is far less drunkenness and waste of time and money; there is greater steadiness among laborers, more saving of money, better care of homes."

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"Greater steadiness among laborers." He might have stopped there. It told the whole story.

Why important business was of the opinion that prohibition was useful to it may be gathered from the figures that show how increased production efficiency spread its results outward from the basic enterprises.

In the first year of national prohibition the business of the department stores of America increased seventeen per cent., of the chain grocery stores forty-three per cent., of the chain drug stores nineteen per cent., of the chain shoe stores twenty-one per cent., of the chain 5 and 10 cent stores, eighteen per cent. Estimates of the annual increased revenue for the moving-picture business that prohibition has wrought are made in hundreds of millions of dollars.

In 620 savings banks the deposits increased under one year of prohibition by $6,001,750,000 against an increase of $4,509,000,000 the previous year.

The average number of life-insurance policies outstanding in the years 1917 and 1918 was 12,175,000, and in the years 1920 and 1921 it was 17,198,000; the increase in the value of the policies was fifty-five per cent.

These are but samples. All the enterprises I mention are intimately connected with or owned by the most important financial concerns of the country. In view of such facts it seems idle to talk of the economic power of the liquor trade, or even to cite racial habits, as anywhere any barrier to a similar transformation.

§ 4

But the next link in the progression is still more interesting, still more suggestive. In our industrial civilization the international struggle for markets grows every day more intense. Production efficiency is production economy. By exactly how much American prohibition has increased American productive efficiency is still to be put into figures, but we know enough about it to know that it is an increase of momentous importance in the world-wide market arena. Even those that have estimated the gain at thirty per cent. may not be extravagant. One thing that is clear is that it has put America into a position she never before occupied in these contests. For years previous to the war, international distribution was adjusted to a certain well known balance of producing conditions. The admittedly superior intelligence and skill of the American working-man were offset by the high American wage scale; otherwise, American production would have flooded the world. Prohibition in America has dislocated this adjustment. By increasing efficiency it has worked a virtual reduction in the relative American wage scale. This is hardly short of revolution. When we recall that in some of the competing nations, as in Great Britain, production is already jeoparded by taxation, by labor troubles, by the state of exchange, the depression in Europe, and the rapid rise of industrial Japan, we can see that Europe is to be forced to view with attentive eye the new factor in American success.

That this is so, Americans who with impartial minds have lately studied European conditions know well enough. Early in 1923 the Department of Commerce in Washington sent abroad one of its skilled observers to note the state and prospects of European trade. On his return he

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said he had found the master producers in all countries looking with wry faces at the new figures of American production and production costs. It was his conclusion, as it was theirs, that competition would drive Europe in self-defense to adopt prohibition. The only escape from it would be a miracle that would restore the saloon in America, and no imagination can suggest a thing more improbable.

Even where a nation seems not to be directly involved in the market strugglings of the giants, it is affected by their conflicts; it feeds or clothes or in some way attends upon a giant, so that production efficiency is also the heart of its own welfare.

That being the case, we should note next the advance prohibition sentiment seems to be making in Europe. When the British Parliament is in session, hardly a day passes without discussion or mention of the subject, and from hour to hour across the debates grows the shadow of an obvious uneasiness. Like a graveyard whistle sounds now the once confident assurance that Britons never, never will suffer life without beer, while 207 societies in England alone are working for prohibition. A press despatch from Berlin, in August, 1923, revealed the startling activities of prohibition organizations in what would seem, but is not, the least promising field in the world. It is, in fact, yet to be determined that the German taste for beer is stronger than the German astuteness about the world struggle. So far, at least, the prohibitionists have been making notable gains. It appears that one of their most persistent employments relates to the schools, where pupils are diligently taught the effect of alcoholic beverages upon productive capacity. In France and Italy there would seem small chance for such propaganda; for France is not yet conspicuously an industrial country, and her agricultural interests, as Italy's, are largely bound up with viticulture. Yet even in France and Italy prohibition movements are forming, and industrialists in both countries are said to perceive what impends. An interesting development of the situation is the fact that France has been compelled to seek from countries that have adopted prohibition commercial concessions to admit French wines.

Norway is such a country, having prohibition in full swing. In Sweden it was defeated in a national referendum by only thirty thousand votes, and those that recall the history of prohibition in America will understand what that means. All Denmark outside of Copenhagen seems to be in favor of it. The Austrian Government is committed to it. Switzerland increasingly debates it. Czechoslovakia and Poland have adopted local option. Belgium has prohibited the sale of spirituous liquors. In Italy many saloons are now closed at ten o'clock on five nights of the week, and absolutely from noon on Saturday until 10 A.M. Monday. Italian grape-growers are studying other uses for grapes than to make wine. Japan prohibits the sale of liquors to persons under twenty-one years of age.

Such are the present aspects of the prohibitionist's dream. While he is urging his favorite reform as the moral salvation of the world, economic pressure, which bothers little about morals, but has greater power, is for quite other reasons driving forward the prohibitionist's idea of automatic virtue.

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The Dancing-Girl from Pieng-an

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

Drawings by Ray Coyle

In a rare spring morning, at a date when San Francisco's Chinatown was still a thing of squalid beauty, Yat Chew, taking down the crimson shutters of his father's fruit-stall, found his interest in his daily routine agreeably diverted. To tell you that this diversion had to do with a woman would at once intrigue and trick you, especially if you had ever glimpsed Yat Chew; for he was a well-favored youth, and your imagination would go out half-way to match his masculine comeliness with equal feminine charms.

To find his interest centered on such a woman as Shoo Shee, then, would be a trifle baffling. What was there arresting to Yat Chew in the spectacle of a noseless old crone sitting upon an inverted tea-chest, in a somber doorway, puffing nonchalantly at a cigarette? Could it be the remnants of a vanished grace, which clung to the shrunken figure, or the extraordinary insolence of her assumed indifference to life, or the competent way in which she blew clouds of smoke through the two holes in her face? Or was it merely the fact that idleness on Shoo Shee's part implied an unfathomable degree of roguery? Yat Chew, arranging the mandarin oranges and plates of betel-nut in alternate rows, decided it was all these things, and more. Who of all the doubtful ladies within his ken could compete with Shoo Shee in the matter of evoking a longing for piquant digressions from propriety?

He remembered well the first day he had seen her. His father, with a zeal for inculcating virtue, had pointed her out, saying,

"Behold the fruits of iniquity."

But as a horrible example Shoo Shee had failed utterly. Her lack of both beauty and a nose had snared Yat Chew's interest rather than his disgust. He asked pointed questions, which his father answered with a far too admirable discretion. Who was this noseless female, where did she come from, and what was her calling? Her name and birthplace were things of simplicity and directness, *but her calling!* How was it possible for a prudent and venerable man properly to explain such a delicate circumstance to his son? To say that Shoo Shee was a duenna was quite beside the mark; that smacked too fulsomely of propriety. On the other hand, the term at the opposite end of the social scale was too baldly expressive. It was necessary to flutter midway be-

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tween these designations to impart the delicate and ripe flavor of Shoo Shee's profession. And even then there were personal qualities that escaped definition.

In the course of his knowledge of Shoo Shee, Yat Chew had known her to sit, as she sat this gilded morning, some half score of times in the dingy doorway and always with the same air of complete detachment. He had heard it rumored that she planted herself thus, in the path of an ebbing and flowing street-tide, as a testimonial to the fact that she was momentarily without a master. Whatever her object, he had observed that she rarely tarried long. A half-day usually sufficed for a public exhibition of her idleness. During that time she stood a veritable rock in a swirl of men that came and went without the strength to dislodge her. What magic finally swept her away was problematical. It might have been money or a sinister persuasion or mere caprice, singly or in combination, which decided her capitulation, for, if one could trust rumor, Shoo Shee was capable of any prudence or any folly. At all events, every successive appearance served to deepen her unholy fascination. Yat Chew, prosaically tending his open-air bazaar, under the watchful eye of his father, would feel in consequence of Shoo Shee's presence delightful and terrifying yearnings toward adventure. He looked forward to the day when he might be in a position to bid for Shoo Shee's services, though in what connection he was not too precise to determine.

On this certain dew-starred morning in April the Fates seemed more than usually propitious for the accomplishment of the first step in his desires. His father had been detained at home in a domestic emergency; Shoo Shee had been early to her post, and the knowledge of her presence had not yet turned the stream of masculine traffic in her direction. So much assured, what was the best avenue of approach? By a curious trick of irony a fragment of wisdom from his father served his turn. "A man bearing gifts is doubly welcome!"

There remained, then, the precise expression of this maxim. Would Shoo Shee find a box of shaved cocoanut dipped in sugar to her taste? Or would lichi-nuts suitably dried be better? Even as he pondered so momentous a question his glance traveled toward Shoo Shee, with her leg dangling at a rakish angle, topped by its flapping slipper of straw. She was rolling a cigarette between her crackled fingers. At once an inspiration seized him; he hunted in an obscure corner of the cigarette cabinet and brought forth a fly-specked package. When or how or why a package of perfumed cigarettes with gold tips had found their way into his father's stock had never been determined, but is there necessity for inquiring too closely into divine accidents? Yat Chew at this particular moment was not concerned with origins; he was young enough to take without question what the gods provided. But he was also young enough to be eager to cut an appropriate figure. And somewhere in his make-up was an instinctive sense of fitness.

So delicate a gift as he purposed was quite at odds with its shop-worn covering. He searched about for an appropriate container. In the end he decided upon something quite daring. He took down a little red lacquer box

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in which his father kept miraculous lozenges for the throat, and, dumping out its contents unceremoniously upon the shallow counter, he refilled it slowly, carefully, with the twelve gold-tipped delights that were to be Shoo Shee's portion. Having tied the lid securely with a black-silk cord ravished from a fan, Yat Chew shook his ample sleeves down over his slender hands and crossed the street.

"Flattery," Yat Chew had often heard his father say, "is the keyhole to success."

Yet in the presence of Shoo Shee even so admirable an admonition seemed without profit. A close contact did nothing to improve his capacity for extravagant speech. But Yat Chew was too keyed to adventure to be totally cast down, so he began with as much grace as he could muster:

"O ripening plum-branch of midsummer, why must you sit here devising your own delights when so humble a servant as I has that which will give you pleasure without labor?"

She gave a toothless smile, displaying black gums, and he threw the box of red lacquer into her lap.

"What nonsense have we here?" she mumbled, loosening the silk cord.

He drew back a little, watching the greedy curve of her mouth as she held up one of the cigarettes for critical inspection.

"Who are you," she demanded, "who come thus, bearing gaudy pleasures to such a plucked old goose as myself? Do you know how many summers have sped by since any gallant has seen fit to provide me with like vanities? Come, you cannot fool so seasoned a fowl. What purpose is behind so much pretense?"

She frowned darkly, but he saw that she was shaken with satisfaction, and he replied truthfully:

"There is no purpose, save to know and speak to wisdom. Shoo Shee is not a name to pass by with indifference."

She struck a match upon the sole of her upturned slipper and put the gilded cigarette between her shriveled gums. "You have the gift of pretty speech, for so young a cock-sparrow,"—she beamed,—"but I am accustomed to more telling persuasions. Come, how much money is behind all this cajolery?"

"Money?" he echoed, missing her intent.

"Yes; you are not so young as to imagine that love dances to no piping. I know a dozen twittering fledglings who would delight in the merest flutter of your eyelid, yet they are not without their price. And having captured them, you will still have their keeper to reckon with. I have my price also."

She gave a villainous chuckle, cocking her head sidewise, as she swept him with a lashless glance.

"Only yesterday," she went on, "the great Wo Lung came to me and said: 'Shoo Shee, what can you provide me in the way of novelty? I am sick of all these Cantonese wrens, as drab as a morning in November.' And I answered, by way of whetting the good man's interest, 'What do you say to a dancing-girl from Pieng-an?' But he remained lukewarm, replying: 'That is a little far removed from my fancy. Still, if you can arrange a meeting, why—' But at this I cut him short. 'If you cannot trust my judgment, Wo Lung, let us say no more about it. But I can tell you this: five thousand dollars would be

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half as much as she is worth. And I would demand an equal sum for guarding her. There are too many greedy owls abroad, seeking for just such a nightingale as she.' At this he pretended indifference, yet he answered: 'Make the sum three thousand, and I will chance it. As for your guardianship, I have a worthy woman now who can keep the doors to a dozen cages securely fastened if need be.' 'As you wish,' replied I, 'but now you know my terms, suppose you either meet them or go your way.' And at that he departed. But wait until he sees me here, sitting in the market-place with my wares. If I cannot bring him to my price by midday, why, I shall quit my profession or hire myself out to another." She threw back her head in a burst of obscene laughter. "What do you bid for my services—a penny or a bag of gold, little bearer of trifles to the aged?"

Yat Chew blushed furiously, but he was not to be caught unawares, so he replied with a curling smile that might have spelled either confidence or derision:

"I have already staked my fortune." He pointed to the box of red lacquer in her lap. "There it lies."

"A noseless old crone"

A flicker of admiration gleamed from old Shoo Shee at his ability to meet her banter half-way. She replaced the lid of the lacquered box, twisting the silken cord into place with her stiff fingers.

"Good!" she cried with assumed solemnity. "I shall remember that when old Wo Lung comes my way this morning. At least there is one man who covets my services."

Yat Chew let the faint shadow of a sigh escape him.

"Yes, but to very little purpose. What need has any man of Shoo Shee if he lacks both the cage and the linnet?"

She took the cigarette momentarily from her mouth, dismissing him with a disdainful wave of her shriveled hand.

"Well, as to that," she answered, "one thing has been known to lead to another."

He returned to his stall to find his father in sour attendance.

"Is it thus, in my absence, that you ally yourself with corruption?" asked the old man, bitingly.

"I am not one to inquire into the morals of a customer!" replied the youth, tossing a piece of silver grandly into the till.

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His father narrowed his eyes, but retired to his bamboo stool with a grunt of satisfaction. Yat Chew took out a pink-and-green platter and piled sugared limes in a pyramid upon it.

"A dancing-girl!" he muttered, and at once the air seemed full of twinkling feet. Presently he turned to his father. "What can you tell me about Pieng-an? Is it a province or a city or a mere fancy?"

"It is a place that cannot concern you," answered the old man, with stinging composure.

"A prudent and venerable man"

Yat Chew gave his immaculate parent a sidelong glance. What delectable memories lay back of so decisive an evasion? *A dancing-girl from Pieng-an.* The phrase hammered itself into Yat Chew's brain, gaining force as usual from his father's obvious discretion. At this point a customer intruded, a full-blooded male with a suspicious taste in candied melon-rind and sugared strips of ginger. Ordinarily, this would have meant nothing, but now Yat Chew smiled knowingly to himself, and he said in an undertone:

"Is the lady by any chance from Pieng-an?"

The man started back darkly.

"Do you take me for a Korean dog?" he muttered between his teeth.

Korean! At least he had learned one of the secrets of Pieng-an! No wonder the conservative Wo Lung had demurred. A little far removed from his fancy. Naturally! But youth was not so prejudiced. *A dancing-girl from Pieng-an!* There was something pungent in the mere anticipation.

As for Shoo Shee, the stream of males was already trickling toward her, not either to her profit or theirs, it seemed to Yat Chew. His father dozed in the genial sunlight, so that Yat Chew's interest in the other side of the street grew more and more unveiled. Toward noon, the ponderous Wo Lung came, greasy and loose-lipped, followed at a discreet distance by his two gunmen. At this point, Yat Chew's father, waking from a final doze, rose and went home. Unhampered now by so much as a drowsing presence, Yat Chew watched the duel between Shoo Shee and her grudging patron with despairing interest. What would the outcome profit him in any event? A stripling of the fruit-stalls could not even touch vicariously a circumstance with-

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in the reach of so opulent a merchant as Wo Lung.

Even in pantomime the procedure proved a marvel of indirection. For the most part Shoo Shee smoked in silence while the worthy Wo Lung delivered himself of a gestureless harangue. In the end Shoo Shee shrugged, blowing two insolent clouds of smoke through the holes in her face, and Wo Lung, in an obviously apoplectic calm, turned on his flapping heels, and left. Shoo Shee gathered herself together with a certain senile grace and picked her way across the street. Yat Chew's pulses quickened. He met her at the curb.

"Master, I salute you!" Shoo Shee said demurely, bending her warped back still farther.

Yat Chew stiffened with the distaste of youth for mockery.

"Why must you single me out for your shafts of derision?" he asked coldly.

"Derision?" she echoed. "Did we not make a bargain this morning? Well, the estimable Wo Lung has not met my figure."

"But certainly there were others."

"They were not to my taste."

"But I have no money."

"You said as much this morning."

"I have no lady for you to guard."

"Is that without remedy?"

"I have no room in which to lodge you."

"Are there no lodgings for rent?"

"You cannot be serious."

"No? Well, as to that, let me tell you one thing. When to-night you put up the shutters of your stall, see to it that you are ready to receive me. For Shoo Shee is not accustomed to trifling. Do you imagine that I pick you out of half a hundred bidders for my services for the purpose of being waved aside?" She withdrew the red lacquered box from her ample sleeve. "This," she said, "is a testimony between us. If so likely a gallant as *you* cannot play a game of chance, why, then things have come to a pretty pass."

Yat Chew drew himself up proudly.

"I but warned you," he said. "Since you know every term of the bargain, there remains nothing but to close it."

"That," replied she, "is more like it. At what time do you put up the shutters of your stall?"

"At ten o'clock," he answered, bowing.

"Good! I shall be here at that hour."

She left without another word. He watched her melt into the writhing crowd. Could it be that she *was* serious?

In spite of his youth and the buoyant spring day and the prospect of a rare adventure, Yat Chew fell to shivering with apprehension. Shoo Shee was laughing at him; of that he felt certain. But her laughter was of no great moment; what he feared was the laughter of the market-place when the tale became a byword of the gambling-clubs. For the conviction grew that Shoo Shee would have the courage of her sportiveness, and cover him with confusion by presenting herself in all solemnity at the appointed hour. Even now he could hear the covert merriment of the crowds that would pass his stall, whispering as they went:

"Look you, there he stands! That is the famous Yat Chew, who thought to buy the services of the great Shoo Shee with a dozen gilded cigarettes.

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And fancy! He had naught for her to guard and not even a shelter for her head! Truly his wits must be either dulled or addled!"

But, withal, there were moments when Yat Chew felt a ruffling satisfaction at having been singled out for so much as the ridicule of Shoo Shee. To have snared even a questionable interest was something. If he could turn the old trot's barbs back upon herself, he felt that his fortune would be mysteriously made. He was soaring aloft on some such mood when a voice broke in upon his flight; he looked up, to find a thin-visaged, sardonic-looking person standing before him.

"I am searching," said the man, "for a noseless old crone named Shoo Shee. I have been told that she is to be found somewhere in this neighborhood."

"Only this morning," Yat Chew replied, "she sat opposite this very stall upon an empty tea-chest; but having accomplished her purpose, she left within the hour."

"You mean that she had secured a new master?"

Yat Chew smiled inwardly.

"If you can trust her own report."

"Did you learn his name?"

A fantastic whim seized Yat Chew.

"Assuredly. Her new master proves to be none other than myself."

The stranger drew back.

"*You!*" he cried.

Yat Chew felt ruffled.

"Well, and why not?"

Instead of replying, the man gave a stiff bow. Yat Chew, mollified at this silent flattery, went on, saying:

"I do not wonder you are surprised. The truth is, my good fortune has taken me quite unawares." He gave a nonchalant laugh. "In fact, I am so surprised that at this moment I find myself without even quarters for my new condition."

"Well," broke in the stranger, with a cold smile, "I should say that this is a meeting fortunate for us both. My purpose in seeing Shoo Shee had to do with the letting of a lodging."

Yat Chew rallied before this unexpected circumstance with a burst of fine disdain.

"You must understand at once," he demurred, "that my desire is not just for *any* lodging. That I wish for something suitable goes without saying."

The stranger shrugged.

"I am ready to guarantee the finest chambers this side of Canton."

"But the difficulty is," explained Yat Chew, falling back upon the next defense, "that I must have immediate possession."

"Nothing could be easier," his new and disturbingly obliging friend returned. "I leave the city within the hour."

"But can you not see," Yat Chew protested, "that an hour provides scant time for inspection? It would be impossible for me to leave my stall unattended at this moment."

The stranger remained unruffled.

"As to that, it will be necessary only for me to describe the delights of these lodgings of mine. To begin with, the rooms are three in number. They set well back from the street, so you may be unafraid of intrusion. The main room is lofty, hung with dull green satin, embroidered in gold thread. The furniture is ebony cunningly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There are porcelains, of course, but of these I shall say nothing beyond the

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fact that even a barbarian would realize their worth. Shall I go into further details?"

Yat Chew put up a protesting hand, at the same time wondering how to extricate himself with dignity.

"You might name your price."

The other mentioned a staggering sum, and Yat Chew replied calmly:

"Your terms are almost suspiciously reasonable, my good sir. Yet how can even such a trifling sum be placed at your disposal within a short hour?"

"That," said the man, warmly, "is of not the slightest importance."

"Do you mean," gasped Yat Chew, "that you would leave a stranger in possession of your lodgings, to say nothing of their treasures, without any guaranty of good faith? What do you know about either my integrity or my resources?"

The stranger gave a sweeping bow.

"Your integrity shines through your countenance, and as for your resources, a man who can command the services of Shoo Shee needs no other report."

Yat Chew returned the bow. His last defense was gone, and with the composure of a man facing the inevitable, he replied:

"As you please. Since you are determined to be incautious, let us say no more."

The stranger drew a key from his pocket and placed it in Yat Chew's palm.

"This seals the bargain. If you will give me your name, I shall instruct you later how to reach me. It is unfortunate for me that I must be off so soon. If such was not the case, I should take profound pleasure in welcoming you to your new quarters; for I am curious to glimpse the bird of bright plumage which the good Shoo Shee has this time in her keeping. The choice of youth always intrigues my interest. Did you say she was a Cantonese lily?"

Yat Chew shook his head.

"A dancing-girl from Pieng-an."

The stranger moistened his lips.

"I see I am in the presence of a connoisseur," he returned, bowing again.

But this time Yat Chew remained in an attitude of lofty and unbending condescension.

With the departure of his questionable benefactor, Yat Chew shivered in sudden panic. The name which the man had left was not reassuring. What person living had not heard of Yee Sing, gambler, gunman, rake? Shoo Shee was a simple matter compared to this fresh complication. It was easy to say, "Return the key with any explanation that seems fitting." That might serve among pot-bellied tradesmen, but men who had dashing codes and spitting weapons to enforce them were quite another matter. Yat Chew knew enough of life to guess that one did not trifle with such as Yee Sing. And hard upon the heels of this realization came the breath of rumor, set in motion with incredible swiftness, rendering the position of Yat Chew more and more inevitable and precarious. Suddenly the sereneness of the April afternoon was tremulous with lascivious tattle. Could it be true that Yat Chew, a mere fruit-stall tender, had bargained with Shoo Shee for a certain lady of superlative talents and hired the chambers of the intrepid Yee Sing as well?

The gossip came even to the ears of Yat Chew's venerable and irreproachable parent.

"What nonsense is all this?" he demanded.

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Yat Chew rose to the occasion upon the wings of a desperate courage.

"Am I a child, that one can believe me incapable of hazard?" he threw back loftily.

His father's only answer was a devastating grunt.

So the afternoon wore on, with rumors darting and swirling like vagrant leaves, until the night fell, and the hour for putting up the red shutters of the fruit-stalls drew close.

"What if Shoo Shee does not come?" thought Yat Chew. He was divided between relief and disappointment at the possibility of her failure to appear. There was something thrilling in the anticipation of leading her in triumph to the satin-lined chambers of Yee Sing.

He had about given up hope when he saw her climbing the hill. His father was dozing upon his seat of bamboo. She came close, and the old man awoke with a start.

Yat Chew's heart was pounding, but he drew himself up to his full height.

"It is well you came within the appointed time, Shoo Shee," he said severely, "for if there is one thing above all else that I will not tolerate, it is tardiness in those who serve me."

She gave him a glance, behind which hid a thousand merriments, and she answered with proper humility:

"Have I not trotted all the way to be beforehand? Indeed, your temper is known to every one. It is said"—and here she made an obeisance to the old man, who had risen—"that in this you resemble your illustrious father!"

"I hope," said Yat Chew, also making a reverance, "that my inherited virtues do not stop there."

"Nay," replied Shoo Shee; "if we may believe all we hear, in his day he had as discriminating an eye for beauty as a certain young man whom I have now the honor to serve."

The old man stared, speechless, midway between incredulity and a dazed satisfaction. Yat Chew, seizing the moment as propitious for departure, announced grandly to Shoo Shee:

"Doubtless you have heard of my good fortune. I have at great pains and expense been able to succeed to the lodgings of Yee Sing. Be good enough to follow me thither, at a discreet and respectful distance."

For a moment Shoo Shee's eyes were lit with a veiled surprise, but, recovering herself, she answered mockingly:

"Shall I not go and fetch the lady first?"

"You will do as I command you!" replied Yat Chew, glowering down from his assumed dignity. Without another word he swept from the presence of his mutely amazed father, followed by the bent figure of Shoo Shee.

After the dank, slippery stairway leading toward the chambers of Yee Sing, their green-and-gold splendor was overwhelming. And, as if this were not enough, every domestic detail was in readiness, as if bargained for in advance. Smoked ducks, flattened to a genteel nicety, hung against the kitchen wall; a tray of soy-bean cakes lay upon the table; and freshly sprinkled shoots of wild mustard drained into the sink. A distinct, yet subtle, perfume hung over everything—the perfume of a gaudy presence that within the half-day had flitted through the somber gloom like a

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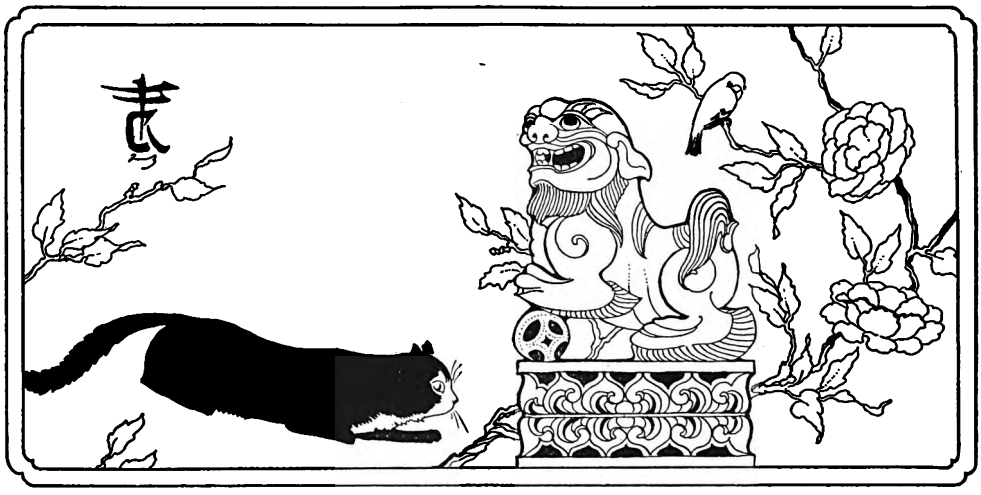

flashing bird in a jungle. A rouge-pot, opened, was before the mirror, and in a little box near it reposed every other aid to beauty, which is a woman's perogative. Something profoundly moving and melancholy settled down upon Yat Chew; he was filled with faint, but disturbed, longings. Shoo Shee cast an incurious glance over everything, and announced emphatically:

"The worthy Yee Sing must have pressing reasons for fleeing such magnificence. Who, I wonder, among the gallants is polishing his gun to no purpose, with the game escaped?"

Her words recalled Yat Chew from his soft musings; the air grew suddenly thick with intrigue. He threw himself upon an ebony divan pillowed with cushions of bright blue shot with yellow. Shoo Shee arranged his water-pipe and tea-cups, shaped like morning-glories, on a low stool before him.

"Illustrious Yat Chew," she purred between her evil gums, "there is but one thing lacking. Is it your supreme pleasure that I provide you with this missing delight?"

He reached for the pipe with leisurely dignity.

"What price did you name?" he inquired innocently. "I have no memory for such trifles."

She bowed lower to hide the smile of amusement cracking her shriveled face.

"Five thousand dollars if you are prompt; otherwise—" She finished by touching her head upon the floor.

He blew reflective smoke rings upward.

"I am not one to act hastily," he protested. "Besides, she has never been described. A dancing-girl from Pieng-an means nothing to me."

Shoo Shee lifted her wizened haunches and stretched herself into an easy attitude before him.

"Ah!" she cried, "this dancing-girl from Pieng-an! If you had but seen her! Slender and straight, like a tender shoot of bamboo. Her eyes are two moonstone pools, and her lips are as red as the silken tassel on a mandarin's cap. When she walks, there is a rustle like the south wind, and countless perfumes fill the air. Give her a fan, and she will divert you

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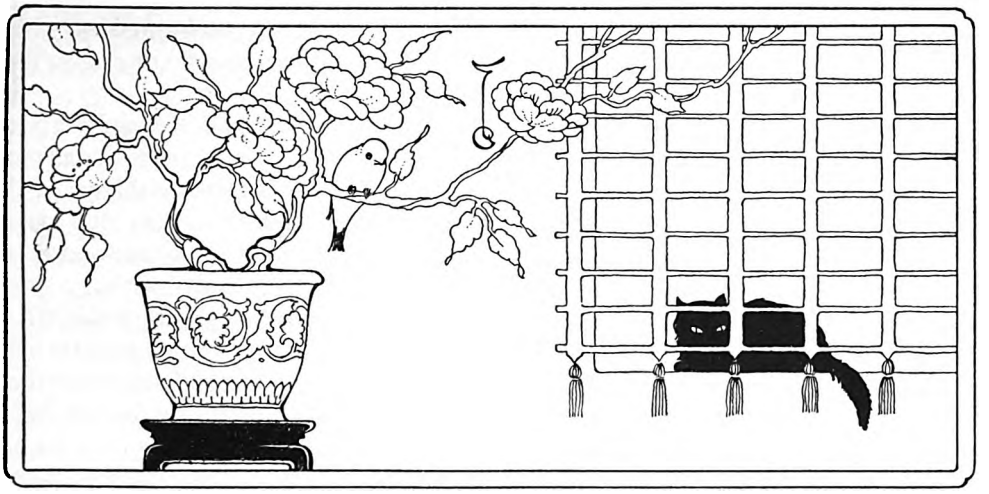

with a thousand gestures, or, lacking so much as this trifle, she has fifty postures for your edification. She can dart like a swallow in swift flight or rest with the grace of a caged dove. She can even sing, and upon a two-stringed instrument she can beguile you from any grief. Can I say more?"

Yat Chew leaned dreamily forward as if to catch a glimpse of some shadowy and passing presence.

"If I could but see her!" he breathed. "Is it not possible, O worthy tender of nightingales, to bring her to me, that I might ponder her worth? I am not Wo Lung, to whom a money-bag or two means naught."

"Nay!" cried Shoo Shee in sudden and vehement scorn, "but, like that greasy-browed son of evil, you are a shopkeeper! And were I a goodly youth like you, I should say, 'Shoo Shee, bring her to me, and if I like, I shall have her for whatever I will. But if she falls by one eyelash beneath your description, you shall hear from me.' It is thus that gallants talk."

A smoldering flame of anger darted from Yat Chew's eyes.

"Was I a gallant when I won thy services, thou shriveled hag? And hired I these rooms at the pistol's point? Nay, as a shopkeeper I came by them, and as a shopkeeper I shall win this dancing-girl of Pieng-an if she please me. Now fetch her here within a half-hour or thy old bones shall suffer!"

Shoo Shee concealed her smile beneath a cupped hand. She rose, tottering unsteadily.

"As you will, illustrious master," she answered. And saying this, she withdrew.

Yat Chew leaned back upon the blue and yellow cushions, closing his eyes. He wondered whether he would wake presently to find that he had been dreaming; in a half-truce with consciousness he lay without moving while a vagrant figure with eyes like two moonstone pools and lips as red as the silken tassel on a mandarin's cap made a thousand gestures with a fan.

He was roused by a violent knocking at the wicket.

"Surely this cannot be Shoo Shee!" he muttered, a swift fear clutching him. He rose and peered out upon

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two shadowy forms, standing with averted faces.

"Is Yat Chew within?" he heard one say in answer to his query.

"He stands before you," he cried boldly, in spite of his beating heart.

"That is well," replied the speaker. "Our master, Wo Lung, waits below. He would speak with you."

"Let him come up," answered Yat Chew, releasing the latch.

He heard the asthmatic wheezing of Wo Lung drifting up the dank corridor. Presently there was a soft stumble and a smothered exclamation. Yat Chew crept to the head of the stairs.

"Is there anything amiss?" he called out cautiously.

He heard the stifled voice of old Wo Lung float toward him.

"Naught save this abominable stairway." There was another stumbling sound, and, putting out his hand, Yat Chew drew Wo Lung's ponderous bulk upward to the landing.

"One would think," cried the old man, "that these steps had been designed for the undoing of enemies instead of for the welcome of a friend."

Yat Chew bowed low.

"That," replied he, "is as the gods shall shape it." He raised his form to catch a glimmer of fear in the two puffy eyes twinkling in the gas-light, and at once these words that had been naught save idle banter became flecked with prophecy. He concealed his slight start of realization in a sweeping gesture of greeting.

The great Wo Lung moved haughtily past him, followed by his two faithful and sinister gunmen.

"I am a man of affairs," began the great Wo Lung, without even the grace to seat himself, "and I have scant time to waste on preliminaries. No doubt you have guessed the reason for this errand."

Yat Chew, dropping languidly upon his yellow cushions, drew a silken coverlet about his shapely thighs. He inclined his head toward the two guards standing at the back and a little to one side of their master.

"Does a man bring gunpowder to a love-feast?" he parried significantly.

Wo Lung met the challenge squarely.

"You may retire to the threshold," he commanded, turning to his henchmen. They moved swiftly away.

"Does peace keep violence within ear-shot?" Yat Chew again threw out, with gathering insolence. He saw a flicker of indecision on Wo Lung's pasty face, and he went on with a sneer: "Truly, for a man of courage, you take unseemly precautions. You are like a fox-hunter turning your pack upon a hutch-bred hare."

Wo Lung took in a dull breath.

"Wait below!" he called out thickly.

The echoes of four stealthy feet, slipping down into the street, broke a profound stillness. Wo Lung continued to stand.

"Were I not a patient and generous man," he began, "I should scarcely waste my time upon such an errand as I find myself on to-night. And were you older, I should let your own imprudence undo you. Since when has it become the fashion for a stripling of the fruit-stalls to cross swords with prestige and authority? If you think to make me the laughing-stock of the gambling-clubs, you have missed your mark. I am a man of peace, but I have facilities for conflict, as any fool might guess."

Yat Chew smiled blandly.

"They wait below, do they not?"

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Wo Lung smiled as he made answer:

"Precisely. Yet I shall not recourse to violence until I must. What is your price?"

"My price?" echoed Yat Chew, with maddening incredulity. "I am not aware that I have anything for sale."

A note of livid anger passed over Wo Lung.

"You have a dancing-girl from Pieng-an, if report speaks truly."

"Ah! So! You have been misinformed, my worthy Wo Lung!"

"You mean that this dancing-girl from Pieng-an is—"

"I mean she is not for sale. Still, since you have put yourself to so much trouble, it might be interesting to learn what you think this bird of passage is worth. A man of prudence will always give ear to a proper offer, even though he does not invite it."

"This morning," replied Wo Lung, "her price was five thousand dollars. I am willing to match that and five hundred more."

Yat Chew drew back, affronted.

"Oh, my good sir, what can you think of me! For so scant an advantage to give up this creature who is trained to divert a man with a thousand gestures of the fan?"

Wo Lung frowned.

"Well, twice five hundred, then."

"A thousand extra for a maiden who knows fifty edifying postures! Incredible!"

"Fifteen hundred."

"But, illustrious sire, you do not understand. This bird of paradise can even sing, and upon a two-stringed instrument she can beguile you from any grief."

"Two thousand."

"Ah, assuredly you do not know her qualities. When she walks there is a rustle like the south wind, and countless perfumes fill the air!"

Wo Lung remained darkly silent.

"She is slender and straight like a tender shoot of bamboo. Her eyes are two moonstone pools, and her lips are as red as the silken tassel on a mandarin's cap."

Wo Lung's lips moved heavily.

"Two thousand, five hundred," he breathed.

Yat Chew stood up.

"Double the figure, and she is yours!"

"Do you fancy me mad?" cried Wo Lung, his fat hands twitching at his sides. "Remember, money is not my only resource."

Yat Chew drew back as if to give his words a better aim. "Think you," he sneered, "that a man who is the friend of so valiant a gunman as Yee Sing is altogether defenseless?"

A sudden pallor blanched Wo Lung's cheeks; the noise of pattering feet drifted through the wicket. The old man stiffened like one trapped.

"Pray do not alarm yourself," said Yat Chew. "'T is Shoo Shee returning with the lady in question."

At that the door opened, and Shoo Shee stepped inside, followed by the dancing-girl of Pieng-an. The four stood in a tense moment of surprised silence, and presently the dry voice of Wo Lung broke the stillness.

"Doubled!" he cried.

Yat Chew put his hand to his eyes, for at that moment he felt the green and gold walls whirling about him.

When he opened his eyes again, the dancing-girl from Pieng-an was drooping at his feet like a lily at the noonday glance of the sun. In her hair a wreath of silken flowers was held in place by pins of gold cunningly inlaid

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with kingfisher feathers. Her jacket was blue, matching the frozen azure of her ornaments, and her glistening trousers faded from lavender to silver.

He bent down and lifted her up.

"O beautiful one!" he breathed.

She hid her face in a silken kerchief of apple-green.

"And thou, too," she murmured.

At this the voice of Wo Lung came drifting toward them like a cold vapor from the rice-fields.

"Yat Chew, will you count that which I have laid upon your table? I am impatient to be gone and take this daughter of ten thousand delights with me."

The dancing-girl from Pieng-an touched her forehead to the ground as she clung trembling to Yat Chew's ankles. He had an impulse to lift her tenderly again, but the greasy smile of Wo Lung steeled him to a cruel discretion. He stepped violently out of his gentle imprisonment, thrusting her farther aside with a contemptuous foot. She lay prone and quivering. Yat Chew walked over to the table: a roll of crisp bank-notes rustled upon it, and Wo Lung was fastening a depleted pouch upon his silken girdle. Yat Chew counted out the money with a cold curve of his lip, but he could feel his hands trembling.

"Ten thousand!" he cried mirthlessly. "For double the price you could not match her! Nay, not in the whole world!"

The heavy jowls of Wo Lung became taut with satisfaction.

"It was you who set the price!" he observed drily.

The figure of Shoo Shee thrust itself between them.

"Remember," she said, "I go with the lady, and I have my price, too."

Wo Lung bent obesely forward in acknowledgment.

"You have but to name it, O purveyor of indescribable sweetmeats," he drooled. "Only make haste, and follow me. What I have paid for awaits delivery."

Yat Chew divided the sheaf of bank-notes into two exact piles. He handed one to Shoo Shee.

"The score is settled between us, is it not, little mother of tranquillity?"

She gave him a covetous glance as he thrust the remaining plunder in the lining of his jacket. Yet her voice was bland, as the voice of one who had been outwitted fairly, as she said:

"Did you fancy that Shoo Shee was one to deny a bargain?"

Wo Lung stirred with sluggish impatience.

"Is further delay necessary?" he demanded. "I would depart at once, taking with me what I have purchased."

Shoo Shee roused the prostrate form upon the floor with a vicious prod; the dancing-girl from Pieng-an rose, weeping. Yat Chew stood upright, clenching his fist. Wo Lung made a movement toward the door.

"O great and illustrious merchant," cried Yat Chew, "permit me to escort you hence!"

Wo Lung turned two eyes green with suspicion upon Yat Chew. "Put yourself to no such trouble. My men wait below."

"Ah, but it is the stairway that is dangerous, worthy sir. Did you not stumble twice as you ascended?"

Wo Lung's smile was wide with malice.

"Being warned, my descent shall be cautious. Besides, have I not Shoo Shee to serve me?"

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A glint of sardonic humor leaped into the eyes of Shoo Shee.

"Aye," she purred, "trust me to serve thee as thou deservest, O ponderous chief of the market-place!"

In answer Wo Lung turned like a huge snail to the doorway, beckoning Shoo Shee to follow.

"If I were but a gallant!" thought Yat Chew, bitterly. "If I were but a gallant and had a pistol!"

He took a threatening step forward. Shoo Shee halted him with a significant gesture. He fell back in despair, expecting at that moment to see the dancing-girl from Pieng-an follow her jailers into the gloom of the corridor. But, instead, she stood like a silver pheasant arrested in its flight, and the ornaments in her hair, flecked with the sky-blue of the kingfisher, shook tremulously. Yat Chew grew rigid, afraid to trust his senses—afraid that, were he to move, the vision might dissolve. Suddenly she lifted her fluttering hand, veiled in the silken sheen of her apple-green kerchief, as she commanded sharply:

"Listen!"

A thud shakes the room, another, a score, quick reverberations as of a gigantic ball striking obstructions in its downward flight. Above the tumult the shriek of Shoo Shee calling out in deceitful terror, pattering of cautious feet on the pavements, the voices of Wo Lung's gunmen shrill with panic and surprise, a police whistle, the silence of death. Can it be that the feet of sluggishness have been so swiftly and efficiently guided down the steps of destruction?

A door opens; Shoo Shee is on the threshold. To look at her one would scarcely fancy that she had the strength to fling a starving kitten from curb to gutter. She slips in, closing the door; smoke is pouring from the two holes in her face.

"He who climbs a dangerous stairway," she says calmly, "must likewise descend by it."

Yat Chew releases a pent breath as he moves swiftly toward his happiness, saying:

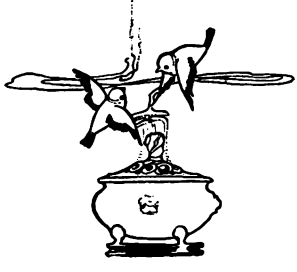
"Thou art a still pool of delight, in which the sky hath smiled. Thou art the dawn robbed of its chill. Thou art a budding plum-tree, waiting for the ravishment of the bees!"

As in a dream, the answer comes:

"Thou art a red flame of tulips among the pale moonflowers, thou art the east wind, searching out the perfumes of the garden, thou art the midday sun drawing up the mists of morning."

A sigh rises even from the withered bosom of the villainous Shoo Shee.

"Thus," she says, chuckling, "was it in my day, and thus will it be always."



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Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle

I—Gay Side-Lights on the Carlyle Circle

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

"As to talent, epistolary and other, these letters, I perceive, equal and surpass whatever of best I know to exist, in that kind."

So wrote Carlyle in the sad days after his wife's death when he collected and annotated the letters subsequently published by Froude. Now by an unexpected chance some 220 more letters have come to light, all addressed to near relatives who figure in the published correspondence. Two are to Mrs. Carlyle's maternal uncle, John Welsh of Liverpool. The rest are to her cousins Helen and Jeannie Welsh, Uncle John's daughters, her juniors by fifteen years or more, but dearest to her of all her kindred, and growing, Jeannie especially, into the spiritual intimacy of true sisters. Helen, the elder, only survived her father two years, dying in December, 1855. Jeannie, the youngest of the family and with the pet name Babbie, which sticks to the youngest, married Andrew Chrystal in 1853, and went to live in Glasgow. After Jeannie's marriage the letters to her grow few and far between. New ties drew her out of the old orbit; the exclusive intimacy waned. Was Mrs. Carlyle jealous of the husband and child who came between them? At least she was woman of the world enough to know how natural it was that Jeannie, absorbed in other interests, should have less of confidence to offer, less of response to give, and for herself, Mrs. Carlyle, where once she had pitched her friendship so high, was not one to endure its feebler continuance on a plane of incomplete sympathies. Her "gift of divination" saw too clearly into Babbie's heart and her own.

But Babbie carefully preserved the letters to her sister and herself, though without perhaps realizing their intrinsic literary value independent of the freedom and the old heart-to-heart intimacy which kept for the years of memory the savor of a friendship so deeply woven into the lives of both. They descended to her only daughter as purely family letters, to be hoarded away the more studiously because of the family's dislike to the singular and unedifying controversies which sprang up after Froude had given to the world his strangely perverted account of the period of domestic incompatibilities at Cheyne Row.

Thus the letters remained undisturbed in their resting-place until a few months ago, when Miss Chrystal was persuaded by one more expert in literary values that she was keeping for herself what was meant for mankind.

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The greater number of these letters are to be published soon in book form; meantime a small selection may be placed before the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

To Jeannie Welsh at Maryland Street, Liverpool. Jeannie had just returned from a long visit to Cheyne Row, where she had spent six months. Her gentle companionship was profoundly helpful to Mrs. Carlyle in those sad days after her mother's death, and created a rare intimacy between the two. Moreover, Jeannie had got to know all the familiar figures in the Carlyle circle; could appreciate every touch describing them; could call up from experience the distracted atmosphere of a man-of-genius's wife, equally nerve-racked, reshaping the prose of daily life with her own vivid imagination. She knew enough to catch the spoken tone in the written word, and to discount in terms of quizzical humor the domestic trials and adventures which might seem hopelessly serious to the uninitiated. Mrs. Carlyle employed her skill with the needle in attending to her husband's wardrobe. "Creek" is the elder G. L. Craik, who was devoted to Mrs. Carlyle, but bored her.

"Saturday [October 22, 1842].

"I have mended *two* of the shirts this morning—and *effectually*—having put entire new tails to them! So now I may do a little in the way of fondling my innocent offspring, without the sternest moralist being entitled to say to me 'black is the white of your eye!' Besides, I feel as if writing a few lines to *you* were some small expression of thankfulness to Heaven for this particular thorough wet day! But for the conclusive rain, I could not have got staid in the house to-day again—the third day—without having had a fight for it—and really chicken-hearted as I am grown, there is nothing I can muster nerve to show fight about—nothing except my *right* to treat 'poor Creek considerably worse than a dog!' *That,* with God's blessing, I will maintain to my latest breath.

"Mazzini was here yesterday—radiant over an *'aviso interessante'* which he produced from his pocket, setting forth that one Mussi, or some such name, had discovered a power for regulating balloons as perfectly as a steamboat or railway carriage, in confirmation whereof behold certificates from *the Grand Duke of Tuscany* and the heads of *the Academy of Science at Florence,* &c., &c., before whom his model had been displayed! The practical application you cannot for a moment be at a loss about! The man, having not a shilling in the world, no means of subsistence but simply this small model balloon, is willing to sell his secret for the trifling sum of *two thousand* pounds. If Mazzini can find him work in the interim, the man *may be induced not to part with it*—till some member of *the Association* in Italy may be found to make the purchase. 'Then,' says Mazzini, 'the power of directing balloons *ours;* all is ours!' 'You mean that you would invade Italy in balloons?—that *the Association* would descend on the Austrians out of the skies?' 'Exactly! and I confess to you—you may think it childish—but there is something of romance, something which flatters my imagination in the idea of *starting up a nation* in a manner never before heard tell of!' *'A la bonne heure,* my Dear! but if it be decided that we are to begin the war by personating the

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fallen angels, adieu to *my* share in the expedition.'

"'Now, why so?' (with a look of the most grave astonishment), 'It was just in reference to *you* that I felt the greatest preference to *this means*—to think that you could go without incurring the physical suffering of a sea-voyage, and all the dangers—what shall I say?—of being sunk perhaps by a volley of cannon from the shore!—and then there would be something so new and so—what shall I say?—*suitable* for *you*, in descending as it were out of Heaven to redeem a suffering people!!' All this with eyes flashing hope, faith and generous self-devotion! Surely between the highest virtue and the beginning of madness the line of separation is infinitismally small! But is it not almost a desecration, a crime ever to *jest* with that man? He lives, moves and has his being in *truth*, and take him out of that, he is as credulous and ignorant as a two-year-old child. . . .

"I am reading Dickens' *Notes on America* which he has sent to Carlyle. At first I found the humour too strained and burlesque—his usual fault—and the plain narrative dull—but it improves as one goes on. He is much to be commended for avoiding utterly that detestable practice with travellers of turning their entertainers' houses and almost their entertainers themselves inside out. In the second volume he gives up dancing on the crown of his head for halfpence (if I may so speak) and becomes quietly entertaining, and entertainingly instructive.

"Now farewell, my Babbie, and love me well and long."

To Jeannie Welsh. Darwin is Erasmus, elder brother of Charles, the famous naturalist, a man of great parts, with large sympathy and penetrating humor under his quiet exterior, but disabled by constant ill health. Mazzini's English provided the Carlyles with many quaint phrases, including "what shall I say?" and "strange, upon my honour." "Elizabeth," was a Miss Fergus, an old Haddington friend, who had married Count Pepoli, another of the Italian exiles.

"Saturday Evening
[before Nov. 11], 1842

"Darwin and Mazzini met here the other day and the three of us sat down with our feet on the fender—the folding doors being closed—and talked about 'things in general,' forming the most confidential little fireside party I have seen for a good while. Mazzini said that Sismondi had at one time been 'nearly *lapidated*.' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'you should say *stoned*, there is no such word as lapidated in that sense.' 'Let him alone,' said Darwin, 'he is quite right, *lapidated* is an excellent word.' 'Do not mind him,' said I to M., 'he only wants to lead you into making a mistake.' 'But are you sure?' asked M. with the greatest simplicity, 'in the Bible, for instance, does not *She* call it *lapidated* in speaking of St. Stephen?' This femalizing of the Bible so delighted Darwin that he gave a sovereign to the school!! *the* deficit will surely get filled up in time. Nay, he almost promised to attend the *anniversary*—when all the organ boys are to have *a supper* and the best learners receive medals. Carlyle will not go I fear—but if I am well enough and can front all the black, black eyes that will flash out on me if I present myself along with the Capitano, I will go and put *my* sovereign into 'the

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bason or box what shall I say?' that is to be placed at the door. Elizabeth also wants to go—but Pepoli hesitates —from *political* fears—Pepoli I think needs only to show his face to make *Austria* entirely at ease respecting his purpose—whether he appear as a patron of the school or no.

"Dear child, I write you all this *wash* to-night while I have leisure—and one knows not what to-morrow or next day may bring forth. I have generally leisure in the evenings, but when C. is sitting opposite me at the same table, besides his objecting to the 'squirting of my pen,' I feel always as if there was a shadow between me and the person I am addressing—you will understand this feeling better than you once could have done—having got accustomed yourself to a certain seclusion while writing or doing anything with your head! To-night C. is gone to Darwin's. . . . "

To Jeannie Welsh. The anniversary was the grand day of Mazzini's Italian Association. Mrs. Jameson is the writer on Art.

"Wednesday [Nov. 17, 1842].

"DARLING — The four ill-written pages I sent you yesterday, evinced a more determined concern for your *happiness*, than twenty well-written would have done under more favourable circumstances! For yesterday was a bad day with me, 'upon *my* honour,' and the *second* bad day too which made it the worse to bear up against. Now I am *'pretty well'* again and hasten to make hay while the sun shines, that is to write while the rain rains. With dry weather one may foresee there will come a flight of visitors to make up for time lost—to *them*. . . . I have written a trio of other-people's-business-notes, and now I am all for my Babbie!

"First of *the Anniversary:* 'the moral satisfaction was complete, the *financial* rather disappointing.' Thirteen pounds was the sum collected including the immortal five—from which deduct the expenses and there would remain, I am afraid zero—or perhaps even *a deficit*—the *supper* of itself must have gone with a half—*forty-five* gallons of beer, *fifty* pounds of macaroni, and roast beef of unascertained quantity! To be sure there were two hundred and fifty sat down to what the *Dumfries Courier* would call 'the festive board,' and the fine times of miraculous loaves and fishes are long gone by; tho' God knows if ever there was a time when men had more need of them! Think of the boiled dead dog! The supper transacted itself in a tavern hard-by, at the close of the business—leaving the schoolroom to more poetical purposes—to distribution of prizes—speeches of 'the *founder*' (anglicé the Committee) and 'what shall I say, strange things upon my honour'! You may be sure that old Petrucci would not let slip so fine an occasion of gratifying his melodramatic propensities and accordingly a series of *scenas* were most unexpectedly introduced which the audience must have been charmed to find themselves *'assisting at'—for nothing*—I mean *gratis*. Of the first, poor unsuspecting, horror-struck Mazzini was made at once the hero and the victim! When all had spoken who were to speak, he came forward—very shame-faced, as you may fancy, and 'unveiling himself as the original founder' (in defiance to Baldanoni who had said he *dared* not) he made a most moving address to the school as *learners* and as *patriots*.

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When he had finished amidst shouting like to bring down the ceiling there stepped forth from the pupils' benches the *least* boy—some twelve years old—who advanced blushing, and laid a bouquet at his feet! then putting his little hand in his breast, he pulled out a little paper, and proceeded to read a little sonnet to his (Mazzini's) honour and glory! Just fancy this! and consider the sort of man! and admire him that he did not turn round and brain old Petrucci on the spot—from whose goose-head of course this *coup de théâtre* must have emanated! nor was that all the trials his modesty had to undergo—an Italian girl next advanced from the pupils' benches (there are nine female pupils some English, the wives of Italian operatives—and some Italian)—a very beautiful girl too—came forward in an accès of enthusiasm genuine—for this part of the exhibition was *spontaneous*—and humbly besought him to give her one flower of his bouquet!! and an English woman, who would not be behind the foreigner, called God to witness that he was the *Prophet* of her time!! The moral satisfaction might well be *'complete'*—*more* than complete one would say! Nor had Petrucci forgotten himself—when the company were about to disperse one of the pupils again stepped forth, and declared that it would make their enjoyment perfect if Mr. Petrucci would favour them with an *improvisation*—'Oh, *impossible, impossible!*'—with all sorts of coyish grimacing—at length he allowed himself to be so far prevailed upon that 'he would read them a composed poem of his own'—which he thereupon drew *all ready* from his pocket—and calling to him *'the* Dr. *Rossetti'* the two old fools proceeded to deliver in horrible recitative a dramatized poem written for the occasion! What the 'well-wishing English' thought of all this, I cannot pretend to say—a good deal of inward laughter must, I should think, have transacted itself—fortunately there were few English present—of women only Elizabeth and Mrs. Jameson, the one, half-Italian by marriage, and the other, two-thirds so by nature. . . .

"Mrs. Wright the large Dairy woman at the corner died the other morning, and her husband has been a great object of interest to the neighbourhood especially to Helen ever since—it was a sort of Mahomet and Kadijah affair—the woman a prosperous widow advanced in years took him, a poor lad, to keep not her camels but her cows—and finding him a good lad married him. She has died at seventy-two—and he—still a young man is inconsolable! 'He cannot be persuaded,' says Helen, 'to taste either meat or drink.' 'How long is it,' said I, 'when did she die?' 'This morning at nine o'clock'—it was then eleven!—the poor fellow *may* have loved his old wife, however, very sincerely, and be sincerely to be pitied—altho' the *fast* was nothing to speak of—à propos of fasts—C. was reading out of one of his big books last night the only fast worth mentioning I ever heard out of them (the old chronicles I mean). A certain Sir John Compton displayed his vocation to holiness at so early an age 'that when he was yet an infant on his mother's breast he fasted two days in the week—on Wednesdays and Fridays he did wholly abstain to suck!!'—*there 's* a kid!"

To Jeannie Welsh. The fame of Carlyle was high in America, and no American of any literary pretensions thought a pilgrimage to England com-

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plete without a visit to Cheyne Row. For the honestly sympathetic among them Mrs. Carlyle, as appears later, had a great liking: but she had an unfailing *flair* for empty pretension, and does not spare Mrs. Sigourney.

"Monday, [Jan. 9, 1843].

"I send Helen an autograph of the American Poetess Mrs. Sigourney—which does infinite credit to her total want of penetration!—the evening of which she makes such grateful mention—would have been remembered by anyone else with feelings of quite another sort—even *I* who do not give much way to remorse, have often had qualms of conscience in thinking about it. Her coming and still more her bringing along with her two geerpoles of the name of 'Johnson or Tomson,' a male and a female (as little Miss Adam would say—did I tell you of her asking me in the presence of Mazzini whether *Gorgon*, whom she styled *'one of the graces,'* for my better understanding, 'was a male or a female?') her coming with this tag-ragery quite spoiled a pleasant party that happened to be here—the Wedgewoods, Darwin, Mrs. Rich and Julia Smith. We had all set in to be talkative and confidential—when this figure of an over-the-water-Poetess—beplastered with rouge and pomatum—bare-necked at an age which had left *certainty* far behind—with long ringlets that never grew where they hung—smelling marvellously of camphor or hartshorn and oil—all glistening in black satin as if she were an apothecary's *puff* for black *sticking-plaster*—and staring her eyes out, to give them animation—stalked in and by the very barber-block-ish look of her reduced us all to silence—which effect was heightened by the pair who followed at her heels—the *male* in an embroidered satin vest—the *female* also in satin with—fancy it in *that* room—and in *that* company!—with *a gold tiara on her head!* These two never spoke a word but sat with their eyes fixed on Carlyle as if they had paid their shillings at the door. Mrs. Sigourney also made large eyes at him—and *she* took the liberty of poking at him now and then to make the lion roar, but he was not in the vein—and would not roar finely that night for all she could do. The rest of us meanwhile, feeling ourselves aggrieved at being regarded with no more curiosity or politeness than as many domestic cats in comparison of the Lion, repayed them in their own coin—*I never addressed one word to them!*—this is a literal fact—of 'her who helped to make that evening so pleasant to remembrance.' Faith is it not true that 'we reap not where we have not sown'—my harvests are far oftenest of that highly improbable sort."

To Jeannie Welsh. Gambardella, the Italian artist who was painting Mrs. Carlyle's portrait as a gift to Jeannie Welsh, gets into a domestic tangle through an ill worded advertisement.

"[April 4, 1843.]

"Great news for thee, 'insinuating' Babbie!—my family has received an addition of *four* new members! Carlyle made the grave discovery some three weeks ago that the cat—our *'he* cat' was *'all full of kittens'*—and accordingly yesterday *he*—or as we must now I suppose call him—*she* brought forth—modestly—in the coal-hole four little angels of kittens—black—and white—the tender images of their paternal parent whom I observed this

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morning, sauntering with a melancholy reflective air thro' the back premises—as if foreboding the untimely end of his innocent offspring! To be sure they must be drowned in the course of the day; and that is piteous to think of!

"For the rest; your picture is finished—I sat again on Friday from ten till two! and he worked at it by himself all the rest of that day! so in point of *finishing* you may fancy it has had all manner of justice done to it—indeed I think Mrs. Milner Gibson looks coarse beside me! As for the *likeness;* you are to know for your comfort that he has now worked the *estasi* pretty well out of it—and it looks *simple* enough—Carlyle thinks too simple *'for anything!'* (as you say in Lancashire). The eyes, he says, 'want expression' the mouth 'wants character'—but for one person that finds it less *inspired-looking* than the original there will be twenty finding it excessively flattered. Gambardella's own criticism on it when finished was, (with a look of ineffable self-complacency) 'it looks too young! I must put in some wrinkles!' The frames are not yet ready—and besides he seems to wish that I should keep it here for a few days that the visitors may see it—a harmless vanity in which it were but fair to indulge him. So be patient—it is not even dry yet.

"My last day's sitting was enlivened by the most extraordinary of all *excitements* he has yet found out for himself. I do not speak of the *'wittels'* he produced for me—about a hundredweight of rusks in a great paper-bag—a whole hoop of figs—Guinness's Porter, Scotch Ale—Indian Ale—Cyder and something else with an incomprehensible Italian name! This gigantic lunch was laughable enough but not to be recorded as in the sphere of the absolutely extraordinary. However, that you may have a clear understanding of what I am about to tell you, we must begin further back.

"At my second sitting he was telling me of sundry new household arrangements which he contemplated. He had engaged the two upper rooms in addition to those he had—partly that he might [have] a place to show visitors into besides his studio, and partly because the gentleman and his wife who at present occupied them are so—dreadfully *ugly* that he cannot endure to meet them on the stairs! Then he was going 'to have a gu–l all to himself; the lodging-house gu–ls being vile creatures who left finger-marks on everything'—and this gu–l should wash his brushes, mend his linen, make fancy-dresses for his pictures, according to his own directions, out of 'very rich *stoffs*' which he intended to buy—and most important of all should 'have beautiful fo–ms' and sit to him for model whenever he needed one. In fact he had already sent an advertisement for such a person to *The Times* newspaper!

"Poor Mrs. Sterling's two hundred and eighty nursery-governesses rushed thro' my mind—and I thought God help you! you know not what you are bringing on yourself. But as the thing was *done* I saw no use in frightening him about the consequences beforehand—they would disclose themselves only too soon—I asked merely how his advertisement was worded.

" 'Wanted a very genteel girl to do *very genteel work*—not under fifteen nor exceeding eighteen years of age—wages from twenty to thirty pounds per annum'!!!

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"Could there be two ideas as to what sort of functionary this advertisement had in view? I groaned in spirit for the poor blockhead who, without having the smallest ill-meaning (I am very sure) was thus exposing himself to the most atrocious imputations!

"I called on Thursday forenoon to ask when I was to be needed again—the door was opened by himself—as mad-looking as a March-hare—his eyes were gleaming like live coals—his 'hairs' in a state of wildness—his whole figure expressing the most comical excitement blended with perspiring perplexity.

"'Tho' heretofore so respectful of my *years*, he on this day flung his arm round my person—as if I had been the reed of a drowning man, and almost *carried* me up stairs! I sat down and asked, 'Well! what on earth is it?'—but he turned his head to a side as if listening, then darted down stairs again to the door—then back—then down again—and so on for half a dozen times before he could find two spare minutes to tell me his story. At length I got it out of him, but with immeasurable parenthesis of opening the street door. That morning at eight gu-ls began to troop into the street from all points of the compass—congregated in groups of threes and fives—till the clock struck nine—and then there was a general rush of *fifty* to demand admission!—and fresh ones were continuing to pour in—as I saw. 'The people of the house were furious'—no wonder! 'Mr. Blore had sent him up a most impertinent note'—'neither mistress nor maids would go to the door any more and so he had to open himself'—and then if I could only have seen 'the detestable ugliness' of all that had come!—'vile wretches calling themselves *eighteen* who were *thirty*, if they were a day!' To make a long tale short he had from three to four hundred applicants that day and not *one* of 'beautiful forms'—or even passable forms among them!—he had also six and thirty letters from the country! not containing a single enquiry as to the nature of the '*very* genteel work'—but all passionately eager to have the place, whatever it was, for some daughter, or sister, or friend! Does not this give one a horrible glance into life—as it is at present—even worse it seems to me than the *boiling of the dead dog! That* at least involved no immorality! On the following day which was that of my last sitting, they were still coming—but not in such numbers—and the people of the house having been heaven knows how restored to good humour, Mrs. Blore was opening the door to them herself—and by his desire showing them all in succession up to the painting room—'that I might just see what ugly wretches they were!' But Fortune favoured me—for among the *twenty* who were thus shown up, I found *three* very pretty—the rest certainly were hideous! One of the three himself even was pleased with—but tho' she looked to *me* as improper as improper could be, she expressed some hesitation about *sitting as a model*—she would consider of it and let him know in a couple of days—the fact was she preferred transacting with him without witnesses, I believe—for she came back the same afternoon and declared herself ready to come. But when he (much to her astonishment doubtless) proposed to *see her parents* on the subject before coming to a final engagement she answered that they were *both ill in bed* and could not be spoken with

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—which he thought 'sounded ill for her *respectability*' and so he would have no more to do with her! The last of the three pretty ones was a very sad spectacle indeed; she was a gentle innocent-looking girl—not more than sixteen—brought in like a sheep to the slaughter by a wicked-faced devil—as to whose *business* in life there could not be two opinions. Gambardella hardly looked at the girl—but told the woman in a grave imperative manner that he was already suited—and the pair went off to seek a less scrupulous customer—leaving me very much shocked upon *my* honour! I was at his house again yesterday—went with Carlyle to see the picture in its finished state—and stayed awhile behind him, helping the *Unfortunate* to concoct a new advertisement! more *precise*, and not so liable to misinterpretation as the first. In addition to the female help he is minded now to have a—tiger! Lady Morgan having laughed at him for having the door opened by a maid with a *baby* in her arms!! It is impossible to make him conduct himself like a reasonable being—and so he must flounder along like a very unreasonable one. The only comfort is that sort of headlong, unbalanced character has a wonderful knack of lighting always like a cat on its feet. There I must stop abruptly—Mazzini has been here and as it pours down rain I had best send the letters with him."

To Jeannie Welsh. Mazzini was suffering from an abscess in his face. The story of it illustrates his calm fortitude as well as the affection he aroused in others.

"Wednesday [July, 1843].

. . . "Now I hope to be better than I was before the going to bed—and do not you fancy that I would be either so forgetful of my promise or of my own interest as to be either 'dying or near dying' or at all *seriously* ill without telling you, and calling on you to come and help me though you were at the furthest end of the kingdom—but I have always an *inner* feeling when I am *seriously* ill—quite different from that which attends a passing illness, however painful for the time being and I had none of that *presentiment* on this occasion. I knew that it was only *'a summing up of many things'* (chiefly moral) as Mazzini declares his face to be—and that the rest and quiet of bed would bring me speedily round. Oh dear me, Babbie, I am very anxious and sorrowful about Mazzini. After many entreaties he has at last begun to take care—some care of himself, but God knows whether it be not too late. He went with Toynbee yesterday to a consultation with Hawkins, the chief surgeon of St. George's Hospital—who probed the wound and declared it to be already at *the bone*—and John Carlyle told me again last Sunday night 'that if it reached the bone nothing could hinder its becoming a cancer.' 'Well,' says Mazzini, 'but my dear—*even if it does*—there can still you know be an operation'! Such comfort! and this he said to me to-day as calmly as if he had been speaking of a hole in his coat! He went yesterday and had a tooth drawn by order of his new surgeon to see if Nature would turn the *matter* perhaps into that course—and came here to-day all the way from Queen Square where he now lives! And when I scolded him for coming, he said 'Well, but since the tooth was pulled, upon my honour the wound has not discharged anything.' I could

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not help crying half the time he stayed —he looks so emaciated and so calm! if his Mother were near or any human being to nurse him I should not mind so much but he has nobody but poor helpless me—helpless because the accursed conventionalities of this world would make it *disgraceful* to go and nurse one's dearest friend if he happened to be a young man. A strange thing took place at *the Association* the other night—so pathetic and at the same time almost ridiculous. After Mazzini had made a short speech—pleading his inability to speak more at one time—a working-man took the chair and moved a resolution that 'Mr. Mazzini should be——*laid under obligation to take care of himself!* his life being not his own but Italy's property, that *constraint* should be exercised if necessary for his preservation'—the sensible working-man! And then he proceeded to move the details of his resolution—firstly for instance that if the doctor considered quiet necessary that an Italian guard should be in constant attendance at his door to prevent any one passing in to him—etc. etc., and this movement was followed by a deputation of Italian men waiting on Dr. Toynbee to ask what particulars of treatment he wished to have *enforced.* The only comfort is that he *does* now *begin* to feel himself the insanity of neglecting his health to the same extent as formerly. God grant the sense may not have come too late." . . .

To Helen Welsh. As has been noted previously, Mrs. Carlyle was sometimes bored by the attentions of her devoted admirers, and snubbed them. Here is one who all too amiably turned the tables on her.

The call from Tennyson, who hated calls as such, was a great triumph.

[Jan. 31, 1845.]

. . . "I am tired to death to-day and as stupid as two or three donkies for I did not get to sleep till after four this morning—the consequence I suppose of having excited myself too much in doing the honours of a tea party. I do not remember when there was a party here by *appointment* before—and I was forced into this one by an offer from the beautiful and deaf Mrs. Mackenzie to come—and I dreaded having her all to myself, so asked Miss Wilson and her brother—and that bedevilled husband No. 2 whom I told you of. I did *not* ask his wife but he took it for granted that he might bring her. My programme when I last told you of them was to *cut* the lady and *wean* the gentleman away from the house—but neither *would* she be *cut* nor he be *weaned.* After I had treated him with the most marked coldness and even impertinence for many weeks, he came one day and finding I was alone sent away his carriage saying he would walk back—'Humph!' thought I, 'heaven send we are not going to have an *explanation!*' So it was—presently he began to complain of my repulsive manner to him—he was persuaded I had the greatest dislike of him—he thought it very unjust —*he—they* had always liked *me* so well! *He had wearied his patient* (*oh!*) *wife* with wonderings what I could mean &c. &c. &c. but the cruellest of all had been for him to see the other day my reception of Darwin!! 'When he contrasted my sunshiny cordial looks of welcome, and hearty shake of the hand for *him*—a person whom I really liked —with the apathetic air and *the fingers* presented to *himself* he felt finally convinced that I not only had a dislike to him but *wished to mark it.*' I was

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quite touched with the *weakness* of this confessed jealousy of Darwin—and told him good humouredly that everybody could not expect to be received like Darwin—that I had known Darwin these ten years—and besides that Darwin was quite an exceptional man! —but that if he would not *take on* so about it, I would *do my best* in future to look pleased when he came in, and to shake his hand with *a certain* emphasis! He was quite comforted with this and since then I have not found it in my heart to treat him ill—for himself is really a good man—of considerable talents and acquirements—besides the wife seems to have got ashamed of herself and is ready to make me all sorts of advances and submissions now—last night she was quite *endearing* and be hanged to her! was going to have a dinner-party a fortnight hence and 'absolutely could not do without *me*'—and then she laid hold of my arm and said 'Oh do *do* come *we* quite depend on you for helping us thro' it.' I daresay!—for tho' very beautiful to look at she can no more entertain a dinner-party than my cat can—and it is the feeling of all that I suppose that she is not *up to* her husband or her position that makes her take into jealousies —so I must be *sorry for her* I suppose. I shall not however go to her party—for her parties bore me to death. . . .

"Carlyle went to dine at Mr. Chadwick's the other day and I not being yet equal to a dinner altho' I was asked to 'come in a blanket and stay all night'! had made up my mind for a nice long quiet evening of *looking into the fire*, when I heard a carriage drive up, and men's voices asking questions, and then the carriage was sent away! and the men proved to be Alfred Tennyson of all people and his friend Mr. Moxon. Alfred lives in the country and only comes to London rarely and for a few days so that I was overwhelmed with the sense of Carlyle's misfortune in having missed the man he likes best, for stupid Chadwicks especially as he had gone against his will at *my* earnest persuasion. Alfred is dreadfully embarrassed with women alone—for he entertains at one and the same moment a feeling of almost adoration for them and an ineffable contempt! adoration I suppose for what they *might be*—contempt for what they *are!* The only chance of my getting any right good of him was to make him forget my womanness—so I did just as Carlyle would have done, had he been there; got out *pipes* and *tobacco*—and *brandy and water*—with a deluge of *tea* over and above.—The effect of these accessories was miraculous—he *professed* to be *ashamed* of polluting my room, 'felt' he said 'as if he were stealing cups and sacred vessels in the Temple'—but he smoked on all the same—for *three* mortal hours!—talking like an angel—only exactly as if he were talking with a clever *man*—which—being a thing I am not used to —men always *adapting* their conversation to what they *take to be* a woman's taste—strained me to a terrible pitch of intellectuality.

"When Carlyle came home at twelve and found me all *alone* in an atmosphere of tobacco so thick that you might have cut it with a knife his astonishment was considerable!—Twenty kisses for your long amusing letter—the books came perfectly safe —love to all."

(The end of the first part of "Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.")

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MASKS

BY·KENNETH·MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATIONS·BY HERMAN ROSSE

SADDER than a forgotten god is a forgotten demon, and sadder than a demon without a job are the disused fools of his trade. Fetishes and charms, images and prayer-sticks, burnt offerings and sacrificial stones, all that are not destroyed lie buried in some old cave or among the trash of a hut corner. At last they sink so low that only an ethnologist is mindful of them. They are immured from public sight in those chilly tombs of learning, our museums. And the mask, the most exalted and human and demoniacal of all the fetishes, escapes from the mausoleum only to become a pretty toy in some revue, or a theme for airy argument on the eccentricities of the theater of 1993.

A hero of the Javanese theater

Gordon Craig writes about the mask on the stage, and an impression of something rarefied and esoteric, something almost impossibly precious, floats into your mind. What a curious irony to think thus about the mask when your thoughts might be with Æschylus and earth-renewing Dionysus! The pythoness of Delphi, the master of the Eleusinian mysteries, a negro medicine-man chanting voodoo, a Papuan cannibal blackmailing the unrighteous, an Aztec priest dancing in the skin and skull of a sacrificial victim—all these are the sort of esthetes that made the mask. It is a robust, potent, and honored magic that it offers to the theater.

The mask is older

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A medicine mask of heathen antiquity used in the shadow of Oberammergau

than the idol and almost as new as radio. For its beginnings you must search five hundred centuries. To find a race so primitive that it does not know false face or fetish, you must travel for tens of thousands of years back up the stream of culture till you reach Australia and its bushmen. At one time or another the cult of the mask has spread over all the rest of the world. To-day men worship by its means in Asia, Africa, the two Americas, and even Europe.

The mask holds a certain mystery, a certain terror, even for civilized man. Every masker is a potential Ku-Klux. The unknown and the irresponsible lie behind that false face. Imagine, then, the power of the mask with primitive man. He lived, he still lives, in a world of spirits. In every bush, in every brook, there is a spirit. In strange-shaped stones and lowering clouds lurk demons. These spirits, seen and unseen, come to harm him. His own soul wanders out of his body when he sleeps; the soul of another may steal in and possess him, or some witch-doctor may catch his spirit and sell it to an enemy. The quick and the dead are demons together, and they do all manner of evil to one another. The happy man is the man who can learn how to balk the spirit of his enemy or to control the demon of some great dead chief. Out of such needs rises magic, the first science, and fetishism is born. Little images may receive the power to destroy rivals. The spirits of powerful demons may be propitiated by offerings to the carved sticks in which they find shelter. If a spirit will come into a tree or a post, giving the thing power, think how quickly it will take up its abode in a mask carved in its image. When a savage wears this mask, the demon enters into his body, and he is possessed.

In Africa the favorite form of masking is a kind of spiritualism. Young men give to the raising of the dead all the enthusiasm that goes to professional base-ball in America. Each Conan Doyle makes himself a mask emblematical of a dead relative. When the craze for séances sweeps the village, the bucks put on their head-dresses and their costumes of leaves, and wander from house to house, talking with a strange accent through a reed mouthpiece and accepting gifts. To the casual white man these very material ectoplasms may seem a ridiculous piece of tomfoolery, but, if the traveler understands how ready the spirit world is to take shape in any passing fetish, he will see a complete and inevitable logic in the ghost-masks of Africa.

It takes something more than an idle fancy to get a negro into a mask in which he can fight the demons that lurk in forests. Here he is dealing

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with malevolent spirits, not with the spirits of dead friends. He must make himself into a kind of pseudo-demon as powerful and as ruthless as the one he fights. To do this he must have a mask of peculiar potency, and he must know charms, chants, dances without end. He must study, he must specialize. He must become the medicine-man. Then, hidden behind a face of singular significance, and accompanied by a little boy to collect gifts in a bag, he may pass through the Congo village and plunge out into the jungle, sure that this demon whom he has conjured up by a mask will deal most destructively with any evil spirit that may cross his path.

This principle of homeopathic treatment for demons can be extended to the cure of disease. Illness is obviously the work of devils. The sick one is possessed by the demon of leprosy, the demon of deafness, or the demon of tonsilitis. Confronted with his own form,—mask, costume, and all,—the demon will leave the body of the invalid and seek his proper home. The result of this line of reasoning is the highly developed pharmacopœia of the Singhalese devil-dancer. This medicine-man has nineteen masks, each of which is potent for one of the nineteen official diseases. In cases of dubious diagnosis, the doctor dances in a composite mask on which all the nineteen demons glower.

Such are a very few of the forms in which the mask took hold upon primitive man, and still retains his favor. Yet widely popular as the mask still is, there is no denying that its great days are gone. When Columbus discovered the New World, and when Cortés landed in Mexico, among the presents with which the Indians honored the coming of the white gods were masks inlaid with turquoise mosaics. The Aztecs, the Mayas, and the Incas used these faces in their religion and in their theater. Up the Pacific coast the mask spread its mystical diversions till it reached the Eskimo of the Aleutian Islands and hung over Kamchatka. Eastward the cult reached Florida, leaving relics of shell masks under the pile dwellings of the swamps, and in the ruins of mound-builders to the north. We find maskoids of stone on the trails of the Delawares and the Iroquois. But to-day the American mask is confined to primitive rituals among the Indians of Brazil and Ecuador and Central America, to the rain-making dances of the Pueblos, to the ceremonies, half-religious, half-playful, of the Indians and Eskimo of the Northwest, and to the dying feasts of the few remaining Iroquois and Delawares.

Alaskan Indians use such masks as this in recounting tribal legends

The mask still serves the religious drama in China, Tibet, and Japan, but it does not play the part in demon worship that it did before the coming of Buddha. Mohammedanism drove

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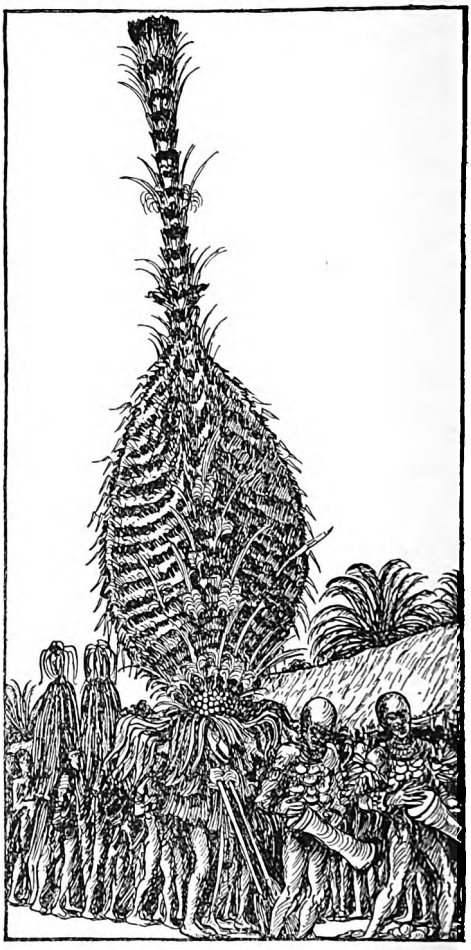
A Melanesian spirit-mask

the mask out of southern Asia along with graven image and painted form, and through Burma, Siam, and Java it lingers only in a theater of legends and romances. Ceylon, however, still prefers the mask to its own quinine as a cure for fevers, and the black men and brown of all Melanesia use the mask in all manner of festival. Polynesia, home of the highest of savages, shows only a hint of the cult in a Tahitian mourning-costume that hides the face. Africa still masks vigorously from Sahara southward, but the masks of Alexandria have gone with the theater of Thais, and it is only in conjecture that we can trace the masked rituals of the animal-headed gods of ancient Egypt.

It is Europe, of course, that has turned most apostate to masks and demons, yet there are civilized men in Thrace, in the Tyrol and the Alps, and in the English country-side, who still treasure something more than memories of the mask. Thracian peasants in goat-skins and false faces hold seasonal festivals that carry us back to the rites of Dionysus, who sprang from Thrace and brought drama to Greece. Within ten miles of Oberammergau post-war Germans in the heads of dragons and devils celebrated Twelfth Night and the beginning of Lent. These masked revelers and the May spirits whose green and leafy costumes still welcome spring in certain parts of England all remind us of the days when Europe was pagan, and Druid rites met the rites of Kalends and Saturnalia beyond the Danube. And they remind us, too, of the mad masking which swept all Europe in the last days of the Renaissance.

We talk to-day of the mask as an odd and perhaps significant revival in the theater. We forget how vital a part it has played in almost every social activity of man, how vital a part



A sixteen-foot feather-mask of New Guinea worn in a ceremonial procession

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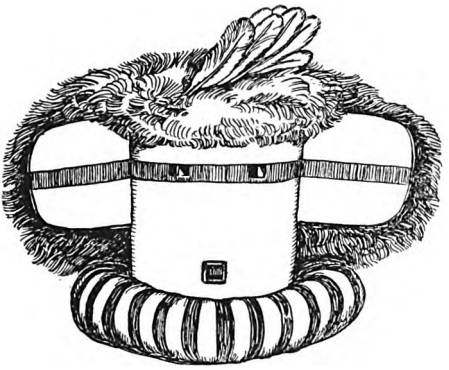
it still plays. In Africa and New Ireland men wear the mask to raise the dead and to dance in seemly fashion at the mourning ceremonies. In Ceylon it is the established therapy. In Dahomey negroes do justice behind its veil. Northern Pacific Indians dance to their gods in masks that protect the eyes of the worshipers from the blight of seeing the too bright forms of deity. Men of the South Seas make potent war-masks out of the skulls of dead chiefs. The Pueblo Indians bring rain with their masked gods. The Delawares still keep their children in order by threatening them with a visit from the Living Solid Face. The moral ministrations of the Reverend Doctor Straton are supplied in New Guinea by the Duk-Duk maskers. The false face replaces the lodge goat in the secret societies of primitive man all over the world. In Torres Strait the mask is an indispensable preliminary to a fishing expedition; its magic swells the catch. And once upon a time, when Casanova was young, Italians went masked to court, to market, and to tribunal, dined in masks, danced in masks, made love in masks, and all but slept in masks through half the seasons of the calendar. Always these ceremonies, these rituals, these dances, lead into the theater.

But where does the mask start, and why? Everywhere, and for all manner of reasons. Forty or fifty years ago a distinguished ethnologist was foolhardy enough to trace the American Indian back from Peru across the islands of the Pacific to Hindustan, all because similar uses of masks and other facial ornaments occur along this path. Even without Fraser and his "Golden Bough," we might have



The mask of a Zuñi god whose ministrations bring rain to parched deserts

suspected the savage mind of being similarly primitive at the beginning of its life. We might have guessed that a superstitious and inquisitive white man in Gaul and a superstitious and inquisitive red man in America would come to the same conclusions about increasing the supply of game by dancing in animal skins. We might have divined that a black man in Africa and a brown man in Melanesia would think of a scheme for raising the dead by wearing their masks.

This scientist who rashly argued that the mask made Indian and Aryan one was blissfully ready to believe that all false-faces came out of the war-shield. The savage held the shield in front of his face. He made eye-holes in it to see through, and a mouth-hole, apparently to shout through. Then he tied the bulky thing on like a pair of blinders, and plunged into fierce hand-to-hand fighting. We must suppose that he found the terrifying face painted on the shield-mask potent enough to balance the low visibility of the enemy seen through tiny peepholes. The mask may have originated in this fashion here or there among particularly superstitious, unintelligent, and

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The smile of this servant of the Buddhist madonna graces a thesis-drama of purgatory in China

unwarlike peoples, but not generally. War-masks of this absurd sort exist in Melanesia. In Alaska the Indians found it handier to push the mask up into a kind of helmet covering the forehead. The Incas and the Aztecs, like Hercules, stuck the head through the mouth of an animal's skin when they went into battle. True war-masks exist in Japan, and Christian knights wore visors shaped into fierce faces; but these men were protected by complete armor, and they rode horses. Quickness of eye or nimbleness of movement was no necessity with them.

The negroes, who have done as much as any people to exploit and to beautify the mask, have several legends as to its origin. One story from the Congo would make embarrassing reading for the white, protestant, and gentile members of the Ku-Klux Klan. According to this theory, the white hood that affrighted colored people in 1867, and still affrights them in this year of grace and of horsewhippings, might trace its ancestry back to the wit of a negro king of central Africa. The people whom this king ruled were troubled by a marauder. The criminal was young, the king was old. And not even the bucks of the tribe cared to risk the anger of the marauder and his blood-relatives. Out of this difficulty the king found a simple way by dressing up certain husky young men in identical masks, and sending them out to do anonymous justice. Even to-day the Ku-Klux habit sticks in Africa. Explorers report masked secret societies that rule the hinterland of the Gold Coast. They punish crime and they even form a sort of league of nations to put down wars. When two tribes have pushed belligerency beyond the limits of public endurance, the delegates to the central union of the secret societies meet and decide which tribe is at fault. Then they send their masked army to destroy its village, and peace reigns.

Another African legend ascribes the mask to an inventive queen. This woman went to a forest spring every day to fill her water-gourd. Her little daughter began to follow her and to get in the way. The mother scolded, and the queen commanded, but the child, after the manner of children, persisted. Inspiration came to the mother-queen. She painted the head of a ferocious demon on the bottom of her water-gourd, and when she held this to her face the child was content to stay home.

There is hardly a use of the mask that cannot produce a plausible reason for the thing's invention. But there is the common mind of primitive man in which all uses of the mask are founded, one obvious way in which many, many masks have originated, and one emotion, one desire, that

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makes masks a welcome adjunct to any toilet.

The mask comes most commonly out of the animal. Man begins by hunting, and his first magic is the magic of the chase. At the start it is as simple as his clothing, as simple, in fact, as the clothing of the animal he hunts. The first magic and the first mask are nothing more than decoy. The hunter tries to look like the hunted. The plains Indian wears a buffalo skin, and bellows like a calf. Perhaps after the hunt he dances around the camp-fire, recounting his adventures by imitating the prey and wearing its skin. Soon, through accident and coincidence, the idea occurs to him that he can cast a spell over the game. If he imitates the coming of deer, deer will come. If he dramatizes their slaughter, there will be a plentiful supply of food. Soon he is embarked on sympathetic magic and also on a sort of drama. The skull of the game makes the first mask, but it is not long before he has elaborated his magic into totemism, and then the artist comes out of the tribesman to create an image of his protector potent enough for his purposes.

It is probably a very long way from the skull mask of an animal to that of the artist's symbolic version, and it is further still before the simple magic of totemism becomes religious drama. Yet the path is hard-worn, clear, and undeviating. Religion elaborates itself by some inevitable law of the mind of man. Masked ritual spreads and changes and proliferates, too. The simple reproduction of a hunt develops into a legend of animal gods. With the coming of agriculture, sympathetic magic becomes more difficult and more complex. The rebirth of

One of the finely modeled masks which distinguish the Japanese No

the world each spring is dramatized into the rebirth of a god. Primitive man invents thousands of other stories of men and demons. He acts these out, usually with the aid of the mask. In the process the instinct of play develops, and the mask takes oddly significant forms.

The most elaborate use of ceremonial masks occurs among the Pueblo Indians of the Southwestern United States, and the Indians and Eskimo of the northern Pacific coast. In Melanesia and Africa the mask flourishes in ghost-dances, initiation ceremonies, disciplinary activities of secret societies, and all manner of ritual, and in these places the ritualistic spirit often disappears, and only a frankly amusing dance is left. But in New Mexico and British Columbia we may see the masked ceremony on its way to a kind of drama which is still religious because it is full of the meaning of old legends.

By some accident of mind the Northern Indians and the Eskimo who imitate them have taken to a kind of

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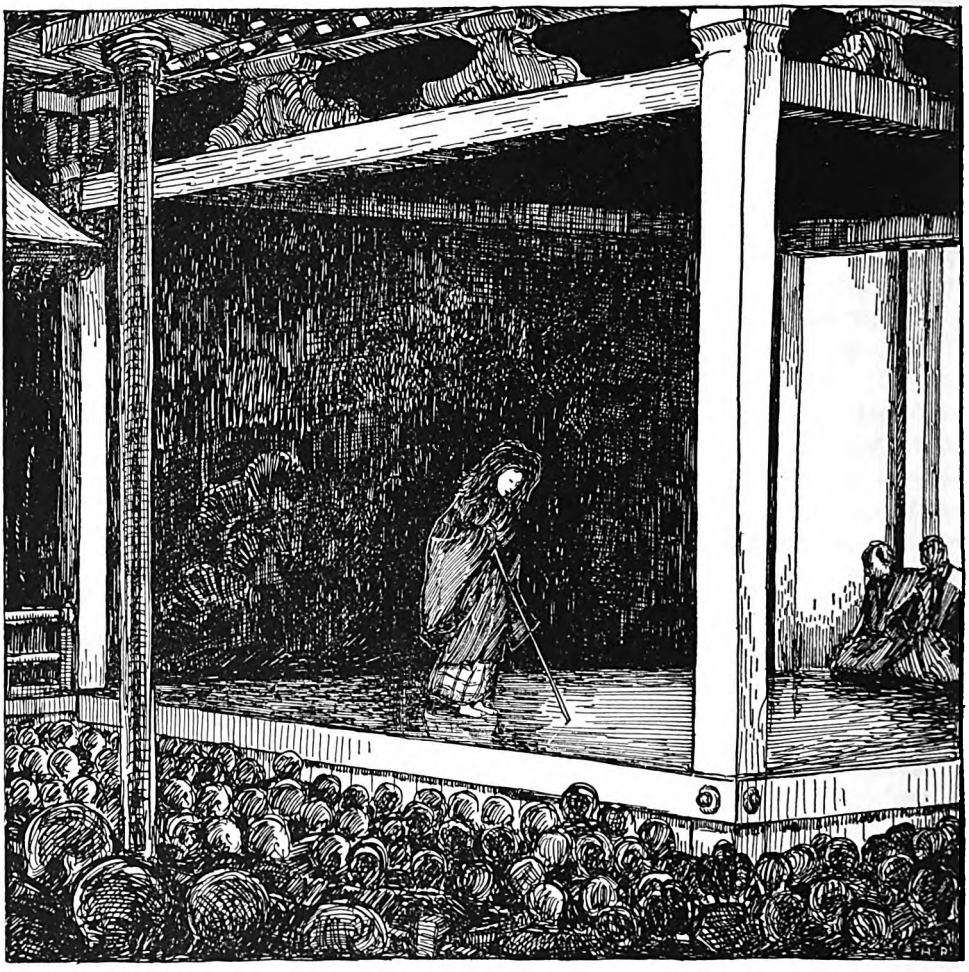

A scene from the formal stage of the Japanese No drama—a form which in its literary structure, as well as its use of masks, bears startling resemblances to Greek tragedy. The masked actor represents a blind poetess

automatic mask which dramatizes the legend quite as much as does the dancer. They have added strings and hinges, and produced a kind of super-marionette. There are wooden figures of the killer whale in which the dancer conceals his head while he pulls strings that flap its fins and its tail. There are masks within masks, heads of gods which open to show the beaks of birds, and these part in turn to show the mask of a man inside. Such masks tell the story of how the Supreme Being took the form of a bird, and flew down to earth to become the first man. In the Field Museum in Chicago is a mask which opens a pair of night-black wings to show the bird-demon, who is the sun; the mask of sun rises upon iron rods, and we see behind it the white face of the day. Such gamesome mechanisms share popular interest in the Northwest with scenes in which an initiate is

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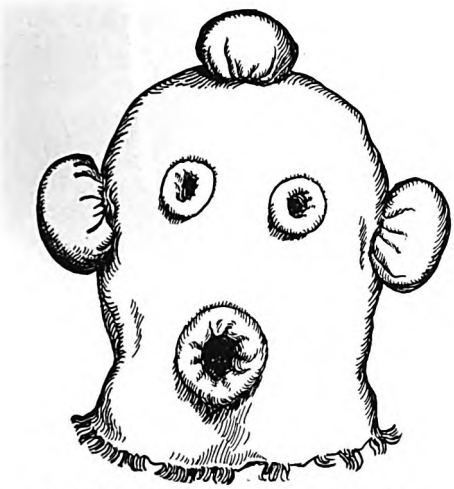

The Mud Head, sacred Dionysiac clown of the Pueblo ceremonials

A Græco-Roman mask of the Dionysian theater

most realistically beheaded, and with all manner of magical tricks to while away the long, dark winters.

In New Mexico, where the sun burns up the desert month after month, another kind of masking and legend-making, just as elaborate, but utterly different, has developed. There the Pueblo Indians have brought their masking nearer drama and further from theatrical machinery. They have little marionettes that appear in certain legends, but the bulk of their rituals consists of hundreds of dances in which ancestor gods return in masks to sing and act their stories. These masks are of the very simplest sort. There is no attempt at sculptured features, as in Africa, no grotesqueries of painted and carved ornament, such as the Melanesians make. Instead, symbols of the various gods are painted on round leather helmets or on half-masks. Sometimes there is hardly any indication of features, while the lack of human resemblance is intensified in many cases by the addition of a crown of rainbow sticks, feathers, corn-stalks, and other symbols of fertility. One very theatrical feature of every dance from midwinter to midsummer is the Koyemshi, or Mud Heads, clowns in grotesque, bag-like masks who burlesque and travesty everything in the homes of gods and men. These Mud Heads are a hint of Dionysus come to make ritual into drama. They have come too late, however, for the days of Indian civilization are numbered, and government officials, not content to wait the natural death of these lovely feasts, forbid the Indians to waste their time with their religion and art.

The legends of primitive man would make drama even though they were told without the aid of masks, for they are always full of the great conflicts of gods and demons, man and deity, and of that vivid suspensive symbol of the renewing of life every year, the story of a god who dies and is resurrected. The story of the struggle of gods and demons, of good and bad spirits, forms the drama which the masked priests of Tibet act out in their

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A masked deity in a congratulatory play given on an imperial birthday in China

A negro mask, example of a racial genius in mummery

holy pantomimes. The damnation which deity sends upon the wicked supplies the Buddhist priests of China with a theme for the thesis-drama of the tortures of purgatory which they act in masks. The story of the reborn god formed the structure for every tragedy of the Greek theater, a theater, again, in which masks hid the players. In Japan the legends of earth-spirits and nature-gods, danced each year at the appropriate shrines, have ended in the most recondite and precise of lyric dramas, the No plays, which are acted, half masked, half unmasked, by priestly players. South of China, through Burma, Siam, Ceylon, and Java, the legends of the gods, mingled with stories of mythical heroes who just missed deification, and with Hindu romances, have made a commercial theater in which masks are used, sometimes to imitate gods and demons, sometimes to duplicate the puppets of the marionette shows.

The mask contributes something definite to the holy theater that has developed out of primitive religious legends. Certain of its virtues will come over into our own playhouse when the ideas of Gordon Craig and the efforts of our stage designers bring the mask into more or less definite and continuous use. Obviously, the mask permits far more "style" in the presentation of any drama. Faces of actors carved and painted by an artist take on a significance that the accidents of human physiognomy do not always permit. The Greek mind could hardly conceive of a man's pretending to the majesty of a god without a Phidias to shape his features. Push the desire for dramatic expression over into the field of large and symbolic action, as many of the more advanced playwrights of Europe and America are now doing, and the mask takes on special values. It can receive a size larger than life; the Greeks did this for their huge auditoriums, and Robert Edmond Jones has done the same for Percy MacKaye's "Caliban." Further, the mask is capable of an abstract expression impossible to the human face. Jones, again, has experimented with this in his fine head of *Death* in MacKaye's masque.

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Somewhere in between lie such symbolic masks as Katherine McEwen's in Sam Hume's production of "Doctor Faustus" in Detroit, Dulac's masks for Yeats's "Plays for Dancers," the masks of Herman Rosse and Ernst Stern, and the false faces of the Fifth Avenue paraders, virtual marionettes, in Eugene O'Neill's expressionistic drama, "The Hairy Ape." The masks of W. T. Benda, which are the best known of modern American examples, are least like masks, it seems to me. They are often lovely and expressive. They are always finished and deft technically; but they are usually too close to reality. They are life smoothed and hardened and made a little sterile.

The possibilities of the mask in the theater depend a good deal upon the success of that tendency towards new, free forms, which is evident in modern drama and production; it has a place in this development. The difficulty of the voice is a limit on the mask, and there is, too, the artificiality of the fixed expression. Even the plastic masks of Alexander Hall cannot alter this greatly, and, indeed, no one should want it altered. It is the work of an artist.

One element in the mask's magic, one reason for its wide use and its predominance in the ancient and traditional theater, remains to be considered. This is the "release" which it gives to the man who wears it. This figured little perhaps in the medieval theater, for expression was surging up too vigorously toward the Renaissance to need assistance. The commedia dell' arte employed masks only to define stock characters, and it was with a rather similar purpose that Molière provided the players of the court physicians in "L'Amour médecin" with portrait masks of the king's doctors. But to primitive man the anonymity of the mask brought a kind of freedom of expression which was essential if he was to imitate and act with ease. Hidden behind this veil, he seemed protected from the prying and appraising eyes of his fellows. He could "let himself go," which, oddly enough, is only another way of saying that he could be "possessed." There may seem little need to aid our actors of to-day to free self-expression. Yet this is a self-conscious age, and the spirit is none too strong. Certainly, our actors seem weakest when they leave the close imitation of humdrum life and attempt the grand part, the inspired rôle. I think the interposition of the mask may make a curious change in the psychology of our players. To-day Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor gain from black-face, not only a license, but also a kind of demoniacal vigor, a Dionysiac possession, which is gone when they wash off the burnt cork. Perhaps the mask will play a part in enlarging the soul of our actors, along with the horizons of our drama, if the artists succeed in bringing it back into the theater.

The Japanese kitchen god of purity

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The Foreign Policy of Farming

By Alfred Pearce Dennis

Special European Representative, U. S. Department of Commerce

The important factors in agriculture are soil, climate, and human effort. Statesmen sitting around a council-table trace lines on paper and call them national frontiers. What have these artificial lines to do with climate, soil, or the industry of man? The surface of the earth is a fairly constant quantity. It is neither increased nor diminished by changes in national boundaries. As a result of war, the land of central and eastern Europe has been cut up and redistributed nationally. Theoretically, gains should fairly offset losses, and the sum total of soil wealth remain about as it was before. As a matter of fact, agriculture has suffered the greatest set-back known to European history since the end of the Thirty Years' War. Whereas the wheat-export capacity of eastern Europe before the war was 250,000,000 bushels, the exportable surplus for the present cereal year is well below 30,000,000 bushels. While Germany was able before the war to throw more than a million tons of beet sugar on the world market annually, that country to-day is barely producing enough sugar for minimum domestic needs. As a Russian province, Bessarabia was able to export thirty per cent. of its wheat crop; as a Rumanian province, its export capacity has dropped to zero. The whole thing is a complex in which there are many factors. It is not enough to reckon on soil, climate, and human toil. There is a fourth factor of vital importance in the success of a national agriculture, and that factor is trade.

One great lesson that the world may learn from the war is the dependence of agriculture upon trade. Certain it is that no purely agricultural country ever became rich and prosperous without developing an external trade. There are certain things no government can do. A government cannot make water run uphill, break a country-wide drought, or by legislative enactment raise the export price of wheat. Governments can, however, stimulate or stifle trade. Upon international commerce depends to a far greater extent than is generally recognized the prosperity of a national agriculture. Somewhere in his history of England Macaulay makes the point that the miseries inflicted by bad government are, after all, light in comparison with the miseries inflicted by a bad national currency. Bad kings and bad judges affect the contentment and happiness of only a fraction of society, while bad shillings and stagnant trade affect the well-being and happiness of all.

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New currents of thought and feeling have swept over Europe in these latter years. Out of the conflict of national egoisms and the welter of war-begotten wrongs and resentments, state legislation has become ultranationalistic. International spite-fences have been erected, and new boundaries have proved artificial barriers to natural trade currents. If one wants a rather adequate explanation of the European agricultural set-back, it is to be found in the changed psychology of the European peasant and in governmental interference with the trade of farm products. The two are different aspects of the same thing. If the war has done nothing else, it has served to give the farmer a better conception of the international character of his business. It might be well to look into this question of the international character of the farming business before taking up the shifts in European frontiers and the damage which has been inflicted upon agriculture through the cross-purposes of conflicting national egoisms. One may take as a simple illustration the most primitive form of agriculture in one of the most remote and lonely spaces of the earth's surface. The Australian shepherd, who conserves hay and roots for feeding his flocks during the winter, has hardly risen from the pastoral to the agricultural stage of human culture. He would seem to represent the ultimate in economic independence and isolation. Here is a man whose trade is older than that of Ishmael and whose habits remain substantially unaltered since the days of the Aryan dispersion. Yet the welfare of this lonely shepherd, roaming the wide spaces of earth, is intimately bound up with a circumscribed industrial region in a smallish island on the other side of the globe. When the British Government in 1919 unloaded its accumulated wool stocks on the market, the Bradford spinners quit importing, and there was not a sheep-herder on the lonely plains of New Zealand, Australia, and Argentina who did not feel the pinch of hard times.

Bulgarian peasant women tending rose gardens in the secluded valleys of the Balkan Mountains are almost as remote from the complex life of Paris as if they were creatures of another planet, but the prosperity of these simple peasants depends upon Paris, the center of the world's perfumery trade. It takes 225 pounds of rose petals, or 60,000 full-blown roses, to produce an ounce of the distilled perfume known as attar of roses. The Bulgarian rose-growers were cut off from Paris by the war. As a consequence, the national rose-essence production was more than cut in half. The Paris perfume trade is slow to recover because of the loss of business in Germany and Russia. So it is that rose gardens, which have been carefully nurtured in the Balkan Mountains for fifty years or more, now go untended.

One may image the interchanges of foreign trade under the old figure of a shuttle weaving back and forth, or the chemical principle of endosmose and exosmose, whereby liquids pass through a dividing partition and intermingle. Illustrations may be taken from the international trade in cotton and tobacco. The United States is the world's premier cotton-growing country; raw cotton has for years been the chief item in its export trade. It is rather surprising, therefore, to find that the United States in a single year

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(1920) imported nearly $100,000,000 worth of raw cotton from Egypt and that more Egyptian cotton entered the port of Boston in that year than the port of Liverpool. It may also be noted in passing that Egyptian agriculture first attained mobility through the cultivation of long-staple cotton. The success of the enterprise was largely due to the engineering skill which impounded the waters of the Nile and enabled moisture to be carried artificially during every month of the year to the roots of every growing plant. In brief, the transition from the archaic basin to the modern perennial system of irrigation enabled Egypt to produce in abundance a highly prized article of international commerce. This meant the transformation of a limited national agriculture into a prosperous international business and enabled two people to live in the Nile Valley where only one had been able to exist before. It remained for the cycle of prosperity to be completed by the modern craze for artificial silk stockings and the discovery that long-staple cotton makes an uncommonly good automobile tire.

One may trace a somewhat similar situation with respect to tobacco. Since the days when leaf tobacco was first grown commercially in Virginia, the United States has been the premier producing country of the world. Every year we ship thousands of hogsheads of our Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland leaf to Europe. The "Toscana," the famous black Italian cigar that has often proved an offense to the nostrils of visiting Americans, is a national product only in its manufacture. The tobacco itself comes from Kentucky. It would appear to be ingrained in the nature of smokers to prefer alien-grown tobacco. American taste leans to a Havana cigar or a cigarette compounded of Turkish tobacco. On the other hand, the leaf grown in Virginia or the Connecticut Valley is eagerly bought by European smokers. Austria has a way of buying American tobacco, manufacturing the leaves, after they have been soaked for two days in water, into cigars, and reshipping this barreled nicotine water back to the United States to be used as an insecticide. Hungary had a knack of doing much the same thing, only the nicotine water, after the leaf had been steeped, was shipped into Switzerland and employed as a bath for dried Alpine weeds, which later appeared on the local market as fillers for cigarettes and cigars.

These are illustrations of the ceaseless interchange of commodities among the human beings who dwell upon the face of the earth. All trade simply means the swapping of the peculiar products of one man's industry or genius for the products of another man's industry or genius. In the matter of agricultural products, two elements work like the yeast in dough in the structure of human commercial relations. One of these elements is diversity of taste, and another is nature's specialization in plant growth. Something of the collector's passion, the longing for the thing that is rare and unattainable, has much to do with the swapping of agricultural products the world over. The thing which we call quality is largely a matter of specialization. Tobacco and cotton were taken as illustrations of cross-movements in international trade. Both of them are what might be called finicky or over-fastidious plants. One of the finest and most aromatic of the

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so-called Turkish tobaccos is the famous Basma leaf, grown in Stanamaka, Bulgaria. Repeated attempts have been made to grow this leaf in other parts of the country under substantially the same soil and climatic conditions, but the leaf is inferior to the true Basma. The American tobacco leaf that most closely duplicates the much prized Havana wrapper is grown in Ohio. Effort has been made through the use of Cuban seed and the introduction of Cuban methods to grow an Ohio leaf that is comparable to the high-class Havana. The two leaves are similar in texture, color, and aroma. When smoked, however, the Havana-made wrapper burns with a clean, compact ash; the Ohio wrapper flakes.

The amount of long-staple cotton grown in our great cotton belt has become a negligible factor in international trade owing to the ravages of the boll-weevil. We grow a certain amount of long-fibered cotton on irrigated lands in Arizona and California under conditions of soil and climate not unlike those of Egypt, but efforts to grow long-staple cotton on a broad scale in various parts of the world have not amounted to much. It is much the same as with *Colonel Seller's* famous eye-water, which always lacked a necessary ingredient. The writer has in mind a naturalized American of Italian birth who selected a spot in Tennessee that duplicated, according to his notion, the soil and climate of his native Lombard village. To make the experiment sure fire, he imported Italian live stock and dairymen and attempted to reproduce on American soil a world-famous brand of Italian cheese. Nothing was lacking the experiment except success. Something that sweeps up from Africa across the Tyrrhenian Sea. Who shall say?

An intimate relation exists between production and trade in the matter of farm products. Roughly speaking, climate is the mainspring of international trade movements. The Fiji-Islander has about as much use for warming-pans as the Laplander has for ice-cream-freezers.

§ 2

Not to labor the point, wheat is grown in virtually every country of the temperate zone, yet there would be a ceaseless movement of wheat in the channels of international trade if every country in the world produced exactly enough wheat for its own requirements. British millers would still have to apply to North America for hard winter wheats to blend with their native soft-wheat flour, just as the Italians would have to have our durum wheats, rich in gluten, for the manufacture of macaroni.

What the writer is trying to make clear is the interrelation between a successful national agriculture and international commerce. This fact being accepted, it follows that state interference with the free movement of commerce is bound to have an adverse reaction upon agriculture. Broadly speaking, these interferences are of two classes, interstate and intrastate. As a sequel to the war, new tariff barriers have arisen with new national frontiers; old trade routes have been dislocated, and men who formerly traded freely with their neighbors are estopped from trading on the theory that these neighbors have suddenly become enemies. The intrastate interferences are the result of post-war opportunism in European politics. In

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a time of popular restlessness and discontent, ministries are compelled to follow the tortuous line of least resistance. The urban populations clamor for cheap food and arrange street parades to protest against the high cost of living. Governments yield to the pressure, and either establish maximum prices for foodstuffs, or, what amounts to the same thing, prohibit their export, and thus deny the farmer the opportunity to enjoy prices in line with the world market. One can't generalize for all Europe. The situation of no two countries is exactly the same.

A national frontier, which to the eye is but a frail, impalpable barrier, may for purposes of trade prove a wall of adamant. Trade currents are as natural as the movement of the ocean tides. Water seeks its level; men trade where it is to their supposed advantage. They buy where they may buy best and cheapest. Some of the newly established frontiers cut directly athwart natural trade routes. In such cases the immaterial frontier-line becomes an insurmountable obstacle. Teschen affords an illustration in miniature of artificial cleavage. Here is an industrial community of 28,000 people, which lay on the Czechoslovakian-Polish frontier, and was claimed in its entirety by both countries. The council of ambassadors settled the contention by dividing the morsel between the two claimants. The new frontier having been traced, the manufacturer awoke one morning to find his plant in a foreign country, while the dairyman who started on his morning rounds found himself cut off from his customer because he had no license to export milk. There, too, was the doctor who was prevented from visiting the bedside of his sick patient because he had neglected to procure a passport visé.

The case of the Austrian province of Styria furnishes an illustration of what we are getting at on a somewhat larger scale. Northern Styria is mountainous, with a population devoted to mining and industrial pursuits. Southern Styria includes the rich farm-lands of the Drave basin. The province of Styria was a well rounded economic unit, the farmers finding a ready market for their products in the industrial centers of the north, and receiving such manufactured goods as they needed in exchange. The peace settlement threw southern Styria over into Jugoslavia. Jugoslavia, with a series of bad crop years, has consistently interfered with the free export of food products in order to cater to the needs of the home consumer. It happens, therefore, that industrial Styria, which still remains a part of Austria, is compelled to eke out its food necessities by buying wheat in the Chicago market, five thousand miles away, against adverse dollar exchange, while the farmers of southern Styria are cut off from their old, nearby markets and compelled to sell their food products at prices artificially established below the world market level.

Enlarging the scale of illustration, the position of Hungary may be considered. The most salient thing about a relief-map of Europe is the fortress wall of mountains that circles Europe's natural granary, the great Hungarian plain. The rich black soil of the Danubian basin seems to have been designed by Nature as an inexhaustible grain-field from which teeming populations have drawn food supplies since

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the days of the early Cæsars. Rich earths scoured down through countless ages from the water-sheds of the Alps and the Carpathians have gone to compose these fertile, exotic soils. The historic Kingdom of Hungary was virtually coterminous with this magnificent plain, which possessed the best natural humus in Europe. The entrances to this natural crater formed by an inclosure of mountains were two: the Danube formed the eastern gate; the western gateway was the port of Fiume, on the Adriatic. Here, then, was an economically compact territory with an immense central plain fertile in cereals, circumscribed by mountains rich in forests and minerals. A map of Hungary to-day has somewhat the appearance of a shriveled plum dried on the branch. New Hungary is entirely cut off from the Adriatic. The country has lost 42.9 per cent. of its former plowed land, 75 per cent. of its garden area, 70 per cent. of its pasture-land, 86 per cent. of its forests. Of former Hungarian territory Rumania got 36.4 per cent.; Czechoslovakia, 22.2 per cent.; Jugoslavia, 7.4 per cent.; Austria, 1.8 per cent. Hungary was left with 32.2 per cent., or not quite one third of its former territory. From the point of view of Europe's agricultural resources, the dismemberment of Hungary would appear to be a matter of small importance, the losses of the old kingdom being offset by the gains of more fortunate neighbors. The agricultural production of all the component parts does not begin to equal the sum total of what Hungary formerly produced. What is left of Hungary agriculturally has been thrown out of gear by the dislocation of former trade movements.

The rich lumber and mining resources of Transylvania have passed to Rumania. That stream of wealth, therefore, has been violently dammed and made to flow eastward in the direction of Bukharest rather than follow its historic westward course toward Budapest. The psychology of the Hungarian peasant has undergone a change for the worse. A great number of cattle were driven away by the Rumanians in their post-war raid. The hog industry, which was formerly connected with plentiful corn supplies, is slow to recover, because the best corn-lands have gone to the Rumanians and Jugoslavs. Before the war Budapest, the Hungarian capital, ranked only second to Minneapolis as a world center for fine flour milling. Nothing is lacking the former great flour industry except grist for the mills. Present-day Hungary has retained 55.6 per cent. of its former industrial capacity, but perhaps not more than 30 per cent. of its agricultural capacity. This means that in the future Hungary, with relatively fewer farm resources, will have to feed more artisans and factory workers. It would appear, therefore, that the age-long primacy of Hungary as a flour-exporting country has passed, not to return.

While Europe must be debited with an important agricultural loss in the case of Hungary, will not these losses be fairly offset by the corresponding gains of Hungary's neighbors, and will not the pool of European agricultural wealth remain substantially the same? The break-up of the great Austro-Hungarian Monarchy did not diminish by a single acre the fruitful soil of Europe, yet we know that the total agricultural production of all the component parts is much below that of the former whole. The former position of

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Austria was something like that of an antebellum planter in our Southern States. The resources of the plantation were sufficient to meet most of the emergencies of life. If guests arrived unexpectedly, what had to be done was to catch and kill a few chickens and get some corn-bread made from home-milled meal. Before the great European war, Austria had only to reach out into her own back yard—the great Hungarian plain—for needed flour, or across the Danube into Bohemia for whatever sugar she required for the home table, or hops and barley for the brewing industry. In food essentials the old empire was economically self-contained.

§ 3

At a juncture when Austria is more dependent upon sea-borne grain than ever before, and is less able to pay for it, it is doubly unfortunate that the recovery of agriculture should be checked by vicious economic policies. One of the reflex influences of the war had to do with the movement of European populations from the country to the towns. Men felt the urge to desert the farms for the factories under the stimulus of higher wages, and the refugees who flocked into central Europe under the pressure of war and revolution naturally gravitated to the cities rather than to the country. The great urban populations, particularly in the countries of debased currencies, became pinched and restless, and clamored for cheap food. Governments, yielding to the pressure, either fixed maximum prices for food or put an embargo on its exportation. The recovery of agriculture was thus checked by a vicious economic policy directed by an effort to tide over temporary difficulties at the expense of permanent future welfare. Austrian agriculture, for example, has been sacrificed to the city of Vienna, which contains nearly one third of the inhabitants of the republic. The dilemma imposed upon the Government was either high prices for grain and riots in Vienna, or peace in Vienna with low prices for food and discouragement to the farmer. Largely as a consequence of price-fixing and of obstacles to the free trade in grain, twenty-five per cent. of Austrian soil formerly under the plow therefore reverted to pasture or is lying derelict. As a consequence, the country is under the necessity of buying a good deal of overseas wheat, which could have been grown on native farms. It seems extraordinary that a country as financially distressed as Austria, whose chief trouble is shortage of food, should have permitted native food resources to dwindle to about sixty-five per cent. of pre-war capacity. The last of Austrian price regulations were abolished by the central Government in June, 1922, but the local governments still put obstacles in the way of the free shipment of farm products from the provinces to the cities.

In the case of Germany, cereal production has fallen thirty per cent. below the pre-war output for the territory now included within the republic. The chief cash farm-export commodity in pre-war times was sugar. In this item the former annual export capacity of one million tons or more has been canceled. The number of hogs has been reduced by about thirty per cent., and the cattle by twenty per cent. German per capita bread consumption has declined not less than thirty per cent.; meats and fats about

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thirty-two per cent. The German population, having been one of the most adequately fed of all the great European peoples, is now clearly underfed, with no great improvement to be hoped for in the near future. In no period of German history since the Thirty Years' War has agriculture received a more severe set-back. From the middle of the last century, or the days of Liebig, the world had turned to Germany for lessons in soil management. German thrift, industry, and science had accomplished miracles in obtaining from the soil all it had to offer. Germans have gone down under the soil two thousand feet or more and brought up enormous stores of potash for the quickening of their national agriculture. Not content with this, they have reached up into the atmosphere for vast stores of nitrogen, which heretofore could be made available to the soil only through the slow appropriation of leguminous plants. But despite the resources of German industry and science and a soil that was virtually unaffected by the war except through the loss of phosphates, the agriculture productive capacity of the country has been thrown back by about forty years, or to the level of 1882. It is not enough to say that German agriculture was thrown out of gear by the war. The chief reason for its slow recovery is found in the governmental policy which favored the consumer rather than the producer of food. The German Government requisitioned grain from its farmers and distributed it at cut-rate prices to the consumer in the form of bread. Exactly the same situation is presented on a larger scale in Russia. The peasant responded to the requisitioning of grain at cut-rate prices by the Soviet Government by ceasing to produce a surplus.

§ 4

Naturally, the depreciation of the currencies has had an adverse influence upon trade in farm products from the producer's point of view. The German, Hungarian, Russian, or Rumanian peasant had little interest in exchanging a bushel of wheat, which had an absolute and intrinsic value, for bits of engraved paper which had a fictitious and declining value. The thing cut both ways in the case of the farmer who before the war was heavily in debt. Many a peasant in Austria, Hungary, or Poland was able to pay off long-standing mortgages or other indebtedness that had weighed him down for years by the simple device of selling a few head of live stock. As a rule, all European farmers made money during the war. The present situation of the European farmer is largely determined by what he did with his war profits. If these profits were put back into real estate or permanent improvements, his situation is good. If they were put into war bonds, particularly those of the Central empires, the last state of that man is worse than his first. Under the British land system the man who owns the soil rarely works it. The British farmer who turned his war profits back into the land, finds himself in a difficult position, laboring under the double burden of higher labor costs and excessive taxation. The French peasant, with his proverbial land hunger, is more fortunate. His taxes are relatively lighter. As a rule, he works his own land, is not bothered much by the question of wages, and gets some protection from the competition of cheap overseas

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farm products. The French sugar industry, for example, is recovering rapidly through the protection afforded by the tariff on foreign sugars. The French farmer is assured a fair price for his beets. The Bulgarian farmer, although his country was defeated in the war, is reasonably contented and prosperous. The land is cut up into small holdings, and the man who owns the soil both lives on it and works it, and is bothered neither by labor difficulties nor foreign competition. Further, the whole policy of the Government since the war has been pro-farmer, and there has been no control of prices in the interest of the consumer rather than of the producer.

For convenience in distinguishing between eastern and western Europe, one may take as the line of division a tangent drawn from the port of Triest, on the Adriatic, to the port of Dantzic, on the Baltic. No country to the west of this line is agriculturally self-supporting. All must import staple food-stuffs. The rise of nineteenth-century industrialism and the ability to purchase cheap overseas grain stimulated the birth-rate, and populations began to outrun soil resources. Eighty years ago, for example, Great Britain produced more wheat than it does to-day, or enough to feed the entire population, while the amount of wheat grown in Great Britain this last harvest would feed only about one fifth of the population. The same thing is true with qualifications of Italy, Belgium, and western Germany. In other words, the gap in western Europe between the food-producing capacity of the soil and the food-consuming requirements of the people who live upon it tends to widen with the development of industrialism. It is true, of course, that such countries as Denmark and Spain are predominantly agricultural, and the problem of food resources is less acute, although both countries are dependent to an important degree upon the importation of overseas grain. But all these countries have one feature in common: their agriculture is highly organized and intensive in character in contrast with the under-industrialized, more sparsely settled countries of eastern Europe, where agriculture is less developed and is governed by the principle of extension rather than of intension. Hopes for the expansion of European food yields are necessarily centered in the broad spaces and relatively undeveloped regions of eastern Europe. But the farm regions of eastern Europe are precisely the ones that have been most affected by post-war changes in national boundaries and by governmental interference in the food-stuffs trade.

§ 5

Something like an agrarian revolution has taken place in eastern Europe right under our eyes, and we are hardly aware of it. The peasant has awakened to a sense of power and is beginning to use it. He is using it, whether consciously or unconsciously, against the town-dweller. The town-dweller historically has always had the best of it. By virtue of superior intelligence, social cohesion, and progressiveness, the townsman has always possessed an influence entirely out of proportion to his numerical strength. Galicia, for example, is an agricultural province with a population predominantly Little-Russian, yet the political and intellectual character of the province takes its color from the energetic

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town-dwelling Poles. So with Dalmatia; although the population is predominantly Slav, the country takes its character from the intelligent, progressive, commercial town-dwelling Italians. Likewise Thrace, with a population composed chiefly of Turkish and Bulgar peasants, takes its national character from the town-dwelling Greeks. But as a result of the war upheaval the eastern European peasant has conquered, or he thinks he has conquered. He has emerged from the struggle victorious, but frustrated. He has seized the land he hungered for, but he finds that the soil no longer brings forth its accustomed fruits. The tendency of national legislation has been toward the protection of the town populations. Civil and military officials, the intelligentsia, and the industrial workmen have exacted cheap food of the Government at the expense of the farmer. Both things have had an adverse effect upon agricultural production.

Throughout Russia the great estates have now been parceled out among the peasants. The Baltic States, Latvia and Esthonia, have followed the Bolshevist model, and great baronial estates, which for more than five hundred years have been the backbone of advanced agriculture, have been subdivided. In old Rumania the land under large-scale cultivation has been reduced from forty-seven per cent. to eight per cent. The Jugoslav agrarian legislation has been carried out on similar lines. Economic difficulties have retarded the execution of the program for the breakup of the big landed estates in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The simplest intelligence has already grasped the fact that the compulsory parceling of the big estates reacts adversely upon agricultural production. The great landed properties, whether in Hungary, Rumania, or Russia, were precisely the farm areas that produced surplus grain for commercial purposes. Their owners possessed the capital, machinery, and farming technic that were denied to the small peasant proprietor. The large estate-owner, too, had an interest which the peasant did not have in producing grain for export. If the lady of the manor desired to import a piano from Germany, grain was grown to be given in exchange for it. Thus it was that the towns derived a large part of their food supply from the great estates, and international trade was provided with a surplus of grain for export.

Our American beet-growers are again beginning to see the light after two disastrous years chiefly because Germany is not able to throw a million tons of sugar annually on the international market. Does farming follow the flag? To a greater extent than one would dream. The former German beet-sugar lands and factories in the Posen district, which had a production of 450,000 tons of raw sugar before the war, yielded less than 200,000 tons of sugar last season under the Polish régime.

Europe stands in acute need of our farm products, but straightway ensues the matter of finance. The difficulties of finance in the countries of depreciated currencies have in my opinion been greatly overemphasized. Roughly speaking, currency depreciation is a correlative of superabundant paper money. While emission of paper money can never overtake its shadow,—depreciation,—it is not so much the depreciation as the fluctua-

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tion in exchange that affects adversely international trade. When a man buys in a foreign market, he must have some security as to what his power of exchange will be some three or four months hence, when he sells. Evidence accumulates that whatever be the state of currency derangement, Europe must and will buy our farm products.

Jugoslavia levies a heavy export duty on the shipment abroad of live fat hogs or their products. It is cheaper for Austria to buy bacon and lard in Chicago than from her neighbor south of the Danube. Jugoslavia is the one country in Europe where corn is the principal cereal crop, and the acorns and beech-nuts in the vast forests furnish excellent forage for hogs. The foundations of the fortunes of the present Serbian royal house were built upon the hog industry. In 1906, at the instance of the Hungarian estate-owners, Austria legislated Serbian hog products out of the country. This produced acute irritation and led up to the outbreak in 1914. With respect to its Balkan origin, the war was nothing more than a pig war.

Here we have it—deep-rooted national antagonisms, artificial obstacles to international trade, state control of farm products in the interest of the consumer. It is the imponderable influences—the changes in the peasant psychology, alteration in such immaterial things as a national frontier, that are retarding European agricultural recovery. There have been other powerful adverse influences, it is true, as the great drought of 1921, the loss of phosphates through the Allied blockade, the loss of live stock through lack of feeding stuffs or through enemy invasion, the actual hurt done the soil by military operations. What has thus been lost is more easily retrieved than the losses that are unperceived and immaterial. Even in the French red zone the sales of binding-twine for the last harvest were almost back to pre-war level, and land which four years ago was deemed forever derelict, is once more smiling and fruitful.

How many years will it take Europe to get back to pre-war agricultural capacity? Who shall say? It is largely a matter of national psychology, of peace in men's hearts. Time is the great healer, the rectifier of men's judgments. Reaction in the long run almost certainly equals action in the case of violent and extreme social and political experiments. There is something in the experience of the race, in the combined wills and teachings of the men who have gone before, in short, the thing we call the past, that tends to wring back every sudden and violent gain or loss and restore the old equilibrium. One may already discern a softening of national antagonisms and a disposition to restore the old economic balance.

It may be five or it may be five and twenty years before Russia, let us say, is back to former grain export capacity. Great social experiments are not worked out overnight. One can only feel assured that the balance is inclining to the side of construction rather than to destruction and that the soil of eastern Europe will flower again as aforetime. In the meantime the American farmer is getting a new conception of the international character of his business.

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OLD AGE

FOUR POEMS BY
MARK VAN DOREN

DECORATIONS BY
CHARLES LOCKE

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Gardener

Under the window, on a dusty ledge,
He peers among the spider-webs for seed.
He wonders, groping, if the spiders spun
Beneath that window after all; perhaps

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His eyes are spiders, and new veils are dropped
Each winter and summer morning in the brain.
He sees but silken-dimly, though the ends
Of his white fingers feel more things than are—
More delicate webs, and sundry bags of seed.
That flicker at the window is a wren.
She taps the pane with a neat tail, and scolds.
He knows her there, and hears her, far away,
As if an insect sang in a tree. Whereat
The shelf he fumbles on is distant, too,
And his bent arm is longer than an arm.
Something between his fingers brings him back—
An envelop that rustles—and he reads,
"The coreopsis". He does not delay.
Down from the rafter where they always hang
He shoulders rake and hoe, and shuffles out.

The sun is warm and thick upon the path,
But he goes lightly, under a broad straw
None knows the age of. They are watching him
From upper windows as his slippered feet
Avoid the aster and nasturtium beds
Where he is not to meddle. His preserve
Is farther, and no stranger touches it.
He weeps no longer that he is forbade
All others than this patch behind the rocks;
It is a tiny holding, but his own.
Yesterday he was planting larkspur there.
He works the ground, and hoes the larkspur out—
Yesterday was a million years ago—
Pressing the coreopsis gently in.
With an old hose he plays a quavering stream,
Then shuffles back with the tools and goes to supper.

Over his bowl of milk, wherein he breaks
Five brittle crackers, drifts the question: "Uncle,
What have you planted for the summer coming?"

"Why—hollyhocks," he murmers; and they smile.

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Big Mare

The grass is deep in the field, and her four legs
Sink out of sight. She plunges lazily on
To a fresh circle, whence she lifts her head
And looks across the fences to the barn.
No voice from there, no swing of any door.
She lowers her nose to the ground, but suddenly shifts,
Looks up again, and stares into the quiet.
Yesterday, and as long as she remembers,
At this good hour there sounded a shrill cry:
"Here, Chunk! Here, Chunk! Here, Chunk!" and two thin arms
Were waved from a dark opening in the wall.
Now nothing; so she feeds until the sun
Comes cooler over the meadow, and starts home.
Her feet trample on clover, and her breast
Moves with superfluous might against the weeds.
She plows across the creek and through the gap,
Is half-way up the hillside; still no shout,
No corn upon an aged, trembling hand.
She hesitates, as if the barn were gone,
Had never been just here, and gazes long
At the half-opened door, then stumbles through.
Some stranger has thrown nubbins in the box;
Her salt is there, the timothy is down.
She munches, while no words are in her nostrils;
No feet in boots too big for them clump by.

The weak old man who never failed has failed.
Yet foolish whisperings, not of the hay, are heard:
Spidery ghosts of fingers now caress her,
Swiftly over a shoulder, down a flank,
Smoothing, smoothing her mane till evening is night.
Does a plain mare remember? And how long?
To-morrow will come a slap and a careless whistle.
To-morrow will come a boy. Is she to forget?

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Stone

As I drove by a pasture, under the sun,
I saw a rough gray stone at the farther side
Get up and walk. It was a withered woman,

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And she was gathering mullein leaves; for soon
She stooped again, and was remade a stone.
Suppose her, then, a stone, and what the loss?
Granting that sound was frozen in those ears,
Within, more deep, in many lurking-places
Echoes were piping of a long-past laughter,
Barking of some one's dog, a carriage wheel,
Slamming of doors in a night-risen wind,
Sullen response of husband, croon of child.
Stones are not inhabited at the core.
There were two eyes, in a thick-wrinkled skin,
That fixed a mullein plant and plucked it up,
Or sent five fingers to surround it, so—
Fingers that rubbed the softness and remembered
Velvet and down, or once a horse's nose.
Granting the eyes' dead luster, yet within
Day floated, as it floats beyond old windows;
And memories were infinite as motes.
Her tongue, perhaps, anticipated tea;
Her throat already twitched to take it down;
Already, under her bonnet, she was back
Warming her oven carefully for the bread.
Both here and there she sat. By its own thought
Can a rock rest upon another hill?
In certain veins the blood ran thinly now,
And once tormented nerves were lying dead,
Yet only seemed to die. They still could throb;
Along their shrunken valleys still might race
The current from a womb that once was full.
And were that single daughter to return,
Be seen across the pasture, coming slow,
This palate would be suddenly stung with fire,
These bowels would ache to ashes. Were she stone,
I countered, she would never be consumed.
But when could she have learned that she was stone?

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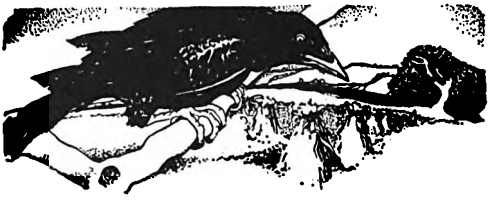
Crow

A hundred autumns he has wheeled
Above this solitary field.
Here he circled after corn
Before the oldest man was born.
When the oldest man is dead,
He will be unsurfeited.
See him crouch upon a limb
With his banquet under him.
Hear the echo of his caw
Give the skirting forest law.
Down he drops, and struts among
The rows of supper, tassel-hung.
Not a grain is left behind
That his polished beak can find.
He is full; he rises slow
To watch the evening come and go.
From the barren branch, his rest,
All is open to the west;
And the light along his wing
Is a sleek and oily thing.
Past an island floats the gaze
Of this ancientest of days.
Green and orange and purple dye
Is reflected in his eye.
There is an elm-tree in the wood
Where his dwelling-place has stood
All the hundred of his years.
There he sails and disappears.



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Mahatma Gandhi

A Biographical Essay in Three Parts—Part II

By Romain Rolland

July 28, 1920, Gandhi announced that non-coöperation would be proclaimed August 1, and as a preparatory measure he ordered that a day of fasting and prayer be held the day before. He had no fear of governmental fury, but he feared the fury of the populace. He declared:

"Effective non-coöperation depends upon complete organization. Disorderliness comes from anger. There must be no violence. Violence means retrogression in our case, and useless waste of innocent lives. Above everything else, there must be complete order."

The tactics of non-coöperation had been defined two months before by Gandhi and the committee of non-coöperation, and they included the following measures: surrender of all titles of honor and honorary offices; non-participation in government loans; suspension by lawyers of practice, and settlement of court disputes by private arbitration; boycott of government schools by children and parents; boycott of the reformed councils; non-participation in government functions; refusal to accept any post; support of national independence.

In other words, the negative part of the program should be completed by constructive measures, which would lead to the new India of the future.

This program specified the first steps to be taken, and we must admire the prudent sagacity of the leader who, after cranking up the enormous machine of Hindu revolt, stops it short, so to speak, and holds it back, pulsating, at the first turn. Gandhi is not planning civil disobedience for the present. He knows civil disobedience. He knows that at present people are not ripe for it, and he does not want to set them loose before he feels sure that they have mastered the art of self-control. So he launches non-coöperation. Non-coöperation, in this first stage, does not include a refusal to pay taxes. Gandhi waits.

August 1, 1920, Gandhi gives the signal for the movement by his famous letter to the viceroy, surrendering his decorations and honorary titles:

"It is not without a pang that I return the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal granted to me by your predecessor for my humanitarian work in South Africa, the Zulu War Medal, granted in South Africa for my services as officer in charge of the Indian Volunteer Ambulance Corps in 1906, and the Boer War Medal for my services as assistant superintendent of the Indian Volunteer Stretcher-bearer Corps during the Boer War of 1899–1900."

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But, he adds, after referring to the scenes that took place in the Punjab and the events back of the Califate movement:

"I can retain neither respect nor affection for a Government which has been moving from wrong to wrong in order to defend its immorality. . . . The Government must be moved to repentance.

"I have therefore ventured to suggest non-coöperation, which enables those who wish to disassociate themselves from the Government and which, if unattended by violence, must compel the Government to retrace its steps and undo its wrongs."

Gandhi's example was immediately followed. Hundreds of magistrates sent in their resignations, thousands of students left the colleges, the courts were abandoned, the schools were emptied. The All-India Congress, meeting in special session in Calcutta in the beginning of September, approved Gandhi's decisions by an overwhelming majority.

Never did Gandhi show himself a greater leader than during the first year of his action. He had to hold back the violence that lay smoldering, ready to leap into flame. He considers "mobocracy" the greatest danger that menaces India. He hates war, but would rather have it than the insane violence of *Caliban*. "If India has to achieve her freedom by violence, let it be by the disciplined violence named war," not by mob revolts. Gandhi looks with disfavor upon all demonstrations and mass meetings, even in celebration of some joyous event, for out of a large crowd filled with noise and confusion frenzied violence may burst for no apparent reason. And he insists on the necessity of maintaining strict discipline. "We must evolve order out of chaos," he says, "introduce people's law instead of mob law."

Gandhi makes a list of suggestions. No raw volunteers should be accepted to assist in the organization of the big demonstrations. None but the most experienced should be at the head. Volunteers should always have a general instructions-book on their persons. They should be dispersed among the crowd and should learn flag and whistle signaling to pass instructions. National cries should be fixed and raised at the right moment. Crowds should be prevented from entering the railroad stations; they should be taught to stand back and leave a clear passage in the streets for people and carriages. Little children should never be brought out in the crowds, etc.

In other words, Gandhi makes himself the orchestra leader of his oceans of men.

§ 2

But while the mob may break out into violence, unconsciously, blindly, moved by a sudden unreasonable impulse, there is a political faction which advocates violence deliberately and consciously. Many of the best men in India believe that national independence can be reached only by violent methods. This faction does not understand Gandhi's doctrine and does not believe in its political efficacy. It demands action, direct action. Gandhi receives anonymous letters urging him to stop advocating nonviolence, and, worse, others implying cynically that his doctrine of nonviolence is merely a mask and that the time has now come to throw it aside

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and give the signal for battle. Gandhi replies vehemently. In a series of beautiful articles he scores the "doctrine of the sword." He denies that Hindu scriptures and the Koran approve violence. Violence is not part of the doctrine of any religion. As man has not been given the power to create, he has not the right to destroy the smallest creature that lives. There must be no hatred for any one, not even for the evil-doer; but this does not mean that one should tolerate evil. Gandhi would nurse General Dyer if he were ill, but if his own son lived a life of shame, he would not help him by continuing to support him. On the contrary, "my love for him would require me to withdraw all support from him, although this might even mean his death."

While Gandhi curbs the violent elements, he stimulates the hesitating. He also appeals to the generosity and the common sense of the English. He calls the English his "dear friends" and points out that he has been their faithful companion for more than thirty years. He asks them to make up for the Government's perfidy, which by its treachery has completely shattered his faith in its good intentions. But he still believes in English bravery and in English respect for other people's bravery. "Bravery on the battle-field is impossible for India, but bravery of the soul remains open to us. Non-coöperation means nothing less than training in self-sacrifice. I expect to conquer you by my suffering."

In the first four or five months' preliminary campaign Gandhi was not trying to paralyze the Government through non-coöperation; his idea was rather to lay the foundation for the building up of a new India which would be independent mentally, morally, and economically. Gandhi expresses the idea of India's economic independence by the term "swadeshi," and he takes the word in its narrow and physical sense.

India must learn to go without many comforts and to accept hardships without a murmur. A salutary discipline, this; necessary moral hygiene. The nation's health as well as its character will benefit thereby. Gandhi's first move is to free India from the curse of drink. All India responded to the mahatma's appeal. Such a strong wave of temperance swept over India that Gandhi had to interfere to prevent the crowds from sacking and looting the wine-shops and closing them by force. "You must not try to compel another by physical force to become good," he explained to the masses.

But if it was a relatively easy matter to rid India of the curse of drink, it was much more difficult to provide her with means of subsistence. If coöperation with England ceased, what would India live on? What would she clothe herself in if European products were tabooed? Gandhi's solution is one of utmost simplicity and reveals the medieval turn of his mind: he undertakes to reëstablish the old Indian industry of home spinning, to introduce the spinning-wheel.

This patriarchal solution of the social problem has naturally met with ridicule. Gandhi has never claimed that spinning alone would constitute a means of livelihood except for the very poor; but he does claim that it could supplement agriculture during the months when work in the fields is at a standstill. India's problem is not

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theoretical, but real and pressing. Eighty per cent. of the population of India is agricultural, and is therefore without employment virtually four months of the year. One tenth of the population is normally exposed to famine. The middle class is underfed. What has England done to remedy these conditions? Nothing. On the contrary, she has aggravated them, for English manufactures have ruined local industries, pumped the resources of India, bleeding the country for more than sixty million rupees a year. India, who grows all the cotton she requires, is forced to export millions of bales to Japan and Lancashire, whence it is returned to her in the form of manufactured calico, which she must buy at exorbitant prices. The first thing for India to do, therefore, is to learn to do without ruinous foreign goods, and in order to do this she must organize workshops of her own to give employment and food to her people. Now, nothing can be organized more rapidly and economically than the industry of spinning and weaving at home. The idea is not to induce well paid agricultural laborers to give up their work and to spin, but to urge the unemployed, and all those who do not *have* to work for a living, such as women and children, as well as all Hindus who may have some spare time during the day, to spin in their leisure hours. Gandhi orders, therefore, the boycotting of foreign goods, the teaching of spinning and weaving, the buying of hand-woven cloth only.

Gandhi gives himself up tirelessly to this idea. He says spinning is a duty for all India. He wants poor children to pay for their tuition at school by a certain number of hours of spinning; he wants every one, man and woman, to contribute at least one hour a day, as charity, to spinning. He gives the most precise directions as to the choice of cotton, spinning-wheels, etc., and information on all sorts of technical details of spinning and weaving; he gives practical advice to those who wish to buy hand-woven cloth, to the fathers of large families, as well as to pupils in the schools.

Gandhi was able to fire public enthusiasm. The great ladies of Bombay took up spinning. Hindu and Moslem women agreed to wear only national cloth, which became all the fashion. Tagore, too, praised this *khaddar*, or *khadi*, as the hand-woven cloth was called, which he said was in excellent taste. Orders poured in. Some came from as far as Aden and Baluchistan.

But the disciples of *swadeshi* went a little too far when they started boycotting foreign materials, and even Gandhi, usually sane and well balanced, was carried away. In August, 1921, he ordered the burning of all foreign goods in Bombay, and as in the days of Savonarola in Florence, magnificent family heirlooms, priceless stuffs and materials, were piled into huge heaps and devoured by the flames in the midst of riotous cheers and enthusiasm. In this connection one of the most broad-minded Englishmen in India, C. F. Andrews, a great friend of Rabindranath Tagore, wrote a letter to Gandhi. While expressing his great admiration for the mahatma, he deplored that such valuable materials should have been burned instead of having been given to the poor. He added that he believed the process of destruction called forth the worst instincts of the masses, and he pro-

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tested against the outbursts of a nationalism which virtually set destruction up as a religious dogma. He could not help feeling that it was sinful to destroy the fruits of human toil. Andrews had approved Gandhi's campaign and had even started wearing *khaddar*, but now he wondered whether it was right to continue to do so. The burning cloth in Bombay had shaken his faith in the mahatma.

In publishing Andrews' letter in "Young India" Gandhi said he regrets nothing. He does not bear ill will to any race whatsoever, nor does he demand the destruction of *all* foreign goods. He merely wants to destroy the goods which harm India. The Indians who bought the materials are as guilty as the British who sold them. The materials were not burned as an expression of hatred for England, but as a sign of India's determination to break with the past. It was a necessary surgical operation. And it would have been wrong to give these "poisonous" materials to the poor, for the poor, too, have a sense of honor.

§ 3

India's economic life must first be freed from foreign domination. But the next step is to liberate the mind, create a real, independent Indian spirit. Gandhi wants his people to shake off the yoke of European culture, and one of his proudest achievements is the laying of the groundwork of a truly Indian education.

Under English rule the smoldering embers of Asiatic culture had lain dormant in various colleges and universities. For more than forty-five years Aligarh had remained a Hindu-Mussulman university, a center of Islamic culture in India. Khalsa College was the center of Sikh culture, while the Hindus had the university of Benares. But these institutions, more or less antiquated, were dependent on the Government, which subventioned them, and Gandhi longed to see them replaced by purer hearths of Asiatic culture. In November, 1920, he founded the national university of Gujarat at Ahmedabad. Its ideal was that of a united India. The *Dharma* of the Hindus and the Islam of the Mohammedans were its two religious pillars. Its object was to preserve the dialects of India and to use them as sources of national regeneration. Gandhi felt, with full justice, that a "systematic study of Asiatic culture is no less essential than the study of Western sciences." "The vast treasures of Sanskrit and Arabic, Persian and Pali and Magadhi, have to be ransacked to discover wherein lies the source of strength for the nation. The ideal is not merely to feed on or repeat the ancient cultures, but to build a new culture based on the traditions of the past and enriched by the experiences of later times. The ideal is a synthesis of the different cultures that have come to stay in India, that have influenced Indian life, and that, in their turn, have themselves been influenced by the spirit of the soil. This synthesis will naturally be of the *swadeshi* type, where each culture is assured its legitimate place, and not of the American pattern, where one dominant culture absorbs the rest and where the aim is not toward harmony, but toward an artificial and forced unity." All Indian religions were to be taught. The Hindus were to have an opportunity of studying the Koran and the Mussulmans the Shastras. The

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national university excludes nothing except a spirit of exclusion. It believes that there is nothing "untouchable" in humanity. Hindustani is made compulsory, because it is the national blend of Sanskrit, Hindi, and Persianized Urdu. A spirit of independence was to be fostered not only by the methods of study, but by a careful vocational training.

Gandhi hopes to organize gradually higher schools that will spread education broadcast throughout the towns and "filter it down to the masses, so that . . . ere long the suicidal cleavage between the educated and the uneducated will be bridged. And as an effect of giving an industrial education to the genteel folks and a literary education to the industrial classes, the unequal distribution of wealth and social discontent will be considerably checked."

In opposition to European educational methods, which neglect manual proficiency and develop the brain only, Gandhi wants manual work to be part of the curriculum of all the schools from the lowest grades up. He believes it would be excellent for children to pay for their tuition by a certain amount of spinning. In this way they would learn to earn their living and become independent. As for education of the heart, which Europe neglects absolutely, Gandhi would have stress laid upon it from the very first. But before the pupils can be properly trained, the right sort of teachers must be provided.

The object of the higher institutions which Gandhi seems to look upon as the keystones of the new education is to train teachers. These institutions will be more than schools or colleges; they might rather be called convents, where the sacred fire of India will be concentrated in order afterward to radiate throughout the world, just as in former days great religious pioneers radiated from the Benedictine monasteries in the West, conquering souls and territory.

The rules which Gandhi prescribes for the school of Satyagrah *Ashram*, or place of discipline, at Ahmedabad, his model institution, concern the teachers more than the pupils, and bind the former by monastic vows. Whereas these vows in ordinary religious orders have a purely negative character, here they throb with an active spirit of sacrifice and with the pure love that inspires the saints. The teachers are bound by the following vows:

1—The vow of truth. It is not enough not to resort ordinarily to untruth. No deception may be practised even for the good of the country. Truth may require opposition to parents and elders.

2—The vow of *ahimas* (non-killing). It is not enough not to take the life of any living being. One may not even hurt those whom he believes to be unjust; he may not be angry with them; he must love them. Oppose tyranny, but never hurt the tyrant. Conquer him by love. Suffer punishment even unto death for disobeying his will.

3—The vow of celibacy. Without it the two foregoing are almost impossible to observe. It is not enough not to look upon woman with a lustful eye. Animal passions must be controlled, so that they will not be moved even in thought. If a man is married, he will consider his wife a lifelong friend and establish with her the relationship of perfect purity.

4—The control of the palate. Reg-

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ulate and purify the diet. Leave off such foods as may tend to stimulate animal passions or are otherwise unnecessary.

5—The vow of non-stealing. It is not enough not to steal what is commonly considered other men's property. It is theft if we use articles which we do not really need. Nature provides us from day to day just enough and no more for our daily needs.

6—The vow of non-possession. It is not enough not to possess and not to keep much, but it is necessary not to keep anything which may not be absolutely necessary for our bodily wants. Think constantly of simplifying life.

To these main vows are added a few secondary rules:

1—*Swadeshi.* Use no articles about which there is a possibility of deception. Do not use manufactured articles. Laborers suffer much in mills, and manufactured articles are products of misery exploited. Foreign goods and goods made by complicated machinery should be tabooed by a votary of *ahimsa.* Use simple clothes, made simply in India.

2—Fearlessness. He who is acted upon by fear cannot follow truth or *ahimsa.* He must be free from the fear of kings, people, caste, families, thieves, robbers, ferocious animals, and death. A truly fearless man will defend himself against others by truth force or soul force.

Once having established the main points of this foundation, Gandhi refers rapidly to the other requirements, of which the two most remarkable are that the teachers must set the example of performing bodily labor, preferably agricultural work, and that they must know the principal Indian tongues.

As for the pupils, who can enter the *ashram* from the age of four up (students will be admitted at any age), they must remain in the *ashram* for the whole course of studies, which lasts about ten years. The children are separated from their parents and families. The parents renounce all authority over them. The children never visit their parents. The pupils wear simple clothes, eat simple food of a strictly vegetarian nature, have no holidays in the ordinary sense of the word, though once a week they are allowed a day and a half in which to do individual creative work. Three months of the year are spent in traveling on foot through India. All pupils must study the Hindi and Dravidian dialects. As a second language, they must learn English, and they must also familiarize themselves with the characters of the five Indian languages (Urdu, Bengali, Tamil, Telegu, and Devanagiri). They are taught, in their own dialect, history, geography, mathematics, economics, and Sanskrit. At the same time they are taught agriculture and spinning and weaving. It goes without saying that a religious atmosphere pervades the whole education. When they have completed their studies, the pupils are allowed to choose between taking the vows, like their teachers, or leaving the school. The tuition is entirely free.

I have described Gandhi's educational system rather fully because it shows the high spirituality of his action, and because he considers this system the mainspring of the whole movement. To build a new India, a new soul, strong and pure, must be

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wrought out of Indian elements. And this soul can be developed only by a sacred legion of apostles who, like those of Christ, will be as the salt of the earth. Gandhi, unlike our European revolutionaries, is not a maker of laws and ordinances. He is a builder of a new humanity.

§ 4

Like all governments under similar conditions, the English Government had no realization of what was going on. At first its attitude was one of ironical disdain. The viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, characterized the movement in August, 1920, as "the most foolish of all foolish schemes." But these heights of comfortable condescension had to be abandoned before long. In November, 1920, the Government published a surprised and slightly alarmed proclamation, where threats and paternal advice commingled, warning the people that while the leaders of the movement had not been molested so far because they had not preached violence, orders had now been given to arrest any one who overstepped the bounds and whose words might stir up revolt or in other ways incite to violence.

The bounds were soon overstepped, but by the Government. The non-coöperation movement had been growing and gathering momentum, and the Government was beginning to be seriously alarmed. In December affairs took a decidedly dangerous turn. Until then non-violent non-coöperation had been looked upon as an experiment of a more or less temporary nature, and the Government had flattered itself that when the National Indian Congress met at Nagpur for its December session, non-coöperation would be vetoed. But far from disapproving of non-coöperation, the congress incorporated the idea in the constitution.

The congress thereupon confirmed the non-coöperation resolution passed in the special session in September, and enlarged upon it. While the principle of non-violence was upheld absolutely, the general feeling was that every effort must be made to unite all the elements in India in view of a common, sustained action, and the congress not only called upon Hindus and Mussulmans to collaborate loyally, but urged a *rapprochement* between the privileged and "suppressed" classes. In addition to this the congress made fundamental changes in the constitution, which virtually amounted to the organization of a representative system for all India.

The congress did not try to conceal the fact that it regarded non-coöperation in its present form as a preliminary step only, to be followed at a time to be determined later by complete non-coöperation, including a refusal to pay taxes. Until then, however, and in order to pave the way, it urged that the boycott be sharpened, spinning and weaving be encouraged, while an appeal was sent out to students, parents, and magistrates inviting them to practise non-coöperation with greater zeal. Those who did not live up to the decisions of the congress were to be barred from public life.

The resolutions of the congress implied the virtual establishment of a state within a state, the setting up of real Indian rule in opposition to the British Government. England could not countenance this. She had to do something. The Government had to

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fight or negotiate. A compromise could easily have been reached by negotiation if the Government had been willing to go half-way. The congress had declared that it hoped to reach its goal "with England, if possible," but otherwise "without her." But as always when European politics involve foreign races, no attempt was made to negotiate. Force was resorted to. Pretexts for armed oppression were sought. There was no lack of them.

Despite the principle of non-violence established by Gandhi and the congress, a few riots occurred in various parts of India. It is true that they bore little or no relation to the non-coöperative movement, but, still, there had been and were troubles. In the United Provinces (Allahabad) there were agrarian uprisings, revolts of the tenants against the landowners, and the police had to interfere, and there was some blood shed. Soon afterward the Akali movement of the Sikhs, although of a purely religious character, adopted non-coöperative methods, and as a result of the agitation some two hundred Sikhs were massacred in February, 1921. No one in good faith could have held Gandhi or his disciples responsible for this drama of fanaticism, but the Government considered it a good opportunity. In March, 1921, the repression began, and it became more and more oppressive as the months passed. The Government justified its intervention by the necessity of protecting the liquor dealers from the fury of the mobs. This was not the first time for European civilization and alcohol to march hand in hand. The volunteer non-coöperation organizations were dissolved. A law was made prohibiting seditious meetings. In certain provinces the police had *carte blanche* in suppressing the movement, which was called "revolutionary and anarchistic." Thousands of Indians were arrested, and some of India's most respected citizens were summarily jailed and brutalized. Naturally, this procedure stirred up bad blood, and here and there the people and the constables clashed. Some houses were burned and people wounded. This was the situation in India when the committee of the All-India Congress met at Bezwada in the end of March to discuss civil disobedience. With rare moderation and foresight it voted against it, on the ground that the country was not yet prepared to wield this double-edged sword. Civil disobedience would be urged later. For the present there could only be a sort of civil and financial mobilization.

Meanwhile Gandhi continued more and more actively his campaign for the unity of India. He tried to unite all religions, races, parties, and castes. He called upon the Parsis, the rich, prosperous merchant class, more or less tainted, as he expressed it, with the spirit of Rockefeller, and he called upon Hindus and Mussulmans to form a solid alliance. The relations between Hindus and Mussulmans were continually embittered by prejudices, mutual fear, and suspicion. Gandhi devoted himself to bringing the two races into harmonious collaboration, and without advocating or desiring an impossible fusion between the two peoples, he tried to unite them in friendship.

His keenest efforts, however, were given to the regeneration of the "suppressed" classes, the pariahs. As a

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boy Gandhi was told never to touch the pariah without purifying himself afterward by ablutions. He could not understand why, and often asked his parents about it. At school he frequently touched the untouchables, and his mother told him that he could escape the consequences of this unholy touch only by touching a Mohammedan. To Gandhi it all seemed absurdly unfair, cruelly unjustified. At the age of twelve he made up his mind to wipe this stain off India's conscience. He planned to come to the rescue of his degraded brothers. What their cause means to him may be gathered from the fact that he says he would give up his religion—he, to whom religion is everything!—if any one can prove to him that untouchability is one of its dogmas. The unjust pariah system justified, in his eyes, everything that has been inflicted on India by other nations. Gandhi wanted the national congress to better the condition of the pariah brothers by giving them schools and wells, for pariahs were not allowed to use the public wells. But until then? Unable to wait with folded hands for the privileged classes to condescend to make good their cruelty, Gandhi goes over to the pariahs. He places himself at their head and tries to organize them. He discusses their problems with them. But the difficulty is that the pariahs have no leaders and cannot organize themselves. The best thing, therefore, is for them to join the general non-coöperation movement, since its object is harmony among all classes. Real non-coöperation is a religious act of purification, and no one can take part in it who believes in untouchability. Gandhi, in this way, combines religion, humanity, and patriotism.

Gandhi had the joy of seeing his appeal find echo in the hearts of the people. In many parts of India the pariahs were emancipated. The day before his arrest Gandhi made a speech recording the progress of the pariah cause. The Brahmans were helping. The privileged classes were giving touching examples of remorse and fraternal love. Gandhi cites the case of a young Brahman who at nineteen became a street-sweeper, to live among the untouchables.

§ 5

With equal generosity Gandhi took up another great cause, that of women.

The sexual problem is a peculiarly difficult one in India, throbbing with an all-pervading, oppressive, and badly directed sensuality. Child marriages weaken the physical and moral resources of the nation. The obsession of the flesh weighs on men's minds and is an insult to woman's dignity. Gandhi publishes the complaints of Hindu women at the degrading attitude of Hindu nationalists. Their protest, he says, proves that there is another sore in India as bad as that of untouchability. He calls upon women to demand and inspire respect by ceasing to think of themselves as the objects of masculine desire only. Women should not only renounce luxury and throw away or burn foreign goods, but they should share men's problems and privations. Many distinguished women have faced arrest and imprisonment in Calcutta. When it comes to suffering, women will always surpass men.

Nor does Gandhi forget the fallen sisters. They confided in him, and asked his advice. He tried to suggest some way in which they might make

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an honest living, and proposed spinning. They agreed to start the very next day if assured of encouragement and assistance.

§ 6

In 1921 Gandhi's power was at its apogee. His authority as a moral leader was vast, and without having sought it, almost unlimited political authority had been placed in his hand. The people looked upon him as a saint. Pictures were painted representing him as Shri-Krishna. And at the end of the year, in December, the All-India National Congress delegated its powers to him and authorized him to appoint his successor. He was the undisputed master of India's policy. It was within his power to start a political revolution, if he saw fit, or even to reform religion.

He did not do so. He did not wish to do so. Moral grandeur? Moral hesitancy? Both, perhaps. It is very difficult for one human being really to understand another, particularly if they belong to different races and civilizations. And how much more difficult when a spirit so deep and subtle as Gandhi's is to be considered!

If Gandhi's power was great, the danger of abusing it was equally great. As the effect of his campaign, as the slightest ripple affected hundreds of millions of men, it became more and more difficult to direct the movement and at the same time remain firm in the midst of the turbulent ocean. Gandhi is an exception among prophets and mystics, for he sees no visions, has no revelations; he does not try to persuade himself that he is guided supernaturally nor does he try to make others believe it. He is *not* a saint. He will not have the people call him one. Yet his very attitude proves that he is one.

§ 7

When Rabindranath Tagore, after traveling several years in Europe, returned to India in August, 1921, he was astounded at the change in the mentality of the people. Even before his return he had expressed his anxiety in a series of letters sent from Europe to friends in India. The controversy between Tagore and Gandhi, between two great minds, both moved by mutual admiration and esteem, but as fatally separated in their feeling as a philosopher can be from an apostle, a St. Paul from a Plato, is important. For on the one side we have the spirit of religious faith and charity seeking to found a new humanity. On the other we have intelligence, free-born, serene, and broad, seeking to unite the aspirations of all humanity in sympathy and understanding.

Tagore always looked upon Gandhi as a saint, and I have often heard him speak of him with veneration. April 10, 1921, Tagore wrote from London, "We are grateful to Gandhi for giving India a chance to prove that her faith in the divine spirit of man is still living." Despite the misgivings he had expressed as to Gandhi's campaign, Tagore, when he left France to return to India, sincerely planned to back Gandhi in every way. And even the manifesto of October, 1921, the "Appeal to Truth," which marked the break between the two men, begins with one of the most beautiful tributes to Gandhi that has ever been written.

Gandhi's attitude to Tagore is one of loving regard, and it does not change even when the two disagree. Yet it was inevitable that the breach be-

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tween the two men would widen. As far back as in 1920 Tagore had deplored that the overflowing wealth of Gandhi's love and faith should be made to serve political ends, as it had since Tilak's death. Of course Gandhi had not entered the political arena with a light heart. But when Tilak died, India was left without a political leader, and some one had to take his place.

As Gandhi says:

"If I seem to take part in politics, it is only because politics to-day encircle us like the coils of a snake from which one cannot get out, no matter how one tries. I wish to wrestle with the snake. . . . I am trying to introduce religion into politics."

But this Tagore deplores. Writing September 7, 1920, he says, "We need all the moral force which Mahatma Gandhi represents, and which he alone in the world can represent." The wasting of spiritual resources in problems which, when considered in the light of abstract moral truth, are unworthy, is to be regretted. "It is criminal to transform moral force into force."

This is what Tagore felt at the spectacular launching of the non-cooperation campaign and at the unrest stirred up in the name of the Califate cause and the massacres of the Punjab. He feared the results of the campaign on an easily excitable mob subject to attacks of hysterical fury. He would have liked to turn people's minds away from vengeance and dreams of impossible redress, he would have had them forget the irreparable and devote all efforts to constructing and fashioning a new soul for India. In his poetic contemplation of life he is satisfied with things as they are, and he finds his delight in admiring their harmony. Tagore says he tries to tune his spirit up to the great exaltation that is sweeping over the country. But he cannot do so, for in his heart, despite himself, is a spirit of resistance. He has tried, in the clamor of non-coöperation, to find a melody, but to no avail. And he says to himself, "If you can't march in step with your compatriots in the greatest crisis of their history, . . . give up your place in the ranks, go back to your poet's corner, be prepared to meet with ridicule and public disgrace!"

In other words, just as Goethe in 1813 refused to reject French civilization and culture, Tagore refuses to banish Western civilization. While Gandhi's doctrine does not really set a barrier up between the East and West, Tagore knows it will be interpreted as doing so, once Hindu nationalism is stirred. Tagore fears the development of the spirit of exclusion.

While expressing his doubts as to the merits of an English literary education, which has nothing to do with the building up of character, an education which, he said, has emasculated the youth of India, Gandhi regretted the excesses mentioned and claimed that his attitude was not narrow, as Tagore seemed to imply.

"I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. . . . But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any of them. . . . Mine is not a religion of the prison house. It has room for the least among God's creations. But it is proof against insolent pride of race, religion, or color."

These were frank and noble words,

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but they did not disarm Tagore's misgivings. Tagore did not doubt Gandhi, but he feared the Gandhists. And from the first contact with his people, after his return from Europe, he began to fear the blind faith which the people placed in the mahatma's words. Tagore saw the danger of mental despotism loom near, and in the "Modern Review" of October, 1921, he published a real manifesto, "An Appeal to Truth," which was a cry of revolt against this blind obedience. The protest was particularly strong because it was preceded by a beautiful homage to the mahatma. After describing the first Indian independence movement in 1907 and 1908, Tagore explained that in those days the political leaders were inspired by a bookish ideal, based on the traditions of Burke, Gladstone, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, and their message could be understood only by the élite. They advanced, in short, an English-speaking ideal. But then came Mahatma Gandhi! He stopped at the threshold of the thousands of disinherited, dressed like one of their own. He spoke to them in their own language. Here was truth at last, and not only quotations from books! *Mahatma*, the name given by the people of India to Gandhi, is his real name. For who else has felt, like he, in communion with the people? Felt that they are of his own flesh and blood? At the mahatma's call the hidden forces of the soul have blossomed forth, for the mahatma has made the truth into something concrete, visible. In the same way, thousands of years ago, India blossomed forth to new greatness at Buddha's call, when he made men understand that there must be compassion and fellow-feeling among all living creatures. India, stirred to new life, expressed her strength in science and wealth, spreading across oceans and deserts. No commercial or military conquests ever spread so magnificently. For love alone is truth.

But then Tagore's tone changed. The apotheosis stopped. Deception followed. In Europe, across the seas, Tagore felt the quiver of India's great revival. Thrilled, filled with joy at the thought of breathing in the fluid breeze of the new freedom, he returned to his homeland. But on his arrival his elation fell. An oppressive atmosphere weighed on the people. "An outside influence seemed to be bearing down on them, grinding them and making one and all speak in the same tone, follow in the same groove. Everywhere I was told that culture and reasoning power should abdicate, and blind obedience only reign. So simple it is to crush, in the name of some outward liberty, the real freedom of the soul!"

We understand Tagore's misgivings and his appeal. His revolt is the revolt of the free soul against the ages of faith which it has suscitated; for while faith to a handful of chosen ones means supreme liberty, it means only another form of slavery for the masses who are led by it.

Tagore's criticism is aimed above and beyond the fanaticism of the crowd. Over the blind masses it strikes the mahatma. No matter how great Gandhi may be, is he not taking upon himself more than a single man can bear? A cause as great as India's should not be dependent on the will of a single master. The mahatma is the master of truth and love, but the attainment of *swaraj*, home rule, is

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vastly complicated. "The paths are intricate and hard to explore. Emotion and enthusiasm are required, but also science and meditation. All the moral forces of the nation must be called upon. Economists must find practical solutions, educators must teach, statesmen ponder, workers work. . . . In older days, in our primeval forests," says Tagore, "our sages, *gurus*, in the plenitude of their vision, called on *all* seekers of truth. . . . Why does not our *guru*, who wants to lead us to action, make the same call?" But the only command *Guru* Gandhi so far has launched is, "Spin and weave!" And Tagore asks, "Is this the gospel of a new creative age? If large machinery constitute a danger for the West, will not small machines constitute a greater danger for us?" The forces of a nation must not only coöperate with one another, but with other nations. "The awakening of India is bound up in the awakening of the world. Every nation that tries to shut itself in violates the spirit of the new age."

In his answer to Tagore Gandhi displays more passion than he has so far shown in the controversy. October 13, 1921, in "Young India," his stirring rejoinder appears. Gandhi thanks the "great sentinel" for having warned India as to the pitfalls ahead. He agrees with Tagore that most essential of all is the maintenance of a free spirit.

"We must not surrender our reason into anybody's keeping. Blind surrender to love is often more mischievous than forced surrender to the lash of the tyrant. There is hope for the slave of the brute, none for that of love.

"When all about me are dying for want of food, the only occupation permissible for me is to feed the hungry. India is a house on fire. It is dying of hunger because it has no work to buy food with. Khulna is starving. The Ceded Districts are passing successively through a fourth famine. Orissa is a land suffering from chronic famine. India is growing daily poorer. The circulation about her feet and legs has almost stopped. And if we do not take care, she will collapse altogether. . . .

"To a people famishing and idle the only acceptable form in which God can dare appear is work and promise of food as wages. God created man to work for his food and said that those who ate without work were thieves. We must think of millions who to-day are less than animals, almost in a dying state. Hunger is the argument that is drawing India to the spinning-wheel.

"The poet lives for the morrow, and would have us do likewise. He presents to our admiring gaze the beautiful picture of the birds in the early morning singing hymns of praise as they soar into the sky. Those birds had their day's food and soared with rested wings in whose veins new blood had flown the previous night. But I have had the pain of watching birds who for want of strength could not be coaxed even into a flutter of their wings. The human bird under the Indian sky gets up weaker than when he pretended to retire. For millions it is an eternal vigil or an eternal trance. I have found it impossible to soothe suffering patients with a song from Kabir. . . .

"Give them work that they may eat! 'Why should I who have no need to work for food, spin?' may be

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the question asked. Because I am eating what does not belong to me. I am living on the spoilation of my countrymen. Trace the course of every coin that finds its way into your pocket, and you will realize the truth of what I write. Every one must spin. Let Tagore spin, like the others. Let him burn his foreign clothes; that is the duty to-day. God will take care of the morrow. As it says in the Gita, *Do right!*"

And yet, in his reply so proud and so poignant, there is nevertheless something that justifies Tagore's misgivings.

No doubt, in the human battle, discipline is a duty. But, unfortunately, those who are intrusted with enforcing this discipline, the master's lieutenants, may be narrow-minded men. They may mistake the discipline chosen to attain the ideal for the ideal itself. Discipline fascinates them by its rigidity, for they are of the kind who feel at ease only on the narrow path. They look upon *swadeshi* as essential, not as a means to an end, but in itself. In their eyes it acquires an almost sacred character. One of Gandhi's disciples, professor at the school that lies nearest his heart, the Satyagrah Ashram of Sarbarmati at Ahmedabad, Mr. D. B. Kalelkar, writes a "Gospel of Swadeshi," which Gandhi, in a preface, stamps with his approval. This book, or pamphlet, is addressed to the man in the street. Let us examine the creed as it is taught by one of those who drink at the very source of the unpolluted doctrine:

"Now and then God is incarnated on earth to redeem the world. His incarnation need not necessarily be in human form; . . . He may be manifest in an abstract principle or in an ideal which uplifts the world. . . . His latest incarnation is on the *gospel of swadeshi*. . . ."

The apostle realizes that this statement may cause a smile if *swadeshi* is to be interpreted as meaning the boycott of foreign goods only. This is only a partial application of *swadeshi*, which is a "vast religious principle that will rid the world of strife and hatred and liberate humanity." Its quintessence may be found in the Indian scriptures:

"Your own religious *Dharma*—that is to say, your own religious destiny or salvation, though imperfect, is the best. The fulfilment of a *Dharma* for which you were not intended is always fraught with danger. He alone attains happiness who fulfils the task laid out for him."

The fundamental law of *swadeshi* springs from faith in God "who has provided, in all eternity, for the happiness of the world. This God has placed each human being in the environment best suited for the fulfilment of his task. A man's work and his aspirations should be suited to his position in the world. We cannot choose our culture any more than our birth, family, or country. We must accept what God has given us, we must accept tradition as coming from God and regard it as a strict duty to live up to it. To renounce tradition would be sinful."

From these premises it follows that the inhabitant of one country should not concern himself with other countries.

The follower of *swadeshi* never takes upon himself the vain task of trying to reform the world, for he believes that the world is moved and always will be moved according to rules set by God.

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. . . One must not expect the people of one country to provide for the needs of another, even for philanthropic reasons, and if it were possible, it would not be desirable. . . . The true follower of *swadeshi* does not forget that every human being is his brother, but that it is incumbent on him to fulfil the task his particular environment has laid down for him. Just as we must work out our salvation in the century in which we are born, we should serve the country in which we are born. The emancipation of our soul should be sought through religion and our own culture."

Is it, however, permissible for a nation to take advantage of all opportunities to develop its resources of commerce and industry? Indeed not. An unworthy ambition to wish to develop India's manufactures! It would be asking people to violate their *Dharmas!* It is as criminal to export one's products as to import those of others. "For proselytism is repellent to the spirit of *swadeshi*." And the logical conclusion of this theory, rather startling to a European, is that it is as sinful to export goods as ideas. If India has been bitterly humiliated in history, it is as punishment for the crimes of ancestors who traded with ancient Egypt and Rome, a crime deliberately repeated by all succeeding generations. Every nation, every class, should remain true to its own duty, live on its own resources, and be inspired by its own traditions.

"We should avoid being intimate with those whose social customs are different from ours. We should not mingle in the lives of men or peoples whose ideals are different from ours. . . . Every man is a brook. Every nation is a river. They must follow their course, clear and pure, till they reach the Sea of Salvation, where all will blend."

What is this but the triumph of nationalism! The narrowest and most unpolluted? Stay at home, shut all doors, change nothing, hold on to everything, export nothing, buy nothing, uplift and purify body and spirit! A gospel, indeed, of medieval monks! And Gandhi, of the broad mind, lets his name be associated with it!

Tagore's bewilderment when met with these visionaries of reactionary nationalism is comprehensible. No wonder he was taken aback by these apostles, who would reverse the march of centuries, shut the free soul in a cage, and burn all bridges communicating with the West. As a matter of fact, Gandhi's doctrine really implies nothing of the sort. As may be seen from his reply to Tagore, he says, "*Swadeshi* is a message to the world." The world exists; therefore Gandhi reckons with it, and does not repudiate "proselyting." "Non-coöperation," he says, "is not directed against the English or the West. Our non-co-operation is directed against material civilization and its attendant greed and exploitation of the weak." In other words, it combats the errors of the West and would therefore be beneficial to the West also. "Our non-coöperation is a retirement within ourselves." "India must learn to live before she can aspire to die for humanity." Gandhi does not forbid coöperation with Europe provided the sound ideal which he sets up for all men is adhered to.

Gandhi's real doctrine is much broader, much more human, than that expressed in the gospel which he has approved. Why did Gandhi lend his

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name to this gospel? Why does he let his magnificent ideal, a message for the whole world, be imprisoned within the narrow bonds of an Indian theocracy? Beware of disciples! The purer they are, the more pernicious. God preserve a great man from friends who only grasp part of his ideal! In codifying it, they destroy the harmony that is the real blessing of his living soul.

But this is not all. While the disciples who live near the master are at least tinged by his noble spirituality, what about the disciples of his disciples, and the others, the masses to whom the doctrine comes merely as vague and broken echos? How much and what do they absorb of the gospel of spiritual purification and creative renouncement? Unfortunately, to them the doctrine appears in its most rudimentary and material form, in a sort of Messianic waiting for the advent of *swaraj*, home rule, by the spinning-wheel! This is the negation of all progress. Tagore is alarmed, and not without reason, at the violence of the apostles of non-violence, and even Gandhi is not absolutely free from it. Gandhi says that he would "withdraw from the field if he felt hatred for the English, for one must love one's enemies while hating their deeds, hate Satanism while loving Satan." The distinction, however, is a little too subtle for the average man to grasp. And when at each session of the congress the leaders dwell with fiery eloquence on the crimes and treachery of the English, anger and rancor pile up behind the sluices, and beware when the sluices burst! When Gandhi, explaining why he advocates the burning of precious stuffs in Bombay in August, 1921, says to Andrews, Tagore's friend, that "he is transferring ill will from men to things," he does not realize that the fury of the masses is gathering impetus, and that instinctively these masses reason, "Things first, men next!" He does not foresee that in this same Bombay, less than three months afterward, *men* will be killing *men*. Gandhi is too much of a saint, he is too pure, too free from the animal passions that lie dormant in man. He does not dream that they lie there, crouching within the people, devouring his words and thriving on them. Tagore, more clear-sighted, realizes the danger the non-coöperators are skirting when they innocently lay bare the crimes of Europe, profess non-violence, and simultaneously plant in people's minds the virus which will inevitably break out in violence.

And then planing above the roaring human ocean alone remains the single voice of the purest of men, but only a man. How long will it be heard? Grandiose and tragic waiting!

(The end of the second part of "Mahatma Gandhi.")

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Country People

A Novel in Four Parts—Part I

By Ruth Suckow

Woodcut by Henschel C. Logan

Some of the best land in the county, people said, was right here in Richland Township. The soil in Wapsipinicon County was a little inclined to be sandy, did n't bring quite the price of the very best Iowa farming land; but this stretch in here between Richland and "Wapsie" did n't give the farmers much chance for complaint.

This was the road that was later made a highway. It had a slight jog about a mile out of Richland. Tall cottonwoods grew on one side, on the other a tangle of bushes. There was always a kind of mud-hole here, sifted over with leaves and little fluffs from the cottonwoods; a bad place in the road, closed in and shaded.

Beyond this it was all straight going to Wapsie. The land spread out rich and rolling, in smooth, tilted vistas of square fields, green, yellow, and earth-brown, trees growing in full-leaved clusters down about the banks of the little caved-in creeks in the pastures or standing lone, and slanting, on the crests of the low, rounded hills. In the distance the groves of farms were softened, blurred together; the far-off rising land was swathed in blue, a faint milky tint in which dim figures of trees were swimming.

A pink frame school-house stood on one side of the road. The long grass was trampled this way and that by the children's feet. Over beyond Ed Angell's place lay the Grove, where Sunday-school picnics and Fourth of July celebrations were held—a rich, thick cluster of trees, oaks and hickories, spreading over the hill and down the depressions of the slope, dark green upon the paler green of the short-cropped grass on the hillside. The road went high and straight until it dipped down into Wapsie, which lay deep in trees, the red stone tower of the court-house rising out of thick tufts of elms.

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The farms were good along this road. A good class of people had settled here, German and English most of them. Men who kept an eye out for land deals noted shrewdly how well the buildings and barbed-wire fences were kept up, the red barns and silos, the prim white houses, square or with an ell, some of them with front yards inclosed in fences, and rose or snowball bushes growing. Most of these farmers—except the LaRues, who lived in a dingy, unpainted house with a bare farm-yard and a hog-pen of trampled, sloughy mud—drove into town in neat "two-seated rigs" with good teams. The cattle feeding in the pastures that sloped down, emerald-green, turfy, almost mossy, to the edges of the creeks were sleek and brown.

Over on the cross-roads there were more woods, and it was hillier. The farm-buildings were poorer, the fences slacker. These were the farms where people from Wapsie drove out to buy cheap a chicken, a goose, or a few crates of berries.

The place on the north of the road, beyond LaRue's, was August Kaetterhenry's.

It was a neat, plain farm, two hundred and fifty acres, virtually all under cultivation. The house was set back at what was termed "a nice distance" from the road—a white house with pink trimmings and a narrow porch. The front yard was not fenced in, but August made the boys keep the grass mowed, and it presented a neat appearance. Tall summer lilies, orange with dark spots, grew near the front porch in a spreading patch. On the west of the house stood the windbreak—two rows of elms that were lofty now, rather thin, and close together. The lawn ended at their trunks in a ridge of high grass and feathery weeds that the boys could not keep cut. A barbed-wire fence, caught together in one place by a wooden staple, separated the trees from the corn-field. The lofty upper branches rustled and moved slightly against the blue sky. In the evening their outlines were blurred, and there was a sadness in their dark leafiness, high and motionless.

The wide yard sloped east to the barns and sheds across the drive. It was worn bare of grass about the buildings and scattered with chicken fluff and droppings. The geese ran squawking across it when teams drove in. The great barn stood at the end of the slope, raised on a high foundation, with an inclined platform of heavy planks that thundered and shook under the horses' hoofs. Every one about here remembered when August Kaetterhenry had put up this barn. It was painted white, as was the silo, and on the peak of the roof were two cupolas with slatted sides, and lightning-rods that glittered intermittently upon the blueness of the sky. On the side toward the road was painted in large black letters slowly getting weather-dimmed:

AUGUST KAETTERHENRY
1907

It was one of the best barns in the country there when it was put up. All of Kaetterhenry's buildings were good. The old barn had been made over by his brother-in-law, Hans Stille, into a granary and milk-house, painted white, too, the ground always slippery and muddy about the milk-house, a dribble of yellow ears leaking out from the corn-crib, kernels scattered in front of it, where the chickens

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were pecking. On the slope nearer the house the windmill stood, with the tank beside it, a bare steel skeleton giving off sudden flashes, the gray-painted wheel turning now fast, now slow, up there in the sky.

"Yes," people said when they drove past, "Kaetterhenry 's done pretty good here. Well, he 's a worker all right."

They admired the neat, square fields of oats and corn, the high, rolling pasture dotted with white clover, a few wild plum-trees set slanting, delicate and lonely, here and there.

"Yes, sir, he 's got a nice farm."

§ 2

August Kaetterhenry had not always had a farm like this. He had had to work for what he had got, like most of the people in that country. He had n't got prosperous by wishing. There were plenty of people who could remember when he first came into the Richland neighborhood. Along about the early eighties or late seventies it must have been, because he had worked for Henry Baumgartner, and it was in 1884 or "somewheres around" that the Baumgartners had moved into town. He came from Turkey Creek, where there were still "a whole raft of those Kaetterhenrys." August was one of old Casper Kaetterhenry's boys.

Turkey Creek was a little backwoods town about fifteen miles north of Richland, up in the timber. It still had no railroad and was years behind the times, but some of the farmers around there had money, if they only cared to spend it. It was a good trading-center. There was a large German settlement around Turkey Creek, more Germans than in the country near Richland, which had a good many settlers from Somerset, in England. Turkey Creek had had Scotch and Yankee settlers in the first place, trappers and woodsmen; but the Germans coming in to farm had crowded these people out. They were a slow, hard-headed set, those Turkey Creek Germans, but they were better than the timbermen, who had had, as old men who knew that country liked to tell, "some pretty rough characters among them." The Germans were hard-working money-savers, and they had come to make homes for themselves.

It was Henry Baumgartner who had brought them there in the first place—old Henry Baumgartner. He was gone now, but he had been "quite a character" in his day. He was a Prussian who had come to this country when he was only a boy. He was said to have worked at one of the forges in Pennsylvania. There was a story of how, when he had been working there, he had been converted to German Methodism. He had come out to Iowa in a very early day and had bought up large tracts of timber-land when it was selling for almost nothing. Later, in the interests of both riches and religion, which the old man had always shrewdly worked together, he had sent back to Prussia and got a dozen families to come and settle on his land, promising them help in getting started on the condition that they should all become German Methodists. He had been afraid that the German Catholics, who had a settlement over in the hills at Holy Cross, would get a hold in the Turkey timber. That was the way that large German Methodist community had first started. Other Germans had begun coming in

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until the region was full of them. Most of them had been Lutherans in the old country, but Henry Baumgartner had been careful to see that there was no Lutheran church started here.

It was a hilly region, timber- and bottom-land. The people had lived primitively there; many of them did still. There were still a few of the old log cabins to be seen in isolated places down on the Turkey Bottom. In those early days they had all lived in log cabins. The old-timers could remember well when the first frame-house in the country had gone up on old Herman Klaus's farm. Turkey Creek had been a wild little timber town with a few wooden stores and houses, after the first old log buildings had gone down, and the town hall, of the native yellow limestone, that was standing yet at the end of the business street, and where now the community held the harvest-home supper and the young people had dances.

The Kaetterhenrys had lived in one of those log houses on the same land where one of them, a half-brother of August's, was living now—the farm about three miles straight north of Turkey Creek, the one with the small white house and the patch of timber. It had all been timber in those days.

The Kaetterhenrys had not been among those whom Henry Baumgartner had brought to this region,—they came a few years later,—but their history was not very different from that of many families in the community.

They came to this country from Germany in about 1849 or 1850, Casper and his wife and two children, and his brother Adolph and his wife. Casper's wife's brother, Johan Rausch, had preceded them. He was one of those who had drifted over into Iowa from Ohio or New York, coming because others were coming, because every one was talking about the West. He had written back to his relatives in the old country, full of enthusiasm, praising the country and telling how fine the land was, until he had got Casper and Adolph persuaded to come.

They landed at New Orleans after a voyage of eight weeks and three days in a sailing-vessel, and from there took boat up the Mississippi to St. Louis. They spent the winter there, waiting for spring. The older child, Joseph, died of cholera while they were there. Early the next March, as soon as the river was open, they again took boat, and went up as far as northeastern Iowa. They bought oxen and farm implements at Guttenberg, the little river town where they landed, and from there went straight over to Turkey Creek to join Johan. He soon after pulled out again and went on west, but Casper and Adolph took up land near each other. Casper started right in clearing his land and putting up the log cabin in which the family lived until the children were good-sized.

The cabin had one room at first; later, two more were added. They did their cooking, eating, sleeping all in there. There the children were born, one after another—Mina, Kurt, Mary, August, Sophie, Heinie, Ferdinand. They had had only Lena when they came there, since little Joseph had died on the way. They lived all crowded into that little cabin, four children sleeping packed into a dusty feather-bed over which the covers were hastily drawn in the daytime. Feather-beds and pillows and a

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little black tea-pot with raised blue flowers were all that the Kaetterhenrys had brought with them from the old country. They had had none of the comforts of life to begin with. They had saved up just money enough to pay for the journey and their first crude farming necessities. They went through all the hardships of pioneer life, the clearing of the land, storms that killed their cattle and flooded their fields, the terrible blizzards of those days. Another child—Mary—died, and was buried in a little grave that Casper himself dug in a corner of their land. They had to work, all of them, father, mother, girls, and boys, just as soon as they could get into the field.

But they were a sturdy tribe; they could stand things. Casper Kaetterhenry had been a farm laborer in the old country. He had always worked hard, and so had his wife. But now that he was working for himself instead of for some wealthy Pomeranian landowner who would get all the profits, he was willing to work. Now he was going to make a landowner of himself.

He brought up his children to know very little but work. The mother had little time for them. In the intervals of bearing them she had to work in the field. So did Lena, the oldest girl. Mina gave them all the care that was given. They always cared more for this sister, in a way, than for any other human being—Mina, a thick-faced, heavy, "Dutchy"-looking girl, slow and melancholy and conscientious and kind. She afterward married Rudy Nisson, and had a hard time of it.

The older children had no chance for any schooling, but a schoolhouse was built on the outskirts of Turkey Creek to which the younger ones went off and on, as they could be spared, in the winter. That Turkey Creek school! It had wooden benches and a great stove on which one of the teachers—"Old Man Bartlett" they called him—kept hickory switches drying. Teachers were as irregular as pupils. Old Man Bartlett stayed only one week. He had already "licked" all the boys once or twice over, and he celebrated his last day by whipping every one of the girls. The next Monday he did not appear. He had "skipped the country." He had come to Turkey Creek from no one knew where, with only the clothes on his back, and no one ever learned what had become of him. There were a few attempts made to hold a German school, but they did not come to much. But it seemed to Casper Kaetterhenry that his children were in clover. He himself could do little more than write his own name.

Even some of the other farmers about there said that Casper was n't easy on his children. He expected them to work and that he should get all the benefit of their work. As soon as they were old enough to do anything they had to help on the farm. That was the way to save up money. Casper kept them at it every minute.

As soon as August was eleven he began hiring out to some of the neighboring farmers. He was a good worker. All of the Kaetterhenrys were. "Ach, those Kaetterhenrys!" people would sometimes say, meaning that they were stubborn and silent and *dumm*. And of Kurt or August or Heinie, "*Ja*, he 's a Kaetterhenry all right." They were Pomeranians. "Pummers" people called them, making fun of some of their ways and the

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queer Low-Dutch expressions that old Casper used. But August was good help. He could do nearly everything about a farm that a man could.

He worked for all kinds of people. For Schumacher once, and for Grobaty, a fat, black-bearded old German who beat his wife and his horses and became converted regularly at every camp-meeting. Grobaty's father lived with him. He had an immense white beard that reached below his waist. Usually he kept it buttoned inside his coat, but sometimes August would see him lift it out and fondly stroke and caress it. August tried blacksmithing for a while, too, but he liked farming better. He would go back to school in the winter-time, but when he was fourteen he quit for good.

By the time that he was fifteen he was virtually on his own resources. He did not get on well with his father. August had a temper and he did n't stand the old man's tyranny. August was the pick of the family, most people thought. He was not so slow as the rest of them, although he had all of the Kaetterhenry stubbornness. There was more of the mother in him. There was a different strain in the Rausches. They were more restless, more ambitious. People said that Mrs. Kaetterhenry might have liked to have things a little different from what they were at home if it had n't been for "him." She was not a Pummer. August was more like her. He looked like her, too, with a fresh-colored skin and blue eyes showing temper in the way that they were set. Sophie, too, was a Rausch.

It was mostly work in those days, but there were other things. Weddings were made much of in that community. Sometimes the celebration lasted three days, like Hans Nisson's wedding, at the end of which most of the men were laid out on the straw in the barn, dead drunk. There was still more intoxication at the camp-meetings which were held in the timber by traveling evangelists. People drove to them from miles around, camping out in the woods and attending the meetings. They were times of religious debauch. The shouting and singing and weeping, the general wallow of emotionalism, gave an outlet after all the hard, grinding work. August "went forward" at one of these meetings, along with the other young men, stirred and yet shamefaced at the same time. He believed that he was "converted."

Most of the life of the community centered about the German Methodist church out in the country, which Henry Baumgartner helped them to build. It was a plain white frame-building, bleak and small, a long hitching-board in front of it, and behind it the sheds for the teams and the two tiny outhouses, all standing stark on a great clearing. Church was held in the afternoon. The farmers drove there in lumber-wagons, tying their horses to the long hitching-board, or in bad weather putting them into the sheds. They stood about on the church-steps, talking, the men together and the women in another group, until the preacher drove up. Then they all marched solemnly into the church.

The congregation sat, the men and boys on one side, the women and girls on the other, facing the pulpit—a silent, stolid congregation, moving slowly and heavily in dark garments, creaking awkwardly as they turned to kneel on the hard wooden floor, some

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of the men poised precariously on their haunches, muttering the Lord's Prayer together in a guttural German that was loud in the silent country church, the women's voices a husky murmer above the deep, shamed rumble of the men's.

They had no regular pastor. Sometimes Wilhelm Stille, a farmer from over near Richland who did some preaching, came. He was a thin, fervent man, with a grayish beard and long hair, who leaned over the pulpit and spoke in a high, thin voice, his deep-set brown eyes burning with a kind of mystic ardor. Sometimes they had one of the traveling preachers, old exhorters, who wept and paced the platform as they prayed for sinners, and pounded the Bible.

After the service the people went outside and talked a little before they drove home. It was for this that the young men came. They stood about in abashed Sunday-constrained groups, pretending to talk to one another, but aware of the girls, whose eyes were aware of them, in their thick, dark best clothes that made their skin look leather-brown, their brown and black felt hats, their feet clumping awkwardly in stiff Sunday shoes. This group of boys and young men was the last to disperse. The older people talked in German about the weather and the crops. Then the men went out to get the teams hitched up to drive home.

August stayed around Turkey Creek until his mother died. She had been ailing for years, had bought "herb" medicine and liver pills and tonics from the medicine-man who drove around to the different farms with a horse and wagon selling remedies. No one had known what it was except stomach trouble, or had thought much about it. She had kept on working all the time. But finally, when she was almost confined to her bed, could digest virtually nothing, and could hardly drag herself into the kitchen to see how Mina, whom they had called in, was doing the work, Casper thought it might be time to drive into town and have the doctor come out with him. Of course it was too late then. Otherwise it would have been foolish for the doctor to be called. He too muttered something about stomach trouble, but the neighbor women who came in whispered cancer to each other. The children were sent for, and stood in awkward panic about the old walnut bed where their mother lay "wasted to a shadow," as the neighbor women said. The children had not actually realized that there was anything the matter with her until now. She died, and was buried in the little Turkey Creek cemetery near the German church.

"Ach, that old Kaetterhenry!" the women said. "He worked her to death, and then what did she have!" She had not lived to enjoy anything from all her toil. They had been for a few years in the new frame-house, but she had had to do things as she had always done them before.

It was expected that Mina would stay on at home and keep house for the old man, at least until Heinie, who worked on the home place, brought home a wife; Rudy Nisson was drinking and could not be counted upon to support Mina. But this was not at all what old Casper had in mind. A few weeks after his wife had died he offered ten dollars to any one who could find him a new wife; and astonishingly, gross and hard-fisted

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and stingy as he was, a fat old man with a rough beard who went around in his bare feet, a tolerably fair-looking young woman was found for him. He had never spent anything and he owned a good farm now. Poor Mina knew nothing of all this until he brought the new wife home; then she had to leave. Rudy was off in the next town, supposed to be working, and she had nowhere to go and no money to keep her. She had to stay at Sophie's until Sophie's husband could get Rudy to come back and find some sort of home for her. The new mistress proved to be very different from the old one: she made the old man Kaetterhenry stand around—build an addition to the house, get her some decent furniture. You never caught her working in the fields!

The children were furious. They talked about the insult to their mother and the injustice to Mina, but greed was at the bottom of it. This woman was a schemer; they could see that. Sophie declared that she looked like the kind of woman who would go about having children right away and beat the rest of them out of what was theirs by rights. What she had wanted was to get the farm left to her. It made them all angry to see how much she got from the old man while they, who had had to work like dogs for him from the time they were babies, got nothing. What had he ever done for them? It broke up the family and started a feud that still lasted after the old man Kaetterhenry had died and one of his sons by the second wife had the farm. But she did not get everything. Schemer that she was, she could never get old Casper to make a will, and the children came in for some of his property.

Most of the Kaetterhenry children married young and settled down to farming right where they were. August was the only one who did not. Sophie had married a Klaus, and her brother-in-law, young Herman Klaus, had gone up to Richland to work. August liked what he heard of the Richland neighborhood. He wanted to get into a better community; he thought he could earn more up there. He went there and got a job with a woodchoppers' gang in the winter, and the next spring he hired out to Henry Baumgartner.

This old Henry Baumgartner was harder to work for than any man in that part of the country. August found that out soon enough. It was not for nothing that he was as rich as he was. He was worth at this time about a hundred thousand dollars in land and money, considered rich for a farmer in those days, but no one would ever have guessed it from the way that the family lived. The old lady Baumgartner hoarded the bread until it was moldy. It was said that she was still wearing the same clothes in which she had come over from Germany. It was not until they moved into town and the children got hold of some of the money that it began to show. Old Baumgartner was inconceivably mean in petty things. August remembered about Mrs. Hooper, a widow in Richland who supported her family by doing washings. She wanted a little straw to pack about her house in the winter-time, and Henry Baumgartner promised that he would bring her some when he next came into town. Then he charged her not only more than the price of the straw, but for his time and for the hauling, although he had been bringing in other things at the same

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time. Plenty of farmers, as he knew very well, would have been glad to give the poor woman that little bit of straw for nothing.

Yet he had his big, effusive side. August had seen him at the camp-meetings groaning and praying and exhorting, tears running down the side of his fat nose and soaking into his beard. He was about sixty at this time, short, bulky, with a thick, square-cut beard, a broad, smooth German under lip that showed his emotionalism, and mean little eyes. Afterward, when he moved into Richland and joined the Methodist church there, he ran the church. The preachers looked upon him with fear as he sat short, heavy, belligerent in the front pew,—he was getting deaf,—giving little grunts of disapproval or breaking out with sonorous "Amens!" following the emotional parts of the sermon with a running comment of groans, head-shakings, tears. A terrible figure, with his big head and square-cut, bushy beard showing that wet, shining lower lip, the ominous glare of his small eyes. He was sincere, more than sincere, in all this. It was life to him. Plenty of people hated him, but they spoke of him as the most religious man around here.

If August managed to stick at the Baumgartners', he would be the first hired man who had ever done so. But August was a sticker. People soon found that out. He had no intention of leaving until he was ready to go. He went stolidly about his work from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night. He knew what he was after. All the time he was saving part of his wages, putting some away. He did not intend to let old Henry Baumgartner's meanness drive him out until he had saved enough to start in farming for himself. It was that for which he was working.

§ 3

August liked the new community. He saw that in some respects it was ahead of Turkey Creek. For one thing, there was a railroad, a main line of the Illinois Central that connected Richland directly with Chicago. It would be easier to market crops here; there would not be so much hauling to do. It was only eleven miles from Wapsie, the county seat, and that was an advantage. And, then, he liked the looks of the country. There was not so much timber, more prairie-land; and after all the clearing that he had had to do about Turkey Creek, August was not fond of timber. He said little, but he made up his mind before very long that he wanted to get hold of some land about here and settle down. Some one would be wanting to sell and move out. He had been saving ever since he started working for other people and was putting away some all the time. When he saw a good piece of land he was going to try to get it, paying for it gradually as he could. And he had his eyes open for some girl who looked as if she would make him a good wife.

There were not so many Germans here as around Turkey Creek, and there were some Lutherans among them, so that they had no German Methodist church. Those who were close enough drove over to the Turkey Creek church when the weather was good. Most of them began going in town. They drove to the Richland church, four of them together, two girls and two boys, in a two-seated

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buggy. The old people did not care to go there because the services were in English. They thought that it meant, too, that the young people were getting away from them.

There were more good times not connected with the church than there had been at Turkey Creek. Socials at the country schools, bob-rides, and big country parties where they played the old country games and kissing games until the whole thing ended in a general "spooning," with the lights out. August was bashful. Herman Klaus urged him to get a girl and come on. But he did not go to these parties very much until he began keeping company with Emma Stille.

That was in the first summer after he came to Richland. Henry Baumgartner let him go over to help the Stilles at threshing-time. The Stille boys had come over to help the Baumgartners. The Stille farm was about two miles from where August was working.

Old Wilhelm Stille was the one who used to preach in the Turkey Creek church. He was a gentle, dreamy kind of man. His threshing was always left until near the last. But old lady Stille saw to it that he did not get too far behind. People spoke of her as "some one to watch out for." She was short, squat, heavy. She had a round, wrinkled, crafty face with narrow, suspicious eyes. She looked as if she might just have come from the old country. She parted her hair smoothly in the middle and wore round ear-rings. When they drove into town, she never wore a hat, but a dark scarf tied over her head. Her dark, thick, shapeless clothes, her shawls, her scarf, her soft felt slippers, all added to the feeling of craft, of slyness, that she gave. People were afraid of her. She was stingy, too, as stingy as the Baumgartners; but the girls saw to it that the threshers were well fed.

There were two of the Stille girls at home, Emma and Mollie. Herman Klaus liked Mollie Stille pretty well. Every one liked the Stille girls. They said that they were just nice girls, not so queer as their father and without their mother's meanness. They waited on the table when the threshers came. The men all knew them and joked with them. August had nothing to say, but he knew every move that Emma Stille made as she hurried around the long table bringing in more stewed chicken and coffee. She was not very large, but she looked like a good worker. Her black hair curled a little from the heat, and her face was flushed. Her lips, full German lips, curved, dark red, were slightly parted. The men teased her. "Hurry up there, Emma! Emma, you 're too slow!" August sat eating industriously, without looking up; but when Emma came near him and put out her hand to take his coffee-cup, he caught the faint scent of heat that came from her, saw the little beads of perspiration about the roots of her shiny black hair.

He liked her. He wondered if she was pretty strong. She seemed to be able to get through with a lot of work. She did not seem in the least like her mother. She was a giggler; she and Mollie both could seem to giggle by the hour, but just the same she seemed pretty sensible. She taught country school in the Benning Township schoolhouse, but she knew how to wait on threshers.

The old man Stille was not badly off

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despite his preaching. He had come out in an early day and had managed —he and the boys together—to get hold of a good deal of land. He had helped the boys, and he ought to be able to help the girls a little, too. The Stille girls would have had more beaus if the young men had not been afraid to get mixed up with that old lady. She was down on all her daughters-in-law. That would not stop August. He 'd like to see any old woman that could bother him very much.

The threshers were at the Stilles' two days. It was in early September, dry, burning weather, when the bright new evergreens in the grove at the north of the house stood motionless and pointed against the blue sky. The men worked with their old horse-power thresher out in the fields, where the stubble was bright and harsh under their feet and the sun blazed on the yellow-gold straw-stacks that piled up behind the machine. Emma and Mollie came out once to see them work. Some of the men stopped for a moment and "joshed" with them, offered to let them run the machine, told them they ought to be out here helping thresh instead of sitting around the house doing nothing.

"*Ja*, doing nothing!" the girls scoffed. "I guess we 'd see what would happen if you did n't get any supper to-night."

"Oh, do *you* get supper?" Herman Klaus said. "I thought your ma did that, and you girls set around looking nice." They struck out at him until he backed off from them, holding up his hands and shouting, "Hey! Hey! I gotta work! Owgust, come here once and help!"

August was too bashful yet to join in. He pretended not to notice, but he saw the girls, standing there leaning against each other, half closing their eyes against the sun, which was bright on their black hair and flushed cheeks, the blue dresses against the blazing gold of the straw-stacks and the stubble out under the blue prairie sky. The chaff filled the air, and the men turned to grin with a flash of white teeth in their blackened faces. That night August "cleaned up" very carefully, although usually he did n't think it was much use until threshing was over.

After that Herman began to tease him about Emma Stille. August sat next to her at a bob-ride one night. Either she managed it, or he did, or Herman and Mollie, he did n't know just who. She had come with Herman and Mollie and did n't have any fellow of her own that night. The moon was not up yet. It was dark except for the dim, ghostly white glare of the snow. The fur of the buffalo robes was cold to the touch, but underneath them it was all warm, dark, secret, and intimate. He could feel Emma beside him, her arm against his, her feet close to his down in the warm straw in the bottom of the bob, her frosty breath. When the bob runners struck a rut, Emma fell over against August. He steadied her and said, "Whoa, there!" Then he kept his arm around her the rest of the way until they stopped at the Stille farm, and she struggled out of the warm nest of straw under the robes. "Hey, August, ain't you cold? Lost your girl?" the rest all shouted.

He had never gone to the box socials, always grunting shamefacedly, "*Ach*, I don't want to go them; I ain't got no girl to take," when Herman

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urged him to go. But he went to one that winter, out in the Benning Township school-house, where Emma taught. Mollie told Herman which was Emma's box, and Herman told August—a big shoe-box covered with ruffled red crape paper and a huge green bow. When it was put up for auction, August turned as red as the box. Martin Graettinger, a young fellow from Benning Township, was bidding for it. Now that he had started, August was doggedly determined to let no one get ahead of him, and although he had had no idea of paying so much, and it made him squirm, he got the box for three dollars and sixty cents. He and Emma and Mollie and Herman ate together in a corner of the room, which they barricaded with chairs, the girls giggling and Herman teasing them, August sitting red and silent, but happy.

But August was slow to get started. He did not take Emma anywhere until the next summer. He was cautious, and, besides, he had to save his money. Then he and Herman decided to ask the two Stille girls to go to the Fourth of July celebration at Richland Grove.

They started early and called at the Stille place for the girls. They had hired a team. They wore their best dark, thick suits, which made their hands and necks look browner. The girls wore striped summer dresses with tight basques, and Mollie had fastened a row of "spit curls" across her forehead. August did the driving. Emma sat on the front seat beside him, and Herman and Mollie were "cutting up" in the back seat, Herman shouting, "Now, Emma, you make that Owgust act decent up there in front, where I can't look after him."

"You better act decent yourself," Emma retorted. August blushed furiously.

The big wooden gate of the grove was propped open. "This way, boys!" a man shouted jovially. They drove in slowly over the fresh wheel-marks that had smoothed down the long green grass and looked around for a place to tie. The buggy wheels scraped over a stump half hidden in the grass, lifting up the buggy on one side and making the girls squeal. They stopped. No one seemed to know just what to do.

"Well, might as well get out," Herman said. "What you girls sitting in here for?" The girls stood aside while the boys staked out the horses. Then they all wandered off together, not knowing just what to do now that they were here. There were bunches of girls going around together, children darting off and being hauled back, women shrieking: "Come here, Mister! You don't get away yet. Come back here and fix this swing."

The grove had been well cleared of underbrush, and there were open spaces through which the sun shone golden-green. There were bur-oaks in clumps, larger oaks standing apart, full-leaved, casting a gracious shade. The ground lay in smooth, rounded slopes, with long fine, green grass that was full of little whirring things. It was sprinkled with wild gooseberry bushes, bitter-smelling white yarrow, clumps of catnip filled with black-bodied wild bees. The creek was dry, a narrow stream bed filled with hot white sand. Some children were running along it with bare feet.

There were swings put up, games going on. Rigs were standing all about: wagons, buggies of all descriptions, a carry-all. Horses, big farm

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horses, were staked out with ropes. They would begin to eat the bark off the trees, and then the men would have to run up and tie them somewhere else. There were family groups, old ladies sitting on cushions or in buggies, unattached boys going about hoping to find girls, men pitching horseshoes. The four young people were glad when it was time for the program.

The speaker's stand was built of fresh new planks, with a resiny scent, bound around with red-white-and-blue bunting. There was an amphitheater of planks laid across low sawhorses. August and Herman and the two girls stood at the edge of the crowd. There was a smell of perspiring people, cloth, starched dresses, planks. Babies cried. The chorus sang patriotic songs. A strong, fierce-looking girl went pounding to the front of the platform and declaimed "Barbara Frietchie" in a loud, coarse voice. When she came to "Dame Barbara *snatched* the silken scarf," she caught up a flag and waved it wildly. Some people clapped, others looked half gratified and half foolish. The chorus sang again, "We 're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground." Despite harsh untrained voices, there was something touching about the sad cadences, sung there in the open, breezy grove. State Representative Calkins, from Wapsie, spoke. There was a scraping and moving about when he first came forward, and then a long silence before he began. He spoke loudly, but it was hard to hear him. The breeze seemed to carry his voice away from all except the people directly in front of him. The children were still playing in the swings. Young people who did not care about speeches, the oak leaves rustling, the horses, the whispering on the outskirts of the audience, drowned the speech. Herman and Mollie got tired of it and slipped away. August and Emma felt foolish when they saw that the others had gone. Emma's brother, Willie Stille, was in the chorus, and he sat up there grinning at them.

They sat near the buggy to eat their lunch. Emma and Mollie had brought a huge lunch in a big red pasteboard box. The table-cloth was hunched up in places by little spears and bunches of grass. But eating seemed to dispel their awkwardness.

After dinner the boys went away for a while and pitched horse-shoes. The girls went to sleep, and awoke with hot, shiny faces. They took down their hair, and were just putting it up again when the boys came back. They squealed. The boys teased Mollie about her spit curls until she got angry and threw them away. Herman put them on and pranced around, and then he had to go after Mollie and make peace. August and Emma sat down on the buggy robe on the grass. August took off his heavy felt hat. There was a white band of flesh below the golden roots of his hair that shaded into red-brown. The oak leaves rustled dreamily.

August and Emma wandered off together. They crossed the hot white stream bed and climbed the hill, sat down in the shade between some trees and gooseberry bushes. Emma picked some of the gooseberries to take home, and August helped her pull off the woody little hulls. He put his hand over hers in the grass. The hand quivered, and he held it closer, his hard, brown fingers grasping a little higher on the wrist. There was

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an exciting incongruity between their halting self-conscious talk and the warm, thrilling animal intimacy of their hot, moist palms in the long, fine grass. The shouting from the races down on the level ground came to them long drawn out and dreamily distant. They were aware of the little green things that jumped about in the grass and of the heat of their two hands on the cool earth near the grass roots.

When they went back, Mollie and Herman were sitting in the buggy "spooning."

August made Herman drive home. He and Emma sat in the back seat. Herman kept saying, "Why are you two so quiet back there?"

"Ach, you shut up, and tend to your driving!" August put his arm around Emma. She took off her hat and put her head against his shoulder. The weeds along the roadside were damp, and wet night odors and mists came up from the fields. There was nothing but riding, jolting on through the dusk, the horses' hoofs pounding on the hard road, the buggy wheels scraping.

After that August and Emma kept company right along. The old lady Stille made little trouble, for she wanted her girls to be married. Wilhelm Stille promised to let them go on one of his farms, the one between Richland and Wapsie, with the privilege of paying for it gradually. Emma did not teach country school the next year, but stayed at home getting ready to be married. The wedding would be as soon as August had enough saved to start them out on the farm.

The first day that August could get away they drove into Wapsie. The four of them again, in the Stilles' two-seated buggy, August and Emma and Herman and Mollie. It was late February, just before the last thaw. The road to Wapsie was a winter study in dull black and white. The snow, which had an opaque, thick look under the colorless winter sky, drifted down the black earth of the slopes; the plum-trees in interlaced masses along the creek, low, spreading, done in smoky black, purple tinging the massed farther trees and the bushes; the creek half under thin grayish ice cracked and broken down in places; the road dead black, sifted over with fine snow. The buggy looked small on that great expanse of land; the hoofs of the horses on the hard wintry road made a lonesome sound.

The town had a closed-up winter look. The girls did not speak as they drove along the wintry street. They sat small and subdued in their heavy country wraps and dark knitted hoods. They drove to the court-house. The two boys tramped solemnly into the old brick building, with its dusty wooden floors and brown spittoons and glimpses of littered rooms, with shelves stuck full of records. August got the license of the county clerk, a little crippled man with one shoulder higher than the other.

Then they drove to the minister's house.

The girls got out of the buggy and stood stiffly on the board sidewalk while the boys tied the team to a wooden hitching-post. All four went solemnly up the walk to the house. They did not know whether to knock or to open the storm-door. No one heard them at first, and they went into the chilly, bare little entry, where

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overshoes and a fiber mat were piled, until August finally rang the bell.

"Ring again once," Emma whispered.

The minister's wife came, tall, gaunt, with spectacles. She said in a businesslike way:

"Did you wish to see Mr. Taylor? Step inside."

They filed silently into the parlor. They sat waiting, the girls clasping their hands nervously, staring at the hard-coal burner, the lounge, the pink sea-shell on the stand.

The minister came in with hastily brushed hair. They sat in frozen embarrassment.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

August cleared his throat resolutely. He and Herman had been turning their caps on their knees with hands red from the cold.

"We came to get married. If you —"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," Mr. Taylor assured them hastily.

Mrs. Taylor had thought "wedding" when they first came in, and had come back into the room. Now she asked the girls if they would not like to take off their wraps. She offered to let them go into the bedroom "if they wanted to fix up any," but they shyly refused. August asked her where the kitchen was, and after he had washed his hands at the granite basin, he came back and murmured, "Do you want to wash up, Emma?"

After many backings and exchanging of places, with a nervous determination on Mr. Taylor's part to mistake Mollie for the bride, which made Herman blush, the wedding party was arranged. August and Emma stood between the two windows, with Herman and Mollie in frozen attitudes on each side of them, and Mr. Taylor facing them.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the presence of God and these witnesses—"

The voice sounded sonorous in the small, bleak room. Emma stood in trembling quietness. August had to clear his throat, and then his voice came out gruffly. Herman breathed hard and eased his weight. Some coal dropped in the stove.

They felt shy and happy under the congratulations of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. They signed the certificate, and August fished in his pocket and brought out two dollars for the minister. Emma said that they would bring his wife a chicken in the summer.

They drove back to the farm down the dim, chilly road, the bare bushes thin and small, the fields spreading out black and sprinkled with snow. There was a wintry red in the western sky.

They had supper at the Stilles', where the old lady had got up a big meal for them, inviting in all the married children. Emma was to stay there until August "got things fixed" at the farm and could come after her. But he had to go straight over to the farm in the morning. One of the Stille boys was staying there now, looking after things, but the next day August was to take possession.

(The end of the first part of "Country People".)

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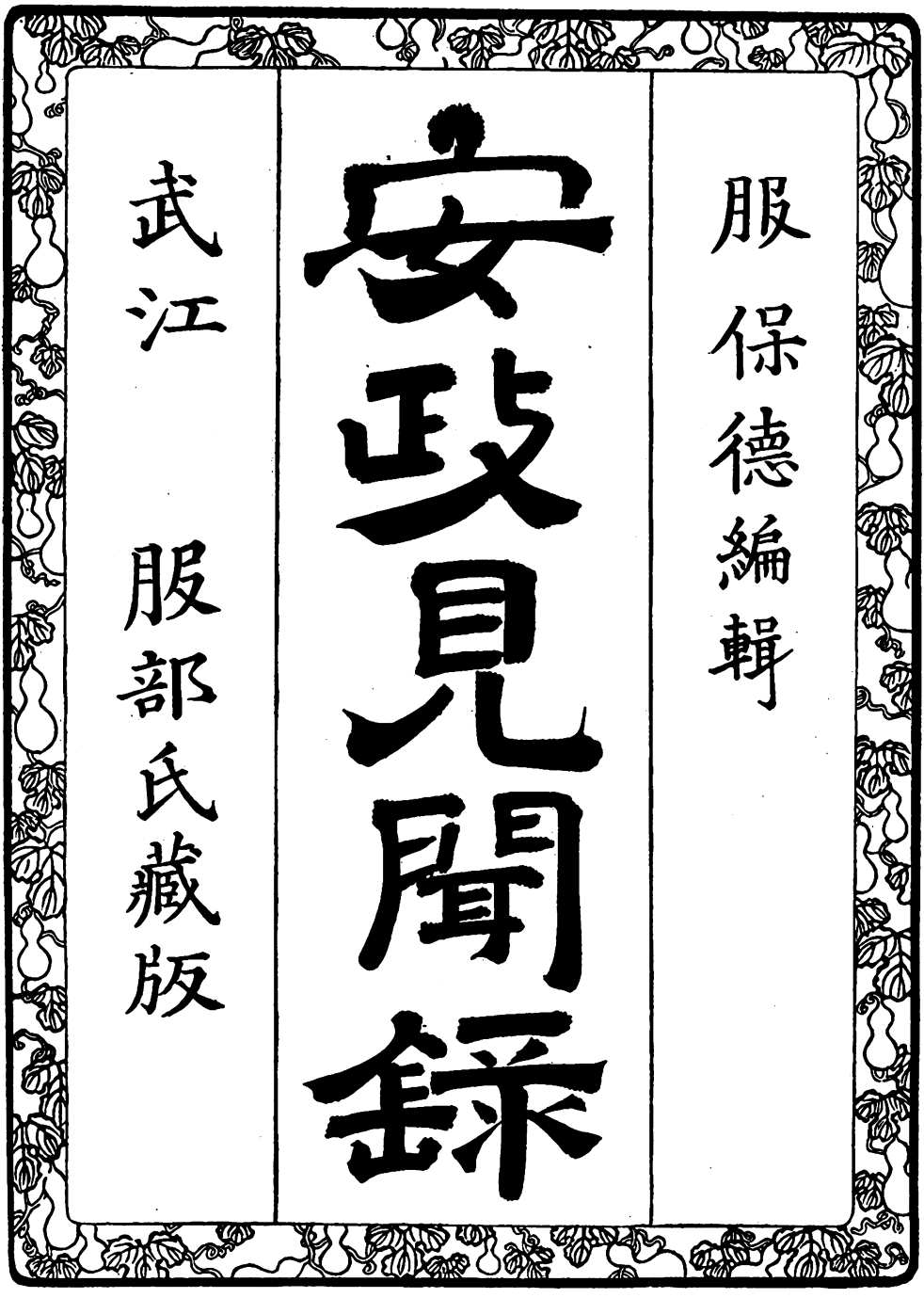

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATIONAL CALAMITY OF 1855"

Thus runs the title of a rare Japanese book, rare because even color-prints, which portray all phases of life in Japan, seldom depict the horror of the earthquake or tidal-wave that occasionally overwhelms the island kingdom. In this old book, however, we find prints by Yoshihoru which are, in spirit and in content, graphic descriptions of the disaster that the artist saw nearly seventy years ago

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one of these frail vessels of wood and bamboo and sail-cloth. No wonder that the that they are, when that strange and appalling calamity overtakes them. Life whimsically, and no man knows what his will be

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Again in the very shadow of crumbling walls and advancing flame a human being has
nese wife has thrown from her trunk all her fine clothes and is endeavoring to place in
the native religious reverence toward the dead and at the same time satisfies

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

V—A Chapter of Jumbled Personalities

By L. Frank Tooker

There was about the old editorial rooms of The Century on Union Square an atmosphere restful and homelike. The square itself was an oasis of tranquil repose, and though its circumscribing streets were habitations of dignified trade, there appeared no incongruity or lack of homelike serenity in the few spacious, swell-front-brick dwellings that still remained on the Broadway and Fourth Avenue sides. Indeed, at night the region was as quiet as a village green; one's footsteps echoed as in a vaulted solitude. At the corner of Seventeenth Street and Fourth Avenue, adjoining us on the east, stood the Everett House. Here was located Major Pond's lecture bureau, and I have amusing recollections of the major, large and naïvely proud, coming into our rooms with his foreign and native celebrities with much the air of a traveling showman exhibiting his trained animals. Long after most of the city's streets were given over to the trolley, a bob-tailed horse-car continued to jangle leisurely past our door. Beyond the widening of Seventeenth Street, opposite our windows, the little park was still a cool and green retreat in summer, flecked with broad patches of shadow under its rounded dome of trees. At that time an old aunt of mine was fond of telling me how, in her own early exile in the city, she had often picked blackberries over the very spot where the square and our office stood. Together we would exclaim over the Aladdin-like growth of the city. I am glad that I have not to tell her of the decay in her old haunts of wonder.

Even our elevator was leisurely and homelike. There was a wide leather-covered seat at the rear, with few passengers, and in our slow progress upward we had time for pleasant conversation with the elevator man. We addressed him by his first name, knew his place of residence, the number of his children, and his expectations in life. One left the elevator at the fifth floor, entered a glass-paneled door at the left, and at once came face to face with the iron-grilled window of the cashier. In fancy I always see Miss Flanders peering anxiously up through her glasses at every obtruder at her grilled outlook upon a money-mad world: she hated to pay out money. Then one passed along the edge of the outer office, walked down a long corridor till one came to a wide-portièred doorway, and, hesitating a moment, as people always appeared to do at that point, saw at the far end of three pleasant rooms a wide fire-

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place, and above it a large panel upon which were carved in high relief the profile head of Dr. Holland and sprays of bittersweet. Every autumn Miss Allegra Eggleston (a daughter of Dr. Edward Eggleston), who carved the panel, used to send us great quantities of that flaunting guidon of the dying year with which mantelpiece and room would be further decorated. It always gave the room the aspect of a long-continued celebration of Christmas. These were the editorial rooms—the entrance-room, the main room, and Mr. Gilder's, where stood the fireplace. Under one window in this room stood a great terrestrial globe that I never saw any one consult except Mr. Buel. I have a mental picture of him bowed over it, and the impression persists that he frequently used it, though this may be due to the well remembered facts of his ambitions as a sailor and his inclination to pore over maps of all kinds.

Close to the other window of the room stood Mr. Gilder's desk, a mahogany desk and glass-doored book-case combined. It was rather an ornament than a thing for actual use, with shelves where he placed gift-books that he some day expected to read, but never did, and large drawers where we used to search for, but never found, mislaid manuscripts. We tried to make ourselves believe that they lay hidden under the miraculous piles on Mr. Buel's desk, though I am sure we never succeeded in convincing Mr. Buel of this. His chaos, he made us feel, had the exactness of the solar system, where all things came to light at their proper seasons.

Apparently out of respect to the belief that the desk was intended for use, Mr. Gilder sometimes seated himself at it, but he rarely lingered; almost always he worked at an old mahogany table that stood midway between the door of his room and the fireplace, in plain view from the door leading out to the corridor. His own door was rarely closed, and in memory I can clearly see him at his work, sitting erect, with only his head and shoulders bowed, and always writing. But this memory of him as always writing is obviously an error. Constantly subject to interruption, he did much of his work at home, as most editors are compelled to do; but sometimes he read at the office, and it is probable that he always laid his manuscript on the table, and read in the same upright position as that in which he wrote, not, as most of us did, leaning far back in his tilted chair. The brass handles on the drawers of his desk would never be found worn away by his lifted feet, as mine are.

On both sides of the mantelpiece in his room there were book-cases, on the top of which stood three or four plaster casts of classic and Renaissance busts and figures, darkened with wax and dust. On his table was a bronze cast of the hand of Lincoln, as if he, too, like Stedman, might always keep in mind and

"From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mould."

About the walls of the room hung pictures, several of them autographed photographs. One of these, a large photograph of Stedman himself, Mrs. Gilder gave to me after Mr. Gilder's death.

By the window, at the left, and just outside Mr. Gilder's room, stood Mr. Johnson's desk. Next stood Mr.

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Buel's, and backed against that was Mr. Carey's. My own stood against the wall, with the last window of the room opening on the left. Thus we sat in the two alcoves of the room fashioned by the desks, each pair of us back to back in an apparently inhospitable and unsocial manner. But this was only apparent. The chairs were always whirling about on their screws, and talk flowed over the high barriers of the roll-top desks.

In the alcove of the entrance-room, under the one window, stood Miss Demarest's desk—Miss Demarest for many years the faithful guardian of the editors and manuscripts, the receiver of guests, and the doer of all the go-between work of an editorial room. Opposite her, on the other side of the door, was the desk of her assistant of the moment, who kept a record of all manuscripts. The two were the official beguilers of those waiting visitors whom they liked, and the open or silent reprovers of the ways of those whom they did not. The free-and-easy manners of to-day were not those of our yesterday, when we fondly thought of our office as possessing all the comfort and amenities of home. Hats never remained on heads within our portals, and the very rugs would have risen to smother the cigar that tainted the serene air—if the ladies did not. In those early days I recall only one daring soul who heedlessly puffed his way through all our conventions—Mark Twain. *Eheu, fugaces!*

On the side of our room opposite the windows a door led to the cut-room, a huge space lighted only by transoms, where illustrations in all forms, from the original sketches or pictures to the woodcuts themselves, were kept in great stacks of drawers, where stood our safes, odds and ends collected, and Mr. Benjamin E. Smith of the dictionary and I incidentally swung Indian clubs in moments of relaxation. Beyond the cut-room, on the Eighteenth Street side of the building, were the rooms of the art department, filled even then with the overflow of Mr. Drake's growing collections, and where Mr. Drake and Mr. Fraser reigned in a dual monarchy, one, as the brass plates at the entrance of the reception-room proclaimed with Solomon-like neutrality, "the Art Superintendent," the other, "the Art Manager." These signs were more than they appeared to be, little though that was: they were the monuments to Mr. Roswell Smith's diplomacy and tact, for it was he who had caused them to be made. For genial and non-committal as Mr. Drake was by nature, he knew the difference between first and second, while precedence would always be a beacon light on the border to bring from its scabbard the claymore of any braw bit laddie who chanced to bear the name of Fraser. But in "Art Superintendent" and "Art Manager" who could find leadership?

I puzzled much over the two signs when I first entered the office, as doubtless many another had done, and it was only long afterward, when finally I came to know their history, that they firmly fixed in my mind the conviction that Mr. Roswell Smith had a deep vein of humor, and I am sure that he often chuckled over the manner in which he disarmed possible strife. I never came to know him familiarly, and to me he was always a solemn and awe-inspiring figure. The comparatively young men who were his chief assistants at the office when

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I entered it, though free with him in a way, always showed him a vast deference, and I came in time to think of them as having the manner of favored upper-form boys toward a master they thought might be pleased with the "Yes, sir," and "Oh, sir," and "No, sir," of Kipling's "Stalky & Co." Yet the impression may be due wholly to the fact that I was not one of the upper-form boys in question. Certainly I never harbored the thought that they could be audacious to him in a moment of stress, as Carey once was. He had come to the company as a boy, and one day as he sat busy about nothing, Mr. Roswell Smith came softly up behind him.

"Will," he said, "I have long suspected you of idling away your time, and now at last I 've caught you."

With his sweetly disarming smile, Carey turned and looked up.

"Well, Mr. Smith," he said instantly, "I 'm glad it has taken you so long."

Without further speech the supposedly austere president went back to his room, but his shoulders shook as he retreated. With no apparent reference to this incident, but rather as an act of high favor to one who had acquired merit, he subsequently gave Carey the choice between remaining in the business department or of going into the editorial rooms. Carey gladly accepted the latter.

§ 2

I have always tried to believe that a certain lack of audacity of this sort in my own nature was due in a great part to the fact that so much of my childhood was passed at sea that I became unduly impressed with the necessity of obedience and of not giving voice to my own opinions until asked for them. Perhaps that is a pleasant way of accounting for the peculiarity. If the traditions of the sea in the matter of keeping one's opinions to one's self before superiors had their effect upon me, I am free to confess that they signally failed in the case of Miss Josephine B. French, who for many years was connected with the company. Like me, a native Long-Islander and the descendant of seafaring people, we had many likings in common and were always good friends, but wholly unlike in the matter of bearding the quarter-deck. The veriest greenhorn in the forecastle, she would have heckled Bully Waterman himself. No environment of traditional authority had modified her. Her sense of humor was acute, and her love of putting her superior officers "in a hole" abnormal. The traditional course of great parades in New York had always been to march up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, to pass up Fourth Avenue to Seventeenth Street, to turn west at that point, and then to proceed up Broadway to Fifth Avenue. For the celebration of Admiral Dewey's return from Manila the old route was given up, and Seventeenth Street and Broadway were deserted for Fifth Avenue and the great plaster arches of Madison and Washington squares. It was just previous to this celebration, while the city was ablaze with the color of an almost general decoration, that I met Miss French near the door of our building. She was smiling and obviously elated. As she caught sight of me she imperiously motioned for me to wait. With the greatest glee she told me the cause of her rejoicing.

She had just come up Broadway on an open car, and as it rounded the long curve at Fourteenth Street, a man in

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the seat behind her had exclaimed to a companion:

"Look! Look at THE CENTURY Building!"

His companion evidently looked, for a moment later he said:

"Well, what 's the matter with it?"

"Why, look!" repeated the first speaker. "Not a bit of bunting about it! THE CENTURY 's all hell for war [The War Series and "The Story of the Captains" were fresh in the minds of all people], but the devil a bit for decoration."

"And now I 'm going in to tell 'Chi,' " declared Miss French.

"What are you going to do that for?" I asked, my native reserve in the face of the quarter-deck coming to life; for "Chi" was Mr. Charles F. Chichester, the treasurer, an imposing and seemingly austere personage.

"I want to see his face when I tell him," she declared, with a great joy upon her own.

Mr. Chichester was at his desk we saw as we entered the office, and in at the gateway of the outer office she marched as I turned down the corridor toward the editorial rooms. The sight of "Chi's" face was eminently satisfactory to Miss French, for he had leaped from his chair in his haste to get in touch with the decorators,—"Every decorator in town, if necessary," he had declared,—and before the close of the day the whole front of the building was smothered with bunting.

In a way the office was a social center. Wives were always dropping in, and we knew all the children of our associates. I remember Mr. Gilder's with the greatest distinctness, as they lived at East Fifteenth Street, and came more frequently than the others, at first with their nursemaid or governess, and later proudly alone. Their manner of entrance was always peculiarly their own. They would walk demurely through the outer office and down the long corridor, but when they came to the entrance door of our three rooms, in sight of their father's retreat, they always broke into a run, rushing past us with a patter of small feet. Even their dog, Leo, one of the last of the Newfoundlands, we knew well. Mr. Gilder had written a poem to "Leo"—

"Over the roofs of the houses I hear
the barking of Leo."

Once, on his leaving the office, closely followed by the dog, Carey turned to me, nodding toward them as they departed.

" 'The Poet and His Master,' " he said in allusion to the title of a poem Mr. Gilder had just published.

Miss Jeanette Gilder, a woman of strong personality who, though womanly by nature, was wont to appear in mannish garb, one day in alpine hat, tailored gown, cloth waistcoat, and red necktie, walked rapidly past Carey's desk on her way to her brother's room. Smilingly, Carey said to an officer of the company who was talking with him:

" 'A man 's a man, for a' that.' "

In the early days of the Century Dictionary, one of its proof-readers, Horace Teall, published a book on "The Compounding of English Words." It was, as may be supposed, not an exciting work, and, if my memory does not fail me, it was in addition not lacking in obscurity. One day, coming into the office from luncheon, I found Carey pouring over

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my copy. As he heard me approach, he wheeled in his chair and, closing the book, said solemnly:

"I 'm going to dramatize it."

But the best of Carey's wit was unstudied; it came like a flash in the normal course of conversation, and was without sting. I recall one occasion, however, when wit wholly failed him. He was sending a batch of proof abroad, and as the foreign mail closed that day at twelve, at eleven he rang for a boy to take the package to the main post-office, downtown. He gave the boy careful directions to find out the proper postage, stamp the envelop, and mail it before twelve. For postage and car-fare he gave the boy a dollar, and saying, "Now, rush," turned back to his work. I heard the boy pause near my desk, near the door, and say, "Mr. Carey, how shall I go down?" but Carey evidently did not hear him, for he made no reply. Neither did he nor I pay heed to the joking remark that Mr. Bond of the book department flung back as he passed us, his normal mood being jocular.

It was perhaps a quarter of one when the boy, hot, anxious, and tired, came into the room and paused at Carey's desk. In his hand was the package, still unstamped. He explained that he had taken a cab, as Mr. Bond had suggested; but the cabman had demanded as his fare the dollar that Carey had given him, and having no other money, he had walked all the way back. He wanted to know what he was to do then. That day there was no wit in the violent and circumlocutionary ways in which Carey told him to go to the devil.

In a way the office in that early period was a pure democracy. Our great base-ball game was an illustration of our equality. In the June of 1888, one morning I came to the office early, and sat looking up at the sky through my open window, a beautiful, alluring sky, when John Ayres, the janitor and general factotum of the office, came into the room. He, too, perceived the outdoor-enticing aspect of the sky: he said he would like to be fishing off the harbor at Bridgeport, where he had passed his boyhood. I agreed that I, too, should like that. We also agreed that we should like to be playing base-ball; anything, in fact, except being at work. But the thought of base-ball had fired John's imagination. The boys of the office had organized that summer an excellent ball team, and as the director of their workaday duties in the company and one who was inclined to be a little "bossy," John was moved to put them in their proper place. By degrees we came to the point of forming a team and sending them a challenge.

§ 3

The idea ran through the office like wild-fire. Mr. Evert of the packing-room, who lived in Rutherford, New Jersey, agreed to procure a ball-ground in his town for our use. Mr. Jones, the bookkeeper, had a cousin who would act as umpire, and the young women of the office were eager to go as spectators. On Saturday the office closed at twelve, an hour earlier than usual, in order to permit us to take an early train. So far as I remember, every one except Mr. Roswell Smith attended the great battle. On the principle in vogue among small boys, where the owners of the bat and the ball automatically became catcher and pitcher, John and I,

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as originators of the movement, were catcher and pitcher respectively.

We took the field in the first half of the first inning, with the boys at the bat. Without modesty I confess that the first three to bat struck out, though all reached first base, John failing in each case to hold the third strike. But lest I may appear unduly puffed up, I will add that one of the boys subsequently told me that his team had been so accustomed to swift pitching that at first they had mechanically struck at each ball I threw before it had half covered its appointed course to the home-plate. Their later remarkable improvement appeared to bear out his assertion. Mr. Carey lasted five minutes. We had placed him at third base on the reasonable ground that his great bulk would serve as an excellent back-stop even if his hands failed to meet the ball, but we never had a chance to prove our back-stop theory, for the first ball thrown to him reached his hands, only to carom swiftly out into the field.

With a look of pained surprise Carey walked "home," rubbing his hands as he went.

"I am through," he declared firmly.

At the end of the first inning John was unanimously deposed, and William Fayal Clarke, now editor of "St. Nicholas," took his place. That we finished the game as the battery of the team was probably due mainly to the conviction of our comrades that there was less personal disgrace in deriding us than in being themselves deposed. Mr. Johnson, I remember, performed brilliantly at short-stop, and Mr. George L. Wheelock, now the treasurer of the company, gave proof of being a potential Babe Ruth at the bat. But the glory of the game fell to our honorary "pinch" hitters, Mr. Gilder and Mr. Frank H. Scott. Both had modestly declined to play through the game on the unreasonable ground that they knew too little about the sport, logic which left the rest of us without a leg to stand on; but both agreed to take a turn with the bat. Of Mr. Gilder's base-running Mr. Clarke and I talk to this day.

He hit the first ball on a slow-bounding course toward short-stop, and, still holding his bat, ran for first base. And, heavens! how he ran! With his face turned up to the sky, his shoulders far back, his arms and his bat swinging wildly, and his legs doubling under him like those of a scared rabbit, he gave us an unorthodox exhibition of speed more extraordinary than any other that I have ever witnessed. It was n't human speed; it was flight. Long before the short-stop had fielded the comparatively easy ball, the runner was at the base.

Mr. Scott was equally successful and still more interesting. He had forgotten his base-ball, but not his ability to bat, and his sharply hit ball passed successfully between the legs of the third baseman and out in the field. Before it could be returned, I, who was coaching at first base, urged Mr. Scott on to second; but, to my horror, on reaching the base, he calmly walked on six feet beyond it, and, turning, genially smiled upon the second baseman, who by this time stood a like distance behind his base, with the ball in his hand, smiling back, but smiling uneasily.

In a flash we understood his difficulty. He was a boy who had recently come to the office, and by nature a boy of great deference, and the thought of

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touching with the ball and putting out of the game Mr. Scott, the treasurer and, next to Mr. Roswell Smith, the great man of the company, appalled him. He had n't the courage. As his team-mates yelled "Touch him!" "Why don't you touch him?" and John Ayres, coaching at third base, howled veiled threats of his being discharged if he touched the great man, and I, catching his wandering, distressed eyes, shook my head gravely and warningly, I chanced to draw the attention of Mr. Scott, the only unconcerned man on the field. I pointed to the base, and in pantomime told him to take it, and his lost knowledge of the game coming back, he stepped to safety.

I have forgotten the final score; it does not matter. It was not so bad as it might have been. Poor John Ayres! He was with us many years, but finally departed. Two or three years later I met him on Third Avenue. He looked ill, and walked painfully with a cane.

"Why, John," I said, "what *is* the matter?"

He said he had been wretched, but was better, and then he added, but whether as cause or effect of his having been wretched or of his now being better, I could not determine:

"You see, I went on the water-wagon last fall, but I kind o' let one leg drag."

Later I heard of his death.

§ 4

I early began to know the art department well, for the connection between it and the editorial rooms was always close—close and sometimes heated, as might be expected with two groups of temperamental souls, each of which holds its own interpretation of the things of the spirit to be truer than that of the other, and never deigns to give reasons. One has good taste, or one has n't, and that is the end of the matter. To ask for reasons is to stamp oneself a Philistine.

From the first I had always made up the magazine in Mr. Carey's absence not only because there was no one else who cared to do it, but also because I was eager to know all the details of the office. It was a far more difficult task than it is to-day, for many more illustrations were then used, and the cuts were printed on glossy, or highly calendered, paper. We used ten folios each of sixteen pages for the whole of the magazine, but only four of calendered paper, and as we could split the folios only into eight forms, the task of bringing illustrations and their necessary kind of paper together was no slight one. But the art department was mainly concerned with the artistic display of the pages, and to forestall criticism after the magazine appeared, at first I frequently went to Mr. Drake for advice as to the best method of arranging the cuts on the pages. He was always genial at such times,—at all other times, for that matter,—though he sometimes gave me the impression that I had come at the moment when he had the least time to spare; but what I noticed at first with awe, and later with vast amusement, was the fact that though he might raise or lower my cuts on the page only two or four lines of text, he rarely ever failed to change my whole arrangement. At first, as I said, I thought the artistic sense wonderful and mysterious.

But one day I lost my illusions. I had taken to him for criticism a

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"dummy" set of pages on which many illustrations had been lightly pinned, and it was only when he had changed the position of every cut on the "dummy" that I realized the fact that he was changing his own arrangement of the cuts, not mine. We had both forgotten that I had shown him the pages the day before, when he had changed them to positions from which he was now removing them. I said nothing: it was enough to realize that though good taste is mighty, it has many facets, and that there is no mathematical law in art to disprove the fact that two and two may not at times make five. The difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is sometimes vast, if one can only have faith to believe it.

Yet his taste was without doubt extraordinarily good, and his appreciation of beauty keen; however, neither quality is omniscient even in the immortal few. And there was about him in general intercourse an almost childlike simplicity that was wholly appealing; it drew all hearts. In his search for models of ships he sometimes took me with him on his rounds through the old shops where such things were to be found. At these times I discovered no childlike simplicity. As a dealer in old curiosities whom I knew well once said to me, in speaking of him—speaking in a sadly reminiscent tone:

"Ah, Mr. Drake he knew how to buy!"

Once in confidence Mr. Drake, on one of these model-hunting excursions, told me that many of the dealers in old curiosities were very superstitious, and through fear of ill luck all the week if they failed to make a sale to their first caller on Monday morning, on such occasions would frequently sell at a very low price. Thus, on seeing something that one wanted, it was not the best policy to buy at once, but to wait till early at the beginning of another week.

With dreams of great bargains, I tried the plan, but never with any success. Either the object I wished had been sold, or, if the dictum was correct, some other caller had been even earlier than I, and had gained, knowingly or unknowingly, the honor of being the first buyer.

(The end of the fifth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

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The Voice of the Russian Peasant

By Maurice G. Hindus

Drawings from Russian Posters

Since days immemorial there has existed in the Russian village the institution of *khodoki*. Literally, the word means walkers, and applies to persons sent by a village to the national capital with complaints that the local authorities have either refused to consider or have met to the dissatisfaction of the peasants. In former times the *khodoki* were often obliged to make the journey, however long, on foot; hence the word *khodok*, walker. With their papers and documents tucked away inside their hats or hidden in a pouch somewhere on their bodies, and with a linen sack of black bread on their backs, they would start on their arduous trip, which might last from one to six months, stopping at wayside inns and monasteries for rest and prayer. When they reached the big city they had to shift for themselves as best they could.

War, revolution, plague, famine, have not destroyed this ancient institution. *Khodoki* from all parts of the land continue to pour into the capital. But now, when they come to Moscow, they no longer need to wander about the bewildering streets in search of shelter and counsel. They can go to the Central Peasant Home, established especially for their benefit. The home occupies an imposing structure of four stories on a quiet side street in the very heart of the city. It has a dormitory with over three hundred beds; a rest-room; a library; a theater with stage equipment for movies, spoken plays, concerts; an enormous reception-room, which, with its upholstered chairs, curtained windows, mirrors,

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pictures, and smooth, freshly polished floor, makes one think of a ball-room in a fashionable hotel.

What struck me especially as I went from room to room and floor to floor were the numerous cards with neatly printed health maxims hung on the walls in conspicuous places at almost every step.

"You don't have such things in hotels in your country," observed my guide, a youthful, athletic, blue-eyed communist; "you don't need them. Your people go to school and grow habituated from childhood to hygienic practices. But our rural masses are terribly ignorant. So when the *khodoki* come here, we not only want to provide for them a healthful place to live and render them all the aid we can to locate the proper authorities and get their complaints heard and adjusted, but we want to teach them simple rules of health."

Though in existence only ten months, the Central Peasant Home is now known all over Soviet Russia. Other cities are opening similar hostelries. It is a world in itself. Under its roof gather peasant representatives from all ends of the far-flung Soviet republics, men of varied breed, race, faith, tongue, and dress, each bringing with him the plaints and the wishes and the hopes of hundreds and often thousands of neighbors. To spend a few days in this home is to feel the very throb of the peasant's heart.

Here was a peasant from the province of Ryazan, a little man with a big bald head, and a bushy mustache that covered his large mouth and spread like a sieve over his unshaved chin. A majority of the people in his village are of small families, a minority of large ones. He represents the minority, which has a serious grievance against the majority. Since days of old, land allotments in his village have been based upon the number of *yedoki* (eaters) in each family. At the redivision of land this year the majority have ruled that plowed ground shall be distributed in accordance with established custom, but that, in the case of meadows, each small family shall receive an increment equivalent to the share of two *yedoki*.

"I am of a large family," he complained to the attendant in the reception office. "There are fifteen of us, father, mother, three brothers, their wives and children. We all live together. We have never had enough meadow for our own need, and if the new ruling of the majority in the village stands, we shall have even less this year, and that is unjust and contrary to the Soviet laws. Here,"—and from his bosom he pulled out a paper-covered book, turned to a page and pointed to a paragraph heavily underscored with red ink,—"this is article 117 of the new Soviet laws, and according to this provision no village has a right to distribute land upon any basis other than the actual number of *yedoki*. The minority of us, peasants with large families, have protested the act of the majority to the local Soviet. But it did not do us any good. So they have sent me here."

The attendant filled out a blank for him and then sent him into an inside room to consult the *yurist*—lawyer.

Next appeared a young woman with a sunburned, bony face and heavy chin. She was rather comfortably dressed for a peasant in present-day Russia, with a white shawl on her head, a long black coat, heavy brown shoes,

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with gray socks falling over the tops. Her legs were bare, quite in the latest Moscow style. She was the wife of a former soldier in the Red army. For nine years her husband has been in military service, having fought with the Reds all through the Civil War. Recently his brothers have divided the estate left by their father. To her husband's share fell a few dessiatines of land, but no buildings except a barn, and no stock or implements. He could not settle on this land, for surely he could not be expected to live in an old barn with a leaky roof and crumbling walls. And they have a newly born baby, too. So he came to Moscow and got a job, hoping to save enough in a short time to build a little hut and provide himself with some implements. But the peasants in the village held a meeting and decided that insomuch as he was not working his land, he had forfeited his right to it, and have taken it away from him. "How could the Soviet Government allow such an injustice to a man who was ready to give his life for it?" she complained.

Next came two men, both with beards, swarthy of face, with black, rolling eyes. Both wore tall sheepskin hats, which, unlike the other *khodoki*, they did not remove as they sat down to present their case. They might pass for Tatars, Armenians, Hindus, or some other Oriental people. They were Jews from Daghestan—Sephardim. For three hundred years their sect has been living in the Caucasus. There are now eight communities of them, five agricultural, three commercial. These came from an agricultural village, where none of the people has ever engaged in trade. Before the Revolution they were all well-to-do, had land, camels, goats, cows. Even the old Government did not repress them, though they were Jews. When the Revolution came and the Soviets rose to power, they at once declared for the Soviets. Then the Tatars began to persecute them, robbed them of their stock and implements, visited their houses and smeared everything inside with pork, hoping that they would then leave, and they could move into the vacant homes. The Jews did leave, but before doing so they burned their houses. Now, upon invitation of the local Soviets, they had gone back to their native village, but they were utterly destitute. They had no stock or implements. Most of them had not even rags on their backs. Their women had to remain indoors; they could not go out with their bodies uncovered. The local Soviets had no means of helping them, and advised them to appeal to Moscow for aid. The older man pulled out a bundle of papers, yellow, crumpled, and held together by a linen thread, and offered it to the attendant. They were documents written by hand by the local Soviets completely substantiating their story.

Then came a youth in bast sandals, with leather straps tied about his legs up to the knees. He had a pleasant face, and deep-blue eyes overhung by long lashes. His short jacket seemed as if made from a pile of soiled rags. He was from the province of Smolensk, eighteen years of age, the oldest in a family of seven. His father was a poor peasant, with no land except a garden, with only one horse, over twenty-one, one cow also very old, a few hens, but no pig, no sheep. The one they had had died only a short

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Educational poster. The sad story of the illiterate peasant. The crop fails, the cow dies, he gets lost in town, finally dies unattended because he cannot write his absent son

time before. He wanted to enter the *rabfac,* or working-man's high school, where tuition and board and lodging would be furnished him free. He did not know what he wanted to study for, but he did not want to remain a dark peasant. He wanted to be enlightened. From his bosom he pulled out a bundle of papers, also written by hand—documents from the local Soviet recommending him for admission to the school.

Another youth appeared with a thin, freckled face and restless, searching eyes. His blouse and trousers were tattered and smelly. He was barefooted. His boots he had sold to buy a ticket to Moscow. He was sixteen, and he talked in a halting, feeble, but melodious, voice, almost like a girl. He had come all the way from northern Archangel, from the arctic region. He, too, wanted to enter the *rabfac;* he simply must enter it. All his life he had been dreaming about going to the university and being a learned man. There was no high school in his village, unfortunately. There was one about thirty-five miles away, and he attended it until he was fourteen. Then the boarding-house in connection with the school closed, and he had to quit; his father could not support him away from home. He read books all the time, especially poetry. He wrote verses himself; nothing he loved better than to write. He had been writing ever since he could remember, mostly poems, and every one he had composed he knew by heart. Some he had not even written down on paper. Oh, no, he would not forget them; he never forgot. Would we care to have him read his verses? He began a poem about a night in an arctic village.

The attendant was moved by the spirit of the boy, and leaned over and whispered in my ear:

"Have you heard of Lomonosov, the founder of our Russian literature? He, too, came from Archangel, ran away from home to go to school. Who knows but this boy is another Lomonosov? If only we were not so poor! The commissary of education has allotted to us only fifty places in the Moscow *Rabfac,* and we have already received over three hundred applications, and more are coming in every day. Such splendid chaps, some from far-away villages buried somewhere in the wilderness, selling their boots and their coats to buy railroad tickets to Moscow! It breaks our hearts to turn them back, but what can we do? We are so poor!"

As I left the room, two peasants

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The story is quite different when the peasant knows how to read

followed me and stopped me on the stairway. They were deputies from a village on the shores of the Kama, in the province of Kazan. There were about 150 families in their village, half Tatars, half Russians, all peasants and poor, because of several years' drought. If it were not for the Americans coming in and feeding them, they might have starved long ago. Americans were still feeding them. *Nu*, the local Soviet had all of a sudden decided to turn their village into a city, and what did they, peasants, want a city for? True, there was a good harbor in their village, and in former times it was a big receiving-station for grain. But of what good was their harbor now, when their crops had burned? They had protested the action of the Soviet, but the latter would not recede from its position, and if their village was turned into a city, they would have to pay taxes, which only a landlord under the czar could stand. The Soviet had given them three days' notice in which to comply with the new order and pay their increased taxes; otherwise it would sell their stock, what was left of it, and other things, and they would be completely ruined. Could n't I do something for them?

I told them that I was a foreigner and had nothing to do with the Soviet Government. They bowed and apologized profusely. They did not know; they saw me sitting at the table, writing and asking questions, and they thought I was an official. I must forgive them.

§ 2

On a Sunday evening a group of peasants invited me to come to their room for tea and a *beseda*—talk. It had been raining hard all day, and it was chilly, and when I arrived at the *dom* the attendant asked if he could send other peasants in to join in the conversation. They had been inside all day, he said, on account of the weather, and were lonely, and it would divert them to talk things over with an American.

They were all silently looking at me, as though expecting that I would open the conversation. I proposed that they tell me of life in their villages, but they insisted that I first tell them of life in America, especially on the American farm, how peasants work the land there, what crops they raise, what manner of homes they have.

I told them of the origin of America, the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the settling of the West, the growth of industry, the development of agriculture, the type and manner of farming in the Western States. They

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listened intently without a word of interruption, and when I finished, they asked for the privilege of questioning.

A man with a red beard wanted to know if they had sandals like his in America, and if the farmers there wore such old *khalats* as the one he had on. And had they cold rains in America lasting for days and weeks as in Moscow? Had not the Americans yet invented a machine that could either start or stop rains? When they had a drought there did people go about with icons and a priest swinging incense and praying for a rainfall? Did they make *samogonka* (home-brew) in America, and did the Government send to jail those caught making it, as the Soviets are doing? Had they thieves in America? Horse-thieves, too? Did they ever sentence thieves to be shot? No? Ah! And what was America's attitude toward Russia? Was she willing to bring the czar and the *pomiestchiks* back to power, as were France and England? No? *Molodiets* America! (Hurrah for America!) Had they many communists there? Were not even the working-men communists? Why not? Still, they were going to have a communist revolution there, were they not? The whole world will have communist revolutions.

At this point I told them that it was now their turn to inform me of life in their villages. A fair enough proposition, they agreed, and asked what particular aspects of their life I was especially interested in. I suggested several things, among them, if they had or wanted to have communes, where all should work the land together and own everything in common. At first there was silence. I wondered if they were afraid to express themselves. I had been told in Stockholm and in Helsingfors that the peasants were too terror-stricken to talk openly. Is it really true? One American correspondent who had just come out of Russia had even assured me that the Bolsheviki would not permit me to mingle with peasants. I looked at them and wondered. Then came a voice:

"You tell America to send us tractors and automobiles and big boots, and then we 'll have communes. But now, well, I can only talk of how the peasants in our village feel, and they don't want a commune."

Of a sudden there was a hubbub, a clamor, everybody talking at once, one trying to out-yell the other, and all apparently seeking to address me. They waited, evidently, for some one to start the discussion and then they were all eager to talk themselves out at once. The red-haired peasant in sandals jumped to his feet and clapped violently with his hands:

"*Tovarishtshui! tovarishtshui!*" he shouted. "Quiet! quiet! Not all at a time. How do you expect our American *tovarishtsh* to hear you? 'Sh-sh! 'sh-sh!" To my amazement, they all ceased talking at once, and then their eyes turned upon the red-haired man. He chided them for their disorderliness and begged them to talk one at a time.

"As for me," he continued, "I have served in the Red army three years; in all, I have been under arms for seven years. I am thirty-nine already and still unmarried. I live with my brother and his family, and I know everybody in our village. If I had my way about it, there would be no Russia and no America and no Germany, but only one big commune, with every-

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body friends with everybody else. But, citizens, the truth is, that man is a funny creature. Why, in our village the peasants have not even drawn their manure out in the fields; heaps of it lie about their buildings. Why should we bother improving our land, they say, if it is likely to be taken away from us and turned into a commune?"

"And in our village," pursued another, "the women are bitter against communes. I was arguing once with my sister-in-law, trying to prove to her that life would be more pleasant and comfortable for her in a commune than it is now, and she said: 'I 'll never join a commune; to the devil with the commune! Here am I with only one baby, and across the street is my neighbor Agapa with three babies. I take milk in the morning for only one baby, and Agapa takes for three. I buy cloth for a garment for only one baby, and Agapa for three. She needs three times as much for her children as I do for mine, but I have to work just as hard as she, so of what benefit is the commune to me?' I tried to argue with her further, and said: 'But supposing in six or seven years you have five or six children and Agapa only her three? Then you will need more and she less.' But she only shook her head and replied: 'But supposing I don't? Supposing I have only one child?' 'Then,' I said, 'when your child grows up it will make only one worker, and when hers grow up they will make three workers, and produce so much more for the good of all.' And do you suppose she was convinced? No. She only grew excited and said she wondered how I, a sensible man, could reason like that? Did I not know that when her child grew up it would consume only as one person, and that when Agapa's three grew up they would consume as three, and even though they should produce three times as much, neither I nor my child would be benefited, because they would consume three times as much?"

At my right stood a Tatar, bald and gray, with a dusky face and with big, dark eyes set deep in their sockets. His left arm was cut off at the elbow, and he had been leaning all the time over the table, his head resting on his right hand, listening in silence. He was by far the best-dressed man in the room, with a long, black frock and freshly greased boots. He looked more like a merchant than a peasant.

"And now, citizens," he began in a deep voice and with an earnestness that commanded every one's undivided attention, "I want to say a word. The citizen who has just spoken is right. The women will never accept the commune. In the first place, they are more religious than the men, and they know that the Communist party is not friendly to religion, and though they can join a commune and not be of the Communist party, they will be afraid lest the commune become a part of the party and attack religion. Our Mohammedan women are very much afraid of that. And, in the second place, women are a peculiar breed. They are more selfish and jealous than men. It is so much harder for them to get along together than it is for men. Here am I, sixty-five years old. I have a brother seventy-five. From the day of our birth until just one year ago we lived together, and shared everything alike. He took care of the farm, and I did a little trading. We always trusted each other, never said an unfriendly word one to the other.

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One of the educational posters designed for peasants. A farm-yard as it too often is

And it happened that we both had daughters-in-law, and they could not agree, always quarreling and fighting and accusing each other of all manner of misdemeanors. And now my old brother and I, so devoted to each other, and both so old,—think of it, he seventy-five and I sixty-five,—and now we have to live separately on account of our daughters-in-law. Women can never live on good terms with one another in the same commune."

All the men seemed to nod in assent.

"Men really are not much better," said a school-teacher, a pock-marked, genial man of about thirty-five. "When we are in school, we all seem alike, friendly to one another and ready to do anything we can for one another. And when we get into the world, one is a priest, one a physician, one a merchant, one a teacher, and each becomes an altogether different personality, and follows a path all his own. And when we are soldiers, privates in the ranks, we are all alike, and when one of us becomes a sergeant, he feels himself superior and wants to have an orderly to shine his boots. And when one of us is made a manager of a *sovkhos* (a Soviet government farm) his head is turned, and he wants other peasants to kiss his hand as though he were a landlord under the old order. The truth to tell, human nature is a beastly thing; the mind dictates one thing, and the feelings urge man into quite another."

§ 3

"And have you heard of our *sovkhosy?*" a young fellow at my side asked.

"Yes, yes, let us tell him about our *sovkhosy*," several voices chimed in.

"What is there to tell about them?" asked a ragged man with a heavy beard. "The *Sovkhos* near our villages charges us twelve poods of bread for the service of the bull. Think of it, twelve poods!"

"He is only supposed to charge two and a half," said a bright-eyed youth. "I am a manager of about half a dozen in Tsaritzin, and we never charge more than two and a half poods."

A hubbub again. Nearly everybody talked excitedly, denouncing the *sovkhosy*. It was evident that this was a sore point with the peasants. Again the red-haired man in sandals attempted to calm them, and at last succeeded, whereupon the bright-eyed youth from Tsaritzin said, his voice throbbing with indignation:

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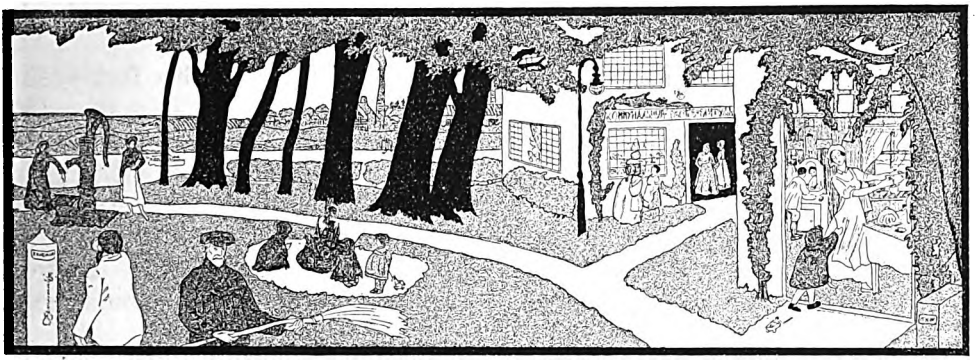

As it should be

"*Tovarishtshui*, peasants! Once for all you have got to get away from the idea that you are to receive alms from the Government. What is the Government? It is you and the proletarian—"

"It is not," a loud voice interrupted. "If it were, we 'd have as much voting power as the city worker; but the constitution does not give us the same voting power. If I remember correctly, five peasants have no more voting power than one proletarian."

"Don't interrupt," the *sovkhos* manager begged. "I 'll explain that, too." His face was flushed, and his large black eyes seemed abnormally extended and shone like cups of wine.

"You must not think that there is a clash between the interests of the city worker and us, people from the village. There is no clash; there is only an identity of interests. If the city proletarian has proportionately more power than we, then remember that he is more cultivated than we. If it were not for him, the old pesky *pomiestshiks* would still be swishing their whips over your backs. Is not that so? Who gave his blood for the overthrow of the old gang, the peasant or the proletarian? If we, peasants, were not such dark people, we 'd have our share of power. We 'd take it, and nobody could stop us, because we are, after all, in the vast majority. But we are dark and inexperienced. If we were at the helm of things in Russia, England and France would long ago have cut us into pieces and devoured us. We have got to have men of wisdom and experience to defend our Government. Right or wrong? Now if any manager of a *sovkhos* is cruel or arbitrary, file a complaint against him. And if you get no reply or satisfaction, file another or send a deputy to Moscow. Our trouble to set this right is that we have so few capable men. Don't imagine that it is easy to manage a *sovkhos*. It is not. It requires experience, foresight, knowledge, diligence, to operate a big farm of several thousand dessiatines, hundreds of head of stock, all manner of machinery, and scores of laborers. We have not yet developed men capable of holding such positions. And so the Soviet Government has been compelled to hire former managers of big estates to fill them, and some of these men are haughty and brutal, and often forget that they no longer are in the employ of a *pomiest-*

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chik under the czarist government. But do not allow them to ride over you. Complain against them, and they will be discharged and jailed."

"That 's exactly what we have come to Moscow for," the teacher explained. "The manager of our *sovkhos* is a *svolotch* [blackguard]. One day a group of our people were returning from town, and on their way stopped to rest on the banks of the river that flows through the *sovkhos*, and the old devil shouted at them to get away, and when they refused, he actually took a gun and fired. And he would n't allow our children to bathe in the stream. That 's the kind of man he is."

"Very well," remarked the youth from Tzaritzin, "report him, and he 'll get into a cell sooner than he dreams."

From the end of the room came a feeble voice. The speaker was a blond youth, tall and vigorous and smooth-shaved.

"You are all complaining about the *sovkhosy*, and I want to tell you that the one we have has been a blessing to us. The manager is all the time telling us useful things, and last year, when our crops were poor and we had no decent grain for seed, he exchanged our shrunk for good seed and hardly charged us anything. When the *sovkhos* was first started in our village, our people grumbled. They had expected that the estate of the German *pomiestchik* would be divided among them and they 'd have more land. But now they are glad it has been turned into a *sovkhos*, for they say, 'Of what use would it have been to us to have more land if we had continued to work it as unproductively as formerly?' Thanks to the *sovkhos*, we are now raising good crops."

"That 's the way the *sovkhos* should be all over."

The Tatar was on his feet again.

"There is something else, *tovarishtshui*. The proletarian has not been fair with us. He is overcharging us for everything he is selling us and is underpaying us for everything we sell him. Take our village. Do you know, before the war we could get a pood of cast-iron for a pood of bread; both were seventy-five copecks a pood. And now for our bread we get only twenty millions a pood, and for cast-iron we pay sixty millions. If the proletarian is our friend, as he claims to be, why is he charging us three times as much proportionately as did the merchants under the old order?"

"It is still worse in our village in the province of Kursk. There we get for bread thirty millions a pood and for an *arshin* [about a yard] of cloth we pay one hundred and twenty millions."

"I 'll explain why that is so," broke in the youth from Tzaritzin.

"We are such a dark people, we do not realize the difference in conditions under the old and the new régime. Take your land. You are producing on the average about as much per dessiatine as in the old times, but the factory is ruined. War and blockade have all but destroyed it. We are lucky to produce one fifth as much as we did in the pre-war days. And the less cast-iron there is for the same amount of grain as in the pre-war times, the more grain it takes, of course, to buy it. Is not that clear? But let us wait until we come to ourselves and put our industry upon a big productive basis, as it is in the land of our *tovarishtsh*, the American. Then everything will become cheaper than it has ever been."

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I switched the conversation to another aspect of the question.

"You are all complaining of one thing and another," I said, "but do you think you 'd be better off if the old government had been still in power?"

Then came a wave of loud protests: *"Nyet! nyet!"* ["No! no!"]

"Nobody wants the old gang back, do we, *tovarishtshui?*" said the teacher.

"Would we ever have a place like this to stay when we came to Moscow if the *pomiestchiks* had been still ruling over us? Why, if we got near to this building, they 'd drive us off like dogs."

"And do you know what happened in our village?" said a youth with flashing eyes, from the province in Homel. "Our German landlord had a highway of his own side by side with our public highway, and if ever one of us peasants got on his highway, his guards would immediately drive us off, and once a stranger from a distant village drove over it and did not hear the guard shouting at him, and the guard shot and killed his horse, and nothing was done about it."

"And in our village," began another, "no peasant was allowed to enter the landlord's forest. Some of us were so poor we could not pay for fuel, and there was wood, broken trees and stray branches, in the forest rotting, and we could not have it, and if one of us ever tried to pick it up by stealth, it was a lashing, and then several years in jail. Nor could we ever go there to pick berries or mushrooms unless we paid for it, and now we can pick all the berries and mushrooms we want free."

"I agree with my *tovarishtshui* in all they say about the old power," said one of the older men, with a fuzzy beard and a babyish flush on his face. "I come from the Caucasus, from the territory of Kuban. I and my three sons have been in the Red army for three years, and if anything happened and we had another war, we 'd all join again voluntarily, and my fourteen-year-old son would go with us."

"Let 's not talk about war," said the teacher. "Let us hope we are all through with it. Tell your American people we Russian peasants are a peace-loving race. We want to be friends with everybody, but if England and France are going to send tanks and soldiers here, as they did when Yudenitch was making his drive on Petrograd or when Wrangel and the other *pomiestchik* generals were trying to fight themselves into power again, we won't be lying idle. There are more of us than of the English and the French, and do you know the kind of soldier our muzhik is? You shoot at him with cannons, and he 'll march right on and fight with his bayonet."

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The Tattie-Doolie[1]

By Lorna Moon

Drawings by John R. Neill

HIS name was James MacDonald Magregor, as you could prove by reading the newly painted sign over his door, which told Drumorty in yellow and black that he was a "high-class tailor; pressing and mending also done." But Jean MacFarlane had nicknamed him "The Tattie-Doolie" on the very first Sunday. But this was not until after the service; not until after he had outsung her—outsung her in time and outsung her in volume. Even in the final hymn, when she had held the last note until her ears buzzed and her face was like a harvest moon, *he* had held it just a second longer.

Jean had always been proud of her breath. It lasted longer than any breath in the parish of Drumorty. She was proud, too, that no voice in the parish could be heard above her own. Many had tried it, both man and woman.

Skilly's "Gype," called that because he was daft-like and wore fancy waistcoats on week-days, had a roaring fine voice; and Mary Macrimmon, who had a wooden leg, "could make a braw noise when she put her mind to 't." But even they had lost heart at last and had left Jean to lead the singing. The "Gype" stayed away from the service altogether and spent his Sunday mornings "sellin' his soul to the devil on a dambrod." But Mary Macrimmon was a god-fearing woman, so she made up for her loss by coming late every Sunday, and the ring of the brass ferrule on her wooden leg announced her passage up the flagged aisle to her seat in the front pew. Each entrance was a dramatic triumph, for she changed the trimming on her hat every week, so that the congregation "would na crane their necks for naught." Jean MacFarlane was well content to let her have this triumph; there *should* be compensations for a wooden leg.

In four years none had ventured to dispute Jean's right to sing the last note of each line as a solo. The members of the congregation accepted it with the same placidity that they accepted the fact that the varnish had never really hardened on the pews; and if you sat too long or too solidly in one place, you left the nap of your suit imbedded on the seat.

In time they came to be proud of Jean, and they waited for her to finish with their mouths agape, as much out of admiration as out of a desire to be ready to start the next line when her breath finally gave out.

[1] Tattie-Doolie, scarecrow.

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The organist, who was blind, knew better, and longed for the courage to terminate Jean's stentorian solos. But she dare not, for the congregation believed that she could n't be as good as an organist that could see, and this made her timid; so she would humbly hold the last note until Jean's final gasp signaled that she could start a new measure. But in return for this, Jean defended her when some young snip would suggest that she was n't much of an organist.

"No," Jean would admit, "she 's no' a great musician, but she 's a gran' accompanist, an' that 's what 's needed in a kirk like ours."

Until that first Sunday Jean had held no grudge against James MacDonald Magregor, although it would have been natural, and even dutiful, for her to have sniffed a little in affected disdain when she heard his name mentioned, for his arrival was a source of much distress to her father, Perney MacFarlane, who had been the only tailor in Drumorty for twenty-five years, as had been his father before him. Indeed, old Perney had given Jean the rough side of his tongue for her undaughterly lack of resentment over the new tailor. But Jean, while realizing that his advent would end her father's sartorial monarchy, was none the less aware of a pleased flutter when Mistress McKenty stepped in by to say:

"The puir man 's single, dootless, for I hae seen neither hide nor hair o' a wife, nor her belongings."

"That 's a consideration," Jean had answered, and, giving her father an accusing look, added, "to them that never sees a man frae one day's end to the other."

Jean was a little irritated with her father on this score, and blamed him that she had n't been married long since. For although his trade should have supplied her with more suitors than any other lass in Drumorty, it was a fact that while the grocer's daughter, by making smirking pretense of helping, could meet young men on Saturday evenings in her father's shop, and even the druggist's boarding-school daughter could "happen" to come in to kiss her father good night when a prosperous young farmer was in, Jean could never meet a man that way, because Perney insisted that it was n't seemly for a single woman to come in when a man *might* be having his trousers fitted. To Jean's protest, "Father, ye canna always be fittin' the crotch," he merely answered, "I *might* be."

§ 2

On the way to kirk that first Sunday Jean was in a twitter. She had even gone the length of putting cologne on the front of her bodice as well as on her handkerchief. This made her feel akin to Jezebel, and for a moment she liked the feeling. She wished that a woman could be "wanton in her ways" and yet seem respectable. Then, appalled at her own wickedness, she made a hasty prayer for her soul's salvation, and decided that scent was a handmaiden of the devil and that she would never use it again. But the next moment she was glad that she *had* used it, and sorry that she had n't used more, as the new tailor passed her on the road and remarked to his neighbor something about "a fine smell."

He was grand beyond Jean's expectations. He wore a frock-coat and a "tile," and she gasped in admiration

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of his "venturesomeness" in wearing them when there was neither a marriage nor a funeral in the neighborhood to justify such splendor.

For in Drumorty the laird is the only man entitled by common opinion to wear such grandeur on ordinary Sundays. Many a tattie-doolie in the fields about Drumorty flapped in solitary dignity with the scarcely worn frock-coat and tile of some deceased farmer who had been too modest to wear them.

Jean had even been pleased when he came boldly up to the choir and took a seat in the front row of the men's pew, directly facing her. It was a bit forward of him to sit in the choir without a public invitation from the minister, but Jean thrilled.

"It 's all of a piece wi' his wearin' a tile; he 's a man that kens his mind and does it." She was glad also that he was where he could see her, and know at once who it was that sang so long and so loud.

She settled herself in her seat with the dignity that a duck acquires upon water. Debating the relative effectiveness of a lace handkerchief emerging from her sleeve or thrust daintily into the front of her bodice, she decided in favor of the former, because, if she wore it on her breast, the book would hide it when she stood up to sing.

Satisfied that she was at her best, she glanced across the aisle. She was disappointed to find that he was not watching her. He was reading the hymn numbers on the announcement-slate and looking them up in his hymn-book.

"A singer himsel', nae doot," she reflected. "All the better; it takes a singer t' appreciate a singer." She looked him over carefully and decided that he was "over thin for good looks and over white in the face. But he had a grand mustache, a manly-like an' full-growin' mustache. A careful wife that tended him like a chicken on a brod could make a fine strappin' chiel out o' him."

A yearning tenderness toward him, the passion of a brood hen, stirred in her breast. She wanted to envelop him in her care; already he seemed to belong to her. Feeling the need to emphasize this to herself by speaking of him, she whispered to Mary Macrimmon:

"What think ye o' the new tailor?"

When Mary answered:

"He 's unco chilpet and hungry-like aboot the jaw-bones," she answered tartly:

"He 's no' hog-fat. For *mysel'*, I like a man on the thin side."

Indeed, Jean had even found herself thinking with satisfaction of the twenty-four hand-made and feather-stitched nightgowns that lay at the bottom of her kist. Not that she was ready to jump down the throat of the first man that asked her. Indeed not! She would n't fash herself if she never married. But twenty-four nightgowns made a body feel prepared for anything.

When the organist began the prelude to the first hymn, Jean took a deep breath, and set her head like a filly fighting the snaffle.

Now he would see! Now he would take notice! She charged the first note with a vociferation that made Mary Macrimmon drop her hymn-book. Never had her voice been so loud. Never had she felt more exultant in its power. He would be looking at her now. But wait! Wait

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until the end of the verse, when she could show him the length of her breath. *That* would make him take stock and wonder. *That* was where breath could show to advantage.

As she reached the last phrase, she filled her lungs. Now he would see. This would be the best that she had ever done.

Her voice rose powerfully above the others; they were falling away. As the last note was reached, Jean's voice took hold of the ragged edges of sound and knit them up. Soon she would be singing alone.

But what was this? A voice, full and strong, was keeping pace with her. *He* was still singing. Was he trying to compete with her? It could n't be! She glanced across at him, her face red with the strain of holding the note. Yes, he was wilfully trying to outsing her! In his eyes was the insolent look of a duellist who is sure of victory. Outraged, Jean lost her hold upon the note, and James MacDonald Magregor's voice boomed out in triumphant solo for two beats more.

Affronted—affronted she was, and shamed before the whole congregation! Shamed and affronted in her own kirk, and by *this*—this whippersnapper! Made mock of and bemeaned by a half-starved bantam-cock, with a tile on his brainless head!

There was a sputtering and sizzling of suppressed mirth from the body of the kirk. The new verse started, and staggered along in gusts like a drunken man. The McKenzie lassie with the fat legs was giggling and nudging her neighbor. The minister was hiding behind his prayer-book, but the redness of his ears told that even *he* was laughing. Mary Macrimmon was making no pretense of singing, but was frankly laughing under cover of the organ. The new tailor was looking about him, smirkingly appreciative of his victory, although he did not yet know its magnitude.

Jean's heart was fit to fly out of its cage, so angry was she. For little more she would have thrown her hymn-book in his face. He would come here, would he? Come here and set up opposition to her father. Horning his nose in on a man that had worked in Drumorty all his life. But that was n't enough. He must dare to outsing *her*, who had led the singing for years. He must make a byword of *her*, who had defended him against her own father. Oh, but she was well punished that she had n't hated him from the first, the swaggering dandy-prat, the fribble popinjay, all dressed up like a tattie-doolie! In that moment she hated him as only a heart that might have loved can hate.

§ 3

It had been a bitter Sunday morning, and a bitter, bitter walk back from the kirk, with whisperings and laughter all about her, and hankies held up to hide wide grins of amusement. It had been hard to bear with Mistress MacKenty when she said with ill disguised glee:

"Weel, weel, he 's goin' t' lead the singin' as weel as the tailorin'."

But there had been comfort in seeing the pleasure it gave old Perney to hear her flay the new tailor. So delighted was he with her nickname for his rival that he pressed her to take the neck of the boiled fowl, a delicacy which he relinquished only in moments of great emotion. For Perney was troubled in his heart, deeply troubled and anxious,

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and he dare not speak of it. He had a secret that he believed was shared by no one. It was this: he did n't know how the collar of a coat should be cut! For although he had been fully thirty-five when his father had died and left him the tailoring business, he had never up to that moment either cut or fitted a collar. It had been the elder MacFarlane's belief that his son was a witless warlock, who was by nature bound to ruin any piece of cloth into which he put a pair of shears.

In time he begrudgingly, and with loud-voiced distrust, allowed Perney to cut and fit trousers, and at a pinch, when his eyes began to trouble him, he would prayerfully let him work on a portion of a coat; but never to his last day would he let him touch a collar.

So Perney inherited the business with a perfect knowledge of trousers, a partial knowledge of waistcoats, and a complete ignorance of collars; for so jealous was old MacFarlane of this knowledge that he had always retired behind a screen for the cutting and fitting of this mystic portion of the garment.

On the first day he was alone Perney had embarked on a series of experiments. From then on, every suit he cut was a hazard, an adventure. This much he suspected about collars: something had to be cut on the crosswise, and something had to be stretched. But which had to be stretched, which had to be cut crosswise, he never was able to find out. Sometimes he did it one way, and sometimes the other, but little satisfaction resulted. When, occasionally, the miracle happened, and he would produce a collar that did neither stick out at the back like a spout, nor shy away from the neck in a coy semicircle, he had always forgotten how he had cut that particular collar, and, try as he would, he could n't duplicate it.

Perney had never told this to a soul, not even his wife; nay, least of all his wife. But sometimes he wondered uneasily if she knew. There was something too impassioned in the way she defended him when a customer complained that the collar did n't fit. It looked like something more than chance that brought her hurrying down the stairs just in the nick of time, and there was something more than affability in her voice when she exclaimed to the customer upon her entrance, "My certies, but that jacket brings out the breadth o' yer shoulders!" If, in the face of her evident admiration, the customer still murmured that the collar did n't set to his neck, her voice became a shade scornful as she replied:

"Think ye the collar 's human? How would *it* know where yer neck is? Hae patience and wear it a while, and come time, it will grow to the set o' yer body." And if he still complained, she would deride him playfully, crying: "Certies, man, expect ye the collar to grip yer neck like yer lass' arm?" If this did n't send him away with his face red and the suit under his arm, she could go even further.

It was not so easy with the young ones who had been to Aberdeen to take the agricultural course at the university. *They* were "very notional," and would bring a suit back again and again for alterations. But smart though they were, they hated to encounter Mistress MacFarlane, and would peep in at the window first to see that she was out of the way. But

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in the end she would always vanquish them. And it is a tribute to her eloquence that they sometimes came to agree with her that "a collar could na be expected to fit until you had worn it six months."

In all the twenty-five years Perney had never had a suit left on his hands, but he knew well where the credit lay for that.

He spent long hours turning it over in his mind. Did she truly believe that his collars were perfect and his customers sorely wanting in sense? Or did she know all the time that he could n't cut a collar? But, no, that thought smarted too keenly. She would never be able to keep from telling him if she knew. He knew women, with their tongues always wag-wagging. She 'd cast it in his face in one of her tempers. She 'd never be able to hold it back. No, she did n't know. Of course she did n't know. But why, then, did she never mention collars when they were alone? Because she thinks I can cut them. Because she knows I can't. It was plausible either way. She knows. She does n't. She knows. She does n't. For hours his needle would flash out and in to this torturous refrain. Overhead he would hear her, heavy-footed, going back and forth about her work. Many times he had risen from his bench, determined to go up and have it out. Or sitting by her in the evenings, he had often been tempted to break the long silence by shouting the one word "Collars!" just to see what she would do. But he never dared carry out his resolve, because he could n't bear to learn that she knew.

Most of the time he was comforted by the thought that she did n't know, and he loved her fiercely for her blind faith in him. But on occasions when she would defend him too loudly, he was convinced that she knew. And he tortured himself by the thought that she despised him in her heart. At such times he almost hated her not only for the knowledge she had, but that she was strong enough never to give it voice.

One thing made it bearable: he could laugh at her. She had a notion about the making of broth. Nay, more than a notion, it was a belief as dear to her heart as her religion. And he knew it to be founded on folly.

Mistress MacFarlane was a Fraser, and the Frasers had always held the reputation of making the best Sunday broth-with-dumplings in the parish. It was their crown. How to make it was their secret. It necessitated the constant attention, for the whole forenoon, of a member of the family. This meant that some one must stay away from the kirk during the morning service; and as this mortification seemed to be borne more cheerfully by the male portion of the family, it came to be a tradition that the Fraser men were a godless ilk that would rather tend broth than praise the Lord. Indeed, one minister had even preached a sermon on setting up graven images, and it was clear that he exhorted the Fraser family to choose between their broth and the Kingdom of Heaven. But it was useless.

So, the Sunday morning after his marriage, Perney learned the secret of the Fraser broth. His wife told him every detail, as indeed she had continued to tell him every detail every Sunday morning since, for somehow she could never believe that he could retain all its intricacies; and never

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once did she fail to come back from the door-step to repeat, "Mind ye now, quarter of an hour apart."

That was the secret! Other benighted Drumortians put everything into the pot at once, but the Frasers first boiled a shin-bone in the water for half an hour, then added the turnips. A quarter of an hour later the carrots went in, and so on, until finally the dumplings.

Before leaving for the kirk, Mistress MacFarlane would arrange the different vegetables in bowls and set them in a row leading away from the fire. Just before tying her bonnet-strings, she would drop the bone into the water and remind him, "The bowl next the fire goes in first."

It was a ritual gone through with much gusto on her part and great patience on the part of Perney.

At first he had blundered, forgetting this or that, or he would go down to the shop to play a solitary game of chess and forget the broth altogether, and bowls of raw vegetables would betray him to his wrathful wife upon her return.

One Sunday, in a flush of rebellion, he had dumped the contents of all the bowls into the pot the moment she was off the door-step, and thumped defiantly down-stairs to play chess. But he had little peace that morning, for, despite himself, he believed in the superiority of the Fraser broth. He was apprehensive about its flavor, and in two minds whether to confess or not, until they sat down to the table and Mistress MacFarlane, taking the first spoonful, exclaimed, just as she always did, just as every Fraser always did, "My, that 's fine broth!" And he agreed, just as the spouse of every Fraser always agreed. He never let a hint of what he had done cross his lips; after that his Sunday mornings were tranquil.

But now Perney was troubled. The arrival of the new tailor sharpened his anxiety about the collars, for not only might his wife discover the truth, but soon all Drumorty might know. He tortured himself by attributing to his rival great skill in collar-making, and by magnifying his own lack of skill. Soon the sight of a new suit, with the collar snugly fitting the neck, justified his fears. And with every day came discouraging news of another customer gone over to the enemy. Fear was added to fear as orders came in more and more slowly. Even the report that the "Tattie-Doolie" could n't hang trousers did n't bring the consolation it should have. He began to lean on Jean, seeking comfort in the increasing scorn she expressed for the "Tattie-Doolie," for Jean's emotion was growning more keen with each Sunday. She existed from week to week in a fever of anticipation. She lived only for those moments when they faced each other across the aisle in combat. One morning he was late, and she was beside herself for fear he would not come. At his sudden appearance her heart raced in an intoxication of *something;* she called it hatred.

After the services, when she reached home, she would deride him with a wit that delighted Perney, and with a venom that surprised herself. But sometimes, following these outbursts, she would go to her room and cry helplessly, and she knew that she was not crying because he had outsung her.

§ 4

There is no knowing how it might have ended had not the organist died

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suddenly, making it necessary to send hurriedly to Aberdeen for another to take her place. Five minutes after the train came in with the new one, Mistress MacKenty was spreading the news that it was a man this time, with most extraordinarily thin legs. By noon the next day she was able to tell that he demanded no fewer than two eggs for his breakfast, and that he was bound and determined to conduct the choir practice himself without interference from the minister. So it was clear that he was a feckful man despite his legs.

And his hands on the organ proved this to be true. Jean was filled with a new excitement as the organ woke clamorously and shook itself at his commanding touch. This was playing! This was music worth singing to! The "Tattie-Doolie" would never outsing her again. Here was music that would give her strength to conquer him. The new organist would see who had the longest breath. He would judge who was best fitted to lead the singing.

Her voice rose with clarion strength. The tailor was doing his best also. Jean was reluctantly obliged to admit that there were worse voices than the tailor's. They were nearing the end of the line; *now* for the struggle! But something was amiss. The last note slipped away from her like an eel, and the next line was in progress before she knew it. She tried to hold on at the end of the next line, but again the organist did n't wait.

Of course he did n't know any better. *That* was it, Jean reasoned. She would have to wait till the end of the verse to show him. *Then* he would be glad to hold the note for such a voice. An organist had to be trained to a singer's ways. Nearing the end she raised her voice so that he could n't help but hear her; but with a loud blast from the quaking pipes he drowned her out and briskly started the next verse.

Dumfounded, she looked across the aisle to see what the "Tattie-Doolie" thought of this. He was glaring furiously at the organist's head. Presently his glance met Jean's, and they gazed at each other in a common bond of indignation. He signaled to her not to sing, and closed his hymn-book emphatically, to show that he meant to be silent. Jean did the same, and he nodded his approval. Exchanging knowing smirks, they waited for the collapse of the singing.

But it was not the hopeless failure they expected it to be: their revenge was *no* revenge. Nobody missed their singing. The organ sped its multisonous way with the abandon of a calliope at a circus. It cared not a penny who sang or who did n't. Its very abandon was inviting, and they fain would have joined in the singing, but pride forbade them.

The tailor became more and more crestfallen as the service progressed. He fingered his hymn-book longingly, but he could not bring himself to start again.

Seeing his dejection, Jean forgot her own disappointment and yearned over him. She understood only too keenly how he was missing the exaltation of singing to the full capacity of his lungs. She knew only too well the sense of loss he felt, and the bitter hurt to his pride. His emotions found a dual echo in her breast; she was heartsick for herself, but she was doubly heartsick for him. Her one thought was to save his pride for him, to save it at any cost.

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At the close of the service she eluded her mother, and caught up with him as he walked with slackened step and drooping shoulders along the road. It was a thing she could not have done for herself, but she was doing this for him. Nothing else could have given her courage to make that advance under the critical, watching eyes of the congregation. Gasping, and a little hesitant, she reached his side, but the sight of his despondent face spurred her afresh, and she cried with well simulated derision:

"Heard ye ever such singin'! A lot o' women squeakin' like mice in a trap, an' no' a man's voice among the lot!"

He braced up at her approach, and the gloom lifted from his face at her words, but settled back again as he answered doubtfully:

"Skilly an' the minister were singin'."

"Singin', were they!" Jean cried, with a chuckle. "Man, ye 'r overgenerous to call it *singin'*."

"They 're no' so bad," he said, inviting her to fresh protest.

She laughed shrilly.

"Ye ken fine we never had a proper man's voice till ye came."

The swing was coming back to his shoulders again, and he was taking bigger strides.

"Think ye that?" he questioned anxiously. "I had a notion ye did na like my singin'."

He would never know what her next words cost her. For a moment the old rivalry came to life and pride strove with love. In that swift space she was a singer again, proud of her voice and contemptuous of his, but *only* for a moment. Then came her admission from quiet lips:

"I was jealous o' yer voice, jealous o' yer breath bein' longer than mine." With those words she retired forever, leaving the stage to him. She would never compete with him again.

His step was jaunty now, and his face beamed with gratification.

"Aye, my breath is a *lot* longer than yours," he replied.

Jean's heart faltered a little at his reply. It was true that his breath was longer than hers, it was true that his voice was louder, but he might have said something kind about her voice, even if he did n't believe it. She could tell any lie to make him feel better; it hurt that he did n't care to lie for her. Now that his spirits were restored and he no longer needed her, Jean lost her courage. A dull ache assailed her heart, and sharp tears forced their way into her eyes. She continued to walk beside him only because she could not do otherwise, with all Drumorty looking on. Her brimming tears were about to fall despite her struggle to keep them back, but the tailor saved her this humiliation. His momentary exhilaration was passing away, and shadows were gathering over him again.

"I missed the singin'," he sighed dolefully. "I like to sing. It seems like as if I had to sing something out o' me on the Sabbath to get a fresh start for the next week."

"I ken what ye mean," Jean cried, with ready sympathy, blinking away her unseen tears. "That 's the way *I* feel—bottled up, like."

"Aye," he agreed.

A daring thought came to Jean, a very daring thought. Quivering with excitement at her own temerity, she said:

"I hae a harmonium. Would ye

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"'Ye can give him the collars to do'"

like to step in by wi' me for an hour an' sing the hymns?"

He looked full at her for the first, and there was admiration in his eyes.

"Ye can *play?*" he questioned eagerly. "I 'd like it fine, if—if—"

Jean knew what he meant.

"My father likes music," she answered.

She was fluttering inside like a nest of young birds, half with joy, and half with fear of her father. But she would go through with it if the heavens were to fall.

As they reached the door, Mistress MacFarlane caught up with them. Being a true woman, she had already decided that Jean's wedding-veil would be at least half a yard longer than the veil of that high-handed lassie of the druggist's had been.

"I 'm goin' to play the hymns for Mr. Magregor," Jean explained.

"Aye, aye," said Mistress MacFarlane, with a comfortable, round, pink smile, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Aye, aye, that will be fine." With an elaborate wink to Jean, she slipped in and up the stairs. Understanding her manœuver, Jean lingered below until she heard the kitchen door shut quickly, then, knowing that her father was safely imprisoned, she followed, leading the tailor into the heavy-curtained, musk-scented parlor.

§ 5

It was well that Mistress MacFarlane went first and pushed the enraged Perney backward into the kitchen, for he had seen Jean ap-

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proaching with the "Tattie-Doolie" and was seething at her treachery.

"What means this?" he demanded when he regained his balance after his wife's unexpected violence.

"Whist!" she commanded. "Dinna make an uproar. It 's the new tailor come to sing the hymns wi' our lassie."

"In *my* hoose?"

"Why should he no'?" questioned his wife, with irritating calmness, pulling at the tips of her black kid gloves the while, but carefully keeping between Perney and the door.

"Nae in *my* hoose! Step aside, woman!"

"Sit doon, man, an' stop yer haverin'," she answered, with easy contempt. "Do ye expect yer bairn to go to her grave a maiden?"

"What 's that?" cried Perney, with fresh fury. "He wants to *marry* Jean! He would *dare!*"

Mistress MacFarlane snorted and elbowed him out of the way with a pitying superiority.

"No," was her cryptic reply, "he has no' dared *yet*, but he 'll dare, come time."

Perney was bewildered. It was hard to maintain his indignation in the face of his wife's dispassionate assurance. She was his rock of strength. He followed in the course she steered, for her steering was always for his betterment. But now she seemed to have turned traitor, and he felt lost. If she would only speak up and tell him her mind! He could always bear her lectures better than her silences. She was stepping about the room quietly, as if it were no concern of hers that his rival was here, under his roof.

The tailor's voice rose lustily, singing, "Oh, come all ye faithful."

It was more than Perney could bear in silence.

"What mean ye, woman?" he said.

"Man, hae a little sense," she urged, as if speaking to an unreasoning, but lovable, child. "It 's high time that Jean was married—an' there 's no room for *twa* tailors in Drumorty."

So *that* was it! It was a staggering thought. He sat down in his chair the better to support it. He might have known that she had *some* bee in her bonnet. She was not a woman to act without a purpose. And she was right. She was quite right. It would be a blessing to have a partner instead of a competitor. He would give him the collars to do! That would be a great relief. The thought made him light-hearted, and he was just about to show her that he saw some reason in her plans, when she said, "Ye can give him the collars to do."

At that he straightened in his chair, on the defensive again. So she knew! She had known all the time! She had lain beside him for thirty years with that secret knowledge in her heart. Despising him, perhaps; yes, despising him. It was n't for Jean she wanted the new tailor; it was because she knew that *he* could make better collars. She put her trust in the "Tattie-Doolie," in a stranger, an enemy, and she had turned against *him*, who had sheltered and loved her for thirty years.

She despised him, did she? Laughed at him? Well, he 'd let her know that there were others that could laugh. He would tell her about the Fraser broth. He would lay her pride in the dust. There would be more than one humble heart in the house this day!

He turned toward her to launch his arrow of revenge.

All innocent of her blunder, she was lifting the lid of the broth-pot and

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sniffing ecstatically, a Fraser worshiping at the shrine of the Fraser broth. He could n't do it. Never, if she trod him in the dust, never could he hurt her like that. He turned away, his heart sick and lonely, his soul bereft and bitter. She was no longer his. No longer the woman who believed in him.

But there would be no more hiding behind a wall. He would speak to her about the collars. He would have it out with her. He turned back and asked in a voice sharp-edged, because it was so near to breaking:

"Why say ye I can give him the collars to do?"

A flicker of alarm came into her eyes, but she finished the sip of broth she had in the spoon before answering, and then her voice came with easy assurance:

"Weel, ye 'll never be able to trust him wi' trousers; so ye can give him the coats and waistcoats to do."

"An' the *collars*," he said bitingly.

"Aye, an' the collars, an' other easy bits," she answered, with lazy ease.

Collars and other easy bits! So she did n't know. The foolish woman did n't know! She thought a collar was an "easy bit." She had always believed in him. In face of everything, she still believed that he was right. Oh, she was a foolish, feckless woman, with her blindness about collars and her folly about broth. But he loved her. The very pattern of his soul was woven with the threads of hers, dear, blind, trusting woman that she was. She did n't know. And now she would never know.

Her feet as she stepped about setting the table made a happy, homelike music in his heart. How he loved her!

She paused at the table with an extra plate and spoon, and looked toward him questioningly. He had been so silent, she was not sure that she had won him over yet, so her voice was timorous and a little pleading:

"Could I ask him, Perney?"

"Aye, lass, ask him,". he agreed. Then, searching in his flowing heart for words to tell her how he loved her, he said, "An' I 'm thinkin' he has never tasted the like o' the broth he 'll taste this day."

Tired

BY SARA TEASDALE

If I shall make no poems any more,
  There will be rest at least; so let it be.
Time to look up at golden stars, and listen
  To the long, mellow thunder of the sea.

The year will turn for me; I shall delight in
  All animals and some of my own kind,
Sharing with no one but myself the frosty
  And half-ironic musings of my mind.

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Smith in Search of a Majority

By Carl Van Doren

Men like Smith must be considered in a democracy.

I never knew what town or county bred him and lent him to Manhattan, where during our entire acquaintance he carried on his singular researches. He was not, I now guess, from New England, since he lacked any instinct whatever, when he suddenly discovered he had grown too confidential, to draw an iron curtain of reserve down over his face with the awkward haste of a true Yankee. Neither had he the tempered insolence of a New-Yorker nor the archaic touches of speech and manner which might have assigned him to the older South. Hardly expansive enough to have come from the Far West, hardly energetic enough to have been born in the Mississippi valley, he possibly sprang—if that is not too violent a term for Smith—from some such characterless region as I have always imagined to exist between the Hudson and the Great Lakes. But no matter what the mere locality of his origin, he had, before I met him, shaken its peculiar dust from his feet in his quest for a moral or intellectual neighborhood where he could feel unmistakably at home.

That he could not find this congenial neighborhood was his grief and, indeed, his tragedy. Yet his associates, most of them, either understood his plight as comic or else did not understand it at all. I remember that I was bored with him before I began to be interested. And before I began to be bored, I could barely remember him at all from one meeting to another. Indeed, the first definite item of my recollection is not a thing Smith did or said, but a remark I heard addressed to him.

I was sitting in the lounge of Livingston Hall, not quite sure how to spend the evening, when a robust voice behind me said:

"Smith, the trouble with you is that every wind of doctrine blows you over. And then when you get up again, you are pointed the wrong way."

Turning, I saw Smith hunched eagerly on the edge of a chair into which probably any other man in the university would have sunk down, relaxed, though disputative. His large, serious face, larger and more serious than usual, was tormented in its effort to bring forth some answer which should be sufficient to meet what he evidently regarded as a painful accusation. I remember thinking, while he struggled, that so impressive a brow and chin as he had ought to go with a more impressive nose and mouth.

"No," he said, "it is n't that. I can stand all the winds that blow. What worries me is that I can't find any great causes any more."

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"Great causes! Great God! You have a fresh cause every week. You can make two grow where only one ever grew before. I keep thinking that you have found the last one on earth, and then you turn up another. It 's lucky for you that you can never stick to any one of them long. If you did, you 'd soon have so many on your back you could n't budge."

I knew Powell, Smith's companion, well enough to know that he was amusing himself, but I could see that Smith was in dead earnest and was suffering. He entered upon some explanation which I have quite forgotten, except that it interested me in him as an odd creature who was as lost even in the university as an owl might be in the most glorious sunshine.

§ 2

A few days later I learned all I ever knew of Smith's earlier career. Powell, hailing me as I passed, introduced me in his impudent way.

"Do you know Smith? He is a man to watch. He started out to be a missionary, with a slogan. It was 'The evangelization of the world in this generation.' But he found he could not stand the evangelists. So he turned himself into a patriot and got a new slogan. It was 'America for the Americans.' But poor Smith found he could n't stand the Americans. So he 's on the loose again. If you have a cause or a slogan to spare, tell Smith about it and save a soul."

Though Smith was plainly worried at the caricature which Powell had drawn, I then suspected, and now feel sure, that it was correct in its principal outlines. With a character cut so obviously from one piece as his was, he must have had the sort of past which the troubles of his maturity suggested. The picture of his youth which I have formed seems to me, as I look back, to have contructed itself without any deliberate effort on my part. It shows Smith at fifteen or sixteen, his face as large and as serious as it was ever to be, listening in a square, bare church to the plangent tones of some missionary returned from the foreign field with news of the dreadful state of the heathen to whom no one had brought the light. How could the boy not thrill to the plea? Generous as became his age, he longed to give some part of his abundance to those who lacked it. Adventurous, also, he dreamed of journeying to distant regions, in the face of picturesque hardships, scattering the truth among the children of error. With what distress, then, he must have grown aware of the doubts which rose in him as he reflected further! He could perhaps overcome his distaste for the too single-minded missionaries whom he met, he could even stomach the reformed heathen or the unmassacred Armenians who were exhibited in his church as proofs that the great cause was marching on; but sooner or later Smith had to learn something about the dark religions which the true faith was to supplant, and then he had gradually to realize, whatever his hesitation and his sense of apostacy, that the issue was not so clear as he had thought. He could not be sure that it was the duty of all devout men to labor to bring the world into one fold. He could not be sure that the alien breeds would be better off within the gospel law. He could not be sure but that he rather sympathized with the heathen.

Poor Smith indeed! Some instinct which he could no more control than

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the beating of his heart made him a dissenter from the first majority in which he found himself.

Nor was it better with him when he turned to patriotism for a cause which might enlist his devotion. Imagine him, when a mere child, reading about the peremptory way the early settlers had with the Indians. As a patriot he would have heard that he must rejoice over the fate of the aborigines, but as a person he would discover that he could not. There could occur to him such rudimentary thoughts as that the red men had been first on the ground or that the white men had not always been satisfied with defending themselves. Similarly, Smith might well have had difficulty with the Revolution. For instance, there were the loyalists, some of them good enough men and women, whose chief offense lay in their belonging to what was, virtually, a minority. I suspect that the adolescent Smith, by reason of his fatal weakness, winced at hearing how many of these cattle were told to go to Halifax and leave their goods behind in the new republic. So, doubtless, with all sorts of historical matters and later with many contemporary events: Smith could not do his patriotic duty and believe that majorities are always right, even American majorities. He was more than dubious about the wars with Mexico and with Spain. Regarding the Civil War he could never quite get it out of his head that the Confederate States had been invaded. And he was forever worrying that same head, as his large, serious face betrayed, over the impetuous native customs of tarring and feathering, of riding by night with masks, of lynching on any reasonably adequate occasion.

This trait of character in Smith had led him, before the days of our intimacy, to set about his remarkable monograph on the history of American minorities. The book is so well known that I need not describe it, but I should like to correct one mistake which has crept into the accepted opinion concerning it. That mistake is the notion that it was written with delight, or out of any desire to vex the heirs of the various majorities which so often fare badly in the record.

§ 3

Powell, I remember, voiced the accepted opinion as soon as the book was published. This was at breakfast at the commons the first time he saw Smith after reading his history.

"All I object to in your work is the title. You should have called it the annals of the steam roller in a democratic country. But why do you have a passion for the worms who have been run over? They had a lot of fun being in the minority. So have you, writing about them."

Smith's protests had no effect upon Powell, who merely laughed as they grew more earnest. When he had left the table, Smith tried to explain himself to me.

"I did n't enjoy writing it. Most of the time I hated it. I think it is perverse always to side with the defeated. If I am perverse in that way now and then, it is n't because I approve of the attitude. It 's because I can't help it. Majorities ought to rule, I know. Only, I wish minorities did n't always have such good arguments on their side."

I said something flat about seeing the better, but choosing the worse, antagonist in a controversy. Smith sighed. At the time I had not real-

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ized how sensitive he was to platitudes, how they hurt him when he encountered them. The more I think about his strange case, the more I come to believe that it was the catchwords of majorities which turned him against them. He could n't stand their cant. Minorities, of course, have their cant phrases, too, but they naturally make less noise in the world than the others. The noise, the noisy reiteration, was too much for Smith. For this reason he had become an historian of minorities more or less in spite of himself, at the very time when he was looking for some majority which should be overwhelming enough to sweep him away.

What he might have done next there is now no chance of knowing, for the war came within a few weeks after his book was published, and deranged his plans, as it deranged those of many less divided spirits. Without question he had what were for him a few glorious hours and days during the late July and early August of that fateful year. Being a historian of a sort did not keep him, as it did not keep historians of many sorts, from falling into the trap which rumor then laid, and from, consequently, looking upon the European conflict as a melodrama so pure that the villain was all black and the hero all white and the victims all pitiful. Thus viewing the matter, Smith had his hour and day. His large, serious face shone with a light I have never seen on any other. He was Perceval, and he saw his Grail.

I remember a walk I had with him during this heyday, along the Drive late at night, under a bland moon which touched the Hudson so luminously that the New Jersey shore was only a dim blaze. After a sultry twilight the wind had begun to stir and had broken the fiery grip which the heat had had upon the city since noon. But for Smith, so far as I could see, the fierce sun had meant nothing, any more than the change to a comfortable midnight. By comparison with the fire within him, the sun was a pale star and the moon a mere ornament in the sky.

"Germany can't win. She will raise enemies faster than she can beat them, no matter how ready she may be. All Europe will join against her. She must n't win. If she should by any miracle get through to Paris and then to London, we shall have to enter the war. What will there be left to live for if we don't? This is n't an international affair only. It 's a cosmic issue. Justice itself is fighting. It has simply got to be victorious. Nothing else on earth is important now. It would be better for half the men alive to die than for justice to die."

For one malicious moment I was tempted to say, "Justice lost, all is lost," or to remind Smith how much favor the gods have shown strong battalions in their time; but I respected his ardor, feeling it would be too cruel to prick him with a catchword at such a moment. I wish, however, I had done it, for I might have caused him less pain than he suffered when the same thing was done, quite ruthlessly, by Powell only a few days afterward.

Smith, it seems, with a promptness worthy of H. G. Wells, had begun an article on the moral aspects of the war which was to set forth the case for justice as fully as he felt that it deserved. Talking about it one evening in Livingston Hall, he had the mishap to bore Powell, and the downfall of the enthusiast began.

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"That 's right, Smith, that 's right. Tell the world how to whip the mad dog of Europe back to his kennel. Don't forget to put in something about the Russian bear and its brooding soul. Don't forget the British lion and its grim tenacity. And don't, please don't, forget the Gallic cock and his beautiful eyes. Get up a hue and cry. Yell 'Stop, thief!' Set none but majorities on guard to-night."

I could see that Smith felt the poison in the sting from the first moment. Very likely the bacillus of perversity had already begun to work in his blood while he was writing his article. But this was more deadly, as it was more dramatic. Things painful to see appeared in his eyes. His lips lost their customary lines. His cheeks twitched. Any answer which, at the first vexed instant, might have been born within him died weakly before it reached his tongue. He sat still only long enough, I suppose, to command his legs, and then got up and walked away without a syllable.

§ 4

Powell has always maintained that I am fanciful in my estimate of the things his insolence did to poor Smith, but I am willing to let the result speak for itself. What can that result point to if not to some toxic perturbation which rapidly went on inside him, confirming him in the old malady from which for a little interval he had seemed about to recover? Dire agonies must have racked him in the relapse. How that large, serious face must have pored over the news for evidences which might bring back his momentary exaltation! How it must have stared into the dark at night, how haggard it must have been at how many dawns! After so long Smith had found a cause to which he could give his whole passion, though a majority shared it with him. And now he had begun to feel that this cause, too, was another phantom.

At any rate, he did not go on deceiving himself. When I saw him again, he had got back his habit of questioning universal statements, much distress as it might cause him. I ran upon him and Powell, horns locked, debating whether France were immaculate, in view of its Russian policy, and whether England were completely disinterested, in spite of its proximity to Belgium. This was the first time, it happened, that I became aware of the clouds which were shortly to threaten neutrals even so far away from the struggle as in an American university. In the group of other men who had gathered around the two debaters I saw that at least half had sour looks for Smith. He himself had not perceived it, sensitive as he generally was to such strained atmospheres, but was arguing as freely as he had always been used to doing. Powell, to give him full credit, stuck to his arguments, without any of the personal thrusts in which he ordinarily delighted. It was a bystander, I think Meserve, who brought the consequences of Smith's weakness home to me, and possibly to Smith.

"Hell!" he remarked loudly to the group, "his name must be Schmidt. Why is n't he with the Death's Head hussars, where he belongs?"

On this occasion Smith was not so taken aback as he had been at Powell's recent gibe, and protested, truly enough, that he was no German and had, indeed, never liked the race. But his protests conspicuously failed

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to interest the listeners, whom I could see making up their minds with the finality which men never achieve except when they have only partial testimony and are rendering the wrong verdict. The more the criminal defended his position, the guiltier the jury evidently thought he was.

Though I had begun to feel concerned for Smith, I did not then foresee what an ugly road he had ahead; nor does it seem credible, as I now review the whole affair, that he could have been involved so unhappily as he was thereafter for no offense worse than his instinct for looking on both sides of any shield. Before I could realize it, the word had gone round that he was pro-German, already a disturbing charge. He was mystified, and doubled his efforts to make his position clear. Of course he only made it more suspected. Decent men were particularly polite to him; the others were brusk at best. He must have noticed that talk about the war flagged a little whenever he drew near the talkers. And there was no chance that the trouble could blow over, since the popular animosity toward Germany grew very fast and since Smith would not practise the discretion which could have saved him. Without being at all thick-skinned, he was extremely steadfast in all that concerned his opinions. At the same time he could not get the pleasure that some men might have got out of being a kind of martyr. He winced at every new sign of his increasing ostracism. I know that he felt it the heaviest burden of his predicament that he was assumed by the avowed pro-Germans in the university to be one of them and was by them received with open arms which he detested.

Well, his outward fortunes differed little from the outward fortunes of other men who could not in those unanimous days run with the great pack. Others than Smith suffered in their efforts to explain the eloquent Presidential phrases of which it was the doomed fate to mean such dissimilar things to friends and enemies. Others than Smith suffered because they could neither swallow all the Allied propaganda nor approve the immortal stupidity of the Central powers. But in Smith's case there was the peculiar tragedy that he seems almost to have been created to be a natural victim of these circumstances. Euripides himself could not have found a more tormenting tragic weakness than this of the man who with a passion for high, clear causes united a persistent instinct to dissent from them. Euripides himself could not have invented a more exacting test for such a man than this, in which, dubious as *Hamlet*, he was forced to take sides or to appear among his fellows as a partizan of the very evils which he most hated.

§ 5

I contend that Smith was as much a victim of the *Lusitania* as any innocent passenger who sank with the ship. The outrage presented him with the most intense dilemma which had yet arisen in the course of the war. By all that was humane in his nature he was forced to hate and curse the crime or blunder, whatever it was. By all that was reasonable in him he was forced to point out that not all, but only some, of the Germans were responsible for the deed, and that there were plenty of persons among the Allied nations who would have heard

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the news complacently had the *Lusitania* flown the German flag. But in the uprush of anger which followed the incident, no one who stormed about it with Smith or in his presence took any notice of his humanity. He was assumed to be an unblushing apologist of the deed and was abused or overlooked accordingly. Even Powell, losing for a few days his cynical detachment, told Smith he might as well have sinned against the Holy Ghost. This was the end of Smith's regular companionship with the men who had known him in Livingston Hall and had long laughed at his oscillations between pro and con. Among such partizans he was, at best, a laughing-stock. His unhappy status more than anything else, I suppose, influenced him to leave the university that spring and to take a position elsewhere beyond the reach of any certain knowledge I could ever get of him later. How much distress this exile caused him I do not know. Yet I am sure that these external things were unimportant to him as compared with the raging conflict which went on inside his mind. There on the one hand was a majority which had for a time aroused his uttermost passion and then had turned it to a desperate satiety. There, on the other hand, was a minority which through some wry instinct in him had tempted him and then had shocked him beyond forgiveness. Between them how he must have been torn. The heat of this battle took the temper out of him, as fire takes the temper out of steel. The last time I saw him his large, serious face reminded me of a blank window behind which some one has just switched out the light.

Perhaps he found peace subsequently, but I doubt it. Dispositions like his are not made for peace. The Austrian moves to end the war, the American entry into it, the Russian revolutions, the atrocities of espionage and propaganda, the flaming raptures of the armistice, the icy anticlimax of Versailles—I would rather not think of the effects these things had upon him. Thinking of them as quietly as I can, however, I nevertheless rejoice that he had the luck to be carried off by the epidemic of influenza which spread over the world as a tangible symptom of the graver epidemic which had invaded it. Powell summed the matter up in a hard, true comment.

"Poor Smith! At last he has joined the great majority. I wonder if there was any other for him."

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The Man Who should Be President

A Prologue to the Nominating Conventions

By Glenn Frank

For the last five years certain peoples in Europe have been wrestling with the problem of "The Man Who would be King." For the next nine months we shall be wrestling with the problem of the man who *should* be President. Theoretically, the people select their President. Practically, they do not. The existing system frequently offers us a choice between two men, neither of whom is likely to answer to what the majority of us have secretly ordered in our minds, both of whom have been nominated not because they display positive qualities of great leadership, but because they possess the negative qualities of safety, conformity, and "availability," by which politicians mean amenability to the party organization.

It may be that we shall never get the selection of Presidential candidates on a much more rational basis, because we have to have machinery for reaching and registering a decision, and machinery always means compromise and bargaining. Improvement will probably have to come through the popular mind rather than through the party machine. Nominating conventions will never be places in which men and women think calmly and responsibly about the quality of leadership the nation needs. Nominating conventions will always be places where the primary emphasis will be placed on strategy, compromise, and trading. If we want to improve the selective process in the great party conventions, we shall have to begin many months before and try to give greater point and power to popular thought about the Presidency.

Of course, if it were possible, the ideal method of selecting a President would be for every American voter to write out a simple memorandum giving his or her notion of the mind, the motives, the point of view, and the technic that the next President should have, regardless of his "availability" as a candidate; to have all these memoranda printed; to compel the men and women who are to nominate the candidates to read all these memoranda, from them to make a composite portrait of a perfect President, and then to go on a still-hunt for the man who comes nearest to its specification. But since the next ice age would be on us before the nominators could get well into the reading of so many memoranda, the best that can be done is for each of us who has any special means for getting at the minds of his countrymen to say as clearly as he can what he thinks the next President

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should be like, and to fling his statement out for whatever it may do toward stimulating other Americans to do the same, and thus create a body of opinion demanding a certain kind of President, instead of leaving the situation at the mercy of a battle of wits between rival campaign managers.

I wish it were possible for me to be the accurate amanuensis of the inarticulate desires of the one hundred and ten million Americans and to capture in cold type a portrait of the sort of man they would like to see in the White House after 1924. If it is impossible to indict a whole people, it is also impossible to interpret a whole people. So I content myself with the task of here setting down a few of the things that I think should characterize the man we elect to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1924.

First, the next President should be a man of courage. I mean by this more than a merely pious wish that he be endowed with this quality. I put this quality at the forefront of this discussion of the next President because the whole political system of America is an organized conspiracy against courage in political leadership. A sinister paralysis has fallen upon our political leadership. This paralysis is due to the fact that American politics has been pretty thoroughly denuded of courage. The science of statesmanship has been largely prostituted to the art of vote-getting. Whether the problem under consideration be foreign policy, taxation, the bonus, or any one of a hundred insistent issues, we look in vain for action that is compounded of realistic thinking and moral courage. On every issue political leadership, with a very few brilliant exceptions, seems sickeningly subservient to the desire to do the thing that will cause the least debate and capture the most votes in the next election.

It may be that as we approach pure democracy political leadership will automatically cease to lead and become the puppet of passing whims. It will not help the situation for us to ignore the plain fact that our political system for more than fifty years has been breeding cowardice alike in the voter and in the politician.

The way in which our democracy has robbed the voter of his independence and courage is obvious. Our political parties are permanent organizations. A real division in the opinions of voters brought our two major parties into existence, but they have persisted as organizations long after the specific issue that called them into existence ceased to be a live issue. This means that both the Republican and Democratic parties are to-day organizations in which men who differ widely on the issues of the moment are held together by the artificial demands of party loyalty and the selfish desire for office. No political party can remain generation after generation a body of like-minded voters. The real divisions among men come on specific issues as they successively arise. Therefore party organizations, in order to hold together, have to club their members into unity by pleas for "regularity" and appeals to the human desire to be part of a successful group. Now, party regularity, in its ultimate implications, means an embargo on free political thought by the voter. The political thought of the country tends to become standardized. Irregularity be-

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comes bad form. Conformity becomes a virtue that makes the voter feel at home among his fellows at his club. Thus the political thought of our democracy tends to be restricted to the discussions set up by party organizations, the very nature of which compels them to consider issues less on their merits than on their relation to success or failure at the polls. Independence of mind becomes the irregular thing in politics, and cowardice is lifted to the dignity of a political principle among voters.

But this infection of cowardice, this paralysis of courage, is even more evident among politicians than among voters. M. Ostrogorski, in his two volumes on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," which every candidate for the Presidency should be compelled by law to read, has traced the relation of democracy to cowardice with vivid and veracious insight. "Of all the citizens in a democratic State," says Ostrogorski, "those who hold office are the most timorous; they are dependent on the first comer; the Man in the Street has their fate in his hands; in every passer-by they see a master whose favor must be conciliated. They try to please him by lowering themselves to him; but as they have little knowledge of his views, they appraise them, for fear of miscalculation, as low as possible, and adjust themselves thereto. Every one invested, or seeking to be invested, with a portion of public authority is *ipso facto* shorn of his dignity as a man. . . . 'These are my convictions,' concluded a stump orator in the United States emphatically, 'and if you do not like them . . . I will change them.' "

It seems that democracy throws all sorts of hurdles in the way of intellectual independence and moral courage in political leadership. There is, of course, no chance that we shall make any organic changes in our political system that will make it easier for the next President to be courageous. He will face all the old temptations to caution, compromise, and cowardice. He will be told by the majority of his advisers that these are the qualities that will assure party success. The only hope clearly lies in our finding a man who lives intellectually and morally enough above the battle of politics to enable him to think and to act with the requisite realism and courage. The service such a President could render during the next four years would be twofold. He would help us break the paralysis that has fallen upon American politics. He would help us reinvest the political process with reality. But, perhaps most important of all, he would teach our democracy how it must treat its leaders if it wants to survive. It is all well and good for us to perfect machinery for the popular control of political leadership, but nothing save disaster awaits the nation that so uses popular control that leadership ceases to have the will to courageous initiative. There is nothing more certain than that representative government, as we know it, is doomed unless we do away with the anonymous blackmail which our democracy practises on its political leadership, with the result that courage gives way to cowardice and the statesman turns politician.

Our democracy has been suspicious of its strongest men. It has admitted them to political leadership reluctantly and done everything in its power to

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hamstring them after they assume office. Such suspicion is understandable when we remember the ruin that has been wrought in the past by uncontrolled autocracies and bureaucracies. But unless we want the present paralysis of political leadership to continue, we must come to understand that it is only the strong man's irresponsibility that needs to be curbed. The strong man's strength must be given a freer and freer mandate for courageous leadership, or representative government is doomed.

A courageous President could dramatize all this. But, it may be asked, if political courage means political suicide, what chance is there that any party will nominate a man of realistic mind and fearless courage? Theoretically, there is little chance. Practically, I think there is a very definite possibility. Every day more and more voters are becoming disgusted with the pass to which the politics of cowardice has brought the country. In such a time of disgust and disillusionment, a candidate, regardless of party, who disregards the conventional notions of what is "good politics" and goes directly to the country with an honest analysis of conditions and a courageous declaration of principles may find that the best politics is to forget politics.

Courage, as I have here used the word, means the steadfast refusal to straddle any issue because such straddling promises to catch a few more votes. But equally it means the willingness to seem to straddle an issue if the partizan conflicts of the past have divided the country into two dogmatic camps, neither of which represents more than a partial understanding of the issue in question. But this much is clear. Unless courage can be brought back into the political leadership of America, it is only a question of time before we shall face the chaos of revolution or the regimentation of dictatorship.

Second, the next President must not be a man whose mind has "set" on the issue of our relation to world affairs. My own position has been made clear again and again in these columns. I have been from the beginning in favor of active American participation in the League of Nations. But I am convinced that it would be a serious mistake to elect to the Presidency in 1924 a man whose mind is ridden either by a rigid pro-league theory or by a rigid isolation theory. At the end of the war, the leadership of world affairs was in our hands. I say this with full knowledge of the innumerable compromises that marred the Treaty of Versailles. Had we stepped in *then*, we might have set the face of mankind in a new direction. But a lot of water has gone over the wheel since then. Our failure to enter the league and our refusal to join with England in giving to France a pledge of security that would have made unnecessary her present perilous policies and robbed her of any alibi for other than policies of healing and constructive statesmanship, in short our withdrawal into our shell, released a thousand destructive forces in Europe. To-day it is not easy to believe that merely a tardy ratification of treaties and a late and bashful entrance into the league would solve the world's trouble as by a magic formula. At the moment, great leadership will throw theories to the wind, and deal with the facts of the situation as they are at the moment. Great leadership will recognize that the

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modern world is interdependent, that no nation can go it on its own. Great leadership will also recognize that there are certain values in our geographical distance from Europe's troubles which must be preserved not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of a pacific future for the world. The next President should be a man whose mind is realistic enough to enable him to scrap even the vocabulary with which we have been discussing foreign policy and to approach the formulation of American foreign policy in the spirit of the engineer rather than in the spirit of the party politician. If the next President is merely a pro-leaguer or an isolationist, he will succeed only in plunging us into another ugly political warfare and another orgy of President-baiting.

Third, the next President should be a man who understands the forces that are to-day changing our system of representative government as definitely as if it were being changed by constitutional amendment. I am thinking especially of the way in which the principle of occupational and group representation is encroaching upon the older principle of representation of geographical areas. The superficial politician is likely to think that occupational representation is an idea "hatched in the brain of some European radical" and subtly injected into the political thought of America by propaganda. Of course, it is not. Our representative government is every year becoming more a government by representatives of occupations and economic groups and less a government by representatives of the general interests of geographical areas, like States or Congressional districts. But this transformation has not been inspired by any theory of occupational representation or guild socialism. Many of the leaders of group interests in this country have never read even one book on occupational representation. It is a spontaneous growth. The next President should be a man who will not feel that he has met this issue when he asserts dramatically, "America will never tolerate government by any group less than the whole people." But America *is* tolerating government by groups less than the whole people. This is not a new story. Years ago we had government by secret lobbies. We have driven most of these into the open. Now the basic economic and industrial interests and the various occupational groups openly maintain their organizations in Washington. These organizations are there to "represent" their constituencies. Taken together, they make a third chamber in our legislative branch of the government. That this third chamber is unofficial does not mean that it does not, in many instances, exert as profound an effect upon legislation as either of the two official chambers. When we add to these national organizations that maintain headquarters and expert staffs at Washington the various "blocs" that are being formed in the Senate and the House of Representatives, we begin to realize the extent to which the principle of occupational representation is affecting our Government. I insist that all this represents an organic development in our system of government. Will it prove sinister or salutary? Much will depend upon the way it is understood and dealt with by our political leadership. Manifestly, the next President should be a man who understands the

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long-range significance of such developments.

Fourth, the next President should be a man who will know how to stimulate sustained political thinking among the people by taking the country into his confidence oftener and in some more intimate way than is possible in occasional messages to Congress. I suggest that it would be a salutary thing if the next President would voluntarily submit to frank questioning by fairly frequent joint sessions of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and should keep the whole country informed by frequent "messages" addressed to the people and released through the press. To-day politics means to the average American an election. The elective process absorbs most of the political energy of the country. For the rest of the time, the average American is in the dark and listless. The next President could change this by working out a technic for taking the country more or less regularly into his confidence.

By the two methods just suggested the next President might achieve most of the good there is in the responsible cabinet system of government as worked out in England, and avoid most of the bad. He might break down the suspicion and resistance between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. And, too, such a practice would enable him always to talk over the heads of obstructionist groups directly to the country, thus gaining a new weapon for his policies if they were policies that commended themselves to the good sense of the country. Of course, if they were policies that did not commend themselves to the good sense of the country, such a practice would only insure their prompter death by dragging them into the daylight and giving the country access to them in their formative stage. But either outcome would mean clearing the stage for acceptable action; it would do away with the costly delay involved in long wrangles.

Fifth, the next President should be a man who can give the nation what may be broadly termed spiritual as well as political leadership. I mean that he should be a man of wide-ranging intellectual interests, in touch with the new ideas, the new idealisms, and the new spiritual values that have been thrown up by the sciences, philosophies, and adventures of the modern mind. Human society the world over is facing the possibility of disintegration. The world-order cannot be pulled together by any one star play by any one statesman. The roots of civilization must be watered by the tides of a new humanism. Humanity needs the revivification that only some movement sweeping the world like a new renaissance can bring. If the next President should be a man whose mind was in touch with the great basic ideas that must underlie such a social renewal, he could give the whole world a new spiritual lead by the simple device of putting the prestige and attention-getting value of his office back of these ideas. Our country is so big that few men beside the President can get its attention and force it to think all at once about an idea. The tragedy is that we have allowed the Presidency to become a task that makes the President a desk slave and prevents the average President from giving such spiritual leadership to the nation. If we could only find before next November a man big enough to rise above these obstacles!

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Books and Affairs

By the Editors

No less an authority than Colonel Lawrence says of "Arabia Deserta" (Boni & Liveright) that "the book has no date and can never grow old." In a sense it is not so much a book as a world. Charles Montagu Doughty, though he lived only two years among the Bedouins, so caught the character of them and of their land that there is nothing for later travelers to do but to note the few unimportant changes which have taken place in northern Arabia during the generation which has passed since Mr. Doughty first visited there. In his record, experts agree, the whole of the desert stands revealed: its landscape, its antiquities, its various tribes of men, their look, their speech, their minutest customs. As nearly, perhaps, as any single man has ever done, this alien poet, with his words and maps and pictures, has compacted and distilled a country into what may hardly seem a work of art at all. And yet, in a still more striking sense, "Arabia Deserta" is essentially a triumph of art. If it took Mr. Doughty two years to make his journeys, it took him ten years to write his book. Many men might have come back safely from such adventures, perilous as they were; few men indeed could have written thus. Even a new style was invented for the narrative, as a new font of type might have been cast. No journalism remains in the language. It is lifted above the changes of stylistic fashion and becomes so noble and universal a medium that the quotations constantly being worked into it from Arabic poets or from the Hebrew Scriptures melt into its diction and its rhythms without disturbing them. Consequently, "Arabia Deserta" seems at first a mannered book and it never becomes an easy book to read; but this difficulty, instead of irritating, only serves to fix the attention upon the matter. The movement is as masterly as the style. From the first sentence to the last the story marches, apparently unhindered by the wilderness of explanations which have to be made and which are brought in so naturally that they seem no wilderness. Hundreds of characters appear, are etched with a few words, and go, leaving unforgetable images in the memory. Hundreds of strange Arab words appear, giving a rich color to the tale, and yet so artfully introduced that a careful reader might almost learn Arabic from this one book. And besides accuracy and style and structure, there is in "Arabia Deserta" the great quality of wisdom, deep and shrewd, concerning the whole range of human life as a noble poet sees it among an ancient people. C. V. D.

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§ 2

Biography, lately threatening to become the most popular of the literary types now current in the United States, tries every method. "The Days of a Man" (World Book Company), by David Starr Jordan, owes its value almost entirely to its raw materials. Mr. Jordan has been a great scientist, an eminent teacher, and a courageous upholder of the good causes of peace and international justice, and in his book he has conscientiously assembled the records, sixteen hundred pages of them, of his doings and his friendships. But either his sense of duty or his artistic limitations allowed him to be satisfied with his raw materials. They are admirable, but the book is dull. At the other extreme is "Escapade" (Seltzer), concerned with a single brief period in the life of Evelyn Scott, then an unknown young woman living with her husband and, eventually, her child in a Brazilian exile. She was, most of the time, sick and desperate. Her nerves jangled as angrily out of tune as if she had been a character in one of her own later novels. The wonder is that she survived such thrusts of pain. There is no doubt, however, that she survives in her book. It is so vivid and intense that the whole picture of her suffering comes up again, of the discomforts she endured, of the fools who bored her. As she did not then reflect, so there is little evidence of reflection in her story. It is a mere chronicle of nerves, ending in delirium, but the nerves are chronicled with the sure touch of a subtle art. "Stephen Crane" (Knopf), by Thomas Beer, is reflective and analytical, a study of the national temper in Crane's day as well as a brilliant representation of Crane himself. Mr. Beer is sophisticated, civilized, contemptuous of the sentimental days upon which his hero fell. That hero in this handling becomes the terrible infant of the end of the century, asking dangerous questions at decorous moments, flinging tradition over his athletic shoulders, promoting a certain ruthless honesty to a high place among the literary virtues, and thereby instigating the naturalism which has increasingly dominated the schools of fiction since his time. Rarely does such a man of genius fare so happily with his first biographer. In "Midwest Portraits" (Harcourt, Brace) Harry Hansen has undertaken to do at first hand what there will be many future literary historians to thank him for: to set forth the daily walks and conversations of the men and women who at present make Chicago a literary capital. As a critic Mr. Hansen is not here at his best; he cannot resist an occasional temptation now to lift the trombone to the zenith, now to pull out the unnecessary tremolo. But in his personal sketches he is excellent. His minor figures all stand erect; his major figures, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, dance and flare with life. The impetus which has been given to biographical writing by Lytton Strachey becomes particularly clear in "Strenuous Americans" (Boni & Liveright), by R. F. Dibble. His characters are as challengingly diverse as those of "Eminent Victorians." Jesse James, Admiral Dewey, Brigham Young, Frances E. Willard, James J. Hill, P. T. Barnum, Mark Hanna—even to list them in one table of contents is to utter an ironical commentary upon the civilization of which these strange bedfellows are representative. The treat-

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ment is in keeping with the selection. Mr. Dibble stands caustically aloof, neither enthusiastic whitener of sepulchers nor a devil's advocate. He is, however, nearer the advocate than the enthusiast. If Mr. Strachey slays folly, Mr. Dibble kills fools. His hand is relatively heavy, his blows include thumps and kicks no less than stabs. The present satirical age will find his worthies drawn very much to their taste; any age would enjoy the rough comic force with which they are portrayed. C. V. D.

§ 3

All the characters of Willa Cather's novels are to some extent pioneers, liberated by the open world in which they live or defeated if their world closes round them. Marian Forrester in "A Lost Lady" (Knopf) is defeated by the very openness of her world, or, rather, by what for others might be openness, though it is not for her. What career has this exquisite lady in her narrow village on the Nebraska plains, bound to an aging and invalid husband, surrounded by neighbors who none of them know how to value her and her capacities? In a somewhat earlier day she might have found an outlet for her energies in the labor of her hands; in a somewhat later day she might have found it easier to go elsewhere to a more diversified community; in the Sweet Water of her day she stifles. Unable to live without love, and finding none worthy of her, she declines to lower planes, as if she were not aware, or were aware too late, that no love at all is better than unworthy loves. She does not in the end come to any melodramatic downfall, but she is lost none the less, because she has drifted away on the tide of vulgarity against which she was designed to struggle. The theme which Miss Cather has here chosen is universal, and her art is worthy of it. The book is slight, but strong; unadorned, but full of grace; easy, but sure; clear-eyed, but pitiful. It has the defect that Ivy Peters, the ugly character of the story, is now a fiend and now a snake, not quite convincingly varying from one to the other. The other persons of the drama, however, are three-dimensioned, unmistakable. "A Lost Lady" is more than a document, more than a satire, more than a moment of vision; it is a little masterpiece well begun and thoroughly achieved.

Then the season has other novels not to be overlooked. Elinor Wylie in "Jennifer Lorn" (Doran) tells a romantic story in a style which is exquisite enamel. Jennifer, married to her marvelous dilettante, visits the London of Horace Walpole, the Paris of Beaumarchais, the Calcutta of Warren Hastings, and the Shiraz of a most unchristian potentate through whom she comes to a sad end. But what does the story matter? The charm of this lovely novel comes from its dainty erudition, its polished surface, its faultless rhythm, its unfailing irony. Though it is all artifice, it is artificial with the steel and velvet graces of Congreve and Watteau. By comparison Ludwig Lewisohn's "Don Juan" (Boni & Liveright) resembles a bare sword in the hand of a fatal duelist. The book is a plea for more sane and more decent divorce laws. Lucien Curtis, the protagonist, lives in the narrative exclusively to suffer from the laws he faces and to plead for better. For this reason he has few of the more convincing colors of veri-

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similitude, as have his wife, who is sheer senseless resistance to his desire, and his beloved, who is sheer passive acceptance of it. This reduction of the characters almost to points of view in the argument makes the argument as clear as if Swift were writing it. If love is the true tie of marriage, then, when love has gone, there is no marriage left, and the law which enforces it is tyranny. The question is whether Mr. Lewisohn has not made his argument too clear. With more human substance in their make-up, his characters, though their plight would possibly be less simple, would carry even more weight with the unpersuaded. But as to the abstract strength and intensity of the argument in "Don Juan" there can be no question. Something of the same abstract simplicity appears in Floyd Dell's "Janet March" (Knopf). His Janet stands in his mind, pretty clearly, as the embodiment of a type —the very modern woman. His Roger Leland is little less clearly a type also—the very modern man. Mr. Dell, more careful of the type than of the single life, traces first Janet and then Roger through preliminary adventures and then directs them to each other's arms. The structure of the book thus has a schematic quality which is matched too often in the characterization. Janet advances to her destiny through the coils of love and work with a swift reasonableness which does not always convince. Even the very modern woman receives wounds as well as gives them in the pursuit of a free life across the obstacles which convention has laid down. But though "Janet March" is so schematic, it is very fully documented. The canvas is broad, the background painstakingly filled in. Here are all the facts, carefully arranged, about the "younger generation." The difficulty is that the novel, for all its indispensable material, half suggests that singular anomaly, a pamphlet extra-illustrated. Cyril Hume's "The Wife of the Centaur" (Doran), though it may be taken as a document on that same "younger generation," does not take itself as one. It is as purely lyrical as a gifted poet can make it. Jeffrey, the Centaur, comes down, somewhat, but not quite, symbolically, from his high mountain pasture in Connecticut, learns new paces at Yale and others in New York, loves, is broken-hearted, cries out with a disturbing eloquence, marries, rejoices in love and beauty, regrets during certain dreadful hours, and settles himself to yoke and harness and lawful furrow. Do such gilded youths, such rosy girls, as crowd these pages exist anywhere else? At least they exist in the perennial legends of nymphs and fauns, of the blithe playmates of pastoral romances, of the glittering characters of polite comedy; and they are hardly to be put to more rigorous examinations into their reality than a legend calls for. Mr. Hume has added some lovely creatures, in American costumes, to the world of romance. C. V. D.

§ 4

It is not often that the reprint of a work fifty-eight years old is a literary event. Honest reporting must so describe the recent republication of the six volumes of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" (Boni & Liveright), by Georg Brandes. This library of criticism was originally published in 1872–75 in Denmark. The English translation of these books appeared in 1901–05. For several

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years this significant body of literary and social criticism has been out of print in this country. These volumes deal essentially with the literature of the period between the two revolutions of 1789 and 1848. The revolt represented by the French Revolution overflowed the French frontiers and touched all of Europe, registering particular effects in England and Germany. That revolt was aimed against the classic temper and the sense of a static society which had dominated the thought and writing of the eighteenth century; it lifted the banner of a dynamic, creative, questioning, progressive age—the nineteenth century. The most vivid record of this movement of mind is not to be found in the dull monographs of those "scientific" historians who, as Lord Acton put it, "take their meals in the kitchen" of history, but in the creative literature of the period. It is this literature which Georg Brandes attempts critically to assess in these volumes. They are a magnificent adventure in comparative literature, but they are more than that; they deal with those writers and books which are the most compact and explicit expressions of the intellectual and spiritual ferment of the nineteenth century. Similar ferments are stirring in the international life of our own time, and these volumes, aside from their value to the literary specialist, throw light upon many issues of contemporary affairs. G. F.

§ 5

Clearly the white race is not suffering for want of press agents. In his "Race and National Solidarity" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Charles Conant Josey joins the ranks of Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard in the now popular attack upon democracy and internationalism in the interest of neo-aristocracy and a benevolent exploitation of the world by the white race. The practical implication of the philosophy of this new school of racialists was aptly hit off by "Uncle Henry" in one of his papers in a recent issue of "Collier's," when he said: "Y'see, Barney, the Nordic stock is distinctly a police stock. Every Anglo-Saxon comes into the world with a helmet on his head an' a club in his hands, an' his idea of complete happiness is to don square-toed shoes an' walk a beat some distance away. The further the better, for authority is somethin' that 's got to be exercised a long ways off to get any real good out of it. . . . No matter what we 're doin', how pressin' our own affairs, we 're never too busy to drop everything when the glad news comes that another backward people has been discovered. The tests for backwardness are explicit. Do they speak another language when they might speak English? Do they know the meanin' of chattel mortgages, mechanics' liens, an' unemployment crises? Are their habits different from ours? What is nervous prostration, an' when? Do they wear derby hats? Above all, are they *happy?* That's the thing of prime importance, for the Anglo-Saxon knows that happiness is a state of sin, or so close to it as to indicate a primitive mind."

This satiric extravaganza does not, of course, describe the theory of the racialists, but it does indicate accurately the practical implications of their philosophy. The Grants, the Stoddards, and the Joseys are doing now for the whole white race what Houston Stewart Chamberlain and

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Bernhardi did for the Germans before the war. They are doing a valuable service in so far as they are shattering the myth of the melting-pot. As a specific against the emotionalists who think democracy and internationalism must rest on an indiscriminate intermarriage of all classes and all races, these latter-day racialists are amply worth their bed and board. But the tragic tendency of the literature they are producing is to give an apparently scientific mandate to a new social and racial bigotry. Its authors are the intellectual high-priests of Ku Kluxism and the advance agents of a new imperialism. If they were statesmen instead of pamphleteers, they would see that the indisputable facts of racial differences do not mean that the Nordics must turn themselves into a vast racial Mussolini, benevolently bossing the planet, but that the problem is to work out the ways and means of administering the world on the basis of the unique contributions that the widely differing races are fitted to make to the common life of the world.

In refreshing contrast to these adventures in short-sighted racialism, is "The New Decalogue of Science" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Albert Edward Wiggam, who is wholesomely skeptical of the fictions and wish-fancies that cluster around democracy and internationalism, who follows the findings of the new biology and the new psychology as ardently as any of the racialists, but who transmutes the imperial edicts of science into a new humanism which achieves realism without degenerating into mere swash-buckling egotism either of class or of race. This book is based upon an article which appeared in this magazine about two years ago. It is cast in the form of an open letter from the biologist to the statesman. It gives the five warnings and the ten commandments which the author believes science has laid before politics. Many minor faults may be found in this book, but it blazes a trail away from the swaggering, anti-social, jingoistic sort of pseudo-scientific writing in which the hasty generalizers have been indulging during the last few years. G. F.

§ 6

While we are speaking of sound and unsound attitudes on the part of writers, it is fortunate that there lies at hand a singularly clear and suggestive book on sound and unsound attitudes on the part of all of us as we play our several parts in the making of the opinion of our time. In "Conservatism, Radicalism, and Scientific Method" (Macmillan), A. B. Wolfe has written a needed essay on attitudes. Conservatism and radicalism, scientific objectivity and popular sentimentalism, democracy and class interest, individualism and socialism are the four basic conflicts that underlie contemporary affairs. These four conflicts are here clearly analyzed. Every conservative in America should read this book in order to find out why he is conservative; every radical should read it to find out why he is radical. It is a clear and understandable plea for objective thinking, which is the only thing that can save us from the wasteful pull-and-haul between conservatives and radicals, a contest that is less a warfare over real issues than a clash of temperaments. G. F.

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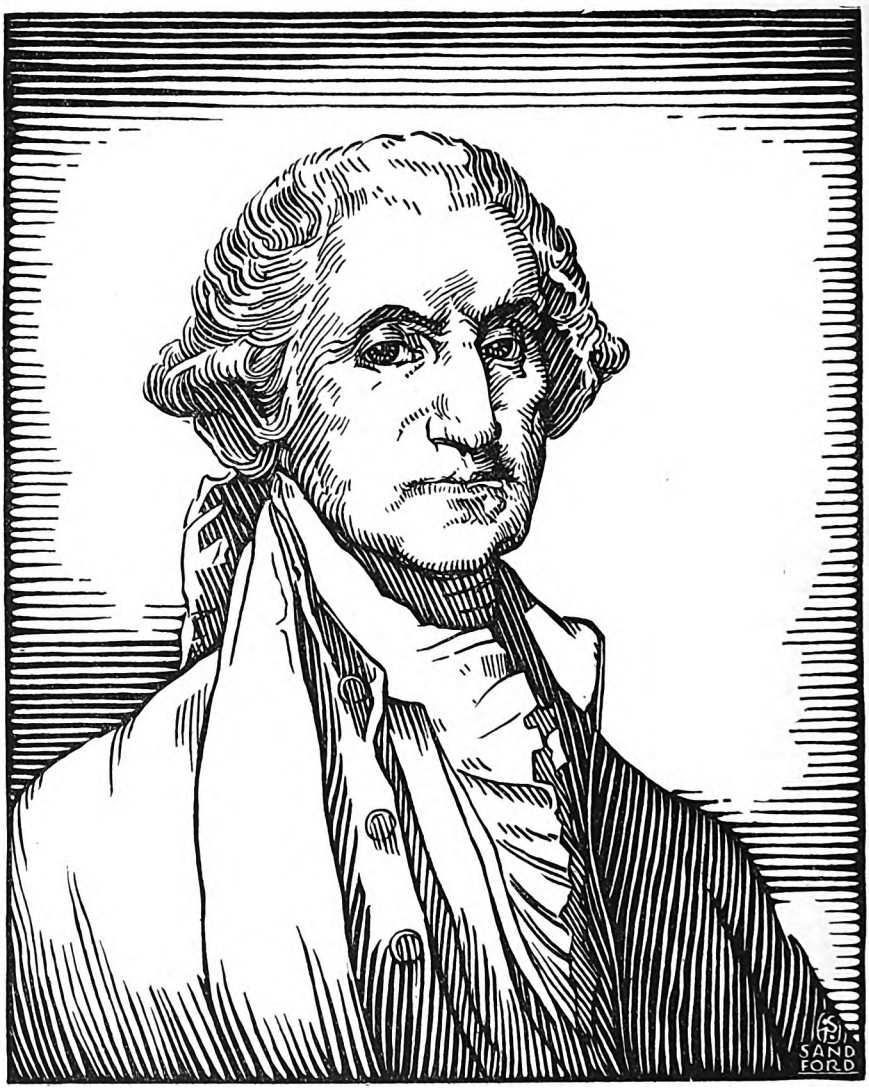

George Washington

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Is America Fit to Join the League?

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

A GENTLEMAN asked me at Geneva: "Is America fit to join the League of Nations?"

I made an unintelligible noise.

"Here, now," he said, "none of this patriotism! I am in earnest. I should welcome Russia in the league, and Mexico, and of course Germany. But I think it might be a great misfortune to have America in the league."

"But," I said, "I hear nothing else but the desirability of America joining. English statesmen are getting housemaid's knee praying for America to join. Every few weeks we are assured by liberals that civilization is again being 'menaced' because America has not joined. And you, a serious official of the league, raise the question of America's fitness."

"I do," he interrupted. "I should not be afraid in five or six years. By that time the league will be strong enough to stand the big dose of conservatism that it must swallow when America comes in. But now it might be fatal. You see, America is too imperialistic, too nationalistic, too capitalistic, too militaristic, too power-loving and too power-seeking to come into the league."

"I suppose," I said to this smiling European, "that no other such powers are members of the league."

"On the contrary, the league is the creature of just such governments. It is n't the instrument of a new society. It is the instrument of the same old society that brought about the war. It does not definitely represent those elements in the world that are decently radical. It represents the powers that be. And it is not itself a government or a state, no matter what poor Harding thought. It is a white sheet on which the members throw their moving-picture. But, believe me, the picture is definitely better because there is an international audience watching it and because it is composed for their benefit. But I don't want America in. America is not ready for the international audience."

"You forget," I urged with some heat, "the kind of part that America took in the war. American idealism was not lacking when America sent its millions over to Europe. And Wilson had every one behind him when he said, 'There is only one sort of peace that the peoples of America could join in guaranteeing.' He said that, or

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something like it, when he was putting forward the fourteen points."

"You mean when he was pressing the fourteen points into the brow of Germany, before he helped to nail Germany to the cross. But we 'll leave Wilson out of it. The war idealism of America was sincere, but shoddy. The war could not have been fought except on manufactured opinion. Opinion was manufactured wholesale, 'ready to wear,' both in England and America. The mind of England and the mind of America were systematically debauched, but the mind of America was easier to debauch, because it is, on the whole, the crudest mind in the so-called literate world. It was debauched on the subject of Germany. It was later debauched on the subject of Russia. Hughes on Russia is still the prim little Baptist criticizing an adding-machine under the delusion that it is a roulette device. Nothing can be done internationally with material like Hughes.

"The danger of America in the league is not really that it is a power-loving and power-seeking country. It is that as yet it has no international mind. Europe, you may say, is rotten. Granted. The war was a satanic bean-feast; it could not have occurred in a sane society. But Europe, for all its rottenness, is politically minded. It may have a bad heart, but it comprehends its problem. America, on the contrary, does not comprehend."

"Which is better," I asked, "a bad heart and comprehension or a good heart and no comprehension?"

"I never said that, politically speaking, America has a good heart."

He left me with that phrase for a moment. Then he returned.

"Now," he said, "you have been a year in Europe. Do you still think that America is on a higher moral level than the rest of the world?"

"In some respects; in the sphere of politics, yes."

His eyes glittered.

"Where?" he demanded.

"Not in regard to enemy aliens," I admitted, "not in regard to negroes. Not in regard to political prisoners. Not in regard to minorities. Not in regard to trade-unions. Not in regard to labor legislation. Not in regard to civil service and office-holders' honesty. Not in regard to oil concessions and the rest. But, well, in China America has tried to arrange for benevolent exploitation, and in the Philippines it has done well."

§ 2

"Well, do you still think it is too good to associate with Europe? Do you think Europe should be allowed to stew in its own juice?"

"I 'd rather hear your opinion," I murmured.

"From most Americans I gather this impression, and I should like to be corrected if I 'm wrong. Europe, they consider, is a mess. Down in the depths of their groveling nationalisms are all these brawling states. First it was Germany that behaved like a mad dog; now it is France. Great Britain is better, but Great Britain uses the difficulties of others and has its eye eternally on trade. The Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Russians, and the Turks—these ignorant foreigners live in a moral zone too black to be depicted. The Poles and the Rumanians are no better. Something good must be said for the clean Northern neutrals, for Holland, for Switzerland,

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perhaps for Czechoslovakia. But the rest of Europe is a loss. Spain is defunct. So is Austria-Hungary. The Serb-Croat-Slovene state is uncivilized. Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia are margarin nationalities. As for Italy, it is summed up in the melodramatic Mussolini, the greatest operatic performer Italy has ever produced.

"To keep out of this mess is an American instinct. 'We have contributed to the diseased and famine-stricken,' they might say, 'we have responded to one money-collecting campaign after another, and have listened open-hearted to innumerable appeals. But that 's as far as we 'll go. Every day we read fresh news of European excess and violence, of crushing taxation or governments overthrown, of currency gone mad. Inside the British Empire, which is continually held up for admiration, we have followed the Irish business, first watching the black-and-tan atrocities and then seeing the Irish live up to their reputation and fighting among themselves. In India the patriots are sent to jail wholesale. In Egypt we see continuous insurrection, with a promise of self-determination that is not kept. In England itself we see a business man's government and a great improvement in dividends, but many strikes, a threat of increased unemployment, and the violence of Labor members in Parliament. In France we find the meanest self-seeking, bitter, unchristian vengefulness, the most unscrupulous chauvinism, and a totally corrupt press. A nation that had suffered from militarism uses a cruel militarism to avenge itself. It uses black troops against the Germans, spreads syphilis among the German women, lavishes the death penalty, wrecks industry, fails to pay its own debts, and yet expects monstrous sums in reparation.

"The Germans, formidable and insolent in 1914, are crushed and disorganized. Their capitalists, we hear, are grown rich, but misery has eaten deep into the tissue of the people, and they tremble sickeningly on the edge of a revolution of which England is mortally afraid. The French are cynical in believing that in Germany it will never come.

"Italy is united at the price of liberty. Greece is completely demoralized. Spain fumes with a revolutionary ferment. Turkey, the author of the worst savageries of the war, is released and triumphant. The Poles have used their new freedom to attack Lithuania. The Serbs have encroached on Albania. The Rumanians have denuded their Hungarian proprietors. Finland quarrels with Soviet Russia. Even Norway is bickering with Denmark about Greenland.'"

"That is Europe!" exclaimed. "You need n't go on. Leave out the assassinations and the hardships of the Austrian and Russian aristocrats. Leave out the secret societies and fascismo, leave out the decay of the intellectuals. The Americans do see Europe more or less as you paint it, and they see it right."

"They see it as pure idealists. But how do our pure idealists see America?"

"Most unfavorably."

"I agree. American militarism, after all, is very much alive. America is preparing for war in the air. If certain great monopolies make a taxi of the American navy, that is none of our business, but it is rather shocking to the coast-towns of Albania. But our moralists have a somewhat larger

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vision of America than this implies, and what do they see? A country violently critical of Europeans, from whom it sprang. A country great—in size. A country intolerant of foreigners and extravagantly patriotic. A country needlessly cruel to the weak, vilely unfair to the immigrant, ferociously competitive and wasteful. A country that bullies Mexico, burns negroes, defends child labor, and invented the 'water cure.' In other words, a country that has all the faults of a gigantic youth, and yet, when it slips into its adolescent idealism, forgets that it ever had a fault."

"Adolescence does n't justify such rancorous criticism," I said.

"No," he said, "adolescence does n't, but crass idealism in America provokes counter-idealism in Europe. The thing that most unfits America for the league is its ready-made idealism. America does n't comprehend.

"It does n't see the league as it is. What has happened to pragmatism? When that dazzling, refreshing philosophy first came over from America, I shouted, 'The real thing!' I thought America had found a key that would unlock its own soul. But America is not pragmatic about the league.

"I wish that Americans would approach the league saying, 'Does it work?' More nonsense is talked about it than about any other organization on earth. Some of it must be perverse, springing from anger and hate. Some of it surely comes from ignorance. Let 's clear the ground of ignorance, at any rate. Why not tell the Americans the truth? Grant that imperialism, capitalism, nationalism, and the rest are at work in the nations that compose the league and do seriously influence their conduct inside the league. Grant that it is a fallible body. Still, it works. It does something that otherwise would be left undone, and it has unheard-of possibilities. When I think of them, I am sorry I have only one life, one career. The league could spend its whole yearly revenue on any one of its departments, and still not perform all the service in that one department it is fitted to perform. The league could be *kolossal.* And it will be, America or no America."

§ 3

"The church peace people are all with you in America," I said.

He laughed brutally.

"I know," he said, "the same old uplift. But I decline to represent the league exclusively as a method of uplift. Do you see anywhere one wicked Continental power, and a number of good Continental powers pleading with her for justice and peace? That is the formula you meet with all the time, but it is a false emphasis. Let 's go back a few years. We all know how the good Christian powers, like England, France, and Italy, plus the good Christian power of czarist Russia, agreed during the war to carve up the Turkish Empire and each help themselves to a slice of Turkey and a share of the stuffing. You remember how the tragedies of Armenia were disclosed afresh and exploited afresh. The most respectable and reputable of Englishmen were utilized to prepare propaganda, and the wickedness of the Turk gave a grand excuse for a settlement according to gross self-interest. Idealists became directors of oil companies, and Turks became sub-men. What happened, then, to the precious conception of Turkish sovereignty? It was mislaid. The wicked Turks,

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however, did not wait till the good Continental powers had outlawed war. They paid no attention to Article Ten. They went after the Allies, they whipped the Allies, and got back some of their own. Now, in the midst of protestations of moral uplift and the sacred cause of oil, I refuse to put forward the league as a holy league, or to argue that it exists for the morally superior, especially the morally superior American.

"Americans are so confoundedly moral about the whole business. They see the league as an international nursemaid, keeping the children playing in the sand-box without hitting one another over the heads. Outlawing war, the nursemaid is, and wiping their noses. Bad little European children!

"I come across Americans who say to me, as a spokesman of the nursemaid, 'You did n't keep order in the Ruhr.' 'You did n't behave well in the Saar.' 'You did n't keep the mark from rushing over the precipice into the sea.' And before I can answer, some American apologist of the league rushes out to shout, 'Ah, but did n't the good nursemaid keep Finland from hitting Sweden on the nose? We settled that terrible dispute about the Aaland Islands. And we almost settled a dispute about the Poland-Lithuanian boundary. And the Albanians —well, some one said that a league commission 'was greatly impressed by the great moral authority and prestige enjoyed by the league in Albania!'

"Now, these things impress me not at all. I remember far enough back to the days of the Dogger Bank and a row between French and Germans somewhere near Casablanca. When these disputes were settled, the peace advocates went around rejoicing. They said that it 'proved the progress of peace,' like Mr. Bryan's peace treaties later on.

"No, this deludes people. Make it clear that the league is not really an independent body which lays down just and fair decisions on its own account. Make it painfully evident it is not an independent body. Show it does not exist as a leviathan. Then perhaps you can show that, as a cooperative body, it does exist 'to extend, develop, and regularize the method of conciliation.' It is not the nursemaid who does the trick. It is the brats themselves, in the heart of a self-government league. They don't outlaw war so much as outlaw the misunderstanding or the will-to-grab which makes for war.

"But the league is n't leviathan. If it could act as leviathan, with strong power in its own body, it might be a much greater force for good in the world. But force, you know, is force. It might also be a great force for evil. The point is, the league is not an independent body at present. That being the case, it cannot swing enormous power in outlawing the enemies of society or enforcing its own decisions. Neither can it swing enormous power in crushing the states and unions and associations that are feared by the people now on top. It is limited, even in the verdict force of its own tribunal. And it cannot take on the tone of the autocratic, the dictatorial, the supreme, or the Almighty.

"Perhaps it would be quicker if the league had more power. Americans like action. But the league was conceived in an unhealthy period, and the present distribution of power in the world is not so ideal that every one

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would want to see it heavily underwritten.

§ 4

"Of course it will be said to Americans that they ought to come into the league for humanitarian reasons and on humanitarian lines. This is sheer cant. The only argument for the league is that it creates an equalitarian community of states. If America wants community of the widest possible kind, if it wants the fullness of life and to facilitate deep living, it cannot stay out of the league. The league is really one technical improvement in the fight for survival on humane terms. It is the pooling of international effort to extend the margin that permits enjoyment. That margin, both for Americans and Europeans, cannot be secured in seclusion. It must be secured in coöperation."

"But America is more powerful than any nation on earth. It is strong enough to stand alone."

"Is it? Suppose some great state, France, for example, proves to have endangered, to be endangering, the world's peace, is America strong enough to exert decisive pressure on it?"

"Is the league?" I asked.

"*No!*" he shouted. "The league is not strong enough to do anything without an access of general consent. It is not strong enough to consider any vital question—the question of monopolies, for instance—so long as it does not enlist enough public opinion. It does not to-day care to vindicate public right, except possibly by scheming for a balance against France.

"But the league provides a process by which official opinion can immediately count. If that official opinion were radical, it would count just the same. If America elects a communist Senate, and joins the league, it will automatically put a communist on the Council of the League. If Russia sends a czarist to the Council, he must be seated. The league is not of itself radical or conservative. It keeps tune with existing governments, and reacts to them. It does not assemble idealists who have no home opinion behind them.

"But what it does is to indicate very precisely the balance of decent international opinion that is on deposit in the current governments of the nations that are members. If the balance is too small to meet a heavy draft like the question of disarmament or raw materials or the Ruhr, then it is the fault of existing governments. My feeling about America at present is that its official balance of decent internationalism is too low to make it an asset to the league."

"But if the league could do nothing more than register the will of existing governments, it would be bankrupt," I declared.

"I accept that," he answered. "It has, despite its being merely coöperative, something positive to claim for itself. It brings into the diplomatic process a way of remembering and of pursuing public objects of international concern. In those offices it has created—directors and chiefs and secretary-general and so on—it has created officials who wear the antiseptic gloves of internationalism. That alone is a great advance.

"Besides, it makes for association. It substitutes contact for imagination. It creates friendships. It brings us together."

"And it provides an ambulance and an intern in case of international collision," I said.

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"Yes," he assented. "If America would come in to do its share of the intern work, to do its share of the associating, I 'd welcome it. But I am in no hurry to have an America which thinks on conventionally superior lines."

"But," I got in, "you have Americans now. America may say the league is dead, but the secretary of state appoints Miss Grace Abbott to deal with the league. I see a Harvard professor in the secretariat. A very prominent member of the publicity department is a pronounced American, an American is a member of the Court of Justice, an American is connected with arranging the Greek loan and is doing business with the council in the most direct way, an American is on the health committee appointed by the council—he is a United States government employee. I am told that an American is to come to the labor office in place of Royal Meeker, who has retired. I know an American runs the library, Miss Wilson, and I know Mr. Huston of North Dakota superintends the whole plant."

"My dear fellow," he said, smiling like a trained seal, "the Americans are personally all right. But have they nothing to say about their cabinet and the fossilized State Department and the United States Senate?"

The Flower

By Lee Wilson Dodd

Our songs are dead, and dead in vain;
To-morrow's song is yet to sing:
Old grayness of the earthy brain,
Out of your dearth what blossoming?

. . . . .

It will not come for waiting long,
For asking much it will not be.
No mendicant has snatched a song
From the close palm of Poesy.

She passes, pale with scorn; her eyes
Are cold to wretchedness, her ears
Deaf to all whining. Nor none buys
Her folded ballads, it appears.

She passes, silent. The years pass.
Comes then a month, a day, an hour,
And to some unexpectant lass,
Some gangling lad, she flings—*the Flower*.

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Margaret Blake

By Chester T. Crowell

I was fourteen years of age when Howard and Margaret Blake became our nearest neighbors. They built a house about a quarter of a mile from ours. Up to that time the nearest house had been two miles away. It seemed to me that the country was actually becoming crowded. Howard was about twenty-two years old, and Margaret, his wife, was about eighteen. It interested me to learn that they were going to try to make a living on six hundred and forty acres of ground or, as we then called such a tract in Texas, a section. My own parents had settled there in the days of no fences and had bought ten sections, probably for about twenty-five cents or less an acre. Even that much land was a farm; ranches would contain not fewer than twenty thousand acres.

Ours had always been a farming community. It was settled largely by Southern people and was as different from ranch country as though we had been people of a different race and nationality. The ranch country was uncouth, saloons flourished in the towns, and there were very few women. Our community had never permitted a saloon; we had a puritanical rigidity in our social customs that could scarcely have been excelled by any New England community. Our tiny little town of not more than eight hundred population had five or six pine church houses with the paint peeling off their clapboard steeples, blistered by a merciless summer sun on the outside and scorched by sulphur and brimstone sermons on the inside. In that time and place people took their religion with a thrill of terror. A man who said he loved God meant that his vertebræ rattled from panic fear when he contemplated the fate of the sinner.

Howard Blake was a hard-working man, as every pioneer had to be, but he knew how to work and he liked it. Maggie—in a rural community Margaret would inevitably become Maggie—was usually with him. She helped him build the house, the barns, sheds, fences, chairs; she even helped him skin a calf when it had been killed. Meat had no commercial value then, but hides could be sold. As they worked they talked. It was evident they were very much in love with each other. In all my life I have never known another woman who so easily and naturally entered into the thoughts as well as the work of a man. I was always delighted to be with them. Sometimes when it rained, or on Sunday afternoons, they would lie down together on a pallet of wolf-hides on the front porch, and Howard would laugh almost continuously for two or three hours, a pleasant sort of chuckle.

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It was not until years later that I realized Howard was laughing because he was so happy he could n't keep from laughing. She was his wife, his mistress, his sweetheart, his business partner, and the person he liked best to talk with. Such complete happiness must come to two people only rarely. I never heard them quarrel, and it is my honest opinion that they never did, for both were overflowing with generosity of spirit, and each was more than equal to any of the demands our primitive life made upon their energy.

Maggie was about five feet eight inches tall and rather slender, but with a large frame and large, but shapely, hands and feet. The first time I saw her I thought she was beautiful. Most persons would. Her eyes were a sort of hazel blue, and they not only smiled, but seemed to say in a hearty, booming voice: "Welcome! You and I are going to be great friends." Meeting her was more like a reunion than getting acquainted. Within five minutes you had known her all her life. She brightened a cloudless spring morning for me with such a smile the first time I saw her, and then produced a piece of gingerbread about the size of a brick, and an enormous cup of buttermilk. They don't make such cups any more, and very little of such gingerbread. I was hers for life. Much as I loved gingerbread, however, I still think it was the spell of Maggie that got me. I remember watching her bare arms.

Howard and Maggie were very comfortably settled in their home before the year was out. They had made a good crop, they had a garden and some flowers, and they were gradually making the interior of the house pretty after the fashion of the day, which would n't be much admired now, but I thought it was wonderful. Maggie seemed to be blooming like the flowers. Her face was rounder and had more color; her arms were rounder, and she must have gained thirty pounds in weight. People said she "was the picture of health," and the neighbors expressed delight that our climate agreed with her so thoroughly, because it did n't agree with every one; the dryness was especially damaging to pretty complexions. Women whose faces were burned by the dry wind and who lost weight until their collar-bones became painfully prominent used to talk a great deal about Maggie's good fortune.

I was out with my dog one morning chasing rabbits on a hillside in the pasture when I saw old Doctor Wren drive up to the Blake place. I ran back home and told my mother. She put on her bonnet and went over there at once. The next day I was introduced to Howard Blake, Junior, who lay blinking at the sunlight with eyes so exactly like his mother's that it seemed he was already doing his best to smile a welcome as she did.

About five days later Howard and Maggie and I went hunting together, and Howard killed a deer. To me her going was nothing remarkable, but I can recall that it was the one subject of conversation at our table when women neighbors visited my mother. What interested them just as much was the fact that Maggie's pregnancy had never been apparent; she was evidently one of those rare women who enjoy the very zenith of good health in that condition.

I was very fond of the baby; the

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idea that boys do not like babies is a mistake growing out of the fact that dislike attracts more attention. They used to ask me sometimes to stay with the baby, and I never counted it a service. I remember how the little fellow used to crow like a young rooster when his mother returned, and his tiny little legs and hands would all be going at once, not feebly, but so rapidly and vigorously I doubt if one could have counted the motions of a single hand or foot. When she picked him up he would give a great sigh of happiness and then become very still, but his eyes would follow her face every moment until he fell asleep. When they sat looking at each other so, the picture was one of indescribable beauty. No wonder so many artists have been moved to paint mother and child. But it cannot really be done, because there is mystery about that beauty. It is n't entirely for the eye. No; the very air is vibrant with it. The windows of the soul are opened to light and fragrance never sensed before. I have known husbands who were so dazed by the wonder of such a scene that they were suddenly embittered by a feeling of their own pitiful unimportance. Having given all he had to give an adored wife, the husband would realize at such a moment that she had passed into a new world beyond even male imagination, much less experience, and it would hurt cruelly. But Howard Blake was not such a one. He could n't share it; no man could: but he worshiped at the shrine, and in a little while she came back to be his sweetheart and partner. A great many women forget to come back, but Maggie always came back quickly.

The following year, just after the crops were laid by, Howard Blake died. Typhoid fever, I think it was. He was ill only about two weeks. Death had always seemed very remote to me up to that time; some ghostly tale based on hearsay. Grief, in which was mixed considerable terror and enormous concern about his welfare in the next world, made me ill. Maggie stood the shock much more bravely. For a month there was a frightened look in her eyes, but she went resolutely about the work of the farm, and it was very soon evident that the property was going to be just as well cared for as ever. Farm-hands could be hired for from eight to ten dollars a month, and they worked from dawn until dark, which was usually more than twelve hours. She never had any trouble getting "hands." They liked to work for her. It came to be understood that she could have the pick of them. They said she treated them well. I think they fell under her spell just as I did. She had a way of inspiring a man to tell her all about himself and his life. It was largely through these farm-hands that she later knew what was going on in the town and community, after her contact with other people had ended. She knew how to give orders simply and sensibly, and her orders were always intelligent. She knew the business. I have often marveled at her fortitude during this period, because I know her grief was terrible. The vital spark, the will to live, and her physical strength gave recuperative powers I have never seen equaled. I do not think she had the slightest tendency toward brooding or introspection; in fact her mind gave her little concern. Her intelligence was

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a great store of common sense. Abstract ideas bounced off her good-natured ignorance like so many rubber balls tossed at a brick wall. I doubt if she had ever read a single book.

§ 2

I was then at an age when religion attacks a young man with considerable virulence and quite frequently entangles him in what he will later realize was a most amusing Chinese puzzle. I used to try to talk to her about religion sometimes, but I finally gave up. At first I was hurt because I thought she was not willing to share her ideas with me on account of my youth, but I finally discovered, to my astonishment, that she had n't any ideas on that subject and not many on any other. In the normal course of events that should have cooled our friendship very appreciably, but it did n't. I don't remember that I liked her one bit less.

Some six months after Howard Blake's death, Sam Hodge, a young farmer who lived about four miles away, began calling regularly on Maggie. Sam was about twenty-eight years old, and I think it must be in some measure descriptive of the man to say that is just about all I remember about him. Other young men called on Maggie sometimes. One day my father asked me not to go there very often as I might be considered a suitor and he knew I had no such thought. That shocked me somewhat, but I worshiped my father and stood in awe of his wisdom. That was a day when boys were whipped unmercifully because of the injunction, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." My father was one of the few who spared the rod, and he won in return a loving obedience to his merest wish. I took it for granted that such a good man was in direct communication with God and knew everything.

I was very much preoccupied about that time with my religion. It was desperately serious for me, and I was puzzled because no one else seemed to understand that fact. Here was my immortal soul trembling, skidding, struggling, and crying out for light in about the most orthodox community one could imagine, and I could n't get help. Then something happened that made me an atheist. I was running true to form for my age. It is my observation that a religious upheaval followed by a period of atheism in late adolescence are unfailing indications of good health and normal mental development. My atheism was superinduced by a tragedy in the lives of two very dear schoolmates. They were older than I by several years, but we had played together and been friends. The girl, Bessie, was engaged to the boy, Tom. They were to have been married in June, and they went out together three or four nights a week. They were models of good behavior and extremely religious. Tom did n't even use tobacco. For some reason that always counted on the credit side of a man's devotion to religion in our community. I heard my mother tell my father what happened. She said:

"They let their foot slip."

He smiled, rather amused, I thought. Then he said:

Well, they can get married right away."

"Bessie won't," my mother said.

"What!" father exclaimed.

And then mother told the story.

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Bessie felt that she was not fit to marry any one. Tom, it seemed, was so shocked and puzzled that all he did was say he was "willing to marry her just the same." If he said it like that, it must have sounded like condescending to accept an inferior. As a matter of fact, I later learned that Tom did n't know whether Bessie was right or not. His instinct and common sense told him it did n't matter, but there was such a furor about it all that the mean little streak in him came out, and he began to wonder whether he was risking himself. He wanted to take good care of Tom. Bessie was merely living up to what she had been taught all her life, and now when her parents turned against their own teachings and tried to hurry the wedding, she considered them as vile as herself. In the midst of the scandal—and there need never have been one—Bessie ran away and entered an ordinary public house. She committed suicide there about two weeks later. My point of view had been just about the same as Bessie's. But right then and there my point of view underwent a violent change. I was an atheist and I wanted every one to know it. I wanted to fight about it.

I told Maggie about Tom and Bessie. She expressed no opinion. I think she was the only person who ever heard the story without expressing an opinion. She laughed. It was an interesting story, and she enjoyed hearing it. Her laugh was an expression of appreciation for the entertainment I had provided in telling it.

§ 3

Every one supposed about this time that Maggie and Sam Hodge would be married. They had been "keeping company" for about five months, but he suddenly ceased to visit her. Every one who knew either of them asked the reason, but none was given. Hodge was sullen. Maggie said she did n't know.

One day the news spread through the community that Maggie had a new baby. Old Doctor Wren said she made no secret about Sam Hodge being the father and asked him to file the birth certificate at the county-seat: "Sam Hodge, Junior, son of Sam Hodge and Margaret Blake." That is what he did. Later my father told me that it was taken before the grand jury, but as there seemed to be no complaint from any one, they did n't know what to do about it, and so did nothing.

The child was born on a Monday. The following Sunday Maggie went to church as usual. She never failed to go to church. I was there with my parents. Every one gasped except my father. I think he was amused. The preacher glowered at her, but made no reference to her presence. After church every one scampered away instead of gathering in little groups as usual to talk. They were afraid Maggie might join one of the groups. She was very sociable. No one spoke to her, and very few looked at her. Those who did were hostile and tried to stare her out of countenance, but it could n't be done. She returned their gaze as steadily as a calf and very much as a calf might. Her eyes were always smiling; so she was the picture of good health, good humor, and boundless friendliness. There was nothing brazen or combative about her attitude.

On the way home from church I

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heard the word, "illegitimate," for the first time. It aroused my curiosity. I wanted to see what an illegitimate child would look like. A boy brought up, as I had been, on a remote farm works out his own jumbled ideas on social laws. No odium attached to an illegitimate child in my mind at the time. Since only married people had children, it seemed to me quite a remarkable feat Maggie had performed to produce a child without being married. So I slipped over there that afternoon to see it. Maggie welcomed me just as usual. I found no change of any kind in her. The baby cried when it waked, and she picked it up as though she were going to toss it into the air like a ball. She raised it above her head, then brought it to her breast and fed it.

"You 've got a good appetite, Sam Hodge," she said. I winced when the name was pronounced, but I soon got over it. She always called the baby Sam Hodge. I examined this new and scandalous arrival with great care. There seemed to be nothing illegitimate about him. In spite of the fact that I had liked Howard Blake and did n't care about Sam Hodge one way or the other, this baby was beyond question adorable.

The following day I was sent to town to buy some supplies at the store. While I was there Maggie came in on a similar errand. The clerk started, then stiffened and stared. Maggie was smiling at him with her eyes and ordering "a side of bacon." The clerk was rummaging through such few ideas as had ever lodged in his head to determine whether he could sell a side of bacon to the mother of an illegitimate child. I don't think he decided that he could, but he was unable to think of any reason why he could n't, so he reluctantly performed the task. By the time she had got down her list to coffee and soap, however, the shock was over, and the clerk was agreeable.

I have often wondered since then how much of just that sort of thing Maggie had to confront. She could scarcely avoid ten human contacts a month even though living far from the town and on her own farm. All of them must have been about the same as that with the grocer's clerk, and perhaps some of them were much worse. Whatever they were, Maggie never mentioned them, and I honestly believe, after years of mature deliberation, that they made no impression upon her whatever. I think she was glad to have another boy whether it was legitimate or not. Nature seemed to exact no penalty from her for the fulfilment of this desire, and if society wanted to, she was willing to let them enjoy it. There was another phase of her character at work for her defense also. Women simply did not exist for her. She neither liked nor disliked them. They were blanks. Naturally they were the most aggressive in registering the outraged community's feelings. I do not believe she was ever able to grasp the idea of a man disapproving of her, or ever believed that one really did. I learned in later years that she had been very much petted by an adoring father. Her two elder brothers had been very good to her. She married young, and her relations with her husband had been perfect. I doubt if she had ever of her own experience found any serious obstacle to pleasant relations with any man she ever met. I know of several in that community who cheated on weights and measures and

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had to be bargained with very carefully, and I know that they did not try to cheat her.

The very dissimilar behavior of Bessie and Maggie under the test taught me something that I remembered to my profit in many a trying situation. The issue of life and death was within themselves. Up to that time I had thought the community killed Bessie and that with the same circumstances the community was able to kill any human it chose to slay. I learned that so far from killing Maggie, it could n't even bruise her. It is to be regretted that Maggie's victory cannot be attributed to a great intellectual achievement. That would be far more dramatic. But I suppose many victories have been gained by simply not thinking at all.

Maggie never asked Sam Hodge to help her; she needed no help. But Sam always felt that he ought to have undertaken the expense of the child. At first he feared it would be demanded of him. In his own mind he was preparing to resist. Then when no demand of any kind was made, remorse overtook him. He became more sullen than ever. I don't know why Sam did n't marry Maggie. Perhaps he won her too easily, and it frightened him. He probably expected the use of some pressure at first and was instinctively resisting in his own mind. Afterward, I feel sure, he regretted that he did n't marry her, not on moral grounds, but because he had let slip an opportunity to assure himself a happy life.

If Maggie had been silent and ashamed, it would have ruined her and protected him, but every one knew she called the child Sam Hodge and that Sam had run away like a frightened dog. I have thought since, too, that if Sam had done very much for her, it would have been a serious injury to her. As it was, one had to admire her pluck and independence.

When a fence was blown down or broken Maggie would not report it to her neighbor. She would go out and fix it herself. That act of consideration for their feelings cut deep. It is all very well to turn your back on some one, but if you discover that he is assisting you in a kindly and unobtrusive manner, your gesture is robbed of much of its meaning. The sting may be there for the other person, but certainly you can get no pleasure out of it.

The community was mystified by Maggie's knowledge of its sick-list. No one talked to her any more, but she always knew who was sick. I suppose the farm-hands told her. I still visited her sometimes, but I did n't tell her. It seemed humiliating to be helping people who hated her, and I wanted her to fight. In her sick visits she was considerate just as she was in other contacts. She would not go with things to eat that had to be presented. She would go quietly in and wash some clothes or scrub a floor. She could perform such tasks with astonishing rapidity. Those were real helps to sick housewives. Maggie was not winning her way back into the community's social life, but she was winning toleration. She continued to go to church, and I remember that her strong voice rose clear and good-natured above most of the others. She liked to sing, and it would be like her to sing a little more loudly than most other women.

After a few months the scandal ceased to be news, and most persons

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forgot about it. One day when I visited Maggie I learned that several other young men also did. They were secretive about it, just as I was; but there was no change in her, so her company was as pleasant as ever. The pleasure of a visit haunted one, and I found it not easy to remain away a long time. There was a glow and thrill about those visits and something vitalizing and stimulating about coming in contact with so much health. Anywhere else gingerbread was just gingerbread, but at Maggie's house it seemed to burst out of the oven for sheer joy of living.

And then Godfrey Wickwire began to call on Maggie. He had a hardware store in the town. He used to ride out on his horse late in the afternoon. He called about twice a week, one visit usually being on Sunday afternoon. People took an interest at once and secretly hoped that Maggie would soon be Mrs. Wickwire and eventually have a father for her two boys. They did n't say anything so pleasant and charitable, but they wished her good fortune in spite of themselves. Wickwire was about thirty years old; there was nothing remarkable about him, either bad or good. He was singularly devoted to hardware and knew his business. After five months of devoted attention in the form of regular visits Wickwire ceased to be seen in the neighborhood. He was very much in love with Maggie. Wickwire had some depth of character; I don't think Hodge was capable of love, but Wickwire was. I think he wanted desperately to marry Maggie, but the sight of that baby whom she always called by the full name, Sam Hodge, probably was too much for him. At any rate, he struggled with himself for months and finally did not marry her. Nearly every one was sorry. By this time Maggie had a lot of sympathy even if none of it was ever exhibited in her presence.

Then came another baby boy, and she again looked blandly at Doctor Wren and gave the name of the father, Godfrey Wickwire. This time feeling in the community was terrible. Probably a number of persons had said something charitable about Maggie in the preceding three months, and now she had made fools of them. Sentiment was much more intense than the first time. There was a little talk of having a committee call and ask her to leave. There can be no doubt about what would have happened if she had been a tenant farmer. But that was a day when private property was still sacred. To ask a person to get off his or her own land seemed very close to treason. If she had uttered so much as one cry for help, she would have been lost. The mob spirit was aroused, and they would have been on her like a pack of wolves. But she owed nobody anything. Every one with whom she did business made a profit from the business. Even the men who bought the products of her farm merely assembled shipments and sold in larger markets. There was no one who could say he would withhold anything from her and thereby force her to leave. The women were hot for action, but the men could not see a place of beginning. Without expressing the thought, they were also aware of the fact that she never pursued men nor flaunted herself. That would weigh heavily with men. I don't know whether it would with the women or not. Perhaps it would

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make them even more angry, since so few women have such power. She did not drink nor did she ever utter vileness. She was quick to laugh at a crude joke if it had any humor, but she told none. In a situation like this I have noticed that men like to move by indirection; they dislike facing the issue squarely, which is exactly what the women want them to do. They were looking for some indirect method, and there was none. Nothing would have saved her if she had owed any money at that time. They would have stripped her bare.

Very little was said about Wickwire, and I never heard of anything being said to him. The men in both instances were regarded as only remotely connected with the affair. A few persons had said Hodge ought to have married Maggie, but no one seemed to think Wickwire ought. In a very short time Wickwire went hunting; but it was his usual time to go hunting, so nothing was thought of it. Shortly after his return, however, he went on another long hunting trip. And I may as well finish with Wickwire here. For the remainder of his life he avoided women, though I think he could have married easily. He spent nearly all of his time hunting or fishing. In his younger days he always had one or more companions on these trips, but thereafter he seldom had a companion. They were as willing as ever to go, but he did n't want them. He neglected his business, and it ceased to grow with the community. Years later it was in the same one-story building, the only one-story building in the block; all the others grew to three stories except the bank on the corner, which was four.

The arrival of Godfrey Wickwire, Junior, seemed to affect Hodge even more than the arrival of his own child. Shortly thereafter he sold his equity in his farm. He reported that he had purchased a much larger and better place in another county. On the day of his departure he brought a span of mules and a good wagon loaded with sacks of oats to Maggie's farm and presented them to her very timidly. He was ashamed to face her. She accepted them quite cordially, just as a girl might say thank you for a box of candy. She seemed to have no particular feeling about the matter, either that he had made amends or made himself ridiculous. I suspect that if he had cared to stay, she would have renewed the acquaintance just as if nothing had ever happened. I recall asking her if he saw his son. She said he did not. He did n't ask to see his son, and it did not occur to her to present him. Seeing the boy would probably have made Sam suffer. As for Maggie, it did not occur to her that Sam had any interest in the boy. She was proprietor of the children. I think she gave them their father's names partly from lack of inventiveness and partly from shameless frankness. It is indicative of her nature that there was no difficulty about asking her the details of Sam's visit. She told exactly what happened—and without comment. I have often thought that I never knew another person whose testimony equaled hers for accuracy. She never injected an opinion, bias, or prejudice. If the testimony was against herself, it came just as easily as any other part of the narrative. She had one characteristic inaccuracy in giving an account of anything, and that was to leave the women out entirely. She did n't

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seem to see them. No matter what they did, it made no impression on her mind. If you would lead the witness, however, she would check back to that point and tell you exactly what took place even though it were a recital of a woman's effort to break her spirit and kill her with shame. She would tell the story without feeling. It made no impression on her. She lived in a world of men, where she never had the slightest misgiving about her security.

§ 4

I saw Maggie only twice in the year following the birth of Godfrey Wickwire, Junior. My responsibilities on the farm were growing heavier, and my interests were widening considerably as I grew into manhood. I was also spending much more time with books and seeking such opportunities as I could find for intellectual companionship. Moreover, I did n't approve of Maggie; but in spite of myself I still liked her in exactly the same way, and that fact caused some turmoil of spirit, which created the first rift in my feeling of closeness to her. I went away for three months to a little five-teacher college. Before I left I slipped over to say good-by to her. She was the same cheery person. She was greatly interested in my search for learning, but said nothing about my long absence.

On my return, the first news I heard was that Maggie Blake had another baby. Another boy, and his name was Carl Stanton. There was one thing about Maggie's illegitimate children: they had fathers. What their fathers lacked in legality they certainly made up for in definiteness. None ever denied her right to use his name for the child. Stanton was a lawyer, about thirty-five years of age. There was not much business for a lawyer, but he owned a farm and seemed to be comfortable financially. I think Stanton decided he would be more clever than the preceding fathers. He married very shortly after the child was born, but he did n't marry Maggie. I learned afterward that he and the young lady to whom he became engaged about that time had a long talk on the subject of Maggie, and that she forgave him. Unfortunately, however, she was not content with forgiving him once; she continued to forgive him from time to time. Her generosity in this regard became irksome. Stanton was not happy in his home life. Then he adopted another course, which was probably carefully premeditated and approved as subtle strategy: he became a sort of pillar of respectability; he liked to talk to Bible classes or any other assemblage that would listen. And he began wearing a frock-coat on formal occasions. He overdid the pose painfully and made himself ridiculous. All the while he was stupid enough to think he was handling his case much better than Hodge or Wickwire had handled theirs. To cap the climax, he ran for office, some petty county office that was usually the reward for personal popularity. As my father expressed it afterward, he did n't get enough votes to wad a shot-gun. For the remainder of his life he could be counted on to join any new movement that came along. If a crowd bolted the county Democratic convention, he bolted with them. If some one started a new benevolent or fraternal society, he was the first to join. If there was a Jinks for Gov-

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ernor Club or Bryan for President Club proposed, he immediately gave his whole-hearted support. I do not think I have ever known a more pathetic figure in the life of a community.

In spite of my anger and some disgust, my sympathy went out to Maggie in her new affliction; I waited to see how hard it would go with her this time. Imagine my astonishment, if you can, when I learned that the whole community was laughing. Maggie was at last beyond the pale even of scandal. Her performances had ceased to be an outrage and were now regarded as a habit. Nowhere did I hear any bitterness; no one suggested a committee. When she appeared in public, people smiled involuntarily and somewhat shyly, as though to say, "I 'm trying not to hurt your feelings, but, really, you are so droll." And Maggie joined in their amusement with as much heartiness and as much readiness as she would have joined them in a foot-race. She always relished a joke on herself just a little more than a joke on some one else.

I think Maggie had achieved just about what she felt she was honestly entitled to in being regarded as funny. She had always seemed amusing to herself. Whenever any one expressed admiration for her arm or leg, as I did several times in the old days when she and Howard and I were together, she would toss it out with a clumsy gesture and laugh, as much as to say: "Glad you like it, pal. All I 've ever noticed is that it 's big." I do not recall that she had any vanity. I suppose that was because she had never failed to please, and therefore had not felt it necessary to appraise, assemble, and mobilize her charms.

I went to see Maggie again, and she welcomed me as usual with gingerbread and buttermilk. To her I never grew up. I recall how clean and pretty the house was. The children were well behaved. She still called each boy by his father's full name, and they quite naturally called each other in the same way. She asked a great many questions about the little college, and said she wanted all the boys to go there if I recommended it.

I told her I had seen Hodge working on a farm near the college. He was employed as a laborer, probably at about ten dollars a month. I asked him what became of the money he got for his farm. He merely grunted. He had become more silent and sullen than ever. I think he indulged in a drunken orgy to exhaust the pent-up anguish of self-accusation and spent all his money.

In after years, whenever I came across the statement in print, "The woman always pays," I could n't help thinking of Maggie and laughing. That does n't prove that the statement is n't true, but it certainly was not in her case. Maggie had other love affairs in the years that followed, but no more children. I twitted her about it one day, and she expressed sincere regret that she did n't have any more.

"The only trouble it ever caused me," she said, "was that I could n't get enough to eat. I used to eat four or five times a day." Any other trouble it had caused her was by that time totally forgotten.

I used to try to find out if she realized what had happened to the fathers of her three illegitimate boys, but she did n't. Hodge's failure was accounted for by the unexplained loss of his money. Wickwire was "too

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fond of hunting to pay enough attention to his business." The change in Stanton which made him ridiculous she attributed to "fool notions" of his wife. Any one of them could have come to her for help and would have got it.

§ 5

As we talked that day about Hodge and the little college I kept thinking of the ordeal that awaited those pretty, innocent, babbling children when they should face a public-school playground. I had heard my mother say so often, "What will become of those poor children?" that the thought became very painful to me as I sat among them and heard the music of their baby talk and frequent laughter. I wanted to beg Maggie to send them away; but it would have done no good, so I said nothing. I remembered a little boy whose life was made miserable in school because his father had been sent to the county jail for six months. But Maggie's luck descended to the boys also. Howard Blake, being the eldest, was first to go to school and he, of course, had no bar sinister. He was popular. As the others came on, he had prepared the way for them. They were his devoted admirers and followed him like shadows. I learned that jail was a perfectly understandable disgrace, but illegitimacy was not. Some of the children had been told not to play with the Blake boys, but no reason was given, and the order seemed unjust. The Blake boys had two tremendous assets that parental objection to their society could not overcome. They were good base-ball players, and Maggie had the only apple-orchard in that part of the State. The Blake boys were a power on any base-ball team, and to avoid them was to lock oneself out of that irresistible apple-orchard. I suppose it would have been very different if one of the children had been a girl. School-boys are barbarians, but girls are cannibals. That phase of the problem rarely occurred to me, however, because it was scarcely possible to imagine Maggie Blake being the mother of a girl. Her children would inevitably be boys. Even the names of the boys caused no comment. Howard Blake came first; when Sam Hodge appeared, the boys took it for granted his name was Sam Hodge Blake. They always called him Sam Hodge, and I think many of them were under the impression it was one word. Godfrey Wickwire was an impossible name, and he became "Bunny" even before school-days. Carl Stanton was called by his full name, but the words were run together as Sam Hodge had always been. The boys inherited Maggie's indifference to education. None went to the little college I had recommended.

During the Blake boys' school-days other children were tortured because they had red hair or big freckles or queer clothes or because of some unfavorable publicity touching their parents; but the Blake boys never were. I happen to know that several children were spanked for being friendly with them, but the punishment failed of its purpose. The lure of base-ball, apples, gingerbread, and good company was too strong. The boys who were whipped suppressed the news and failed to mend their ways.

Maggie still liked to go to the dances and fairs or any other public entertainment where she did not feel that she was intruding. She would fre-

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quently be accompanied home by from six to ten young men. As her sons grew to young manhood, they seemed to take the same delight in her company. None of the boys moved away. Farms were growing smaller by the time they were ready to marry, so she gave each a piece of land to settle on. Every one of her boys married in that community. I cannot properly say that they amounted to a great deal, but as that community judged success, they had a very fair measure of it.

They knew their fathers, but did n't pay much attention to them. I don't think the information interested them a great deal more than it interested Maggie herself. They had a full share of her indifference to social conventions. I choose the word indifference with care, because it was not contempt.

The town began to grow very rapidly when Howard Blake, Junior, was about twenty-one years old. Maggie would talk enthusiastically on that subject, and several times told me that it was about the best community in the world and certainly deserved to grow.

The many new families coming both to farm and town offered to establish neighborly relations with Maggie, and she always extended the delightful hospitality of her home. Some weeks or months later the new-comers would hear Maggie's life story. They did n't believe it. Having been taught all their lives what sort of women did such things, they could see for themselves that Maggie was not that sort. Bluff and hearty she was, to be sure, but not immoral. Well, they were right, in a way. Maggie was n't immoral; she was unmoral.

The time came when there were more new settlers than old residents. Whenever I was asked about the story, I said I did n't know, until one day I heard my father reply to the same question, "She was a good neighbor for more than twenty years." That struck me as much better, so I adopted it. I suppose many others sidestepped in the same way. At any rate, the story of Maggie simply fell down. There were more people who did n't believe it than did.

One of the strangest phases of the controversy about Maggie (it was waged for some three years between the new-comers who liked her and the older residents who felt she should be ostracized) was that none of the new-comers ever asked her directly to explain her children's names, and none of the older residents was clever enough to prove his or her story by Maggie's own testimony. She would not have denied it. Neither would any of the boys; but they were not asked, even after her death.

I have never known of another case in which Bacon's comment on death was so strikingly proved true. It was he who said, "Death closeth the door to envy and is a passport to good fame."

There was a little creek which ran through our pasture and Maggie's. Usually it was about ten feet wide, but sometimes it disappeared. After a heavy rain it became a torrent fifty yards wide and tore down fences. There was a cloud-burst in the hills up-stream the year Carl Stanton was married. He was then twenty years of age. As the country became more thickly settled, people had encroached on the bed of this innocent-looking stream. After the cloud-burst it became half a mile wide in some places. Houses, barns, wagons, and fences

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were tumbling along its boiling waters, together with pigs, goats, sheep, horses, and cows. This strange and fearful procession was moving through Maggie's pasture at an astonishing speed when she saw a little boy about six years old clinging to the top of what remained of his home. Maggie waded into the water at once. Those who saw her said she was swept away before she had reached a depth of four feet. She and the child were both drowned. Their bodies were washed ashore together at a bend in the creek in our pasture.

Having accepted their mother's ostracism all their lives, the boys prepared for a funeral at which they would be the only mourners. But the procession to the cemetery was more than a mile long. It was now absolutely safe for the first time to make public confession of that love for Maggie which all felt and which had tortured them through all the years when they bowed to their duty to hate her. There was something inexpressibly pathetic in the fact that Maggie had done the community such a signal service by her death. At last a burden was lifted from their hearts. They could henceforth claim her memory as they had never been able to claim her. It was now perfectly clear that she had caused them much more anguish then they had ever caused her.

For a long time I had wanted to find out exactly how the boys estimated their mother, aside from the fact that they loved her devotedly. It was some months after the funeral that I had an opportunity to talk with Howard Blake for a whole afternoon.

"Mother was elemental, like the weather or the moon," he said. "I never judged her at all. Whatever she did was inevitable, without plan or design. You could n't quarrel with her ideas, because she was not conscious of having a philosophy of life. Yet she had as definite a philosophy as the world has ever known. Her utter lack of self-consciousness was her strength. All her life she gave and never asked anything. We boys loved her for the same reason and in very much the same way that you did. She won our love as honestly as any stranger might. She never claimed it as a mother's due. She took it by the very simple method of giving us her love so abundantly."

I have since known many famous women, good, bad, powerful, wise, or brilliant, but she remains the most remarkable personality I have ever encountered. I doubt if she had either education or imagination enough to enjoy a dime novel. I am not certain that she knew long division. But this I do know of her: she was incapable of envy, malice, or revenge. Her sublime faith in men was never diminished. I do not believe she was ever worried, even for a minute. The only unfulfilled wish I ever heard her express was for more babies. Such a person would quite naturally be able to perform miracles, and Maggie certainly performed one. She practised something akin to polyandry in a strictly orthodox, puritanical, farming community for more than a decade, named three illegitimate sons after their fathers, wrecked all three of the fathers, flourished as probably no green bay-tree ever dreamed of flourishing, and finally in her mature years chased those who wanted to tell the truth about her to evasion, silence, or actual falsehood.

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Slow Suicide Among Our Native Stock

By Edward A. Ross and Ray E. Baber

The population question looms before us, as the fuel question must have loomed before our skin-clad ancestors at the beginning of the last glacial epoch. Science's foiling of disease has caused some peoples to register a greater natural increase, and their thinkers blench before the stealthy approach of over-population. France, on the other hand, worries over baby deficit. Her birth-rate, which began to decline noticeably about seventy years ago, in 1911 was exceeded by her death-rate. In 1922 births exceeded deaths by only seventy thousand.

Population shortage is the very last thing we Americans have to fear. We can sit in security whether the middle of this century finds us with a hundred and thirty millions of inhabitants or a hundred and fifty. We fill two cradles for one coffin, and the cradle margin is growing. What we have to worry about is *quality*.

Realizing that immigration has brought us much chaff, we are putting up the bars. But what of those already here? Aside from fugitives from racial or religious oppression, immigrants have come here *to get on*. This motive does not set in motion the educated, the propertied, the well connected, for they have fair prospects in their home land. Hence few scions of the gifted families have sought our shores. The migrant stream from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, or southern Europe in the last sixty years has not been a fair sample of its peoples in respect to natural talents. A dreadful lot of nonsense has been uttered about the foreign-born by politicians after their votes, but the hard fact remains that Europe has let us have few of her élite, but has been relieved of millions of her common and sub-common. Since three eighths of us have one or both parents foreign-born, it is fateful that of the two elements, foreign parentage and native, the former is contributing nearly twice as freely to the future make-up of the American people as the latter.

Bar aliens, and still we need to swivel a watchful eye on what is happening to the native fiber of our people, for a nation may fall without noise. This is because, as Pearson shows, a quarter of one generation is parent to about half the next. In other words, the most fruitful fourth of a people will produce well nigh as many children as the remaining three fourths. What if this fateful fourth should include most of the pinheads and oafs!

In the last two decades there has been some inquiry into the biological fate of our superior strains. College graduates are presumably members of the brightest fifth of the population,

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and the studies made of the fecundity of graduating classes at different periods disclosed sinister tendencies. Between 1845 and 1891 the number of children per Mount Holyoke graduate declined from 2.37 to .95. The married women graduates of Syracuse University prior to the Civil War bore on an average two children each, while in the last decade of the nineteenth century they had but one. The number of offspring per married Yale or Harvard graduate fell from 3.25 in the fifties of the last century to 2.5 in the eighties. It is Dr. Crum, however, who has opened the longest perspective of American fecundity. From twenty-two genealogical records he arrived at the maternal performance of twelve thousand, seven hundred and twenty-two American wives. Those of the first half of the eighteenth century averaged 6.83 children; of the second half, 6.43; of the first half of the nineteenth century, 4.94; of the fifties and sixties, 3.47; of the seventies, 2.77.

§ 2

Most inquiries have the fault of not following lines of descent. They compare the number of children begotten by a group of the middle of the last century with that of a group at the end of the century; but, since the latter are not descendants of the former, we do not know how much of the difference in family size may be due to unlikeness of stock or of family tradition rather than to change in conditions and in the spirit of the times. To eliminate this factor of error, with the aid of the University of Wisconsin we have carried through in the last two years an investigation of the change in size of families between couples of the present generation and their parents. We have ascertained the number of children born to approximately 2500 living couples whose families are complete, and to 750 couples who were their fathers and mothers. Our study is confined to families of native parentage in both generations. The information was elicited from 420 primary families reached through a son or a daughter in college or university, the greater number being in the University of Wisconsin, though a number were in coöperating institutions. Through husbands and wives in these primary families we obtained data respecting more than 2000 of their married brothers and sisters whose families are complete. Thirty-six per cent. of the primary families live in Wisconsin, and seventy-eight per cent. in the Middle West. The geographic distribution of their 2000 married brothers and sisters is so wide that our study represents the great core of the nation.

We cannot claim to have laid bare a cross-section of American society from bottom to top. All the primary families are rich enough in brains and purse to have a child in the university, and while the collateral couples would average somewhat below them, it is safe to say that few of the inert and hopelessly poor fall within the scope of our investigation. On the other hand, the socially most prominent rarely send a child to the University of Wisconsin, nor have they the patience to fill out an elaborate questionnaire. We may conclude, then, that what we have under the search-light is the middle class of native stock in the central United States.

We have ascertained the parental performance of a "past generation,"

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comprising about 750 men, whose average year of birth was 1832, and their wives, whose average year of birth was 1836. Of their living married children—we shall call them the "present generation"—as many were born before 1866 as since. Roughly speaking, what we have done is to compare the size of native families coming into being between 1857 and 1877 with that of the families produced by their married children between 1892 and 1912.

Generally it makes a lifelong difference where childhood has been passed. The farm lad absorbs ideas and ideals from which he will scarcely break away even if later he becomes a city-dweller. Age at marriage and size of family are influenced by the patterns imposed by childhood environment. Now, of the two generations we compare, the earlier was more country bred. Of the "past generation" 63 per cent. were farm-bred; of their children, 55½ per cent. The same proportion of the two generations—a quarter—spent their childhood in town. Of the men of the past generation 11 per cent., of their wives 13½ per cent., grew up in cities of more than 8000 inhabitants. For the "present generation" the percentage is 18 plus.

We perceive a movement from the hard-handed jobs toward the soft-handed jobs. Of the "past generation" 45 per cent. were farmers; of the "present generation," only 25 per cent. From fathers to sons the proportion of business men rose from 24 per cent. to 32 per cent., of professional men from 14 per cent. to 21 per cent. Clerical workers were 4 per cent. of the fathers and 8 per cent. of the sons. About one ninth of each group were skilled laborers. Unskilled laborers rarely appear in either generation. Our study is confined to the American stock, while for two generations our pick-and-shovel wielders have been foreign-born or sons of foreign-born. Realizing that unskilled laborers rarely have a son or daughter in college, we visited labor-unions and searched for men who would fit into this investigation. But in almost every case the laborer was found to be foreign or of foreign parentage or else too young to have completed his family. As a rule, by the time the native has his family filled, he has moved up out of the ranks of unskilled labor.

In education the "spread" of each generation is great, but the center of gravity of the "present generation" is decidedly higher than that of their parents. Of the generation which came to maturity about the middle of the last century one in fifty had no schooling, but no such class appears among their children. Of the earlier, five eighths got no further than the elementary school; of their sons and daughters, three eighths. Only 18 per cent. of the fathers had a year or more in high school; for the sons the proportion is a third. From mothers to daughters this proportion grew from 29 per cent. to 39 per cent. Of the fathers 12 per cent. had one or more years in college; of the sons, 20 per cent. So well did the daughters improve their broadening opportunities that their college contingent is 21½ per cent. as against 6 per cent. for the mothers. The men who obtained graduate or professional study increased from 4 per cent. to 10 per cent. In both generations the husbands appear to have had about a tenth more schooling than their wives. In view of the spectacular broadening of female

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education in the latter half of the nineteenth century, one would have expected this male advantage to lessen. It appears that while the girls were making great strides in education, the boys were doing likewise without exciting much remark.

Our "past generation" were marrying around 1860, and our "present generation" around 1890. In this interval there was a decided growth of reluctance to assume early the responsibilities of the family. On the average the sons married nearly two years later than their fathers, the daughters nearly three years later than their mothers. Half of the fathers married before reaching the age of twenty-five, but only a third of their sons. Nearly half the mothers were wives at twenty-one, but only a fourth of their daughters. Still, we must not infer that the mid-century Americans and the end-century Americans differed so much as this in marrying age. Thirteen per cent. of our "present generation" are childless, but none of our "past generation," for we learn of them only through their children. Now, it is the late-marryers of the "past generation" who would be the more apt to be childless, and hence never come to our attention. Then, too, we are more likely to get into the big families of the mid-century than into the small ones; and the late-marryers would be likely to have the smaller families.

§ 3

Now for the milk in the cocoanut.

We find that the average family of our elder generation had 5.44 children. This is a little high for that time, for, of course, the smaller families had less chance of getting into our study. That of their sons and daughters who had children at all was 3.35, a shrinkage of 38½ per cent. in 30–35 years. Since 13 per cent. of the "present generation" are childless, the average number of progeny per marriage is 2.8.

There are significant differences in the fecundity of occupational groups. In the "past generation" the unskilled laborer led with 6.7 children. The farmer had 5.9. Then came in descending order professional men, skilled laborers, business men, and clerical workers. In the "present generation" the farmer leads with 4.2 per fertile family; unskilled labor, 3.7; skilled labor, 3.3; professional men, 3.2; business men, 2.9; clerical, 2.6. But the professional men make a poorer showing if we omit the clergymen, who average four children to a family. Without them the average product of the professional men is three children.

From a tenth to a fifth of the couples of the "present generation" were infertile, while nearly 18 per cent. had but one child. For farmers and professional men the childlessness was 10 per cent.; for skilled labor and business men, 15 per cent.; for clerical workers, 20 per cent. Since that of the clergymen was 8.8 per cent., it is likely that childlessness in excess of this is voluntary.

Is our "present generation" replacing itself? The farmers, yes; but none of the other groups. Here are 100 mothers who have survived the child-bearing period. They have produced 335 children, one half of them girls. Allowing for those who die, who fail to marry, and who are infertile, will there be found among these girls 100 mothers who will survive until their forty-fifth year? No. At least a third more babies should be born if this native middle class is to replace itself. It is now com-

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mitting slow suicide. In a century it will have shrunken to a mere half of its present numbers, while contained in a nation twice as populous as now.

All this is assuming that family shrinkage has ceased. But if the coming generations should follow the example of the "present generation" in having only three fifths as many offspring as its parents, we should have the 5.44 family of the 1860's, which shrank to 3.35 in the 1890's, go on to shrivel to 2.06 in the present decade, to 1.27 in the 1950's, and to .78 of a child in the 1990's. By then the family would in four generations have shriveled to a fortieth of its erstwhile importance. There is little likelihood, of course, that shrinkage will continue so fast; but, whether they shrink more slowly or hover at their present size, these native families are a thinning strand in the American people.

Our evidence of the catastrophic shrinkage between the last two generations is corroborated from other studies. Professor Cattell from his study of 643 American men of science found that the families from which the scientific men had come had an average of 4.7 children, while the scientific men who married and whose families are complete have an average of only 2.3 children, a shrinkage of 50 per cent. Professor Amy Hewes obtained information on the families of 620 Mount Holyoke students, and found that the number of children per completed fertile family was 3.15, in the parents' generation, 5.09. The shrinkage between the generations was the same as we found, namely, 38 per cent. Her study was pushed back a generation further, disclosing in the "grandmothers' generation" a family of 6.19. That she finds smaller families than we do is due, no doubt, to her dealing with New England stock while our study is largely with the Middle West.

To check our results, we had an investigation made by Miss Jeanette Halverson of the University of Wisconsin to determine the size of dependent families of American stock. Figures were obtained for 100 dependent families, 30 in Madison, Wisconsin; 31 in Kalamazoo, Michigan; 26 in Bloomington, Illinois; 8 in Des Moines, Iowa; and 5 in Omaha, Nebraska. They were not picked, but taken just as they came in the records of the charity agencies. All had received relief again and again, and generally they were below par. Now, these hundred families averaged 6.5 children each as against 2.8 for our self-supporting families. In other words, these families, nearly all mentally defective, alcoholic, immoral, or criminal, are bringing children into the world *two and one third times as fast* as the middle class.

§ 4

But the interpretation of the trend?

As regards the 13 per cent. of childless couples, one knows not what to say. Dr. Crum found among nearly 3000 American eighteenth-century wives less than 2 per cent. of infertility; in 5500 wives, 1800–1849, 4 per cent.; in 1000 wives, 1870–1879, 8 per cent. In our wives of twenty years later we find 13 per cent. On the basis of thousands of cases it was found a decade ago that there is 13 per cent. of childlessness among the native stock, whereas among the wives of Polish parentage on the farms of 21 Minnesota counties the infertility is

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well under 2 per cent. It is likely that much of the childlessness of native wives is due to little-understood physiological causes.

As regards the prevalence of the small family, the explanation appears to be this. In the latter part of the last century the "well posted" element of our native stock learned how not to have more babies than they chose to have. Utilizing this new-found knowledge in an individualistic spirit, many of them restricted progeny to such a degree that their lines may die out.

To return to blind fecundity is no remedy. In view of our current success in lowering the death-rate, such a course would be madness. To-day among the mountaineers of the Southern Appalachians the number of children born into the family ranges from seven to fifteen. A child a year is a common schedule. The result is not only decrepitude or death before middle life for all but the strongest women, but a multiplication so rapid that rural slums are forming. The farms are smaller, the cabins tinier, the streams fouler, and the larders leaner than they were a generation ago.

In a time when four births per fertile couple will maintain population, a general return to families of from seven to fifteen would soon make us worse off even than the masses in China. For they can have children as prodigally as they do because from 60 to 80 per cent. of them die within a year, whereas we lose less than 10 per cent. Hence no power on earth can stamp out knowledge of the means of family limitation or prevent most of those who possess it from acting upon it. At no one's bidding will emancipated mankind reënter the hell of degradation of women and children, toil, poverty, hunger, and war which blind fecundity tends to create.

The right remedy for family suicide is to correct our philosophy of success. We have been glorifying the achievement of the individual rather than that of the family. We ask, "What has he done?" But not, "What are his children and grandchildren doing or likely to do?" With their costly motor-cars, Oriental rugs, and European tours the childless or one-child couple are accounted more to be envied than the equally capable couple who miss these things because they are rearing four high-bred, well educated children. When the public rates success more in terms of offspring, more couples will consent to rear a real family.

There is need, too, of enlightening people as to what family survival implies. Some couples imagine that by rearing one child they have handed on the torch of life. Many suppose that two children insure the perpetuation of their stock. The fact is that among this middle-class native stock, with our present rates of mortality, celibacy, and infertility, only those averaging 3.6 children are above the survival line. In general, it is only the family with four or more births that can count on producing a father and a mother from among the children. Now, not many capables contemplate with indifference the extinction of their line. Most of these "present-generation" couples we studied could have added a child or two without seriously curtailing family comfort or the educational chances of their children. Had they been well instructed as to the family and racial consequences of over-limitation, would not the majority of them have expanded their families well above the danger-line?

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Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle

II — Americans and Others

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

To Jeannie Welsh. "The Countess" is Elizabeth Pepoli. "Strange, upon *my* honor" was a phrase of Mazzini's. Miss Swanwick was the translator of Æschylus; "the blusterous John Robertson" was Mill's assistant editor on the "Westminster Review." "That minds me," a phrase of Helen, their servant. Gambardella had gone to Liverpool. Mrs. Reid is the priggish lady of a previous letter.

[Jan. 1844.]

"Oh Babbie Babbie! 'I am a-weary a-weary,' as ever was '*Marianna of the Moated Grange*'! Every day I pray to Heaven for just two things, *quiet* and *the free use of my faculties*, and Heaven turns a deaf ear! If any approximation to outward quiet be granted I am sure to have along with it a headache or 'real mental agony in my own inside' (as Helen phrases it) or if both *my head* and '*mysel*' ' be comparatively easy, then there are a hundred and one interruptions to snatch me up, like a feather borne on the wind and whirl me away, far away, out of my little sphere of industrial projects and good intentions. Till Cromwell is finished I am not to be held 'responsible.'

"Last Sunday I had thought to write you such a letter, as long as my arm—and as interesting 'as—as—anything'! But 'The Countess' came and made me go out with her 'against my sensations,' and I came in so chilled that I had to warm myself with brandy and nestle on the sofa under that big shawl; that I might be resuscitated for a party of Americans that was to take effect the same evening—and the wretches all came—and there was such a drawling and sir-ing—I would have given a crown that you had been there for 'it was *strange* upon *my* honour!' There was a Mr. James with a wife and wife's-sister, 'not a bad man' (as C. would say) 'nor altogether a fool,' but he had only one leg!—that is to say only one real available leg, the other, tho' the fellow of it in appearance, consisting entirely of cork. Now a man may be as agreeable with one leg or three legs as with *two* but he needs to take certain precautions. The one-legged man is bound in mercy to all people with merely ordinary nerves to use some sort of *stick* instead of trusting to Providence as this Mr. James does, so that every time he moves in the room it is as if 'a blind destiny' had been set a-going and one awaits in horror to see him rush down amongst the tea-cups, or walk thro' the window-glass or pitch himself headforemost into the grate! from which and the like imminent dangers he is only preserved by a con-

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tinual miracle! For *me* with *my* nerves you may fancy the awfulness of such a visitor! Of his two women what could anybody say? Unless that they giggled incessantly, and wore *black* stockings with light colour dresses. Then there was an American 'General'!—General Baird—the very image of Mr. Pecksniff, without the shyness. His ample breast was covered with a white waistcoat—open very far down to shew the *brooch* in his shirt—hair set round with pearls—the whole thing about the size of a five-shilling piece! He seemed then, as a living confirmation of Dickens' satires on the American *great men* and several times I burst out laughing in his face. *The General* was brought by a Mr. Coleman who was sent us last summer by John Greig—an exceptional Yankee!—so full of life and glee, tho' turned of sixty! A sort of man one feels tempted to *kiss*, so benevolent and *good* without any cant about it—and with such affectionate eyes—I daresay I *shall* kiss him some day—the other night I found to my surprise that I had got the length of standing with one of my arms round his neck!! which must have been a cruel sight for Creek who was also of the party—*brought* by Arthur Helps and his beautiful little atom of a wife in their carriage. He had been dining with them the promoted Creek! and they had asked my leave to come and *see* the Americans and 'took the liberty of bringing Mr. Craik along with them.' He behaves very well now the 'poor fellow'!—does not come above once in the two months—and still his devotion survives even this self-inflicted absence—if I fling him one civil word he looks as if he would fall down and kiss my great toe! and answers in the plaintive tone of a love-lorn shepherd in the Poetry of the Middle Ages. I begin to be *wae* for 'poor Creek'! Such unrequited devotion I have not found in all Israel! 'That minds me' of a most absurd little incident which befell a week or two ago which I must tell you if my pen will hold out—for the general amusement of your breakfast table.

"I received one day *by post* a letter the handwriting of which was new to me—but I could not recollect in the first minutes whose it was—I read the first line—'Oh those bright sweet eyes'! I stood amazed 'as in presence of the Infinite'! What man had gone out of his wits? What year of grace was I in? What *was* it at all? I looked for a signature—there was none! I read on—'There is no escaping their bewitching influence'! 'Idiot'! said I 'whoever you be'! (having now *got up* a due matronly rage) 'to write such stale nonsense to me! *and to send it by post!*' But I read on—'It is impossible but that such eyes must be accompanied by a feeling heart—could you not use your influence with their possessor on my behalf? The time of young ladies is in general so uselessly employed that I really think you would be doing—Miss Swanwick a kindness in persuading her to—translate for me those *French laws of pawnbroking*' ! ! ! Now it was all clear—and I had the ridicule of finding that my virtuous married-woman blushes had been entirely thrown away! The 'bright sweet eyes' were not *mine* but Miss Swanwick's and the writer of the letter was Robertson, who had repeatedly *raved* to me about those Swanwick-eyes to a weariness! But have you often in your life heard of anything more absurd—more stupid (even for an author) than this beginning of a letter to

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one woman with an apostrophe to the eyes of another! And when I told him afterwards the misconception thereby occasioned, instead of feeling ashamed of himself he only laughed till the tears ran down!

"Oh what an awful adventure—a dinner party of eighteen and a cook with a cut vein! I can never understand how people outlive such things—had I been the *Mistress* in such a case I would have immediately *sailed for America,* or gone up to the housetop and suspended myself from a rafter! Remember me to Gambardella since he has emerged again into the sphere of visibility. You may tell him I met his Mrs. Reid at that Birthday party—and had the honour of being regarded by her with a marked terror and dislike—happily she went away soon—you would have laughed to have heard her as I did trying to indoctrinate one of Dickens's small children with *Socinian benevolence*—the child about the size of a quartern loaf was sitting on a low chair gazing in awe-struck delight at the reeking plum-pudding which its Father had just produced out of 'a gentleman's hat.' Mrs. Reid leaning tenderly over her (as benevolent gentlewomen understand how to lean over youth) said in a soft voice—*professedly* for *its* ear, but loud enough for mine and everybody else's within three yards distance—'Would you not like that there was such a nice pudding as that in every house in London tonight? I am sure *I* would'! The shrinking uncomprehending look which the little blouzy face cast up to her was inimitable—a whole page of protest against *twaddle!* if she could but have read it!

"Mazzini was here yesterday so *bright* as I hardly ever remember to have seen him. I saw one sunny flash in his eyes which might have been the first waking to life of Pygmalion's statue! his face is all but well now. But besides that, some 'change has come over the spirit of his dream'—I know not what it is—I know only that he looked almost dazzlingly beautiful yesterday and that this beauty was plainly the expression of some inward new-found joy! Elizabeth came in—'the white face with which I had left her on Sunday had haunted her all the afternoon and she could not be easy till she knew how I was'—'but I see,' said she with a peculiar look and tone, 'that you are QUITE *well* now.' The fact was, Mazzini and I had just been regaling ourselves with wine *figs* and gingerbread, and when the rap came to the door I bade him put away the glasses and he put them into—*my writing desk!* so that when she opened the room door we both presented an unusual appearance of discomposure which Elizabeth whose head is always running on 'what shall I say—strange things upon my honour'—interpreted doubtless into 'a delicate embarrassment.' Elizabeth to have been always *virtuous,* as I am sure she has been, has really a curious incapacity of comprehending the simplest *liaison* between man and woman. She would not sit down—but having quite *looked us thro' and thro'* (as she thought) went home 'to write letters.' . . .

"I do feel so *tempted* [to run away to Liverpool] almost every day of my life at present for to be here in the present state of Cromwell is almost more than flesh and blood can bear. However there is no use in Jeremiads over what cannot be helped. Cromwell *must* come to an end or *he* and I will come to an end. And in either case there will be—an end!

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"God bless you my good Babbie. Write much—I need it just now. Love to all and kisses at discretion."

To Jeannie Welsh. Plattnauer, a German exile, was acting as tutor to the youngest son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, a picturesque personality and a fine talker. The poor fellow went off his head, and was afterward rescued by Mrs. Carlyle from a madhouse to which he had been taken. Empson is Lord Jeffrey's son-in-law.

"Tuesday [April 23, probably 1844].

". . . My dear I would have given something considerable that you had been here last Sunday morning to have seen Plattnauer's face—while a much more fiery trial was appointed him than that of having to *wash his hands* before Ladies. While we were sitting very peaceably together Lord Jeffrey and Mr. Empson were announced—I sprang up delighted of course to see Jeffrey who had not warned me *this time* of his being come back to town. As it was not our first meeting, however, and I had kissed him sufficiently when he came ten days ago, *I* was not thinking of going thro' *that* ceremony—but *he* having a strong natural tendency for *cuddling* people (without the slightest earthly harm in it) and taking advantage of his being now near seventy years of age to indulge this *innocent* taste to the fullest extent, took me all in his arms *as usual* —regardless of the presence of Plattnauer, Empson and *Helen* (as indeed he would have done the same before twenty starched Dowagers) and gave me one kiss after another, not *'on the brow'* or any of those delicate spots, but *plump on my lips*!—calling me 'my darling Jeanie!—my sweet child! my dear love'!!! and then when we had got over *the brunt* of the business and sat down on the sofa he ceased not for a moment from kissing my hands, stroking my hair, patting my face—and saying the tenderest things in the tenderest tones! Now all this was nothing at all for Empson or myself, or anyone that knows Jeffrey's *ways* and that knows *his age*—and that knows the sort of *Paternal* affection he has entertained for me upwards of fifteen years. But if you will just look at it with Plattnauer's eyes! My attention was attracted towards him by his *convulsive* snatching up of a newspaper—over which he stooped his head, blushing! Oh merciful heaven *how* he was blushing the poor young man! He seemed only to sit witnessing such superhuman indecorums from the total inability into which his astonishment threw him of going away! At last he *reeled* across the floor and bade me good morning with a look 'significative of much!' I have heard since that he went from here to Elizabeth to compliment her on the extraordinary character of *Scotch Salutations* as illustrated in the meeting he had just witnessed betwixt Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle.

"Elizabeth begged him for God's sake 'not to take the practices of Lord Jeffrey and Mrs. Carlyle as a specimen of *the national manner*'—but said she 'I tried to comfort him by the assurance that Lord Jeffrey was 70 which he would not however believe for *he* was quite *struck with his handsomeness*'!!! Certainly if he had got *that view of the subject* the procedure was perfectly awful! . . ."

To Jeannie Welsh. To Dinner with Dickens—Rogers' ill natured Inquiries.

"Holy Thursday [1848] (?)

"DEAREST BABBIE,—Your *unre-*

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proachingness is touching—upon my honour—almost equal to Mrs. Allan Cunningham's who, when I called for her the other evening, after having let her alone for some eighteen months, during which interval she had left two cards at this house, exclaimed, heartily clasping me in her large arms: 'Oh Mrs. Carlyle I 'm ashamed to look you in the face!' There is more human patience and goodness in the world, than I gave it credit for. And it is rational of you as well as patient and good, to believe that my silence has not been this time more than any other time the natural expression of my feelings towards you—the more I have to say to you always, the less I like to write—the things I have to say being for most part Lamentations of Jeremiah, for which transient human breath is only too good. To *write* Lamentations has always you know been contrary to my ideas—and is. . . ."

"I have been to several parties—a dinner at Dickens's last Saturday where I never went before. 'A great fact!' Forster might have called it. Such getting up of the steam is unbecoming to a literary man who *ought* to have his basis elsewhere than on what the old Annandale woman called 'Ornament and grander.' The dinner was served up in the new fashion—not placed on the table at all—but handed round—only the dessert on the table and quantities of *artificial* flowers—but such an overloaded dessert! pyramids of figs, raisins, oranges—ach! At the Ashburton dinner served on those principles there were just *four cowslips* in china pots—four silver shells containing sweets, and a silver filigree temple in the middle! but here the very candles rose each out of an artificial rose! Good God! Mrs. Gaskell the Authoress of *Mary Barton* was there. I had already seen her at my own house, a natural unassuming woman whom they have been doing their best to spoil by making a lioness of her. Before dinner, old Rogers, who ought to have been buried long ago, so old and ill-natured he is grown, said to me pointing to a chair beside him, 'Sit down my Dear—I want to ask you; is your husband as much infatuated as ever with Lady Ashburton?' 'Oh of course,' I said *laughing*, 'why should n't he?' 'Now—do *you* like her—tell me honestly is she kind to *you*—as kind as she is to your husband?' 'Why you know it is impossible for *me* to know *how* kind she is to my husband; but I *can* say she is extremely kind to *me* and I should be stupid and ungrateful if I did *not* like her.' 'Humph! (disappointedly). Well! it is very good of you to like her when she takes away all your husband's company from you—he is always there is n't he?' 'Oh good gracious no! (still laughing *admirably*). He writes and reads a great deal in his own study.' 'But he spends all his evenings with her I am told?' 'No—not all—for example you see he is *here* this evening.' 'Yes,' he said in a tone of vexation, 'I *see* he is here *this* evening—and *hear* him too—for he has done nothing but talk across the room since he came in.' Very devilish old man! but he got no satisfaction to his devilishness out of *me*—

" 'On Earth the living
How much to bear!' . . ."

To Helen Welsh. Dressing Dolls at the Grange.

"The Grange, Alresford, Hants,
"Saturday ['Xmas, 1851.]

"DEAREST HELEN,—Your note followed me here without delay and now

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here is the direct address for you. Recollect moreover that when one is on a visit, the time seems always much longer than when in the monotonous routine of home—so by next week it will be seeming a month since I had news of my Uncle. Also to touch your heart as much as possible let me add; that the very day after I arrived, I took cold which has been keeping me in-doors till I am grown quite *low*, and *imaginative*, after my bad fashion, to an even unusual degree. Happily there are no visitors here except the old Countess of Sandwich, Lady Ashburton's Mother, and the days pass quite calmly in—dressing dolls! If I had to sit thro' long dinners and take part in *'wits,'* I could not hold out on my legs 24 hours. But that doll-dressing suits me entirely. There is to be a fine Christmas tree for Lady A.'s school children and *seven* dolls form part of the gifts. They were bought *naked*, except for a wrappage of silk-paper and a piece of cotton wool on each of their noses to prevent damage to that interesting feature and Lady A., tho' not much given to a credulous faith in her fellow creatures, *actually* hoped that her Lady's Maid and the Housekeeper, and *their* numerous subordinates would *take an interest* in these dolls and dress or assist *her* to dress them. But not a bit—not only did they show themselves impassive in the dressing question but not a rag of ribbon or any sort of scrap would they produce so that Lady A. had to *insist* on the Housekeeper giving some pieces of furniture chintz to make frocks for the dolls and to write to London, to her *ci devant* Lady's Maid for some scraps!! The very footmen won't *carry the dolls* backwards and forwards! When told to bring one or to desire Josephine (The Lady's maid) to bring one they simply disappear and no doll comes! I remarked on this with some impatience yesterday, and Lady A. answered, 'Perfectly true, Mrs. Carlyle—they *won't bring the doll*!—I know it as well as you do—but what would you have me do?—turn all the servants men and women out of the house on account of these dolls? for *it would* come to *that*—if I made a point of their *doing anything in the doll line*! Perhaps it would be the right thing to do—but then what should we do next week without servants when all the company come?' Such is the slavery the grandest people live under to *what they call* their *'inferiors.'*

"Ask my Uncle 'why does a duck put his head under water?'

"Answer—'For *diver's* reasons.'

"Lord Ashburton is gone into Devonshire till this day week when plenty of company comes—among the rest Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Twistleton. Then we stay on together till after Christmas—betwixt the 18th and 22nd the house is to be as full as it can hold—Macaulay, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord and Lady Grey, the Humphrey Mildmays etc. etc. God grant my cold be gone before then. I have kept myself quiet hitherto by an internal resolution, that should I grow *too ill* for taking part in the treadmill of society,—have to go to bed and that sort of thing—on no account to do it *here*, but put myself on the railway *at all risks* and go straight home to my own house where I might at least die without being considered a bore. . . ."

To Helen Welsh. A Christmas Tree at the Grange.

"The Grange [December 27, 1851.]

". . . Our Christmas Tree came

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off with great success on Wednesday evening. It stood in the middle of the servants' Hall which was profusely decorated with evergreens, and inscriptions written in red berries *'God* save the Queen'—'Long live Lord and Lady Ashburton &c. &c.'—the tree was a fir tree six feet high—stuck quite full of apples and walnuts gilded with Dutch leaf—lighted coloured wax tapers—and little bundles of comfits—the presents, of which the seven dolls were much the finest, lay on a table erected all round the tree and covered with white cloths—the forty-eight children with their school mistress and Mothers and most of the servants, were ranged round while Lady A., attended by his Lordship, the Clergyman and his wife and two daughters, Mr. C. and myself, distributed the presents calling up each child by name and saying something graceful and witty along with the doll, top, or whatever it might be. Mr. C. had begged to have a map of the world in pieces given to *him,* which was done very cleverly—'Thomas Carlyle—the *Scholar,'* shouted her Ladyship and the *Scholar* himself advanced—*'There* is a map of the world for *you*—see that you put it all together and make the pieces fit.' *The scholar* made his bow, and looked as enchanted as any little boy or girl among them—there was afterwards some *mumming* executed before us by country lads in paper dresses—and then we came away leaving the children and their mothers to enjoy the mugs of tea with large junks of currant loaf spread for them on a long table. The whole thing had a very *fine effect*—and might have given occasion for a laudatory newspaper paragraph, but one reflection that I could not help making rather spoiled it for *me*—viz: that the whole *forty-eight* presents had cost just 2 pounds twelve and sixpence; having been bought in the Lowther Arcade the most rubbishy place in London—with a *regard* of *expense* that would have been meritorious in the like of us but which seemed to me—what shall I say?—*incomprehensible*—in a person with an income of £40,000 a year—and who gives balls at the cost of £700 each, or will spend £100 on a china jar! I should have liked each child to have got at least *a frock* given it—when one was going to look munificent. But everyone has his own notions on spending money.

"For the rest it has been what Miss Farrer would call 'a dreadful *slow* Christmas' except for the servants who had a ball last night which lasted till six in the morning—we up stairs were in the reactionary state of our company spirits of last week. But Thackeray and Miss Farrer come today—and the steam must be got up again. . . ."

To Helen Welsh. How Carlyle Tenderly Evaded a Promise.

"Friday [Jan. 1, 1847.]

". . . I had another surprise—very great—on the Christmas day—almost 'too great *for anything'* in fact. You know I daresay Carlyle's sacred horror of shopping. To such an extent had he brought it, that he could never be induced to order even his own coats and trowsers at the tailor's until three or four years ago, that having sent me to get him a coat, I ordered one *sky blue* with *yellow buttons* which made him 'an ornament to Society in every direction'—and quite shook his faith in my judgment (he told me) 'So far as *the dressing of him* was concerned.' You may imagine then what a thing it must be for a man thus puzzled to buy

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his own *indispensables* when he has not only to buy but devise *a present* for someone. Accordingly he never dreamt of making me presents till in these last three years that a most kind and considerate motive has induced him to *give me something* on birthdays and new years' days[1]—but the pleasure of receiving his little gifts is always spoiled for me by thinking of the plague he must have had in realizing them—with such a habit of mind! So I asked him the other day to promise that he would do what I asked without knowing what it was—on assurance that the thing was easy and rational—and then when he had promised, I told him he was not *to give me anything on new year's day*! He laughed very much and repeated that he would not. But to reconcile his promise with his wish to show his kindness what does he do but sally forth and buy me a present for Christmas, and in a fit of audacity almost incredible the thing he chose to buy was—a cloak!—a woman's cloak! —and when he came in on Christmas morning to ask how I was he cunningly slipt it down on the chair at the bottom of my bed where I first noticed it when I was putting on my clothes at midday. It happened that just at that moment I was thinking of the warm dressing-gown which used to be sent *him* every Christmas by *her*—and all the flannel petticoats and night-caps and thoughtful things of her own making for myself; my heart was full of sorrow—and just then I saw on the chair what seemed a new dressing-gown—like the former ones—there was something perfectly bewildering in the vision. I stood staring at the thing uncertain if I was going mad and merely *fancying to see it*—at last in a sort of desperation I laid hold of it and found it was a woman's cloak—and then I understood the whole matter—but I was made horribly sad and nervous by it for the whole day. Poor Carlyle! his gift deserved to have excited gladder feelings—however I did my best to *look glad* over it before him—and he was much consoled by my assurance that *it could be worn*. He had bought it 'by *gas light*' he said and 'felt quite desperate about it when he saw it in the morning.' But it is a wonderful cloak for *him* to have bought—warm, and not *very* ugly—and a good shape—only entirely unsuitable to the rest of my habiliments! being a *brownish colour* with *orange spots* and a brown velvet collar!!

"But oh the head of me does ache to-day. So I *must* have done. Love and kisses."

To Helen Welsh. A Child's Visit.

"Saturday [Jan. 20, 1849.]

"DEAREST HELEN,—What a shame! The only real business I have *'here down'* (as Mazzini used to say) seems to be writing to the people who like to hear from me—and see how I bestir myself in *that*! The fact is; nobody that is much caring to do ever the 'things that they *ought* to do' and even the things they *intend* to do should live in London—even on the most domestic principles; there being here a *parti pris* on the side of *the pigs* to 'run thro' ' all one's 'best laid schemes'! I have been interrupted dreadfully these two weeks, but the wonderfulest *'go'* of all has been *a child*! Yes, indeed! I have had a child—to keep—to sit at meat with, and *sleep* with (good God!) and dress dolls for, and wash and comb and all that sort of thing—and also (—most fatiguing of all—) to *protect* it from Mr.

[1] To fill the void felt by the death of her mother, who had always sent presents on these anniversaries.

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C. who gave manifest indications of a tendency to wring its neck! Where did I pick the creature up? Ah, my dear! the creature picked up *me*—'quite promiscuously.' I went some six weeks ago to call at the Macreadys'—and dined at the children's dinner and was reminded that I had a godchild, *by seeing it.* Not one godmotherly thing had I ever done towards that child! and really it was a godchild to be proud of, so now I took it on my knee and kissed it and, like a fool, asked 'Will you go with *me*?' 'I should like it very much,' said the child. *'That she would,'* said the mother, 'and you need not be afraid of her misconducting herself for she is a good child.' I saw the thing had been taken *on the serious* so I backed out of it as well as I could. 'Some time we shall see!—when I come again *with a carriage.*' Well! ten days ago I went there again with Anthony Sterling, and was asked gravely by the eldest daughter if I 'meant to take Jane Lydia back with me?' 'She had never ceased talking about *her visit* since I had been there.' I was in for it! so I said 'not to-day' (it was necessary to prepare C.'s mind as well as my own) 'but if her mother would bring her any day she liked to name I should do my best with her.' So Saturday was named, and the little creature delivered over to me in a transport of joy (hardly mutual) to stay 'as long as I could be troubled to keep her'—I modestly suggested that three days and three nights—just the time that Jonah was in the whale's belly—would probably be enough of it for *her* as well as for me—and the mother went and I remained alone, with a child of six years—very *stirring* and very small and delicate! During the first day I 'ran horses' at her bidding, and performed my new functions with a determined energy—but the night came, I durst not put her to sleep in the spare room—for fear of her crying in the night—and awaking Mr. C., and being herself very miserable, so after infinite perplexity in getting off her clothes (all *sewed* together) I laid her in my own bed, where she soon commenced—singing! after an hour's waiting upon her I left her still awake. When I went up again she was asleep, but lying right *across* the bed—at twelve I placed her properly, and went into bed myself, but of course not to sleep: all night long she pitched into my breast with her active little heels—and when she awoke at seven and threw her arms about my neck calling out 'Oh I am so glad to be here!' I had not once closed my eyes, and in this state to have to wash and dress her and play at horses again!—it was a strange and severe penalty for being a Godmother. Next night I put her in the spare bed at all risks—with a good fire and trusted in Providence—and she did very well there—but I had got some cold by the job and the idea of being *laid up* in such a cause after having got so far thro' the winter on foot—was very vexatious. So I kept the house a few days and when the child's time came Anthony Sterling took her home for me!!

"I have a great quantity more to tell you about this *'go'* and other things, but Mr. C. has been bothering ever since I began to write about helping him to pack a boxful of old clothes and things for Scotsbrig—and in an hour I have to be off to Mrs. Buller so I will finish this letter to Babbie—God bless you all!

"Your affectionate,

JANE WELSH."

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To Jeannie Welsh. Nero Tries to Fly.

"5 Cheyne Row, Monday [March 28, 1850.]

"DEAREST BABBIE,—I came back from Addiscombe on Thursday afternoon and ever since have been spending half my time in bed. Of course I caught a bad cold, that house being incapable of getting itself heated in cold weather—fortunately the mischief lying in me did not *explode* until the day after my return—*there* I kept up appearances well enough, and *here* I can get my bed kept without annoyance to anybody, except perhaps poor little Nero, who feels it his duty to remain there while I do, and has nobody to take him out for a run—besides missing various lumps of sugar and occasional windfalls of that sort which make life more of a pleasure to him when I am on foot.

"He has had another wonderful escape, that dog! I begin to think he 'bears a charmed life.' This time the danger was entirely of his own seeking. Imagine his taking it into his head that he could *fly*—like the birds—if he tried! and actually trying it—out at the library window! For a first attempt his success was not so bad; for he fairly cleared the area spikes—and tho' he *did* plash down on the pavement at the feet of an astonished Boy, he broke no bones, was only quite *stunned*. He gave us a horrid fright, however. It was after breakfast, and he had been standing at the open window, watching the birds—one of his chief delights—while Elizabeth was 'dusting out' for Mr. C. Lying in my bed, I heard thro' the deal partition Elizabeth scream, 'Oh, God! oh, Nero!' and rush downstairs like a strong wind out at the street door. I sat up in my bed aghast—waiting with a feeling as of the Heavens falling till I heard her reascending the stairs and then I sprang to meet her in my night shift. She was white as a sheet, ready to faint—could just say, 'Oh, *take* him!' the dog's *body* lay on her arm! '*Is* he killed?' I asked with *terrible self-possession*. 'Not quite—I think, all *but*!'

"Mr. C. came down from his bedroom with his chin all over soap, and asked, 'has anything happened to Nero?' 'Oh Sir he *must* have broken *all* his legs, he leapt out at *your* window!' 'God bless me!' said Mr. C. and returned to finish his shaving—I sat down on the floor and laid my insensible dog over my knees, but could see no *breakage*—only a stun. So I took him to bed with me—*under* the clothes—and in an hour's time he was as brisk and active as ever. I wonder if he intends to persevere in learning to fly—for I don't think either my own or my maid's nerves can stand it! . . ."

(The end of "Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.")

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The Mexican Renaissance

Beneath the Battle of Politics

By Ernest Gruening

It was on the Pullman riding north through Texas. The parched mesa, splintered with nopal cactus and the distant jagged blue mountains of the last thirty-six hours, the purplish-brown adobe huts, the bright-red blankets and the brown-eyed women's blue rebozos, had given way to a flat plain, its horizon notched with oil-derricks; occasional clapboard houses, unpainted; a larger cluster of houses and shacks. The train stops at an intersection of tracks gleaming in the hot sun—a junction. In a ragged field, a dumping-ground for scrap-iron, tin sheeting, and lumber, a large sign-board:

ROBSTOWN

Population 1500 All Boosters

The City of Opportunity

In the Realm of King Cotton

The Cotton Marketing Center of S. W. Texas

Superlative Soil	Good Schools
Strategic Location	Good Churches
Ideal Climate	Good Roads

Robstown Chamber of Commerce

The train moves on. The senses attuned to a six-months' stay in Mexico record various changes. I confess to a distinct physical satisfaction in the spacious station dining-room at Houston, where neat-aproned waitresses serve chilled grapefruit and crisp American cereal with generous cream and shining "silver"-ware. New faces appear on the train; felt hats, fraternal insignia, blue eyes in ruddy, sun-scarred faces. The crackling of Spanish has yielded to the soft English of the South.

We were bowling through country that living men remember as Mexican; discussing a bustling American metropolis that two generations ago was still a Mexican town, sleepy, picturesque, and despite nature's endowments, unhygienic. A conversation in Mexico City some months before with the owner of a newspaper of Los Angeles came to mind. "I came to Los Angeles in the eighties," he had said. "There was nothing there then. To-day more real-estate titles pass through the county recorder's office in a day than they have down here in a month, maybe in a year." And in Mexico City, in almost any of the places where Americans foregather one hears: "What this country needs is to have the United States take it over. It will never amount to anything till we do."

This chant dates from the fall of the Diaz régime. Up to that time the

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necessity for "taking over" was not apparent to the American concessionaire in Mexico. But for the last ten years the process, if not an immediate prospect, has been at least a pleasing probability. But of late a plaintive note, a wistful minor, has crept into the refrain. The immediate interventionists have perforce become remote interventionists. "There is n't the slightest doubt that a hundred years from now, or maybe in fifty, this country will be a part of the United States." So more than one prominent member of the American colony in the Mexican capital assured me. Nor is it merely a case of the wish being father to the thought. As stanch a foe of intervention as Mr. L. J. de Bekker, author of "The Plot Against Mexico," regretfully expressed to me his conviction some months ago that the absorption of Mexico by the United States was only a matter of time.

My own impression is that fulfilment of these prophecies would be an almost foregone conclusion were it not for certain basic ethnological and geographic facts; namely, the persistence, and as we shall see presently, the resurgence of a roughly homogeneous race and culture stretching from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. The course of history may be profoundly altered by the merest trifles, but it is equally certain that many of the inevitable developments of to-day have their roots in geologic time. If, for instance, the cosmic upheaval that linked our two continents with one great mountain backbone had been less violent, so that the great submerged valleys of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico had extended a little farther westward, to connect with the greater Pacific deep, separating the two continents, their story throughout the ages to come might be greatly different. Post-Columbian history to the present would in all likelihood be much the same. The Iberian conquistadores indiscriminately overran islands and mainlands south of the thirtieth parallel. But untold centuries before their coming the races of America had been moving southward along the high ridges and deep valleys and fertile coastal plains of the west continent. In the vast region extending four thousand miles southward from what is now northern Arizona and New Mexico to southern Peru, where the upward thrust of ancient convulsions offered a lofty plateau to temper the tropic sun, these nomads paused. In history still unknown to us they began to evolve civilizations. Then the conquest, brutal and physically complete. But it never conquered the soul of the Indian. In the United States the situation was different. We came to a land virtually empty, whose sparse inhabitants were nomads. We exterminated or segregated the few who remained. The occasional one who escaped we "Americanized." In the Southwest, where we found the remains of an ancient culture, this still persists despite the efforts of politicians and land-sharpers. And the bearing of this on the future of the hemisphere is considerable. The "empire" of Montezuma may have been largely a myth, successfully perpetuated by Prescott, but the empire of the Indian, extending southward in varying degree into every country except Argentina and Uruguay, is a living fact, persistent through four centuries of Spanish rule, or misrule. It is this southward extension over a whole continent

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that confronts the beliefs above cited of the inevitability of our coming absorption of Mexico. These beliefs may be motivated by little more than the hankering after a rich prize. They have, however, been erected into a dynamic philosophy, which vents itself in such expressions as: "civilization," "the white man's burden," "white race supremacy," "Nordic supremacy," "uplifting the backward races," "development," "The world is an economic unit, and its raw materials must be open to all," "our inevitable expansion," "we 've got to run this hemisphere," "our manifest destiny," "we 've got to control down to the Panama Canal," "The Monroe Doctrine gives us militant rights down to the Orinoco Basin." Unquestionably, a nation of one hundred and ten millions, by nature and tradition expansionist, could easily absorb fifteen million more passive, less developed, less aggressive people, and would, were it not that Mexico is emerging to-day racially, culturally, spiritually, and all but politically as merely a part, an outpost, of a larger Hispano-Indian whole with a total population almost equal to ours.

To understand the forces now at work south of the Rio Grande an interpretative summary of Mexico's story is essential. The Spanish conquest differed fundamentally from the Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon never mingled with the native, but pushed him back to the vanishing-point. The Indian's influence to-day is not merely negligible; it is zero, unless we count a few words in our American vocabulary or the survival of some picturesque place-names. In Mexico and in varying degree in other countries farther south except in Argentina and Uruguay, the reverse happened. Not only were the European invaders always a numerical minority, but the natives were vastly superior and far more advanced than their Northern brothers. The white blood mingled freely with the red, and the resulting blood-stream to-day is overwhelmingly of the latter hue. The invaders brought their form of government and for three centuries sought to impose it on the variety of tribal and communal systems that responded to the inherent needs of the Indian race. The three centuries were centuries of failure, of oppression, revolt, suppression. The conquerors' ideas never conquered, but the absorption of white by Indian went steadily on. They brought an alien religion and implanted it by the sword, by wholesale baptism. The devotion of the early missionaries and the labor of their Indian converts erected cathedrals, missions, and palaces, a noble and lovely architecture, a modification of the Spanish Renaissance, with a grace of form and exuberance of decoration which for sheer beauty is equaled only by the Gothic in the Western world since the Dark Ages. Mellowed and beautified by the tinting of time these monuments to the overlordship of Spain stand to-day, but like its decrees and laws, like its language, they remain largely as externals, symbols of the civilization that was transplanted, but never took root. To-day the great mass of professing Catholics have retained in large part their primitive worship. Mexico's patron saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe, owing its origin to a humble Indian who with difficulty persuaded the ecclesiastical authorities to accept the accounts of his "vision," is naught else but a slightly trans-

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formed Aztec deity, Tonantzin, patron of the local tribe of Totonoqui Indians, their goddess of the earth and corn. Throughout many native deities were similarly transmuted into Catholic saints. As for the educated classes, a very large proportion of the men, while nominally Catholics, are frankly free-thinkers and agnostics. Their women, that dwindling remnant largely of pure Spanish descent, are perhaps the only important consciously Catholic group in the country.

The wave of political revolution initiated in the United States swept over the hemisphere, and the colonies threw off Spanish rule; but the ideology which motivated our War of Independence played little or no part in the Mexicans' uprising. They adopted an imitation of our Government, national and state constitutions modeled on ours, a loose-knit federal union. But this Anglo-Saxon product of centuries of self-government clashed violently with both the Indian inheritance and the Spanish acquisitions. It was even less suited to the needs of the country than the régime of the Spanish viceroys. The first half-century or more of Mexican independence reflected the consequences. A cycle of petty caciques, *caudillos*, tyrants, dictators, all masquerading under the republican and constitutional cloak, provoked incessant revolt and countered with bloody suppression. It was the history of the first three centuries repeated with variations. From this strife and turmoil looms the giant figure of Juarez, an Indian who first (excepting the liberator Morelos) understood the basic needs of his countrymen. He put into effect the reform laws, achieved the separation of church and state, moved to a solution of the agrarian problems. His untimely death ushered in the era of Porfirio Diaz. The Diaz régime has been described by its partizans as "Mexico's golden age." Without question it was an age of gold. For a generation peace was maintained by the sword, and foreign capital was invited to come to Mexico on terms of its own choosing. In the thirty years that followed was constructed a network of railways, harbors were dredged and developed, great public buildings were erected in the capital. Petroleum development began, and mining was carried on with renewed energy and modern methods. It was an era of unexampled "prosperity." Mexican bonds brought a premium in the world's financial markets. But the mass of the Mexican people in no way shared this prosperity. Their few local autonomies that had persisted through the previous autocracies were abolished. The peon had been vassal; he now became a slave. The Diaz régime vied with its predecessors in ruthlessness and cruelty. Its political opponents were cold-bloodedly removed by murder. Workmen seeking in the humblest way to petition for redress of their grievances were mercilessly massacred by federal troops. But these methods were not new in Mexican history. Essentially the Diaz régime failed because, despite its form, that of a Mexican Government, like those of the first half of the century, it was in practice an imposition from outside without understanding of or sympathy with the basic aspirations of the Mexican people. And that has been the fundamental weakness of all the régimes since Cortez, and the reason for their failure.

There are of course conflicting views

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of the Mexican revolution which overthrew Diaz, and persisting into the régime of Obregon, is still in process in a new evolutionary phase. There are many Americans who regard it as a mere recurrence of a racial weakness, who doubt the inherent capacity of the Mexicans to govern themselves, who refer to "Diaz, the one man who knew how to govern the Mexicans," and assert: "They 've never had a democracy in this country, and never will. Diaz was a strong man, a dictator; but that 's what is needed here. It 's the only kind of government that can be successful."

There is something anomalous in hearing democracy thus decried, or at least delimited, by the representatives of the country which above all others has supposed to embody it. But if this is suggested, they answer that the Mexican race is innately unfit. Now, there can be no doubt that a people eighty per cent. illiterate, which in itself is a considerable commentary on its governments for the last four hundred years and particularly on its government for the last generation, is not prepared for the New England town-meeting form of democracy, or for the type of democracy that exists, let us say, in the Swiss republic or in the nominal kingdoms of Holland and Scandinavia. Yet illiteracy is obviously a sin of government, not an inherent racial weakness. But out of this criticism of the Mexican race arise two corollaries, which may here be put in the interrogatory form: "Has it been demonstrated that our form of democracy is suitable for the Mexican people?" and, second, "Is it not evident that for the last four centuries the Mexican governments have been unsuited to the people's needs?"

The present developments in Mexico are an effort to answer these questions and to solve the grave problems on which they are predicated. Coming at a time of grave doubt in established forms all over the world, of serious questioning about the old orders, the present Mexican trend toward a somewhat different solution has world-wide implications. Briefly, the problem of Mexico bears a general resemblance to that of China. It is the dilemma of a so-called "backward" nation, which, while having a culture of its own, is backward in adopting the modern industrial civilization. Applied to Mexico, it is about as follows:

§ 2

The civilization which the Spaniards found in Mexico had organized governments, built great stone cities, created art that ranks with the foremost works of all time, had achieved accuracy in measuring the movements of celestial bodies beyond that of European astronomy of the time. The essential superiority of the invaders lay in their possession of firearms. Their only really notable contributions to the civilizations they overthrew were the use of iron, pack- and draft-animals. For the rest, their impositions were but substitutions. It is true that the Aztecs sacrificed war captives to appease their deities. The Spaniards abolished this practice, and substituted the Inquisition and burned at the stake heretics and Indians who refused to accept Catholicism. The Aztecs' victims had been more numerous, but there is no reason to doubt that in time the rulers and priests of Anahuac would have outgrown this barbarism, as the Catholic Church in Mexico ultimately outgrew the In-

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quisition. The important fact is that the conquest destroyed these civilizations, which under a free and unhampered development might have made increasing and unique contributions to our time. We should know more of their character and extent if in their proselytizing zeal the missionaries had not burned nearly all the native writings they could lay hands on, and if their successors and the ruling caste generally through four centuries had not treated all manifestations of the native spirit with hostility or at best with indifference and contempt.

I have spoken of the analogy to China, whose present-day problems have been well described by Bertrand Russell. To be sure, there are very fundamental differences. The civilizations of ancient Mexico and Central America are in no sense equal to that of China, with its recorded history of four thousand years, its unique mastery among the nations and races of the method of survival, its religion of profound ethical content more nearly put in practice than the religious pronouncements of any other living faith. Civilization may be defined in various ways according to one's personal outlook, but I should hold that definition defective and incomplete that failed to include as an important ingredient in its ideal picture the ability to live in peace and harmony with one's neighbors. This is what the cavemen lacked, and what Western civilization has achieved between individuals, but not between nations except at times. The pre-Columbian Mexicans had likewise achieved this measure of civilization, whereas the Chinese have gone a step further, and though unable entirely to exclude the military influences of the outside world, have realized a greater measure of peace and harmony with their fellow-men than any other people on earth. Moreover, the Chinese cultural solidarity and homogeneity have persisted to this day, and China presents a solid block of nearly four hundred million human beings whose transformation to the standards of Western civilization offers obvious mechanical difficulties, particularly in view of their very definite common philosophy and way of life so different from ours.

In Mexico, on the other hand, we are dealing with the battered remains of races and cultures which have persisted through four centuries of foreign overlordship, just as the monuments of those previous periods have come down to us crumbling and scarred, with much of their finer detail and color erased by time, with much of the old daubed over and hidden by the new. These racial remnants, these survivals, are significant not through any artificial attempt to restore and recreate them, as in various recent revivals of nationalism,—in Ireland and in the Zionist movement for instance,—but because they have been steadily persistent and irrepressible throughout, and are emerging to-day as the controlling factors.

Superficially the Mexican revolution appears much like other historic revolutions, and indeed it shares many of their aspects. And the Mexican picture is sufficiently varied that the inquirer may with slight effort find almost any elements that he seeks. Everything good or bad is true of Mexico somewhere; but it is not the whole truth. And just as the archæologist's spade uncovers one

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layer after another of different prehistoric cycles as it cuts the earth, so in Mexico, beneath the evident surface are layers, rich and unexplored, waiting only the turn of the spade of investigation to uncover them in profusion. On the surface there have been drift and deposit, flotsam and jetsam of ideas from all parts of the world, but the less visible substrata are those that remain and that count. To the outside world the Mexican revolution has been roughly made up of seventy-five per cent. "personalism," the type of Latin-American revolution of the "out" against the "in" initiated solely for personal power and pelf, twenty per cent. "Bolshevism," a convenient term to qualify any method (other than ours) to try to bring archaic governmental and social forms up to date, and perhaps five per cent. justified grievance; for something of the feudalism and slavery of the Diaz régime has percolated to the world, largely through the writing in this country of John Kenneth Turner and the pronouncements of Mexico's various revolutionary leaders.

Now, it is a fact that there is a little of every ingredient in the Mexican caldron. And while (it cannot be said too often) few statements about Mexico can be exact without numerous qualifications, the Mexican revolution is not so much against any one régime, against one abuse, against one form of oppression, but rather against the whole combination of thoughts, customs, and social structure, distorted, misapplied, and imposed by the Western world on a race whose outlook is essentially Eastern. The Western outlook is active, aggressive, restless, ambitious, proselytizing, ruthless in what it considers a good cause; the Eastern outlook is calm, gentle, courteous,—though in the case of the American Indian, prone to violence when roused,—passive, reflective, artistic, self-sufficient. The former seeks outlet in the imposition of his will, be it on the forces of nature or on his fellow-men; the latter flowers in artistic creation and in the unfolding of mind and soul. The suggestions of definition are crude and inadequate, not generally applicable, subject to a hundred qualifications; but something of an approximation of the great spiritual and cultural differences which confront us.

§ 3

In Mexico City to-day over fifty thousand school children are daily producing works of art adequate description of which is impossible chiefly because it would defy credence. In color, in composition, in rhythm and harmony of line and tone, they display a genius which more graphically than any other single fact reveals the entire story—the story of Mexico, of the racial epic of the tapping of the well-springs of buried time. They are, these drawings, incredible compositions from the life of the Indian: flowers and fruits, animals and figures, generally a bit conventionalized, with a richness of color and subtlety of line the printed word cannot convey. And what has been the impulse which has newly released this creative flood? Nothing more than the opportunity offered these Mexican school-children of expressing themselves—the self-expression which has persisted in the Mexican popular arts throughout the Spanish conquest, plus a modicum of instruction in the ancient Indian art forms. These forms are simplicity itself.

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They are seven elementary motifs gathered from the old monuments by the young man who heads the art instruction, Adolfo Best-Maugard. To quote his words:

"In Indian art we find seven motifs: the straight line, probably from the horizon or thing hung vertically; the zigzag, or broken line, probably from the lightning; the circle from the sun and moon; the half-circle from the sunrise or the sunset. Also combinations of half-circles in the form of a wavy line, or in the form of an "S" made by two half-circles, and resembling the line of beauty of the ancients; and the spiral. The most important rule in Mexican art is to keep the lines pure, never let them cross, never let them interfere one with the other." And that is all. The guidance given these Mexican school-children is equivalent to carrying a duckling that has never seen water within sight of a pond: swimming follows automatically. For this unbelievable expression is not the work of a limited number of selected, talented children. They are all talented.

The only exceptions are the children of non-Mexican origin, whose work stands out among thousands as inferior and without the qualities that make literally every piece of work turned out by the native children beautiful and charming. I realize that all this sounds fantastic, and for greater lucidity I want to add a few more words concerning the technic. As Mr. Best-Maugard expresses it:

"The personality of the artist is expressed in the way he combines the seven motifs. Most elaborate combinations are possible, and the boy does not need to be shown, but gets them instinctively. And with the next step he can start doing animals and flowers. When he knows many combinations he can take the ones that give the idea or convention he wishes to represent; he can do leaves of trees, waves of water, and so on; all things can be represented by these motifs and frets in a simple way."

But one may ask, how was all this talent suppressed so long? Among the masses it was not. It shows itself in the pottery, which is the commonest coinage of native self-expression—pottery not intended for show, but for every-day use, made in widely varying designs throughout Mexico, not merely a native, but literally a "home," industry. It is generally brittle and of poor technic, but always individual, never ugly, often exquisite. It is selected invariably by its purchasers at a song's price for its artistic, not its utilitarian, merits. It shows itself in gorgeous textiles, the blankets and serapes of Texcoco, Oaxaca, Saltillo; in the *huipiles*, the incredibly rich and lovely women's garment of Yucatan, the Tehuantepec peninsula, and Jalisco; in the lacquers and painted furniture of Michoacan; in the native jewelry, toys, lace, chests, wood, and leather carving, always spontaneous, always individual, always, though sometimes modified by outside influences, the expression of race and place.

§ 4

For the race persistence is the dominant fact in Mexico to-day. In Mexico, and southward of course, alone on earth, archæology is to-day a *living*, not a dead, science. The monuments of Egypt, of Babylonia are the tombs of civilizations long since dead and buried. Other people

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dwell in their shadows, and not a living link or trace has survived. In Mexico the same people, speaking the same language, impelled by the same racial urge, still live on the sites of their ancient glories. It is true that for four centuries they have been prisoners in their own land, exploited, despised, oppressed, enslaved. In many instances they have lost touch with their traditions, but never wholly. And the Indian, like the Oriental, thinks in centuries where we think in decades. To-day for the first time it is the Mexicans themselves who are delving into their past, into their monuments. In Yucatan, Governor Felipe Carillo, who claims descent from Natchi-Cocóm, a Maya king, has just completed a great highway through miles of trackless jungle to the great Maya city of Chichen-Itzá, and to every other of the great ruins roads are projected. "In our ruined temples," he said, addressing a great gathering of his people in the Maya language not long ago, "the ghosts of my people wait." It is pride of race that stirs him to pick up the threads broken four centuries ago; but more than personal pride it is love of his race and of the half million Mayas in the Yucatan peninsula and Guatemala whose pride and consciousness of race after centuries of serfdom he wishes to reawaken. And to the 300,000 Mayas of the "Socialist Government of the Free State of Yucatan," "Felipe," as they all call him, is almost a god. No monarch ever ruled more completely by love than Carillo his Mayas.

In San Juan Teotihuacan, in the Valley of Mexico, Manuel Gamio, head of the department of anthropology pursues a dual labor of excavation and study of the great pyramids and temples of the region and of research and education of the living men who dwell there. Under his affectionate guidance they are being educated—literally "led out" of the ignorance and misery in which they have been mired for generations. Their pottery is now a rarely beautiful expression of ceramic art. The brittle brown ware of ancient days has been replaced with a strong majolica with intense pigments,—this is part of the new teaching,—but the designs are theirs, little changed from those which their ancestors, the worshipers of Quetzalcoatl, wrought. In Mexico archæology and anthropology are fused, far more important in the life and spirit of the nation than elsewhere on earth, where these are academic pursuits for the learned few. In Mexico it is from the living that begins the attempt to reconstruct the past the glories and achievements of which over eight hundred ruins celebrate; it is from the ruined monuments that comes the inspiration and impulse to reëstablish the soul and spirit that created them.

§ 5

Stimulated by Vasconcelos, the minister of education, there is springing up throughout Mexico a keen and awakened interest in every form of indigenous self-expression, native music, folk-dances, the arts, the crafts. The patio walls of the Department of Education are being rapidly covered with heroic figures depicting the story of Mexico. Here are incidents from the country's past, there a series of native dances, elsewhere intimate and typically Mexican scenes. In the amphitheater of the *escuela preparatoria* is a great composition by Diego

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Rivera, Mexico's foremost living painter, symbolizing in a grouping of figures the various qualities of both races, white and Indian, that have gone to make the present Mexican race. In the *secretaria* itself the same painter has made vivid the living episodes of Mexican daily life—the dyers of Tehuantepec dipping into great urns their home-woven cloths—dipping them into the Tyrian purples which they collect from the sea-shells on their own Pacific coast; the cutters of cane in Mexico's tropics; the workers in a sugar-mill; the miners of Guanajuato. In the former church of St. Peter and St. Paul, now called "the hall of free discussion," and open to all who desire to address an audience on any topic, Roberto Montenegro, another artist, is experimenting with combinations of Aztec design in frescoes and ceramics. In the newly dedicated school adjoining, Dr. Atl, painter and author, is coloring the wall with flaming depiction of Mexican scenery—tropical nights with a million colored stars, blue surf under orange billowed clouds pounding against red rock.

The first children's library in Mexico is decorated with a charming series of —Little Red Riding-Hood! For this, as Vasconcelos told me, is universal, and the verses accompanying that tell the story with new inflections are by Gabriela Mistral, the Chilean poetess. And in every corner the younger painters, some of them little more than boys, are at work, painting—painting with a verve unknown elsewhere—working all of them as craftsmen for day wages, humble wages, and glorying in their opportunity. And the work has just begun.

At this point I cannot forbear to insert a reference to the so-called "inferiority" of the Mexican to the Anglo-Saxon. Of course ever since our school days we have taken for granted that one American could "lick" two Englishmen, four Germans, and ten Japanese. Twenty is probably considered the average number of Mexicans that would readily succumb in a hand-to-hand encounter or cerebrum to cerebrum clash with any blue-eyed, square-jawed Yank. Lately, however, the intelligence tests have furnished data from which scientific or pseudo-scientific (depending on your point of view) deductions have been made about the tinted races. Even so thoughtful a scholar as Professor E. A. Ross in his recent book, "The Social Revolution in Mexico," does not hesitate to relegate the Mexican people to a lower shelf of graded intelligence by pointing out that:

"Dickson finds that the 'intelligence quotient' of the American children of North-European ancestry is 106, while that of the 'Spanish' (i.e., Mexican) children is 78, six points below even the Portuguese and the Italians. Young's testing of the twelve-year-old children in certain California schools shows that only 21½ per cent of the 'Spanish' (i.e., Mexican) children exceed the lowest quarter of the American children in the Alpha test. In the Beta test the percentage is 30. Were they as bright as American children, the percentage would be 75."

Apart from the fact that the intelligence tests are still in their infancy I feel that testing Mexican children in California or anywhere else in the United States where they are to-day in surroundings that are alien to them, seems hardly conclusive. But beyond

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that I wonder how American children in Mexico City would react to an intelligence test devised by Mexicans in which the matching of delicate hues of color, the execution of certain lines, or the estimation of the pitch of various notes were part of the examination. In other words, it is possible that an intelligence test that would measure the achievements of children in the realm of art would reverse the California results. Thought tests were originally devised for French children and were subsequently modified for Americans. At present they chiefly bring out the relative mental agility of children of the white race. The races, clearly, are different, but who shall say what constitutes inferiority or superiority?

§ 6

So far nothing has been said about national resources, land, gold and silver mines, and oil. Can one discuss Mexico's problems without mentioning oil? "The machinery of government in Mexico," recently remarked General Calles, until recently the head of President Obregon's cabinet, and his probable successor, "would run much more smoothly if there were less oil in the gears." Mexico's troubles have in part come, as President Obregon once said to me, from the fatal gift of riches. Add to this her fatal beauty, and it is easy to understand why she has long been besieged with a horde of foreign suitors and self-appointed guardians who wanted to protect and save her. Mexico has somehow developed the belief that despite her beauty, she was being courted for her wealth. She desires to be loved for herself alone. She has just emerged from a long régime in which foreign capital was invited to come in and help itself on its own terms. "The definition of 'good government,'" says Bertrand Russell, referring to the kind of government which the powers desire in China, "is as easy as A B C: it is governments that yields fat dividends to capitalists." The Diaz régime is always spoken of by foreigners with Mexican investments as the best government Mexico ever had. It lasted thirty-four years. It was during this period that oil was discovered, and for many became synonymous with Mexico, intervention, and American rights.

Mexico's efforts in her solution of the oil problem, foreign investments, the land question are, in a word, to secure freedom. Freedom from her obligations, some one may ask? No, but her present mood is Mexican in more ways than one. Her present governors, the first constructive revolutionists since the fall of Diaz, believe that her prime duty is toward her own people. Especially do they feel this duty to the peon, the Indian who for four centuries has been despoiled of his birthright, oppressed, starved, and denied the use of land, while millions of acres lay untilled. They are convinced that the root of the country's suffering has lain in her foreign overlordship, and purpose to move steadily toward the removal of this yoke. The hostility that her slightest effort to emancipate herself has encountered is written in recent history, in the constant, now happily diminishing, threat of intervention, in non-recognition for over two years by the United States Government, with the accompanying boycott by Great Britain, France and Belgium. The task of remaking Mexico is a labor of Hercules

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and of Sisyphus combined. It is trail-blazing through a hostile wilderness of financial entanglements, climbing from a morass of ignorance, serfdom, and misery, which will leave the mark of its poisoning for generations. And the implications of this effort extend beyond Mexico. She has always been considered abroad and is to-day like her sisters to the South as a land of undeveloped natural resources. And raw materials are the stuff of modern commerce, of international trade rivalries, of war, or rising and falling empires. Lands containing them, when weaker and "less developed," are to-day the pawns of the mighty. They become vassal nations, and their people by that fact are removed one step further from liberty of action and the possibility of self-emancipation. Not only are their needs and aspirations of no interest to the foreign overlordship, but if their aims interfere with production, which, measured by the foreigner's standard, they do as soon as they become coherent, they encounter his hostility to the point of destruction. And a renaissance such as is under way in Mexico to-day is just so much flapdoodle to the man of affairs. As Bertrand Russell says: "Cultural questions have little interest for practical men, who regard money and power as the proper ends for nations, as for individuals."

Now, the new Mexican orientation is aware of this clash of interest and of its very practical implications. Its effort is therefore to evolve a policy which, recognizing the past inability of her natives to develop their natural resources as well as the external circumstances that make such development necessary, looks forward to a not distant time when education will enable them to do so. Only, when that day dawns, they do not desire to find their country again mortgaged, sold, bound hand and foot to the foreigner, a mere repetition of the old tragedy set to twentieth-century music. And in this she is acting as spokesman for virtually every country south of her. For these problems are likewise those of Guatemala, of Colombia, of Peru. But Mexico is the first to grasp their significance, to face them, and to attempt to solve them. It is useless in so brief a survey even in the interest of accuracy to indicate the very natural errors that are being committed, the inevitable compromises that are being entered into, the deviations and relapses from this underlying purpose. In fact, comprehension of it is just beginning to crystallize. Its origins were instinctive, and in reaction to intolerable repressions.

§ 7

The Mexican revolution was preceded by no encyclopedists' literature, as in France in the eighteenth century, guided by no Paine's "Common Sense," or stimulated by any Marx's "Communist Manifesto." And though various revolutionary leaders have issued a "plan" from time to time, Madero at San Luis Potosi demanding rotation in office, free elections, and return of land to the *campesinos*, Zapata at Ayala outlining his agrarian ideas, which have been largely adopted, these pronouncements have been fragmentary, reflecting the view of one leader or group on but one phase of the Mexican situation. The same may be said of the Constitution of 1917, which is to-day referred to as Mexico's Magna Charta, but treats only of labor, land, and the riches of

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the sub-soil in a radically new way. Thus to-day Mexico's revolution has no equivalent to our Declaration of Independence, nor have its purposes succinctly been set forth, as have those of the Soviets. This omission is indeed wholly in character with the situation, and undoubtedly much better for Mexico. The world has been moving rapidly in the ten years since Mexico began her emancipation. Many ideas that were current then have been revised or scrapped. There has been a profound alteration of values and concepts. Amid the world's storm the Mexican revolution, thanks largely to the statesmanship of Obregon, has become evolutionary. It is still evolving, still groping. "We shall try to profit by the example of Russia and Italy," Luis Morones, the most conspicuous figure in the Mexican labor movement told me, "and to avoid their mistakes. We realize that the task of reconstruction is going to be slow. A long educational process is a prerequisite."

A declaration of Mexican faith and ideals, when it comes, will be an interesting and important document. It would be a mixture of various ingredients, some democracy, vintage of '76; some mild socialism, British Labor-Party brand; some social legislation extracted from all over the world,—New Zealand, Wisconsin, Scandinavia,—and a great deal more, I believe and hope, that would be purely idiosyncratic, relating to Mexico's very special problems, international, racial, cultural, agrarian. But essentially the program would be an attempt to extract what appears most worth while from the industrial civilization that is pressing upon her from the North, and to reject what appears to be ill suited to Mexico's needs and temperament. The program, if correctly conceived and executed, is seen by Mexicans not as a compromise, but as a compound, in the chemical sense. It might—never forgetting the tremendous difficulties and the overshadowing element of human frailty—turn out to be at least a key to the most important piece of social eclecticism in the history of mankind. There are those, like Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, who believe that such a course is impossible because of the inherent differences between Eastern and Western philosophy, and that the choice is between wholly accepting one or the other. But assuming this to be true, Mexico probably has not that choice, even were she disposed to make it. Racially she is of both East and West. She is too deeply penetrated by the mechanics of the Western world, too much within its orbit, and too cognizant of its magnificent potentialities for increasing human happiness, not to wish to partake of its choicest fruits. In that she is already borne on the current outside her control, her task of steering a precise course will be more difficult than China's. In that she knows the benefits and the perils of the two ways of life, she will be better able to select from each.

The selections she would make from "white" civilization are already clearly indicated by what Mexico has done in the last two years. First and foremost, hygiene and sanitation, Mexico's crying need, for lack of which her children perish and her race is impoverished. This could well be imported whole and unquestioningly. The surface has not yet been scratched, but a beginning has been made. Every new school center in Mexico City to-day contains its

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swimming-pool; in Yucatan Governor Carillo is vigorously pushing the great American game, both as a health measure and as an antidote to bull-fights. Second, communications, railroads, and highways. Third, irrigation works, modern farming implements and methods. In most of Mexico the wooden plow of Egypt is still in use; the great landowners found human labor cheaper than modern efficiency. Fourth, American educational methods in so far as they distribute schools quantitatively, and through the American library system make books accessible to all without cost. Vasconcelos has made a promising start with his fifteen-hundred circulating *mule-back* libraries. Fifth, modern scientific research. With certain exceptions, the Latins of this hemisphere have been laggards in the pursuit of scientific investigations, and their application to their problems. Without the necessity of Mexico's entering into a competitive race with the well endowed, long established laboratories of the world, there are certain fields in which she should independently achieve at least distinction, if not preëminence—tropical medicine, botany, archæology, ethnology, and engineering of all kinds. Mexico's future will be in a considerable measure influenced by the extent and character of her engineering. In Mexico nature has been lavish, but with reservations. Half of her territory awaits irrigation to be of use; all of it needs power and means of communication. And no doubt there is much else that Mexico can learn or adapt from the mechanistic world.

But somewhere about this point I believe that she wants to stop or at least to proceed slowly and cautiously. She needs no further invasion of great factories, no Garys, no Pittsburghs. She purposes to develop in a modest way in every hamlet its local craft not by changing the habits or habitats of these native craftsmen, to destroy the spirit and beauty of their art, but by improving their technic, to increase the serviceability and durability of their products; to enlarge their markets; to encourage their art by various simple devices which will emphasize originality and beauty of design and quality of workmanship. For to commercialize this craftmanship, to substitute quantity and uniform production, would be to destroy the very essence of the workers' art, their joy and their justification. And to kill these would be likewise to kill the soul, the spirit, and the *raison d'être* of Mexico in the coming evolution of the human race. As Dr. Atl, one of the most enlightened of the new Mexico's apostles, pointed out, Japan has done this very thing. Her art is gone, but her factories are filled with sweated workers, and with the junk they produce, the commercialized imitations of what once was beautiful, Japan seeks to flood the markets of the world, so that the revenue from her exports may buy armaments.

Besides these home arts, for that is literally what they are, other industries relating to the manufacture of finished products from Mexico's own materials and those which can supply her own pressing needs will be stimulated. Mexico's hope here is that these enterprises can be developed from little industries controlled and owned by Mexicans, and not received full-grown from abroad with foreign capital and management.

"We believe that one of the essential

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evils in modern production is the loss of individual contact between management and worker," one cabinet member said to me. "Ultimately our factories will all be run for use and not for profit. Meanwhile we think the best step for Mexico is the relatively small workshop or factory making use of the materials of the region in which it is located. It is not our belief that what Americans would call small-scale production is a step backward. On the contrary, we believe it will mean a better product and more happiness for the workers."

"But a more expensive product than under large-scale production?" I suggested.

"No," he answered; "for if we develop our own resources properly, our cost of living will remain so low that a very much lower wage than is paid abroad will continue to support our workers. And of course we should manufacture chiefly from our own raw materials, which will be cheaper for us than for others."

But even beyond industry Mexico to-day is placing her greatest emphasis on agriculture. She realizes that giving the emancipated peon land is not enough. Modern implements and methods must be supplied him, and for the country at large more effective methods of storage, distribution, and marketing of food products than have ever existed, so that the country need not import large quantities of food-stuffs as it has for the last fifty years. Then with irrigation, which the Toltecs and Zapotecs used ages ago, increased production will help to counterbalance the problem of diminished production under the management of foreign capital.

But above all else Mexico realizes that her great need is education, and under the energetic direction of Vasconcelos a splendid beginning of a gigantic task has been made. There is keen realization by Mexico's new educators of the special character of her problems and of the need of self-study and investigation and experimentation. But the story of what Mexico has done in the last two years in education is a study by itself and a most stimulating one.

Finally, if Mexico is to survive, for despite the achievements of the Obregon régime extremely difficult years are still ahead, she must rid herself of her hordes of grafting politicians, who in most of the municipalities, including the capital, the legislature, and the judiciary, are stealing public funds, selling their office at the expense of the people. While mouthing lofty sentiments of revolutionary idealism they are betraying the country, perpetuating its misery. It is they who will be responsible if disaster should overtake Mexico not merely because they are a far greater hindrance to progress than honest reaction, but because their shamelessness takes no heed of "what the traffic will bear." We are not unfamiliar with municipal corruption in this country, but our worst municipal ringsters are pikers in comparison with Mexico's. Especially is this more serious for Mexico in that she will inevitably undergo a period of financial isolation, which will necessitate the intelligent application of all the material resources she can muster. A fair start has been made in the Federal government which now after many vicissitudes appears to be in the hands of honest and devoted men, who have greatly reduced graft and in some departments eliminated

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it. Closely related to the rapacious spoiling referred to is the electoral corruption, part of Mexico's tragic legacy, and an unfortunate though understandable accompaniment of her new groping toward democratic self-government. Unless she manages to meet these two immediate, bread and butter problems with a fair degree of success the larger issue of self-emancipation which I have attempted to delineate is likely to fade into a pipe-dream. Fortunately both Obregon and Calles, the two outstanding figures in present-day Mexico, are keenly aware of this.

The Mexican experiment is and should be of profound interest to Americans. It is not merely that Mexico is our neighbor and that her peace, well-being, and happiness should commend itself to us for purely practical as well as for sentimental reasons. Beyond the interest evoked by our contiguity is the world significance of the Mexican effort.

§ 8

We represent in the United States the most advanced type of what we call "civilization." The system may be best for us, and most of us like it pretty well, even though we grumble a bit and reserve to ourselves the American privilege of criticizing it as we see fit and depending on our mood. It is not the purpose to discuss it here. Suffice that it is the system of our free choosing and that we possess, or think we do, the means for modifying it as the urge to do so becomes sufficiently strong with us. But in the minds of many millions outside of our borders exists the certainty that the type of civilization which is headed their way is not ideal for them. An impartial observer may at least doubt whether it can be successfully imposed on these unwilling beneficiaries. And the price of attempted imposition certainly will be friction and hatred and perhaps war, and if war, destruction beside which the late fracas will seem an affair of popguns and bean-shooters. To avoid this calamity, it would seem important that evolutionary movements be allowed to work unhindered, and that democratic tendencies, wherever they appear, should be the objects of our solicitude, even if the other fellow's democracy does n't turn out to be quite our brand. All this ought to be very elementary American doctrine, and even Mr. Bryan, I suppose, believes in post-deluvian evolution. Of course there are lots of us who offer verbal allegiance to our great principles and are perfect Prussians in deed, and some few Americans, or maybe not so few, who no longer even render said lip-service. Our friend Lothrop Stoddard is now their prosateur-laureate. But the fact remains that to keep our hands off Mexico, which is the only thing Mexico really needs from us, while not in accord with our past national policy, would at least be consonant with our best national professions. Of one thing I feel certain. It will be best not only for Mexico's interests, but for our own and for those of the whole world of which we have become so important a part, that Mexico for the next generation be free to work out her own destiny along the paths she has chosen.

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Country People[1]

A Novel in Four Parts—Part II

By Ruth Suckow

THE farm, when August and Emma first went there, did n't look much as it did later. It was one that Wilhelm Stille had got hold of almost by accident through a mortgage. It had had a poor owner, and then renters on it, so that it was in bad shape. Willie Stille had been "batching it" there during the winter months, but of course he knew that he was n't going to stay, and had done no more than keep things going. But it was a piece of land that would pay the man who really took hold of it.

Few of the present improvements were there. The buildings were flimsily built affairs, some of them unpainted. There was a little one-story house with old-fashioned small-paned windows, dismal and dark and ugly. No yard, no bushes, or flowers, and over on the west a tangled, half-grown wilderness of all kinds of trees and bushes planted together. August cut all those down later, except the double row of elms that he left for a windbreak. One thing there was, a good well. Otherwise it was like building a place up from the beginning.

The old lady Stille would have liked to keep the farm in her own hands, to have had August and Emma stay there merely as renters. She liked to keep a hold on the children. But August would not go there under any such conditions. He meant to work without stopping until he had paid for the farm. He had a genuine Kaetterhenry obstinacy and a desire to do things for himself. He would not stand interference; his mother-in-law soon found that out.

The Kaetterhenrys started in with almost nothing, as most young couples did in those days. August had something saved from all his years of work; Emma did not know exactly how much. He spent this very thriftily. At first they would have to get along with as little as they could, "until they got the farm paid for." He paid for part of his stock and implements and went in debt for the rest. To have a farm free from encumbrances; to own "clear" the stock, the machinery, and the land, was what he was working for. All that he had or could make went into the farm.

The house—*ach*, that did n't matter so much. It was a gloomy, bare little house. Emma brought along what she could from home: comforters that she and her sisters had been making through the winter; some goose-feather pillows; rag rugs that she had sewed; some heavy white dishes, with a brown rim, and a clover leaf in the center, that she and Mollie had picked

[1]Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

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out in the store in Richland. August and Emma drove into town one day and got what furniture they would have to have: a black walnut bed and commode; a kitchen table and stove; chairs; a parlor stand. There were wedding presents. Emma's father gave them a clock, and her mother a feather bed. Hans Stille, who was known as "quite a carpenter," made them a tall narrow desk and book-case of home-grown black walnut. August's sister Mina sent them a "splasher" for the commode on which she had worked in red outline stitch some ducks and waves. The Stille boys gave them an album with orange plush covers, and Mollie and Herman Klaus, who were going to be married soon, bought them a set of vases, with cattails incrusted in gold on the sides. Their living was done in the kitchen and bedroom. The front room, which had the rag carpet, the stand, the vases, and the album, and a large German Bible from the old man Stille, they kept shut off.

They could not afford help. August did most of the work himself. He got up at daylight, or before, and it was dark before he finished his chores in the evening. He was "one of the best workers around," people said. He was going to have a good place here some day. One or another of the Stille boys came over and helped when the work was heaviest. Emma had to help him in the field. August saw nothing unusual in that, although most of the farmers' wives here were not seen in the fields. All "the women folks" had had to help over in the Turkey timber. He had always seen his mother and his sister Lena out working with the men. He expected it of his "woman."

There was not much but work for them these days. They had no buggy at first, only a wagon. But they drove into church when they could on Sunday mornings. Church—that was somehow part of doing well, of living the way they should and getting prosperous. They could n't go off the place often, since they had no one to leave with the stock. And when they did go, they must always be back in time for chores. August got away more than Emma did; he had trips to make into town. Emma soon found out that he was not the kind who would take her with him. His mother had never gone to town. He did all of the buying. He had a shrewd, hard feeling that he must keep things in his own hands if he was going to get ahead. He had that thrifty, bull-headed Kaetterhenry streak in him that showed in his attitude toward the woman. Emma hated to ask him for things. She went out to the wagon, timidly, said, "August, do you think you could get me a little of that calico, maybe?" He grunted. He would get it if he thought she needed it, but he decided that.

Emma settled down quickly into a young farm wife. She "lost her giggles," as the family said, and got an air of timidity that was an accentuation of her old shyness. She was thin, with skin burned dark, and tired, hollow eyes. She seldom got out of her wrappers. August was close; he did not tell her things. He expected a good deal of her. But, still, as her sisters told her and as she knew, she had got a good man. He would have a fine farm some day, and then she would be glad that they had worked while they were young.

Then the children were born,

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Frankie, Mary, Elva, Carl. That kept Emma busy enough. While she had only the first two, she still helped in the field. Frankie and Mary were easy to manage. But when Elva was born, Emma had a hard time. It had to be right in haying-time, the men there, and no one to feed them, no one to look after the other children. They got August's sister Mina, a fat, kind, melancholy woman now, who worked at anything that she could find to do; but the old lady Stille could n't stand it to have any of August's folks there. She came over, "nosing in," as August said, and she drove out even Mina, who was used to all kinds of treatment. Emma had to get up before she was ready and go to work again. There was no time for rest these days, she said, even if a person was sick. But she was never quite so well from that time.

After the first two, she had to stop helping August outside. She still helped with the milking, took care of the chickens and geese and the milk and cream, and made butter. She had all that *she* could do in the house. Wherever she went, the children were following her,—in dingy, much-washed blue dresses, made too large, so that they could be handed along and fit the next one,—little, frowzy-headed country children, toddling after her, pulling at her skirt, under her feet wherever she stepped. The older ones could play outdoors by themselves, but there was always a baby in the red high-chair beside the stove while she cooked or ironed; and she would have to stop to change diapers, cry, "No, no, you can't have that!" snatch the child hurriedly up, murmuring, remorsefully, but a little fretfully, "Come on now. No, mama ain't forgot all about you. Did you think she had? Can't you let mama get back to her work now?" Sometimes she was fretful and anxious. But Emma never seemed to get really cross. She never sprang up and "took a whack at them," like Mollie, and then got ashamed of herself. Emma did not look so strong, but she could keep going.

The two oldest children, Frankie and Mary, had always been real good. Emma had never had any trouble with them when they were babies. They were both quiet, slim, dark-haired children, like some of the Stilles. They would always play together and amuse themselves, Mary especially. Mary was always a great one for school. When she was a tiny thing she used to play school out near the corn-crib, with the ears of corn, with their long silken hair, for "scholars," all arranged in a row before her, their hair braided, wearing little hats of leaves trimmed with clover blossoms, which she carefully removed when school began. She tried to read before she knew one letter from another; anything, the texts on the colored Sunday-school cards, seed catalogues that came to the house, the labels on baking-powder cans. "She must be going to be a school-teacher when she grows up," people said.

Elva was the odd one. She did n't seem to belong to the rest of the family. Perhaps it was because she had been sickly when she was a baby and had had some "spoiling." She had been twice as much trouble as the other two put together. When she was a baby she used to have spells of holding her breath, and even her father had a hard time to manage her. She had fine, red-gold hair and a very white skin, although she was never

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exactly pretty. She liked to get out of things and to leave Mary to do them.

She still took more care than Carl, when he was born three years later. Carl was the one who took after his father most. He had the light hair, ruddy skin, blue eyes, and was stocky and sturdy. He kept things to himself, too. Carl was August's favorite. August was never much of a hand to be around the children, but he paid more attention to Carl.

August wanted his children to have what other children had, but he thought they ought to help. Frankie had to help his father out in the field as soon as he was big enough to go out there. August was n't going to pay for help when he had boys of his own. "My, how those Kaetterhenrys all work!" people would exclaim. They would see this little fellow out in the field, in the burning sun, working just like a man. Looking like a man, too, in his blue overalls and big straw hat. It did n't seem to August that his children had it hard. He remembered his own childhood and how his father had made all of them slave. He did n't work Frankie like that. August would n't have thought of having Frankie go and hire out off the place, as he had had to do. Frankie did n't know what it was to have to get along as his father had done at some of those places where he had worked, Grobaty's, for instance, where he had had to sleep in the straw. August could not see that he was hard on the boy. But other people said that Frankie was a man before his time. A short, dark, sober boy with brown skin, always looking a little stunted, especially in that best suit of dark, thick cloth, the blue tie, and the brown felt hat, that he wore to Sunday-school.

August never required Mary to help on the place, as his oldest sister had done. That had n't hurt Lena any. Look at her now, a big stout woman, mother of seven children, stronger than it seemed Mary would ever be. Mary was obedient and good, and she was a great help with the housework and the little ones. The trouble with her was that she did n't have her mind on what she was doing. She always had to have her nose in a book, anything that she could get hold of, the big German Bible, a "History of the Civil War" that August was once inveigled into buying from an agent, the mail-house catalogues. Those catalogues opened up worlds to Mary. She could hardly wait for her father to go into town to the post-office when it was time for a new one to come. She could n't bear to go past anything that had printing on it. When they were driving along the road and saw a piece of newspaper, she would beg to get out and capture it. August thought this was silly. He could see no sense in a girl's wanting to read and study so much.

"*Ach*, what do you always have to be reading for?" the others said.

But the oldest girl in a family like theirs did n't get much chance to read.

The country school was two miles from the Kaetterhenry farm. August always "aimed" to let the children go. They walked the two miles back and forth, taking their lunch in tin pails.

They went "pretty regular," except when they were needed at home, Frankie for the farm work and Mary to help with the babies. Elva did n't care much for school, but Mary made a terrible fuss, they said, when she had to miss.

That school seemed pretty fine to August when he thought of what he

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had had. That old Turkey Creek school, with teachers coming and going! This was a nice frame building, painted pink, with desks and seats like those in the town school. And then they had a teacher for the whole term. A high-school girl from Richland usually (the high school there gave a two-year course) who was teaching a few terms of country school before getting married. Mary was always talking about town school, but August could n't see but that they got about as good as what they 'd get in town. All they needed, anyway.

August and Emma wanted to do the best for their children that they could. It worried Emma that they could n't always get in to Sunday-school; that was more important than the other school. That was bringing the children up right. August bought a buggy so that he could take them. They drove in on Sunday mornings, August and Frankie on the front seat, in the back the two girls, and Emma holding little Carl on her lap. Often they got there too late for church, but they were in time for Sunday-school. Mary and Elva in funny little dresses too long for them, stiff best hats with elastic under their chins, hair in tight black and blond braids tied with little pieces of narrow blue ribbon; Frankie clumping in heavy shoes that smelled of blacking, looking too old for his age in his heavy dark suit with "long pants," and a brown felt hat like his father's.

They prized the colored cards that they got, with pictures and the golden text on them, showing Christ, with brown curly hair, in white robes, the disciples in blue and red (blue for John, who was pictured as almost as pretty as Jesus). Their Sunday-school papers were treasured during the week —"The Boy's Friend," "The Girl's Friend," "Dew Drops." Mary read the stories avidly. Even Emma got into the habit of looking at the serials in "The Girl's Friend," although she never actually finished one.

The children were shy, and would n't say much in Sunday-school, Mary and Elva because of the town girls, who wore better dresses than they did. But they all looked forward to Sunday-school, loved the cards, the papers, the drive to town, the hymns, jingly Methodist "Sabbath-school" hymns, "There is Power in the Blood," "Jesus Paid It all," "The Old Time Religion." Mary wished that they had an organ so that she could learn to play these songs at home, and Emma admitted wistfully that it "would be nice." When they went to Henry Stille's, where there was an organ in the closed, chilly front room, Mary went in and learned to "pick out the tune," or something like the tune.

"Until they got all this paid for once"—that was the answer to everything, new house, new furniture, organ.

The old Stilles did not like it very well that their grandchildren were going to "English church." August and Emma did not speak German in the home, as the old people had done.

"Ach, das ist nicht recht!" the old man Stille would say sadly. He wondered what would become of them all.

§ 2

The house simply would n't hold them all. Three years after Carl there was Johnnie. And then the old Stilles wanted to give up their home and come to live with August and Emma. August hated to do anything with the

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house until he had a better barn, but there was no way out of it. The old Stilles would help a little.

Hans Stille was working over near Wapsie. He was the only one who had never married, a little, shy, dark-haired man with shining, dark-brown eyes and timid, gentle ways. Mary was like him in some ways, the Kaetterhenrys said when they were provoked at Mary. He never seemed to settle down and get anywhere, but there was not much in the line of handy things that he could n't do. He stayed with August and Emma all that summer and the next. They moved back the old house, used the two old front rooms for kitchen and bedroom, and built on three new rooms in front and an up-stairs with two rooms. It looked like a nice modern house when they got through with it, although the up-stairs was never fully finished—white, with pink trimmings, a narrow porch, a triangle of wooden lace under the peak in front. The next summer Hans made over the two old back rooms into a corn-crib and tool-house.

Then there had to be new things for the house, of course. They ordered some new furniture from the catalogue, a combination desk and book-case for the front room (they used the old one that Hans had made for a cupboard), a new stationary rocker upholstered in green-flowered velvet. They got a new bedroom set for themselves, dresser, commode, and bed of golden oak, the bed with a high headboard. They put the old walnut things up in the boys' room, the big end room, left half finished, used as a storeroom, too.

When the old Stilles came they brought some of their things with them—their long extension table and some chairs for the dining-room; grandpa's old German books, queer ancient things with faded black and brownish bindings, religious books; some old home-made walnut beds and feather beds; ancient quilts of dark woolen pieces. The little old down-stairs bedroom in the back now became "grandma's and grandpa's room," a small, dark, stuffy room with an uneven floor, one dingy, small-paned window. They set up an ancient walnut dresser with a little dark-framed mirror hung above it, an old rope bed piled high with billowy feather mattresses, with dark-looking musty-smelling quilts over them; and on nails in one corner, grandma's and grandpa's clothes—an old brown waistcoat, the coat in which grandpa had done his preaching, some big gaping country shoes, and grandma's dark dresses and stealthy-looking gray shawls and old black petticoats. The two big wooden rockers stood there, and beside one of them an ancient brown spittoon.

One thing that the old people brought was an organ. One of the old carpeted pedals would not work. It was put into the sepulchral front room, and August declared that he could pay for no lessons. But somehow Mary managed to pick out a few hymn tunes on it. Maybe some day some of them could "take."

The old people had had misfortunes. After getting together a good-sized pile of money from his land, grandpa had made poor investments. Some he had lost in Colorado gold-mines; and a German Methodist insurance company advertised in the flaming German monthly which he took, "Die flammende Fackel," had swindled him out of more. His son Willie took the home farm, but some of the rent would

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have to go to make up losses. Old Wilhelm Stille had long been on the verge of joining a communistic colony in Wisconsin of some wild Methodist sect, but the old lady had kept him from it; and now that he had so little money to put into the common fund, the colony seemed much less eager to get him. So he went instead to his daughter Emma's. The old lady shrewdly suspected that her son-in-law August was likely to have the best home for them in the long run.

They moved over soon after the new house was finished. August was close, but he would do what he must. He realized that he owed some of his start to his wife's people, but he determined that the old lady should know her place.

The old folks were now "Grandma" and "Grandpa" Stille to every one. They had aged greatly in the last few years. It seemed as if grandpa had changed, now that he no longer had farm affairs to attend to, and that his "religious side" had come uppermost. He was thin, with a lean face, a large nose, scant, straight silvery-white hair that grew long, a white beard, and deep-set, mystical, dark eyes. His thin voice was gentler, had a far-away sound. He was feeble, and when he first came, they feared that he would not last long. He could n't do much but sit in the wooden rocker with the calico cushion, smoking a black pipe and reading his old German religious books and papers.

The old lady was squatter, craftier-looking than ever, with that round, wrinkled face, the smooth hair showing the broad, worn white parting, the round ear-rings, her eyes now two slits in narrowed, lashless rims. She went softly about in slippers, in a shapeless dark-gray calico dress and dingy, black apron, a scarf tied over her head. At first she tried to run things. She tried to tell the children what they should do, and she protested against every cent that the family spent, wanted them to live in every way just as she and grandpa had lived.

Emma was going to submit to grandma's interfering at first. The old lady had always had all of the children—and grandpa, too—under her thumb, ruling them through their fear of her meanness. But August had no intention of letting grandma get the upper hand. He had stood things from grandma before, when she had come snooping over to see how they were running the farm and to exclaim at the waste. But things were changed now. He had finished paying for the farm a good while ago, although he had not actually admitted it to Emma, thinking the less the women folks knew about that sort of thing the better. This was his own house now. No woman was going to come around and tell him how to run it.

Grandma soon found that here was one person whom she could n't rule. All her schemes, her craft, her sullenness, and her tantrums, which had always got her what she wanted as a last resort, were powerless against August's stubbornness. She was a little afraid of August from the start. She tried to get in her work without August's knowing it, when he was out of the house; but when he came in and found out what she was up to, then there were battles. The children sat in terrified, wide-eyed awe, and Emma wept a little, silently and tremblingly, while grandpa pleaded, moaning sadly,

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"Ma—*Mutter—ach,* no! no! no!" The children had never seen any one like grandma at these times. The old woman could be a fury. But August was stronger than she. She found that she could not conquer him as she had the others. She was reduced to impotence, to angry mutterings, while she eyed August with a bitter, vengeful, helpless glare.

She had always had sullen times when no one could do anything with her. She had them now—times when she would not eat or move or speak, when, after grandpa and Emma had vainly tried to call her to meals, the children were sent to the door of her room. They found her sitting there in her old wooden rocker in the gloomy, low-ceiled room, among her old household things and her shawls and dresses, a tragic, baffled, ominous old figure, shapeless and huddled together in her dark, dingy old clothes, with her feet in their spreading, black felt slippers, rocking, and muttering in guttural German things that they could not understand.

This was the only revenge against August that she had. He let her be when she was like this. But she knew that even in this she dared not go too far. August was the only one who had ever been able to manage her. Far down underneath her anger and bitterness there was a kind of admiration of him. He was hard and thrifty and strong and a good farmer. She secretly despised her other son-in-law, Herman Klaus, beside him—Herman, a little dried-up, under-sized man who let Mollie have the say-so. August was not a "blower." He was close-mouthed, and the old woman admired that. And she secretly approved of his looks. You could tell from them that not many people were going to get ahead of him. Sturdy, square-set, heavy, but not fat, in his old blue shirt and overalls, with his ruddy face and blue eyes and the harsh outcropping of golden beard upon his sunburned skin, and the golden hairs on his thick brown arms. His hair was not so heavy now; there was a bald spot on top, but the old lady thought contemptuously that he looked younger than Emma did. She secretly thought that he was too good a man for Emma, whom she considered weak and *läppisch.*

Having the old folks there made more work for Emma. Her father she did n't mind. He made no more trouble than he could help. He tried to come out of his dreams to do what he could for her. He gathered the eggs, helped to hitch up the horses, kept the little ones out of the way sometimes when she was busy. Marguerite, the youngest, who was born after grandma and grandpa came, was his favorite. A pretty, wilful little baby, knowing very well that she was the youngest and had privileges, with a fuzz of golden curls and bright blue eyes. She was the only child born in the new house, and she seemed to come into a different order of things. Even her father was less severe with her than with the others. Grandpa put aside his old papers, trotted her on his knee, sang old German hymns to her in faint high-pitched voice that seemed to come from a different world, took her out obediently to see the "calfies," made Johnnie give up his playthings to her. Emma had plenty to do besides, and was glad to have grandpa look after Marguerite.

Grandma had always worked hard at home, but she wanted to say how

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things should be done. Here she complained that she was useless; no one paid any attention to her. She would have helped with the cooking. But, "*Ach*, I don't know," Emma told Mollie. "Ma has her old ways of doing things, and the children they don't seem to like what she makes." She clung more than ever to her old ways now, spoke almost nothing but German, would not leave the place or ride in the new buggy, would use none of the "new-fangled" things except the telephone. That was grandma's one solace. She could sit "listening in" for an hour at a time, a look of stealthy gratification on her face, hearing everything: her daughter Mollie call a neighbor, Herman call in from town to Mollie and say what he was going to buy for Sunday, long conversations between two country women, deals between men. But they could never get her to speak into the telephone herself.

Grandpa had been the one who was ailing when the old people came. But, although he stayed somewhat feeble and tremulous when his troubles and farm worries were off his shoulders at last, he seemed to get better and sink into a kind of irresponsible sweet content, dreaming, reading his old books, playing with Marguerite. It was grandma who was ailing now. They did n't know what was the matter with her. She took more and more looking after. One morning when she got out of bed she fell, and could n't get up. They had to have August come in and lift her. Afterward they thought that it must have been "kind of a stroke." She seemed to get all right again, and yet they thought that it was hard for her to lift her feet, and that she mumbled a little sometimes when she tried to talk. Always in Emma's mind was the fear of the time when her mother might be helpless, like the old lady Schuldt, and have to be taken care of.

It all came on Emma. Grandpa helped a little, but there was more washing, more cooking and more cleaning. It seemed as if she lived more than ever in the kitchen. Neighbors consoled her. "Well, now you can go more. You can leave the children with grandma and grandpa and get away." Maybe they did go a little more than before. They had a nice, big, leather-topped, two-seated buggy now. There were the boys to help August with the chores, so that he did n't have it all to do.

They went into church often on Sundays, leaving the two smallest ones with grandpa. August and Emma joined the bible class, which was taught by the Hon. H. G. Bossingham, who had served a term as state representative and got the honorable before his name. August never talked in the class, but he enjoyed it more than anything since he used to attend the old German country church near Turkey Creek. Emma liked it, but she did n't always feel like coming. Either she or Mary had to stay at home and see about the dinner, and it had better be she, since, if she came, she felt uneasy about grandma.

They had their outings, like the other country people. They drove in to the Fourth of July celebration at Wapsie on a blistering hot day, leaving their team and buggy at the park and tramping the burning streets, where red-white-and-blue bunting was hung between the telephone poles. A silent country party, ill at ease, the girls in home-made lawn dresses of blue, with

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cheap lace, the boys sunburned and short, like little old men in their heavy clothes and felt hats. The hot cement burned through their stiff Sunday shoes. They listened to the band concert and the speech in the park. They brought their dinner in a big pasteboard box, and they and Herman's family ate together on the grass, fried chicken, thick bread and butter, pickles, cocoanut cake. The children teased for ice-cream, which the Baptist Ladies' Aid were serving, but August said there were too many of them and that they had enough without. The children liked to come, but there was all that work beforehand getting up the big lunch and getting all the children ready, then looking after them while they were there and getting them all together to go home again. Emma and Mollie said that they 'd almost as soon stay at home.

They went to the county fair, held every September in the fair grounds at Wapsie. They drove, and Herman and Mollie drove, and they took big boxes of lunch again and ate together. The men enjoyed the races, but the women liked to go into the big, flimsy wooden building, where the fancy work and cooking exhibits were held, walking about and looking and murmuring to each other: "There 's Mrs. Lempcke's quilt. It did n't get a prize. Look at that big pin cushion with the blue tag on it. Do you think that 's so pretty as all that?" Mollie brought some things once or twice, but Emma said, "*Ach*, I ain't got time for all such things."

The children always teased for more money than August would give them—wanted lemonade and wanted to go into all the shows. The older children now began to go by themselves. Mary and Elva went with two "fellows" in a buggy, and Frank teased for grandpa's old one-seated buggy so that he could take his girl. The parents would meet the young people about the fair grounds, four or six going around together, Elva always giggling and "carrying on" until Emma was ashamed of her. They saw them at the lemonade and the ice-cream stands, and saw them carrying toy balloons. But they never met Frank and his girl. They did n't know where those two kept themselves.

August and Emma never went anywhere without the children except once to "open-air conference" down in the Turkey timber. While they were gone, Elva and the two little ones came down with scarlet fever. Emma said she 'd never try that again. It was worse than staying at home.

Then grandma had the "stroke" that they had all been looking for. She was completely paralyzed, and never got out of bed again. She did n't seem to realize much, but she never let any one but Emma do things for her, except that she wanted August to turn and lift her. She was in bed for five years.

Emma lived between bedroom and kitchen, the kitchen a narrow, low-ceiled room, calcimined in green, the little window with geraniums in tin cans looking out across the back yard to the small orchard.

Emma always said that these were the hardest years of all.

§ 3

Things were a little easier after grandma's death. At first Emma could scarcely realize that she could really leave the place, that when she worked she need n't always have the

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feeling that she ought to go in and look at grandma. In a way she missed the fact that grandma no longer needed her. But grandma had scarcely been a person to any one for the last five years—only a responsibility, a gnawing sense of worry under everything. Nearly all the feeling connected with grandma had been fear, defense, rebellion, care, worry. Emma could not help feeling the relief that slowly seeped through everything.

Grandpa they did n't mind, he made so little trouble. He stayed about the same, as Emma told people, except that he seemed in a way to have withdrawn himself to a greater distance, that he seemed to be living in some region of his own. Only when some old friend or neighbor came out occasionally, and they got to talking of religion, he would come out of his dreams. They could hear him praying aloud in his room sometimes, the children coming in wide-eyed and whispering, "Mama, listen to grandpa in there!" *"Unser Vater . . . in dem Himmel,"* the German words sounding rich, feeling, even in his thin, high-pitched voice, with long pauses between. He sat nearly always in his own room. Marguerite was bigger now; she did n't need him. He looked just about as when he had first come to the farm—tall, thin, bent, with his narrow, lined face and white beard, thin, silvery hair, his deep-burning, dark eyes.

August was getting a few things now. He was putting improvements on the place. He had put up the big new barn, and Hans Stille, who was keeping some bees now and doing a little farming over on the other side of Richland, had come for the summer again and made over the old buildings. August had all the farm buildings painted white, but the house would have to wait a while for its new coat. They had a good milk separator now, and Hans had fixed up a milk-house for them. August kept everything in fine repair. He kept all his machinery under cover, had no old plows and shredders standing about in the grove, like Herman Klaus and some other farmers. But he did not do much to the house. He had put in a sink in the kitchen, with a wooden cupboard underneath, and a soft-water pump. That was about all.

August and Emma had been too busy really to know that they were getting older. They had to look at the children to realize that. Emma looked older. Her hair was getting gray. She had always been slender, but she began to take on flesh now. People joked her about it, said: "You 're getting fleshy, ain't you? You must be makin' the girls do the work for you." She said, without rancor, that she guessed she 'd always been on her feet too much to get any flesh before. She 'd run it all off. It made her look older instead of younger, dumpy and shapeless and middle-aged. She had to put on glasses, too. She should have done so long ago. She ordered a pair from a man who came around with a little card testing eyes, and who fitted people out with glasses cheap. But when farmers who had known August Kaetterhenry around Turkey Creek happened to meet him in town, they said, "Well, you ain't got so much older a'ready, August." He looked a little heavier, his neck creased and red, but in general about the same.

It was the children who were changing. Frank was a man now, they had

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to realize, although he was a short little fellow and did n't look any older than Carl when you saw them out in the field together. He had once wanted to be a mechanic, but he had given up that notion and was going to get married and settle down to farming. He had been going with the same girl for five or six years now—Lottie Schenck, a heavy, coarse, hard-working girl. People were all asking when the wedding was to be.

August would miss Frank when he left the place, but Carl and Johnnie would help. Johnnie might take hold better if Frank was n't there to do things. He was the restless one. Neither of the other boys could be relied upon quite so much as Frank. They had n't been brought up to work so hard. But August always believed that Carl would make a better farmer than Frank when he settled down to it. It was hard to tell about Johnnie.

Frank was looking around for a place to farm. August was doing most of the looking, however. He had always wanted to get hold of the next piece of land, where those LaRues had lived, and now, finally, the last of them was pulling out and going to Colorado. He took the farm for Frank. Frank was to pay him back eventually in the form of rent. August wanted to see the boy get a good start. He might be realizing a little, although he did n't admit it, that he had been harder on Frank than on the other boys. And he did n't mind having that other two hundred acres. It was a good investment, and made him the owner of four hundred and twenty acres of the best land, all there together. It gave him an excuse, too, to say to the family, who were getting to want too many things, "Need n't ask for that until I 've got back some of what I paid for Frank's farm."

Mary was the one who was giving them trouble. More than Elva now, who had been inclined to be wild and to run around with fellows whom her parents could n't approve. Mary had always been such a good child except for that weakness for reading. The only time they had any trouble with her had been when she 'd been determined to study to be a teacher and to go to the little Methodist academy at Wesley. August had said that she could teach country school without going there. He had too many children to send them away to school. She 'd settle down and marry like the rest of them, and there 'd be his money wasted. She had seemed to give that up and not to say anything more about it. She had taken to dressmaking a little, had gone about to the neighboring farms as people called for her. Of course she had n't made much at it, because she was just Mary Kaetterhenry, some one whom they all knew; but it had given her something to do and got that crazy notion out of her head.

But now she began to have some queer spells. No one knew what to call them. The neighbor women were all interested, wondered if they could be fits, wanted to know all the symptoms. She would get pale and seem to stiffen out. The neighbors all advised different things, brought over remedies that had helped them. August and Emma bought her large bottles of "nerve tonic" at the drugstore, but that did n't seem to help. They were frightened, even to the extent of hitching up and taking her in to old Dr. Bowen's office in Richland. He gave them a prescription, but he

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did n't seem to know much more than they did what was the cause of the thing. They "kind of lost confidence in Bowen," they said. A neighbor told them about this new "rubber doctor" in Wapsie, and how he had cured her brother's wife. Mary wanted to try him. They took her to Wapsie. He told them that some bone was out of place and was pressing on a nerve; and although they did n't see how that had caused the spells, they thought they 'd try him. He wanted Mary to come in twice a week for treatment. $1.50 a treatment, a lot of money to pay for that little rubbing, but they were worried now. For a time it seemed that the treatments were helping her. Then all at once she got worse than ever. They heard of a place over across the river in Wisconsin where they gave mud baths that were supposed to cure anything. Despite the expense, they sent her there. When she came back she was better,—she had never been away from home before,—but she was told to take it easy, not do much of the work.

It had shaken them up a good deal to have Mary go back on them. It made them more careful with the other children. Elva was going with Roy Robbins, but it did n't seem as if Mary was going to get married. They let her go over to visit her Aunt Sophie Klaus at Turkey Creek. Then August let her go to Rapids City and take a sewing course. That was the most like going away to school of anything she had ever had. She improved after that, but she was not strong. She was like Grandpa Stille, tall, slender, black-haired, with bright, shy, dark, intelligent eyes.

Elva married when she was just a girl. She had stopped the country school long ago. Her parents wondered how she would like it when she had everything to do herself. They thought that she and Roy would make a queer set of farmers. They were both so flighty. But they started in immediately to raise a family, and that steadied them down.

Elva was the one who complained most that the younger ones "had it pretty easy." It was true; August was not so hard upon Carl and Johnnie as he had been upon Frank. Things were easier on the farm. Carl and Johnnie did n't have to stay out of school and help with the farm work, as Frank had done.

Frank felt himself at a disadvantage with the younger boys. They grew up into big, blond, good-looking boys. They did n't mingle much with the older ones. They kept to themselves and seemed to enjoy things together. Frank was a little shy with them because they had gone to school so much more than he had. Frank had had to quit the country school at what would have been about the seventh grade in town.

The roads were better now. It was easier to get about. There were more horses on the farm, and there was grandpa's old one-seated buggy. August let the boys take that and Nell, one of the old horses, and drive to Richland to school. More and more country children were doing that now that the high school gave a full course. The boys took Marguerite as far as the country school. She was too little to go to town yet, and by the time that she was ready, probably they would have this new consolidated school against which August was voting because of the taxes.

August did n't know how it would

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be in the winter. The first winter the boys tried to drive back and forth the five miles. The next year they stayed in town until spring, at the Henry Stilles', where they kept the fires going and looked after the chickens and the cow and chopped the wood. They could go to the high-school parties, and play basket-ball, go around with the town kids. Johnnie had a town girl, and so did Carl part of the time. But he still went to see Clara Josten, in the country, when he and Johnnie went home on Friday night, and he took her to box socials in the country schools. August grumbled about the boys. "*Ach*, they thought they had to have everything; did n't know anything but basket-ball any more." But he was proud of them.

It was entirely different with Marguerite than with the older girls. She had everything, it seemed, that Mary and Elva had n't had. Elva grudged it to her, said, "I 'd like to see what pa would have done to us if we 'd asked for just half the things she does!" But she was so much the youngest, the baby and the pet, that it seemed natural that they should give her things. Mary made all her clothes for her, fitting her out regularly every spring and fall, and watching the dresses of the little girls at Sunday-school to get ideas for her. They liked to "dress baby up." The whole family were proud of her hair, a thick, blond fuzz that could n't be braided, and at which every one looked, saying, "Hey, there, curly head!" They all knew that "baby" could get things out of August. He grumbled, but when he knew that the cloth that Mary wanted to buy was to make "baby" a dress, she was sure to get it. He even let Marguerite take lessons on the organ from Miss Grace Bracebridge, who drove about through the country with a pony and buggy teaching music.

August listened to the younger boys as he had never done to Frank, although he was still close and kept things in his own hands. The boys saw how other people did things. They tried to get their father to "loosen up a little," to get things that other farmers were getting. When they talked to their mother about it, she said, looking frightened, "*Ach*, how can we afford all that?" The boys had n't grown up with any such awe of money matters. Emma had no idea of what the family resources were; she would never have dared to ask. But the boys seemed to know, somehow or other, what their father could do, how much he had. They scoffed, to Emma's scared delight, and said, "Aw, pa could have lots of things if he 'd just loosen up and get them. We don't need to do things this way. Pa 's so afraid he 's going to take a cent out of the bank. He 's got more than most farmers have. He could put up a silo if Uncle Willie did. Why could n't he?" "*Ach!*" Emma said, frightened; but it pleased her.

They were beginning to get things. August began to try out new machinery. He put up a silo. One thing meant another. The boys kept talking gasolene-engines. It was crazy to pump all their water and turn the separator by hand. They could n't get August to say anything. They need n't think that he would do whatever they wanted. But he had been talking to Art Miller in Richland, who was handling the Porter lights, and one summer he had his own electric plant installed on the farm. He did n't

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have the house wired at once, but they had lights in the barn and ran all their machinery by electricity. August wanted his farm to have what other farms had, but he hated to dig into that pile in the bank. He knew how much work it had taken to put it there. No one worked harder for their money than the farmers did. He must think of his old age. They wanted to take it easy some day. He did n't want to find himself with as little as Grandpa Stille had.

He kept on digging. He worked as hard as he had ever done, except that he had the boys to help.

The greatest change came when he bought the motor-car. August had been one of those who kept his old horses as long as he could, but he had to come to the automobile, like the rest of the farmers. He went into Wapsie one Saturday and looked at cars. He had the agent take him out and teach him how to drive that afternoon, and he drove the car home at night. The family came out into the yard. The children shouted, "Mama, see what pa 's got!" August drove proudly, scowling, not sure whether he could miss all the buildings and stop where he wished. The boys ran up to ask excitedly: "Can you stop her, Pa? Hey, look out for that wagon! Where 'd you get her? How much was she?" After August went into the house they stayed out there, looking the little five-passenger car all over, testing the wheels, examining the engine.

"*Ja,* I s'pose they 'll think it 's theirs now," August grumbled.

Emma declared at first that she would never go in the car. Her timidity delighted all of them. The boys could take the auto; she would drive with the horses and the old buggy. "*Ach,*" she said, "I don't trust those things. You read about accidents all the time." "Well, Mama, horses can run away, too. Old Dick ran away with Frank." "*Ja,* but then—" but the children teased her so much that she finally consented to get into the car. "Now, ain't this better than the old buggy?" the boys demanded. "*Ja,* well it ain't so bad, I guess," was all that they could get her to say. She never really liked the car. She was always nervous and looking out for accidents. For some reason she did n't believe that August could learn to be a good driver. "*Ach,* it 's so late for him to learn!" She had never been afraid when he had a hand on the reins when they had gone out with the horses. After the boys learned to drive, she liked it better. She said it seemed more natural for young folks to learn things like that. She had faith in Carl and Johnnie. But when she went with August, she always kept one hand on the seat ready to open the door and jump out. And although he got to handle the car in any kind of weather and on any kind of roads, as all farmers did, August never did drive as well as the boys. They could seem to get the thing cranked when he could n't. It was a knack they had. Emma noticed that he was ready to let them do the driving when he could.

The car meant that they could get away from the farm. They went into town oftener. They drove to Elva's and Frank's and Mollie's. The relationship nearly always had Sunday dinner together now. They went into church more regularly, and to other things in town—basket-ball games to see the boys play, the lecture course.

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They even took a little trip, the first time they 'd really been away from the farm. Once after harvest they left the boys to look after the farm, and August and Emma and Marguerite drove down to Turkey Creek and visited all of August's folks. The old man Kaetterhenry was dead, of course, but most of August's brothers and sisters were still living about there. It was a beautiful time of the year. The autumn was lovely there in the timber, among the hills. They all drove out for picnics together. They made plans with Sophie and her husband to drive to the "Picture Rocks" on the Mississippi some year, stopping at the little old town of Guttenberg, where their folks had stopped when they came up the Mississippi and had bought their first farm implements.

Then the road past the farm, between Richland and Wapsie, was made a highway. That dreadful hill by Ed Hunter's farm was graded down so that no one need be afraid of it any more. The old country road was widened and ditched and graveled; the tall black-eyed Susans and the sweet clover were ruthlessly slashed down into dusty stubble. Although August fought the highway and joined other farmers in grumbling at the taxes, still, "it made it handier." They went into Wapsie often, although they still did most of their trading in Richland, believing it must be cheaper there, since the stores had fewer goods and they were set out with less style.

That used to be a country road along which occasional wagons and buggies jolted. Now it was a graveled highway, "Primary Road 5." Cars flashed down it all day, and on Sundays in the summer there was a constant stream of travel. Headlights and wind-shields gave off sharp white flashes as cars whirred past on the light-colored, glittering gravel. It was a wonder to Emma to sit on the porch on Sunday afternoons and count how many vehicles went by. But grandpa would n't even try to count. "*Ach*, no, no, no," was all that he would say. This was all so wicked on Sunday!

August had kept his hands on other things, but he could n't keep the boys from using the car. When they took their girls, it was n't an all-day occasion, as when Frank had got grandpa's old buggy to drive Lottie to the fair. They went out on Sunday afternoons when they felt like it. August would go out and find the car gone again. It was no use trying to stop them. Emma thought it dreadful for the boys to "pleasure drive on Sunday," against which the Richland Methodist church was making a last futile stand, as against cards and dancing; but both she and August got used to it. All the young people seemed to do it. But one thing August said: if he ever heard of his boys driving to a Sunday base-ball game, they could never have the car again.

Grandpa never grew accustomed to all this. He was now too mild, too feeble and withdrawn, to protest much against it; but he would say sadly, when he saw that the boys were gone, "*Ach*, no, no; *das ist nicht gut.*" And sometimes, sitting alone in the big rocker in his gloomy little room, he would mutter, "*Nein, nein; das ist nicht gut.*"

(The end of the second part of "Country People.")

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The Wondering Jew

Reflections on the Paradoxes of Anti-Semitism

By M. E. Ravage

We of the Western nations have had the Jew among us for a considerable while, but he remains for us to this day a rather hazy figure.

It would be so much more to our liking if he fitted into a mold, if he could be classified, and once for all pigeonholed and forgotten. He has a name of his own to go by, and that is convenient. But we really have not the remotest idea what the thing called Jewishness is. We have been bandying the word about all these generations, but, after all our slipshod efforts, we have not put our finger on the reality behind the word, if such reality exists. Jewishness is anything you like. It is also anything you dislike. It is a religion, a nationality, a race, a tradition; it is a code of commercial immorality and the radical foe of commercialism; it is the mother of Christianity and the stepmother of Christianity; it is Jesus and *Shylock* and Karl Marx rolled into one. Ask a Jew what Jewishness is, and you will get every variety of answer. There are so many kinds of Jew! The old men of the Ghetto cry vehemently that it is their faith. Their youthful offspring say it is a misfortune. The Zionists see in it nothing but a renascent nationalism, and the young gentlemen in the colleges cherish it principally as a cultural inheritance.

Rather bewildering to an outsider, all this. What is it that makes a Jew when the thing that is supposed to distinguish him is so elastic? Is there really such a man? The one thing certain is that he is a bundle of contradictions. The Jew has no country of his own, yet there is no country without him. There is no Jewish language, and there is no language on earth that some Jews do not speak. They fight under every flag, and that means of course that they fight against every flag. They are foreigners everywhere and strangers nowhere. Even in America, where they are citizens, there is a distinction between Jews and Americans. Their reputation for riches is proverbial, yet no people is so destitute in the mass. I suppose there is still a Jewish religion, but it would surprise you to find out how many Jews do not share it. And there is hardly a creed that does not find the Jew among its adherents.

What surely puzzles his friends most is that he is so little loved by his fellows. Why, it is he who invented and proclaimed the doctrine of brotherly love, which the whole world has adopted and made its own; and yet he, of all people, is excluded from its

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application! It is a good deal as if Thomas A. Edison were to be denied the use of a gramophone, as if Emma Goldman were to be excluded from a communist Utopia. Why is it, ask some kindly Western people, that in the ages when Christianity was supreme, and in those feudal countries where it still is supreme, the Jew was hated and hounded, when Christianity was so clearly Jewish in origin, and when nobody—as now—really knew what a Jew was?

Well, there are many answers to the question, but the simplest one is that they did know. I was myself born and reared in a half-medieval country of eastern Europe, and my rather vivid recollection is that we were very shabbily treated, and that we did not greatly mind it, because we knew precisely the reason for it. We were Jews, and being a Jew in that simple far-off world was a very definite and very wicked thing. It was not, to be sure, as wicked as it was sometimes made out to be. All the same, the line between Jew and non-Jew was clearly drawn, and neither side had any doubt as to what the essence of the difference was. Our peasant neighbors were not profound philosophers, but it needed no great profundity to understand that the main fact about a Jew was that he was not a Christian. It was a matter of simple definition. The Jews might or might not be guilty of mixing the blood of Christian children with their unleavened cakes, but they were unquestionably guilty of eating unleavened cakes. And that was enough. Even the simplest-minded Christian was hardly so simple as to think that any living Jew had had anything to do with the crucifixion of his Lord, but what he was most painfully aware of was that no living Jew made any secret of denying the resurrection of his Lord. And for that insolence no punishment and no persecution could be severe enough.

We all understood this from the time we were mere children, that the heathen's quarrel with us was a quarrel about religion. And the discomforts we were made to endure were lightened by the realization that that was exactly our quarrel with him. If he did not waste any love on us, neither did we lavish any on him. We were both quite genuinely convinced of the righteousness of religious persecution. If a man is not going to hate another on account of his faith, what will he ever hate him for? And if we could have had our neighbor where he had us, we never doubted but that we would have treated him precisely as he was treating us.

Indeed, we entertained a profound hope that some day we would have him there; and that again made his ministrations somewhat easier to bear. We constantly carried about with us a vision of the great time when our long penance would be over and the God of our fathers would once more receive us into His favor. For the time being we were in distress because we were expiating the heavy transgressions of Israel against His name. But the splendid deliverance was not far off. Any moment the Lord might soften toward us. And then the Messiah, His anointed, would come riding on a white horse, and He would sound His great ram's horn trumpet, and we would all gather and follow Him over a long paper bridge, which, by a wondrous miracle, we would cross

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without fear and without mishap. The pleasantest part of the promised adventure would be that our enemies, in their panic, would likewise attempt to follow Him, but they would be forced to walk over a steel bridge, which would collapse just as they reached the middle of it, and the cruelest of them would fall to destruction, while the remainder would be permitted to arrive at their destination, namely, the outer court of Jehovah's royal palace, only in order that they might witness with hungry eyes the great feast that the divine Father had prepared for His chosen children. And from that time on we, their erstwhile victims, would rule over them forever and ever, after the fashion that they themselves had taught us. A childish picture, I grant you, but we believed in it devoutly, and it served to make the inconveniences of our exile humanly tolerable.

For the inconveniences of a Jew's life in eastern Europe were by no means trifling or imaginary. They were very numerous and very serious. They cut into every chamber of our lives. They bounded us on all sides like a fence without a gate. The state did its official share with a thoroughness and a devotion that contrasted rather strikingly with its customary shoddiness and feebleness, and what little it had overlooked was quite ably attended to by the private zeal of the citizenship. To begin with, we were foreigners. It did not matter that we had never been out of our village and that our ancestors had lived there for generations back. The Balkan idea of citizenship has nothing to do with birth. It is an affair of blood and faith. Anyhow, being a foreigner without an ambassador to report one's grievances to meant no end of discriminations. We could lease landed property, but we could not buy it. We were free to engage in commerce, but as long as the Government was taking care to control by monopoly the most profitable branches of trade, our liberty in this direction was principally a spiritual asset. For similar reasons we need not bother to offer our services to the community's post-office or to its police force or to its public railways. For this, however, there was ample compensation in the privilege which was granted us of serving in the army (as privates, of course). Considering that this was one of those favors that one could not decline without causing displeasure to the benefactor and retaliation upon the beneficiary, we would not have complained if we had been deprived of it. The law forbade us residence in the country, but mercifully left the towns open to us. There was no law against our sending our children to the public schools, but somehow we never seemed able to apply at the proper time; so that it was nobody's fault but our own if the principals seldom found room for them. And always there hung over us the unspeakable terror of possible raids on our houses of worship and our private schools by a fun-loving population in quest of light entertainment, which diversions more than once unluckily got out of control and developed into riots, "riots" being in that portion of the world a politer word for massacres. But since accidents of this sort seldom occurred except in the solemn seasons of Christmas and Easter, precautions were not impossible, and none but the over-sensitive ever thought of complaining too loudly.

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Outside of religion the ill-will of our neighbors was directed against us as traders. And this, again, was not hard to understand. The great masses of the population were peasants who toiled night and day and summer and winter like animals in the fields. It was quite natural that they who lived in mud huts and subsisted on black bread and cabbage should be unkindly disposed toward those who took their ease in clean, comfortable, well lighted brick houses and indulged in meat and white loaves every day, to say nothing of such delicacies as tea and sugar and such luxuries as caned chairs and feather-beds and oil-lamps. Besides, when autumn came and the wretched slave of the soil had at last the product of a weary year in his hands to do, as he fondly believed, what he liked with, he found himself cornered by the robbers of the towns and ordered to stand and deliver. The Jews had him going and coming. He had wheat and barley to sell; the Jews were the only grain merchants. He lacked muslin and shoes and farm implements; the dry-goods shops were all owned by Jews. He was soullessly cheated at both ends. Naturally, his affection for the Jew did not materially increase, when, after a gay night of urban reveling (in an inn kept by a Jew) he sobered up somewhere on the country road and suddenly became aware that he had no produce and very little money. Of course he blamed it all on the Jew. Not being an expert in political economy, he could not know that it was an abstract thing called commerce that had mulcted him so; that commerce in the land of his devotion was but another name for brigandage; that he would have fared no better at the hands of a member of the Orthodox church than he had with a member of the Orthodox synagogue; and that the Jew's monopoly of trade was not of his own choosing, but had been forced upon him by a wise government, in which he, the peasant, had a vote, and the Jew had none. He knew nothing of all this. He only knew that he had no money for seed corn, and that the Jew had it to buy dainties with. He was too resentful to worry his head about remote possibilities, such as what a fellow-Christian would have done to him in the Jew's place. Fellow-Christians were too plain and too honest to get a living by the shrewd manipulations of scales and lead-pencils.

The business of Jew-baiting in those unenlightened, backward parts of the earth was thus very easily conducted. If the peasant found his resentfulness getting too much for him and decided to take things into his own hands, his course was simple and his cause intelligible. The Jew was not only contemptible for believing wicked things and flouting sacred things and doing wicked deeds; he was conveniently marked out from the rest of humanity. One knew what he looked like and where to find him. He was pretty apt to be either in the market-place or at his prayers, and in either case he was not likely to be mistaken for somebody else. At the synagogue one ran no risk of unintentionally strangling the Christian policeman who stood watch at the door under the impression that he was a Jew. Even in business hours the Jew wore a caftan, while honest men wore ulsters of homespun. Moreover, he did not shave his beard or his ear-locks. And if the work was to be done in the stillness of the night, the

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procedure was simplified still more, because the Jews obligingly congregated in separate quarters of their own.

We, for our part, took the whole state of things, as I say, as a matter of course. It is truly astonishing how much the human creature can put up with when once it has made up its mind that there is no other way. We had been born to our fate, and it was no good complaining. One might as well complain because he was not born wealthy or because he cannot fly. Besides, the process had gone on too long to have in it the sting of uncomfortable novelty. We had been hooted and mocked and spat upon before these people's very name had been heard in the world. They were no more than a way-station in our exile. We were the wanderers, but we were eternal, and we were not going to be exiles forever. There were rewards—in the future. Babylon and Rome, as the sad-proud song had it, Egypt and Spain, what were they now? Our day was yet to dawn. And the thought of that glorious afterward sometimes made us sorry for the sinful souls of our own number who, lacking courage to stick it out, had fallen away from the faith. They fared no better than the rest of us; and it seemed a pity that they should lose out both ways, even if they were renegades.

§ 2

From this background and from these surroundings my emergence into the tolerant atmosphere of the Western world seemed like a new birth. No hooligans and no riots, no discriminations and no special laws. It was dazzling. But I was baffled. This new world was Christian, too. It called itself Christian, anyhow. But what was Christianity if it was not Jew-hunting? That was what the word had always meant to me. Still, there it was, incredible, but true. We could go where we chose and do what we liked, and we were left alone, just like other people. And these other people who said they were Christians were very remarkable. A Christian was a stupid, ignorant peasant who was clad in homespun, stole things when you were not looking, crossed himself on the least provocation, ate coarse food, and had a propensity for killing folks. These new neighbors of mine were nothing like that. They were almost indistinguishably like ourselves. They were, if anything, more intelligent and in general more up-to-date than we were. They dressed and ate and lived and apparently thought as we did. No wonder they did not try to persecute us. They would have had a hard time telling a Jew from one of their own. If they *were* Christians, and did differ from us, the difference was too fine for anybody to see. And, of course, you could not chase after a man in a crowd without knowing what he looked like.

That was what I thought. And as a first result of this free life, little by little, I actually ceased to be a Jew. The one real barrier between my neighbor and me melted away as by magic. Now that no one minded my believing and practising my ancient faith, I began to realize that it was not my faith at all. What the assaults and persecutions of centuries failed to do was done by mere peaceful toleration in a moment of time. Contact with new people and a new world brought it home to me very sharply that what I deeply and passionately

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believed in had nothing to do with that religion which had come to me by inheritance and had stuck to me because people tried to deprive me of it by force. At least that was how I felt. I was much more genuinely interested in human freedom and human rights than I was in the manner of butchering animals for food or in a certain ruined wall in the City of Jerusalem which I had never seen. So also was my new neighbor next door. And the fact that we shared the most vital interests between us made me pause and think whether the Christianity he professed could be so wicked, after all, as I had once been led to believe. I dipped into his sacred books and found without much surprise that they gave me not the least offense.

The differences between us, I saw with relief, had been dragged down from a world which was dead, and thrust between us by people with an ax to grind, just to hold us apart. They no longer existed. It was not that I disliked being a Jew. There was no reason why I should in a world where Jews were equals with other people. It was rather painful to part with old beliefs and old associations. Sometimes, too, a childhood memory flashed through my mind, and I thought with a pang that I was backsliding, and that my penalty would surely come; that I would lose both this world and the next. All the same I persisted. I was not losing this world, but making myself a citizen of it, and I no longer concerned myself with doubtful tales of the next one.

§ 3

But before long I came up with a start. The old game was not dead. I no sooner began to feel at home in my new surroundings than the thing began to crop up all around me. In applications for humble work it was not uncommon to be told that Jews were not wanted. As a student at college I discovered that certain organizations excluded Jews from membership. On two separate occasions, after graduation, I failed to obtain teachers' positions as soon as I let it be known that I was of Jewish parentage. For the most part these discriminations and exclusions were carried out privately. But now and then they were trumpeted abroad from the printed page and the public platform. Certain popular prints consistently maintained an anti-Jewish policy. Once at a lecture I heard a noted agnostic orator refer to a number of his Jewish colleagues, who were engaged in the same propaganda as he was, but who had evidently displeased him, as "these accursed Jews." And another time, at a mountain inn, where I had pleasantly spent the better part of a summer, an elderly lady with whom I had become friends confided to me that she preferred the place to many others because it "rigidly kept out Jews."

Encounters of this sort horrified and amused me at the same time. But they bewildered me even more. What was all this Jew pother about? It was not religious, surely. This was not eastern Europe, where every Jew was a Jew. Here the Jew was no Jew, and the Christian was no Christian. The religious line had either broken down entirely or had got badly twisted. Too many of the newer creeds, like Christian Science and New Thought and Ethical Culture, numbered among their supporters the former adherents

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of both the old dispensations. It would require an expert theologian to see the exact difference between a Unitarian and a pew-holder in a reformed temple, and the current drift toward unbelief had affected all the traditional faiths alike. Half the people, certainly half the cultivated people, that one ran into between Vienna and San Francisco would have hesitated to label themselves as either Jew or Christian.

The new Jew-baiting could not feed on religion and remain sane, and it could not safely feed on anything else. There was nothing else to feed on. A Jew in Russia or Galicia could be hounded or snubbed on religious grounds because the Jew there really was a Jew. But a Jew in Germany or France or England or the United States was as likely as not an atheist or a Swedenborgian. Therefore any sneering at his religion will either not hurt him, or it will hurt others. And when you can't sneer at his religion, it becomes increasingly difficult to find the grounds for sneering at all. There may be other Jewish traits that are far more contemptible than the Jewish religion. Nobody says there are not. But the great difficulty is to lay your finger on them. That is the disadvantage of being an enemy of an entire people at this late date and in a civilized country. Your quarry has got hopelessly lost among the rest of humanity. My own embarrassing experiences tell me that not one person in a hundred knows a Jew when he sees one.

The Jewish look and the Jewish manner are myths. It must tax the imagination of the best-trained Jew-baiter to think of Lord Reading and of a fishwife underneath the Williamsburg Bridge possessing the same manner. Why, the very Jewish name has ceased to be trustworthy. A Jewish relief society recently addressed itself to a Mr. Jacob Goldstein somewhere in Texas with the request that he accept the chairmanship of the local committee during a collection campaign. Mr. Goldstein was touched by the proffered honor, but he was, unfortunately, not a Jew. He was good enough, however, to refer the society to the man who was the leading Jewish merchant of the place and whose name was Columbus Smith.

What puzzles and amuses me is not that certain non-Jews persist in disliking what is unamiable in some Jews or even in all Jews. I was born a Jew, and I dislike a great variety of things about a great variety of Jews. Also I dislike these same things in other people who are not Jews. The odd thing is that the typical Jew-baiter always begins by telling me that he is too modern and too tolerant to have anything against the Jewish religion, and then proceeds to give what he dignifies as reasons for disliking Jewishness. The only possible thing that a man with his head in the right place would dream of calling Jewishness is obviously the Jew's creed. That is, or was, the only thing that a majority of Jews have, or used to have, in common.

Jewishness as a system of thought or action or as a way of life may very well be hateful to the people of some country or even to the people of the whole world. I do not for a moment mean to deny that that is not possible. I do not even argue that it is inexcusable. That sort of thing is too common. I know of no country in the world where some system of thought or

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conduct is not regarded with aversion by the majority of the population. Only, as a rule, the system that is execrated in one place is deeply cherished in another. The principal distinction of Judaism is that it is not deeply cherished anywhere. It is one of the rare things that the whole Christian world is solidly united on. But its greatest distinction of all is that Judaism is never the same thing in the eyes of any two villages.

§ 4

Now, there is nothing in itself unreasonable about hating anything. I myself, for instance, hate Junkerism with all my heart. So, I believe, does every other right-thinking and freedom-loving man. But I know pretty definitely what Junkerism is, and there is nearly complete agreement between all those who hate it as to its meaning. It means blood and iron and sword-rattling and the right of the mighty and bugaboo. It means just that not only to me, but the world over. It is a clean-cut, well knit system. Any human being who prizes peace and decency and the right naturally hates such a system. But Judaism is not a clean-cut, well knit system. It does not mean the same thing to all those who pretend to dislike it. It is disliked on every ground imaginable. From the first century to the twentieth and from Russia to the United States there is scarcely a human vice, and scarcely a human virtue, that has not somewhere, at some time been forged into an excuse by the Jew-baiter.

The Jew has never been positively and passionately loved in any age or in any clime, but that is not the striking thing about him. The striking thing is that what is considered the black infamy of the Jew in one place is commonly the very reverse of his black infamy in another. There would have been nothing startling if he had been tortured as a usurer in the Middle Ages. There is perhaps some sense in torturing usurers. But his martyrdom acquires a touch of the comic when he, the same Jew, is suppressed for rebelling against the usurious civilization of the modern Mammon. In his earlier days he was massacred for being exclusive, and now he is snubbed for being too obtrusive. In some countries they hate him for being a dangerous, visionary idealist, and in others because he is a gross, calculating materialist. In Rumania the peasant despises him as an aristocrat with genteel manners, and in New York he is avoided as an unmannerly boor. Throughout the ages he has suffered as the crucifier of the Christ; it will not surprise me if in the next age he is made to suffer for having produced the Christ.

No other man has ever been in such a fix. It has often happened that a person found himself at odds with the people about him. Well, he had nothing to do but to emigrate to some other place, where the ruling majority agreed with him. A Calvinist could leave King Charles Stuart and go to Holland. A Russian democrat could part with the czar and be received with open arms in England or in Switzerland. The German rebels against Junkerism might run away to America. In no case was the refugee disappointed. The Calvinist did not arrive in Amsterdam to find that he was suspected of being a Romanist. The Russian was not clapped into

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jail at Bern on a charge of plotting to overthrow the Swiss Republic to make room for a monarchy on the czarist model. The American Government did not detain Carl Schurz at Ellis Island as an emissary of Prussianism. Yet if all these things had happened, they would only have illustrated the fate of the Jew in his eternal wanderings.

It was, I confess, altogether natural that the Jew in the chivalrous, Christian Middle Ages should be despised as a usurer, if he was one. But then it would appear just as natural that he should be made into a saint in the modern world which rests on a system of usury. I believe that the peasant back home did honestly scorn refinement and good manners; therefore he disliked us who had them. But in that case we ought to expect to be fêted in those Western countries where such things are appreciated. It is a little discouraging to be told that Jews share a common spirit and culture, and in the next breath to be informed that we are at once Chesterfields and Calibans, the spiritual kin at once of Judas and Jesus.

Observation tells me that our own faults, of which we have many, are only a small part of the reason why we are not taken in among our neighbors. People saddle us even with the weaknesses that they dislike in themselves. I have often asked Americans what it was they found objectionable in the Jew, and the answers were a revelation. The Jew, they told me, is over-aggressive; he is fond of noise and show, he is indifferent to spiritual values, he worships the dollar, and his social intercourse is crude. All of which is an excellent summary of what Europe has been rightly or wrongly throwing up against Americans for three generations, an excellent summary, too, of the charges the Americans applaud their own novelists for making.

The practice of nagging one another is far from uncommon among men and women. There are family scrapes and lovers' quarrels, disagreements across the court and over the fence. But as a rule, when people dislike one another, it is for what they are and as persons. At least that is the case in peace-times. If I dislike my neighbor it is because I do not like *him* personally, and I would like him no better if his politics and his religion and all the rest of it were the reverse of what they are. I do not whip myself into a passion and tear around shouting, "Oh, the insufferable Presbyterian! I 'd like to exterminate his miserable sect. I always did hate Presbyterians."

But let a man take an aversion to a Jew, and the situation is altogether different. The Jew may really be a disagreeable fellow. There are disagreeable Jews. He may be a rounder or an unscrupulous child-sweater or a wife-beater or a libertine or disputatious socialist. I myself, unhappily, know Jews of all these varieties. Also I know non-Jews of the same description. And if my man is a well behaved Christian citizen, he will quite naturally find the Jew in question objectionable. Any well behaved, decent citizen would. Well, so long as the object of his distaste remains unlabeled, so long as his Jewish origin is unknown, my good citizen will simply despise him for his sins and his shortcomings. But should he by any chance discover that the man is a Jew, ah! then all will be changed. His indignation will rise to vast heights,

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but the individual enemy will be almost forgotten. The plain citizen will suddenly develop into a philosopher and a race psychologist, while the disagreeable fellow next door will just as suddenly become the scion and accomplice of an evil tribe. The awful and important thing about him will be not that he is infamous in himself, but that he is a Jew. And my good man will remember that he always did have a horror of Jews, and will vow to shun the breed forever.

§ 5

What I have in mind is handily illustrated by the Jew on the stage and in fiction. Molière's *Tartuffe* is a consummate hypocrite, and everybody who has seen or read the play in which he figures has no doubt thought of some acquaintance who resembled him like a twin brother. But we have yet to hear of the slanderer who would insinuate that *Tartuffe* is France because *Tartuffe* is a Frenchman. Every one with a grain of sense in him knows that the reason why *Tartuffe* is a Frenchman is that Molière was a Frenchman. If the author had been a German, *Tartuffe* would have been a German. The same is true of many other figures in literature. They are human types, but they do not portray the character of a nation. The central character in H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" is a somewhat ridiculous money-grubber who thinks he is a Napoleon. He is an Englishman, of course; but people of all nationalities know that they can duplicate the noble hero in their own countries. But to the same people *Shylock* is not a mere scoundrel. He is not even just *a* Jew. He is *the* Jew. For it is an incorrigible obsession of many folks that *the* Jew is as black as *any* Jew is painted. And the killing thing is that the Jews have so long been fed up with this kind of madness that they are commonly the first to raise the cry that the Jew in play and story is a slander, which is a sorry admission that he represents them, only that he represents them discreditably. The loud complaints about the stories of Mr. Glass and certain of the plays of Mr. Gordin are familiar illustrations. To my knowledge, neither the English nor the French people have undertaken to disown either *Tartuffe* or the talented concocter of *Tono-Bungay*.

My good friend at the mountain inn, as I might have known, had nothing whatever against the Jewish people. She avoided them at summer resorts, she said, merely because of their gross manners and their love of making themselves conspicuous. And this testimony of hers was seconded by the keeper of the inn himself, as well as by many other keepers of inns. Now, I know there are Jews with bad manners, shiploads of them. It may even be that all Jews have bad manners. But how can any one know? And there is a lot of evidence of fact to the contrary, which any one acquainted with half a dozen Jews must be aware of. I can only insist that I am unable to discover an inevitable, logical connection between Jewishness and unmannerliness.

If our friends are going to discriminate against Jews on such arbitrary grounds as breeding, they may as well and as reasonably burn them at the stake for their wealth or their politics. The connection between these things and Jewishness is fully as real. Mr. Adolph Ochs is a Jew who is both rich

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and conservative; and Mr. Abraham Cahan, who is also a Jew, is both poor and a radical. I do not know anything about the manners or the morals of either of them, but I do know that if I disliked bad manners, I would be obliged to snub a considerable portion of the human species who are themselves neither Jews nor lovers of Jews. It is quite possible that the hope of humanity is largely dependent on the discouragement (by innkeepers and their guests) of unrefinement on the one hand and of Jewishness on the other. I do not say that it is not. All I say is that the words unrefinement and Jewishness do not mean exactly the same thing, and that if one must have a reason for discouraging Jewishness, one had better dig up some villainy that is really, unmistakably, exclusively Jewish. Otherwise one may end up in a wilderness of absurdities.

Nevertheless, I am not so blind as not to see that there is, after all, a rather good case for the innkeeper—or shall I call him, as the law now requires, the president of the Lake Quiet Club? And that case, I am constrained to state in the interest of truth, even at the risk of losing caste with my fellow-Jews and suffering religious and social excommunication at their hands. My Jewish friends constantly and bitterly protest that the hotel clerk never inquires about Mrs. Gentile's manners when she writes for reservations. Well, for that matter, neither does he inquire about Mrs. Jew's. But, complain my friends, how does he know that Mrs. Gentile is a desirable guest and that Mrs. Jew is not, when he has not seen either of them? The answer, I think, is that he does *not* know. He is taking a gamble in probabilities. For all he knows the two ladies may be exactly equal in refinement and culture. Only the chances are that Mrs. Gentile won't apply if she is not of the set, and the chances are equally as large that Mrs. Jew will apply *because* she is not of the set. This is all the clerk vaguely knows—that Mrs. Jew is, in the social relations, a consistent democrat who refuses to acknowledge the existence of classes and distinctions. And this is enough.

Supposing, ruminates the hotel clerk charged with keeping up the tone of the resort—supposing that Mrs. Jew's antecedents, manners, and gentility are not the least bit beneath those of Mrs. Gentile's, one need have no fears that Mrs. Gentile's butcher or Mr. Gentile's tailor will follow her to her summer retreat. But one cannot be so sure about the other lady's retinue of undesirables. It is not only Mrs. Jew who is indifferent to social snobbism. The whole Jewish people are. The Jew, as the saying is, is your only Christian. The Jew has, by centuries of hard knocks, come to perceive and acknowledge a distinction between himself and the others. But within the Pale he has never known and he can never understand any differences. He has learned the lesson his neighbor has so long tried to teach him, that a Jew is a Jew, and he never can be got to forget it. If Mr. Disraeli becomes Lord Beaconsfield, every Jew will rejoice not only on Mr. Disraeli's account, but principally on his own. All Jews are equal; therefore, when one Jew is an aristocrat, all Jews are aristocrats. The Jew who becomes king of the new Jerusalem will have to keep perpetual open house or abdicate. No Jew can take

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on airs among his own and carry it off.

That is why I have so little sympathy or patience with the persons who are at pains to hide their Jewish identity in the presence of non-Jews. I cannot understand their fears. If I were inclined to deny my origin for the sake of avoiding annoyance or persecution, it is with my own that I would be wary. The worst injury the Gentile can do me is to leave me alone, and that I can manage to endure. But my fellow-Jew will not leave me alone. As long as he mistakes me for the stranger, he will scrupulously respect my right to privacy, and ring the bell of my door before he invades my home, and give heed to the amenities of decent society after he has entered, and pay cash for the goods I sell him, without expecting undue favor, and in general deal with me equitably and humanely. But just as soon as he has spotted me, my freedom ceases to be. He will, so to speak, embrace me fraternally and gather me to his bosom. He will feel thoroughly at ease with me and quite at home in my house, and he will unbend chummily and unburden himself of his fears and his hopes, and he will keep me waiting longest when I come into his shop and least when he sends out his bills. I am but a fellow-Jew, while the others are people. I am a member of the family, so I can put up with the leavings when strangers are calling.

My Gentile friends are a bit puzzled when I implore them to guard the secret of my identity against the Jewish tradespeople of the neighborhood. They suspect me of attempted snobbishness toward a fellow-creature and a coreligionist. But it is only one of the many evidences of their fortunate ignorance of the really dreadful enormities of my people.

I am frankly blurting out this bit of family history in the interests of truth and justice, not as a sufficient excuse for keeping the Jew away from mountain inns. But I suppose it will be expected of me, before I leave off, to offer some explanation for the position of the Jew among the nations. After all, it is a fact, and every fact has a cause; and if the Jew is no wickeder than the rest of mankind, why is the world no friendlier to him? Ah, but he is wickeder, far wickeder. Also he is immeasurably nobler. There you have the central point of him in a nutshell. He is simply a more vivid personality than the other races of earth. He *is* conspicuous; not because he loves to be, but because he cannot help it. The first thing that I had to do in order to become like other Americans was to tone down the dramatic quality in my make-up, to become more drab and less vital. When the Jew is commercial he is more commercial than anybody else; when he learns the bad habits of his neighbors he outdoes them in evil, and when he catches a new vision of God he goes out and converts the universe. In addition he carries about with him a long tradition of un-love and he has a name that everybody knows. It is human to pick on some one, and he is ready at hand, and he is used to being picked on. He fills an ever felt want.

For this reason I disclaim any intention to argue against the time-honored practice of Jew-ragging. It would do no good to argue against it. The thing has become one of the fixed institutions of civilization. The world we all know and all love would not be itself without it. Some day, perhaps,

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a revolution of mind and heart will sweep this institution with many another into the limbo of the dead past. But it will be, I am convinced, a long time coming. And in the meantime the Jew will remain among us not a mere human creature with unlovely qualities, but a sort of abstract symbol of antipathy, an embodiment, in the eyes of the world, of everything that it dislikes in itself and in its social system. But he has already become more than that. He has become the conscience of Western civilization, the weather-vane of its progress, the gage by which its own wickedness or humanity is measured. The status of the Jew in any country is a foot-rule to its enlightenment. And as long as a trace of the ancient blot remains anywhere, the world will not be ready for brotherhood and the earth unprepared for peace.

§ 6

As I review the bundle of countradictions and paradoxes that make up the arraignment of the Jew and mark the anti-Semitic program, I begin to wonder whether his accusers are aware of the real animus that moves them. I am not questioning their sincerity. But I venture the guess that a single subconscious impulse lies beneath each separate charge, fathering them all, and explaining the apparent paradoxes. Somewhere there must be a real case that Western civilization has against the Jew. Otherwise a rational civilization would not persist in the making of so many contradictory and mutually destructive charges against him.

I think I know what that real case is, the thing that Western civilization really holds against the Jew. It is simply this: the Jew has inflicted Christianity on the Aryan civilization of the Occident. By giving us the Gospels, with their humanitarian aspirations, by setting up the gentle ideal of Jesus of Nazareth, the Jew has set a brake on the free operation of the vigorous impulses of Western civilization which, while professing Christianity, is actually materialistic in its desires and Nietzschean in its moral standards. He has hobbled this pagan world with a conscience. For twenty centuries Western civilization has struggled desperately to evade the full obligations of Christianity. And it subconsciously hates the race from whose loins Christianity came.

An employer of labor, with red Aryan blood in his veins, is about to go forth and smash a hundred thousand strikers, when up surges a memory from his Sunday-school boyhood to warn him that men are brothers and the poor blessed. Statesmen and generals, in the thick of war, are obliged to kneel before the altar of Him who said "Blessed are the peacemakers." Men questing after wealth are arrested in their path by the admonition, "Take no thought for the morrow." Is it any wonder we resent the Jew? His contribution to our civilization is a spirit that sours and curdles those primitive and pagan desires that unhappily survive with strangely dominant force throughout our "Christian" world.

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VIEWS IN AND ABOUT VENCE

SKETCHES BY FREDERICK H. MARVIN

Vence is a little old town in the lower foot-hills of the French Alps well off the beaten track of the tourists who throng Nice and Monte Carlo. Its pale-rose and yellow plaster houses are surrounded by the medieval town wall; olive-orchards lie beyond; while far off, through gaps in the low hills near the shore, one may catch a glimpse of the Mediterranean, peacock blue on clear days, and dark gray when the mistral ruffles it with whitecaps

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Back of the town rise the mountains, and in every other direction one finds long, rolling slopes of hills covered with olive-trees, vineyards, and old stone houses that fit into the landscape most graciously and harmoniously

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To the largest and most beautiful of the fountains of Vence come women, old and young, with water-jars to be filled at the big circular stone basin into which four generous jets of water fall plashing

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The Age of Experiment

By Henry Seidel Canby

THERE is such a thing as being too successful. The anthropologists are saying that progress upward is due to superior adaptivness, from which one might conclude that the more speedily we adapt ourselves to whatever comes along, and the more readily we re-adapt ourselves when necessary, the better humans we are certain to be. By this reasoning the new quadrangle at Yale is a supreme example of adaptiveness in that men, accustomed to live under steel and wood and beneath buildings that shoot upward, borrow wholesale a medieval style created for an utterly different civilization, and adapt their quite unclerical lives to its soothing amenities.

The process is quite the same in religion and quite the same in literature. A violent eclecticism is the most striking characteristic of English literature to-day. I have stood before shelves of freshly published books in an editorial office and tried to think of some principle of resemblance which would run, even faintly, through them all. Such a thread would have been traceable surely in Shakspere's day, or Pope's. But neither style nor subject nor, apparently, point of view nor genre nor mood nor any of the lighter resemblances seemed to carry through. What possible unifying word can you apply to such a collection except "modern" or "eclectic"? And what does "modern" mean?

There is a common denominator, however, into which most will divide, and it is to be found, as always, in the undercurrents of belief and interest which flow through a civilization, touching all whom that civilization touches. It is needless to labor proof that the nature of books is determined by the flow of interest. Such terms as "the Greek mind" or "the medieval mind" would otherwise possess not even the general meaning which we assign to them. There is a direct relation between Greek tragedy and Greek philosophy, and there is an open conduit between the mood of the Renaissance and the works of the Renaissance in politics, science, theology, and art. There is a direct connection, too, between the extravagant eclecticism of modern literature and the medley of philosophies to the tune of which modern civilization marches. But this is just to say that our books are eclectic because we are eclectic, which does not explain what moderns mean by "modern."

I think that the essential meaning of this term "modern" is to be found in the kind of interest it expresses. The line of interest to-day falls without, and not within, us. Our modern interest is characteristically held by

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circumstances outside of the ego and beyond its past experience, even when we seem to bend our investigation inward and backward. It is an interest in experiment. If this is true, and although "outside" and "inside" are wobbly terms which may fail me, I believe it can be proved to be approximately true; then there are corollaries which may help to clear a mind confused by the shouting over what we ought to think and ought not to think of "the trend of literature." Such aid to the doubtful, and not prophecy, is the first duty of criticism.

Take half a dozen characteristic books of recent years. Even if science be left out, this common factor of interest in experiment leaps to the eye. Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" and his "Queen Victoria" were based, for example, upon no new theory of biography so far as I can see to make them "modern," but sprang from a formula: "let us test what we know of these eminent people by new sets of facts, the idea being that we never know what people were until we have tried them by what they did." "Babbitt" and "Main Street," regarded as social documents, were studies in the effect of environment upon human character. "Spoon River Anthology," to go further back for a very illuminating example, is the natural history of a small town, microscopically studied in all possible positions upon the slide.

We must go behind the books to get the whole story. The history of the last half-century is woven through by it. We rest upon the world prevailingly now instead of upon ourselves. Our confidence in the alleged conquest of nature has grown until reliance has become a habit. To read with any penetration, let us say, Thoreau or Emerson has become almost such an experience as to study the Greek classics. We view a different spiritual world and impulses almost contradictory to ours. Within and within these men are always beckoning, even when engrossed by external fact. Evolution fascinates them because it seems to indicate what man can do for his spiritual self. Evolution for us is a guiding theory in our attempt to fit the body to its environment and subdue that environment. They attempt a unity of the personality in the presence of the universe; we court the disunity of never ending experiment.

§ 2

As a result, a slow swinging away from discipline and self-restraint as the major ideals of Western civilization has been under way for at least a century. The change came first in our advisers and then in us. Instead of urging us to school our ego until it bowed to circumstance, they plead with us to control circumstance. Instead of "be good," they began to say, "Will what is desirable; *go get it.*" They accepted, often unconsciously, the theory that man, being an organism in development, *push*, not *pull*, was what he needed. Ulysses, who would "sail beyond the sunset," Henley, whose head was "bloody, but unbowed," Longfellow, who begged us to rise on our dead selves, were spokesmen. It was felt, and the feeling spreads through our later literature, that experiment, energetically conducted, would lead us anywhere.

The times favored an optimistic theory. It has been said that the prosperity of eighteenth-century New England broke the power of puritan

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Calvinism. You simply could not believe in such extensive damnation among the dairy meadows of Connecticut or in the bustling streets of Boston. Our times, even if the war be left aside, have been no golden age, but every class has improved its condition in the course of a century, and the favored persons have been more favored by peace and plenty than since the Augustan age.

Restraint—spiritual, mental, physical—relaxed, lost first of all its absurdities, and then its sense of inevitable rightness. It would be interesting to place in descending steps a series of famous stories, from "Rasselas" through "Adam Bede" and "Jude the Obscure" to Sherwood Anderson and Scott Fitzgerald. The reader who took them in order could scarcely escape feeling a changing world, and a new conception of must and ought.

But it was not merely optimism. The fear of God bred melancholy in the Puritan, the fear of dropping behind in the race of evolution makes the modern uneasy and irritable. He feels he must expand with an expanding world. Since we progress by experiment, he feels that he must experiment himself. He must try everything, as the cant phrase goes, at least once. He must look through that arch of experience which Tennyson describes—Tennyson who felt all the impulses to doubt and to break free and to experiment which the young rebels who despise him have adopted as their rule of life. Hence the fear of suppression which appears in so much modern literature and finds its scientific analysis in Jung and Freud. Suppression is the death of experiment. The hero of the earlier books was youth resisting sexual philandering or repenting when temptation led astray. The hero of the modern novel is youth, male or female, who has had experience, whatever the nature or cost. Success or failure is beside the point; experience in itself is a justification for writing the story.

I am not, so far, writing a sermon, and intend to avoid sermonizing. I am not attacking experiment, for experiment has made my age, which has, according to my way of thinking, more good than ill in it. Yet it is undeniable that in our literature, which is the sublimation of our experience, experiment has swallowed discipline and restraint by gulps and is beginning to bite upon purpose. Is there any ultimate purpose in the most modern of modern literature except experiment? You will answer that since life is complex and requires analysis and refinement before it can be understood, to experiment is a sufficient purpose. That has been the idea of many students of the natural sciences, the training-ground of the prophets of our generation. They have regarded observation and discovery as ends in themselves, expecting vaguely that their successors would pick up the pieces and make something coherent out of them. As a result, although, thanks to the vast number of new facts ready to work with, the advance of scientific knowledge has been great, the wastage of effort has been phenomenal, and the results, as the war proved, far less valuable than we had hoped. It was the idea also of scientific scholarship, and literary shelves have been stacked with texts now seen to be quite useless. A lack of any purpose in much of this scholarship except crudely to collect facts by experiment has been mournfully

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evident to all who have had reason to know.

And so, less perhaps, but not otherwise, it has been with so-called creative literature. In due measure, experiment is the soul of creation, but in excess it is its mete and bound. The realists, like Zola, who trod eagerly upon the heels of nineteenth-century science, fuddled themselves with experiment. Their novels, like the books of the new school of American realists, were crowded with fact and minute description, never organized into lucid significance. We agree now that artistically they failed, even as we shall admit that the experimental pictures of Mid-Western life now current will have their chief value in the future as materials for social history. Look for "Main Street" in 1955 on the shelves devoted to the background of American history. The psycho-fictionists also, Miss Sinclair for an example, how clearly does she lean in "Ann Severn and the Fieldings" upon studies of man's psychology, how desirous she is to contribute her experiment! And H. G. Wells, might not his novels be the publications of a very human laboratory for social, moral, and mental research? Is he not now as much a research student (with an artist's technic) as when in his youth he practised biology in the University of London!

"Wait and see" is the text which might be printed at the head of all this modern literature, in which much lyric poetry and the majority of critical essays and most serious plays are to be included. "Wait and see," says Bernard Shaw, "how the social forces I display will remold society." "Wait and see," says D. H. Lawrence, "what will come of the sex instinct when suppressed or set loose in man." "Wait and see," says Miss Virginia Woolf, "what you will make of people viewed as I view them." "Wait and see," say the writers of a thousand American short stories, "what boys and girls will do if you give them love and wealth." The leaning is, you observe, all outward, upon circumstance. We are to proceed by the results of experiment, and therefore must expand and expand into wider experience before we can go on and up. It is the diametric opposite of the eremite's formula.

There can be, of course, no standards in this literature except the purely esthetic, for there can be no standards in literary experiment except successful expression. You cannot demand a thesis, a solution, or even a coherent meaning in experiment. This may satisfy the determined artist and those disciples of Croce who wish to disregard substance in literature, but many will remain dissatisfied. If the critic's analysis reads, "This book is a partial view, it is abnormal [or immoral, or ugly], but nevertheless it is an attempt to capture something not yet taken from life into literature (that is, an experiment), and therefore cannot be too harshly judged," the edge of criticism is blunted. Nine tenths of the modern criticism of modern experimental literature does in fact come down to this; that the work, whatever it is, has obvious faults, but is original (that is, experimental), and therefore may be important. Even our criticism must be experimental until some at least of the experiments in art are concluded.

We are well rid, it is true, of the old dogmatisms where each authority

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huddled over his particular bone of theory and barked at every stranger. But we have a new dogmatism in an anti-puritanism which is in the worst sense puritanical. The radical experimenter, in literature or in life, will not tolerate fixed beliefs on the part of any one. He laughs at all certainty and condemns all principle. To be deductive, with him, is to be damned. The anti-puritan thinks it a heinous sin to refrain from satisfying any strong desire or principle, or to subdue your ego instead of expanding it, or to refrain from leaving a wife you no longer besottedly adore. The modern Bohemia is a looking-glass land where all compulsions are reversed. In a dozen recent books one is made to feel that you must *not* be too moral, must *not* control your passions, must *not* sacrifice yourself for others, must *not* love your neighbor, or even your family, one quarter as much as yourself. And this is a corollary to a belief in unrestricted and all-important experiment.

§ 3

Reaction has already set in against this belief that if we only look far enough through the world we are sure to find a way to settle everything; but I do not find it among these anti-puritans and the howlers down of the old régime. They are merely turning, turning upon the wheel of experiment, condemning, as they turn, all that lies behind them. No, the return to principle is to be found in less sententious books. I find it in Miss Zona Gale's and Miss Willa Cather's searchings for essential character as a durable thing, or among the English in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith and the Galsworthy of "The Forsyte Saga." I find it in Edwin Arlington Robinson. I find it in the new literature of reverie, where the attempt, as in Sherwood Anderson, otherwise a notable experimenter, is to pierce beneath the drift of experience to the quality of that life itself which animates the individual man and, when set free, impels him. I find a sense of the necessity of coming to some conclusion as to what life is to mean for us in the criticism of Cabell and Santayana, the poetry of Masefield and Vachel Lindsay, and the lyrics of Miss Millay, which seem to spring, like the Jacobean and Carolingian poetry, from an inner and confident light. The center of gravity in all these books begins again to lie within and not without. The answer is sought in the mind and not in circumstance. There has been, so the authors seem to say, experience and expansion enough; now let us check the hurrying soul and question it for truth.

Yet it is not reaction, a mechanical movement at best, which we need so much as consummation, a harvesting of experiment. And here literature will inevitably wait upon life. It will run ahead of common belief, but after the minds that lead us. We shall have to resolve the problem of inside and outside before literature will cease to be endlessly eclectic. Perhaps that problem is insoluble except by faith. Perhaps we shall never prove whether there is dualism, as of spirit and body, or unity in life. It now seems unlikely that natural science will help us much further, for natural science has taken behavior as its sole reality and will not, or cannot, go behind the mechanics of that problem. Whether spiritualism

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or the new quasi-science of psychics will give light it is too soon to say. The credibility and the interpretation of the evidence submitted must first be tested. But some harmony between two conflicting and, so I believe, extreme tendencies—the reference of all our conduct and belief to the results of investigation, and a failure to consult nature at all in these matters—between, in short, behaviorism and tradition can surely be attained. There is no soul-heal in science, no reason in the denial of ascertained fact. Neither Loeb nor Bryan can help us much in our philosophy. But we shall find again a *modus vivendi*.

And that mode of thinking about living must take into more account than has been popular in this age of free experiment the *integer vitæ*, the resolve to live finely rather than fully, the discipline which prevents excess, the generosity which implies self-sacrifice, the power to do without. All these qualities hamper experiment, but no experiment can unseat them as traits highly desirable in man. The self-restraint, the discipline, the godliness of one age, are not as those of another. John Milton grew too crabbed for use, and Addison too smug. Tennyson's code of morals seems out of perspective to-day, and Walt Whitman's song of the senses quite properly shames his priggishness. But neither a family nor a civilization can be raised on the principle of trying everything once. When shoe-strings are tight, we loosen them, and then, when the foot adjusts itself, tighten them a little again. So it is with over and under discipline. The old restraints are broken; it is time now to tighten belts.

And as soon as some clearer vision comes out of this murk of facts and factors in which historians, economists, novelists, biologists, poets, are twisting and turning, books will be respondent. It is probable that this age will then appear to have been pioneers' ground for the new order, in which we exploited the forest, broke up soil, tried our crops. Extraordinarily superficial much of our experimental literature will seem, of course. Perhaps the subtlest books, results of the most exhaustive experiments, will appear the most superficial, since it is there that men and women are analyzed into almost meaningless fact. Our literature will seem like a museum without a catalogue. "Why did he trouble to anatomize Main Street? Why did she describe the stream of consciousness in literal detail?" will be the questions, and the answer, "It was useful [or useless] experiment!"

There will be many to say here and now that the remedy for this St. Vitus dance of experiment is a new theology, or refuge in the arms of Mother Church or scientific positivism. That is not the necessary conclusion of the argument, which says no more than that it is time to look within for strength as well as without for solution by experiment. Even stoicism solved problems that biology and physics cannot touch. In any event, we may drop the silly snobbishness which has been contemptuous of the past. It was natural that readers and writers who were bent upon experiment should have been impatient with stabilized life and stabilized literature. There was little attraction in stories of people who tried to *hold in* for moderns who felt that their duty to the universe was

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to *push out*. I quote from a recently published novel, whose title, characteristically, is "Self":

"She had denied herself nothing, she had united herself with a supreme passion to a perfect mate [a prize-fighter], but she had not changed. She had given him her body, only to find that her mind was still her own, richer and more finely colored by the experience through which she had passed." This faintly humorous transcript from the life of an adventuress is not really funny; it is merely logical. If you possessed a culture of rare germs, would you not try them in every environment you could think of, and watch them to see whether they grew or declined? That is how our novelists have felt about their characters, and will continue to feel until the urge to experiment gives place to the desire to conserve and refine. Naturally, the writer of such experimental books is largely indifferent to stable literature with ideals and a clear purpose, but that is no justification for a contemptuous underestimate. Thoreau and Emerson, to return to our own immediate past, formless as they were, with deficient technic and an undeniable pallor in the emotions of sex, yet tower over our immediate contemporaries with every indication of greatness. We are children of the inventive intellect of Franklin, who applied good sense to everything, and molded both his religion and his morals by what he could learn from his environment. He was a great and useful man: our writers, scholars, scientists, are useful also; if they seem to lack some element of greatness it is because their ends, though obtainable, concern no more than the health, conduct, prosperity, and emotional stimulation of man.

But Emerson and Thoreau were spiritual descendants of Jonathan Edwards and his kind. They were inhibited, as he was inhibited (inhibited, says a current play, is the modern word for being decent), in many directions. But their attempt (and this is a definition of their literary work) was to discipline and refine the emotions to deeper harmonies and finer perceptions. And this attempt has an absolute value entirely apart from the truth or untruth of transcendentalism, and different from the relative value of experiments which depends upon success. This study of perfection, very humanly conducted, gave to these men at their best a moral grandeur, which is a quality very highly to be appraised in literature, and one of the forms of beauty, which in its esthetic sense these writers did not always attain.

§ 4

The New England of the forties and fifties was doubtless stifling to the free emotion and even to the eager intellect. It was too caste-bound and hidebound for much needed experiment. The adventurous in body went to sea or West. The mentally adventurous took to books, and found their cosmopolitanism in contact with the brains of the Old World and their expansion in contacts with nature. They were curiously content to live a village life, and unhappy when far away from their Concords. Having little society among the living, they were forced to raise themselves to the level of the great ones among the dead. The necessity produced innumerable freaks and vagarists, moon-

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shiny minds like Alcott's, founders of quaint religions, mystics who lost their sense of reality. It also brought forth rare eminence of mind and fineness of spirit. But our cosmopolitanism of world-wide experiment is too easy. Any one can rise to the level of Broadway, and, if they are shrewd, observe there. We are all sensible, all worldly, all tolerant, all conversant with reality. How to gird up one's loins and climb has almost been forgotten.

The plain people of the same forties and fifties, when they spoke of a good book, meant a righteous book. We think that their conception of literature was pitifully narrow, and are surely right. But a good book, to deserve the title, should at least have sustenance in it. These endless experiments with impressions, moods, glands, psychoses, complexes, repressions, are beginning to lose their interest. These interminable biographies of adolescence, and what love did to it and what it did to love, grow tedious. In a recent contest for a prize novel hundreds of manuscripts followed this pattern, and, like the saints' legends of the Middle Ages, were so much alike in style and plot that they could be more readily classified by localities than by the names of their authors. Yes, we are cosmopolitan, we are acquainted with the peculiarities of life in every climate and under all conditions of sub- and supernormality; we know how to explain our social habits and our personal traits: but as to what is to be done with them and about them when all is investigated, we seem lamentably incurious.

Expansion and contraction in cycles is a characteristic of literature as well as of business. There is one kind of literary contraction now pinching us which I do not mean to praise in this essay—the contraction of fear. The prohibitionists and the timorously minded who fear for their conventions are attacking the freer emotional life which experiment has certainly given us. The censors desire to paralyze the literary nerve. They wish it to vibrate only by permission. For experiment which may wander into the forbidden regions of sex, they would substitute a canalized stream of limited consciousness.

The contraction, I predict, has nothing to do with such debased puritanism as this. It will bring with it a subtle change in emphasis. Man will begin to mean more; his adventures, less. Morality will begin to mean more than morale, and may get a new definition. The ego, having passed through the laboratory and been dressed and undressed in every street, will once more become an instrument by which we strive to attain an ideal, although that ideal may differ widely from the ideals popular in books on the will-to-power, in boy-scout meetings, and the college Y. M. C. A. We shall look more to Confucius and less to Casanova. Thus the heart will be shaped, and afterward new books will be shaped also. Experiment has years to run yet, and I, as a man of my time, still follow its literary revelations with fascinated interest. I should regard an age of no experiment as a racial catastrophe. And yet, like the financier, excited and yet troubled by a business boom expanding and expanding beyond the needs of society, I look for an antidote to excess, and, in literature expect to find it in thoughts bent inward.

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The Kitten and the Masterpiece

By Floyd Dell

I. *Paralogue.* Once, when news was scarce, a certain newspaper propounded to its readers the following problem of conduct: "If you were in a burning building, and could save either a great masterpiece, such as the 'Mona Lisa,' or a child you had never seen before, which would you save?"

The question aroused general interest, and the newspaper discussion continued throughout the summer. Philosophers, clergymen, chorus girls, painters, politicians, and other eminent personages were asked which they would save, the child or the masterpiece? Among them was H. G. Wells and he replied, "I would save the child, or, if it were a kitten, the kitten."

But this anecdote has, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the story that follows.

II. *The Masterpiece.* In the days when rents were low in Greenwich Village and artists and writers really lived there, Paul Sherwood had the second-floor hall bedroom in one of those decaying houses on the south side of Washington Square. Those were the days when the inhabitants of Greenwich Village, in spite of their poverty, took life gaily. But in this matter Paul was an exception. He lived in Greenwich Village because his rent was only eight dollars a month. And he rather begrudged that much.

He was writing a novel. He had been wanting to write that novel for two years. During most of those two years he had been working every day at one job or another, and at night finding himself too tired to write; he could only think for a while of what he would like to write, and then uneasily fall asleep, remembering that the alarm-clock would go off at six in the morning. Sometimes he thought about his novel during working hours; but sometimes, as when he worked in a shipyard and had the job of holding a pail to catch red-hot rivets tossed from a considerable distance, he did not dare to think about anything so remote and beautiful. He did write a little on Sundays and, when his work was not too tiring, late into the night; but when his job was easy enough to permit that, the pay was too poor to save anything out of. And he had to save up for a year of leisure in which to write his novel.

Before this wild ambition had come to possess him, he had been a sort of dreamy vagabond and unskilled worker, fond of talk and reading, who drifted from place to place and job to job, not caring much what he did so long as he could spend his evenings browsing at the free public library or talking with some fellow-vagabond about the universe. He had read everything and discussed everything,

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and had been happy in a detached and philosophic way; but the day came when he wanted to write. And then for two years he had lived as a man lives in a prison from which he plans to escape.

He had tried too desperately to escape, working too hard and eating too little, and losing precious time in illness and convalescence. So, what with one kind of luck and another, it was two years before he had saved up the five hundred dollars upon which he intended to live for a whole year and write his novel.

Five hundred dollars—with that fortune he moved into Greenwich Village and began his new career. Everything was figured carefully into his budget—rent, food, gas, paper and ink, and even an occasional visit to the theater, if a Shaw play should be in town. In the course of his reading he had become a devotee of Shaw. He conceived himself as another sort of *Cashel Byron*, with perhaps a touch of Jack London in him. If he had not seen everything, at least he had seen through everything. He was twenty-five years old, and he had no doubt that he possessed the divine fire.

Five hundred dollars a year is nine dollars and sixty-one cents a week,—or nine dollars and sixty-two cents, if you want to call the odd fraction a cent. But preferring to be always on the safe side in his finances, he thought of his weekly income as nine dollars and sixty-one cents.

A novel contains anywhere from eighty thousand to a hundred and sixty thousand words. His would be a fairly long novel. But one can easily write fifteen hundred words a day, and at that rate his novel would be finished in a little over three months. However, he wanted to be conservative in his expectations; at the very least, then, he would write five hundred words a day, and have his novel finished in ten months, with plenty of time left to revise it in.

Every dollar in his hoard meant seventeen-and-a-half hours of freedom, and a page done toward his novel. These were his plans.

He began by discarding the fragments he had already written and starting in afresh. The first day he wrote a thousand words. Every day for a week he rewrote that thousand words. Then for four months he wrote furiously, rewrote furiously, and sometimes furiously threw what he had written into the waste-basket. During the last week he wrote at the rate of ten thousand words a day. At the end of those four months he had written nearly half a million words, and thrown most of them away; but there remained as real accomplishment ten long chapters—the first half of his novel.

He spent three weeks in the work of revision, and then cast up his accounts. He was exactly on schedule in his writing, and seven dollars and thirty cents ahead in his finances. Moreover, he was very tired. He had worked steadily from June to November, and so it seemed entirely reasonable that he should go out and spend some of that seven dollars and thirty cents on amusement.

He took from his carefully secreted hoard a twenty-dollar bill. He would get it changed, and look in the paper to see if there was a Shaw play in town that night.

He changed the bill at a delicatessen, and put seven dollars and thirty cents

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in his right-hand trousers pocket to spend. The other thirteen dollars and seventy cents he put in his left-hand trousers pocket, as in a safety-deposit vault. It was for the present untouchable and sacred. It meant, that thirteen dollars and seventy cents, ten more days of freedom and five thousand more words.

He bought a newspaper. There was no Shaw play in town. If there had been, doubtless things would not have happened as they did.

What happened was that on the following noon he tramped through the snowy streets of Greenwich Village in a gaudy turban and an overcoat which did not conceal the fact that his legs were bare. Underneath the overcoat was a florid masquerade costume patched up for him out of scraps of colored cloth by a girl he had never seen before last night. His clothes were at her studio, and he was on his way there to get them. He hoped she would be awake by now. He had been there twice before this morning, on the same errand, vainly.

She was n't awake, but this time she reluctantly roused at his knock, and sleepily thrust his clothes through the door into his arms. She was too sleepy to notice that he still had on his masquerade costume under his overcoat; she did n't know that he had only the one suit of clothes. And as he could n't very well dress in her hallway, he walked home, in his bare legs, with his clothes over his arm.

When that girl had improvised his costume for him last night, an artistic costume without any pockets, he had wondered what to do with his money; and she had given him a safety-pin with which to pin his bills inside the folds of his robe. "You can keep your loose change in your turban," she had said.

That had seemed at the time a sensible arrangement. The only trouble was that it mingled together the sacred money which belonged to the next ten days and the money which had been dedicated to an evening's amusement. That was doubtless the reason for the fact which he now pondered soberly—the fact that it was all spent except twenty cents.

III. *Stern Resolves.* In his room he dressed himself in his own clothes, kicked the others into a corner, and considered. He had twenty cents, and he needed to think. So he took the elevated downtown and the ferry to Staten Island, and walked out along a lonely road.

He was ashamed of himself. What had happened seemed to prove that he was not the stuff of which an artist is made. He was too merely human.

Yet at the beginning there had appeared to be no danger. He had intended to enjoy himself for an hour or two with his new-found village friends, spend his seven dollars, and go home. One of them had given him a ticket to the masquerade; another, the girl at the studio, had furbished up a costume for him. He in turn had contributed most of his seven dollars to buy ingredients for the punch which helped enliven the long prelude to the party while everybody was getting ready to go. He had merely tasted that punch; that was n't the trouble. The trouble was that little girl he had met at the masquerade.

She had a name that was like herself—June Glory. She had been delightful, a wonderful person to find anywhere in the world, and doubly

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wonderful to discover at a masquerade which became hour by hour more drab, more dull, more pathetic in its rowdy efforts at gaiety—or so it seemed to one who had merely tasted the preliminary punch. She had redeemed the occasion for him. She talked as she danced, lightly, surely, with an instant response to his thought.

When her friends carried her away from him at last, the ball became something merely to be endured; and when he had endured it enough, he started to go. Then he saw her again; she was looking very tired.

"Going?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"I 'll go, too," she told him. "Wait for me."

He had already spent practically all of his evening's amusement allowance; there would hardly be enough left to pay for a taxi, he reflected uncomfortably as he waited.

"I 'm going to walk home," he said gruffly when she joined him.

"I 'd like to walk," she said, and took his arm.

"Well," he addressed her in his thoughts, "you *shall* walk, if you come with me, whether you like it or not."

They walked a block through newfallen and melting snow. He looked down unhappily at her flimsy gold slippers. Her little feet would be getting wet.

That was the trouble. She looked so fragile and so defiantly brave in her fragility. One could n't help wanting to cherish and protect her.

At the end of the block he gave in to his protective impulse and hailed a taxi.

Having done that, laid, as it were, profane hands on the sacred thirteen dollars and seventy cents that belonged to his art, he was lost. The taxi might be only seventy cents, but the thirteen dollars would follow it.

Sure enough, he discovered that he was hungry; and so, he found, was she. He redirected the taxi, and they stopped at an all-night restaurant, where they feasted on flapjacks and coffee. And in the royal and reckless mood induced by that feast, it appealed to him to tell the taxi-driver to drive around Central Park a little while.

Presently they were kissing shyly, and the taxi-driver drove them about the quiet roads of the park till dawn.

She had said she lived on Washington Square, but until the last moment he did not know that it was in the same house with himself. He gathered that she, too, was a beginning writer; a poet, it seemed. Trying to make a living at it, poor child! She had come to Greenwich Village from some place in New England, and had been there on Washington Square all summer, and he, immersed in his novel, had never seen her. She had seen him, and wondered about him, she confessed. "This is my place," she said at the door of the little hall bedroom just above his. "Good night. It 's been lovely!" And thus they had parted.

And now, walking along a lonely road on Staten Island, he resolved not to see her again—at least not until his year was up and his novel finished; certainly not now.

He might all too easily fall in love with such a girl, and that would be absurd. With a novel to write, he had no time for being in love.

It occurred to him that she might perhaps have taken their kisses too seriously: *she* might fall in love with *him*. Well, she would have to get

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over it, then. He had a novel to write.

"Be hard!" Nietzsche had said that somewhere. He would not see that girl again.

That was settled. But that was n't all: in his folly he had thrown away the equivalent of ten days of freedom. He might work all the harder to make up for those lost ten days, but he ought to penalize himself in some way, so as not to let this folly go unmarked.

He had drawn ten days' expenses in advance, and squandered them on a girl; very well, he would go without money during those ten days. There were some emergency quarters in the little box by the gas-meter, so he would not have to freeze; and there was a little food in the house, so that he would not actually starve. A loaf of bread and a little butter, properly eked out with water, can last a long time. Besides, if he did go hungry for a day or two, it would only serve him right. If he was going to be hard, he had to be hard on himself as well as on—well, every one else.

So that was settled, too; and he turned abruptly in his walk along that lonely Staten Island road and started back toward the ferry.

Just then a little black kitten, hardly old enough to walk, came trudging out into the road from a by-path, and called to him, a faint and appealing mew.

"Cunning little thing!" he said, and knelt and petted it. The kitten rubbed its back gratefully against his hand. Then he rose and walked on again.

IV. *The Kitten.* A tired kitten walks unsteadily on its little legs, and with an effort. He observed as much, glancing back. The kitten, he noted, was following him. That was too bad. He stopped and called:

"Go home, kitty! Go back home!"

But when he glanced about, there was no home in sight from which the kitten might have strayed. He wondered what had happened. Perhaps a dog had chased it, and the sense of homeward, which even a young kitten possesses, had become confused. It was very tired, and it was following *him.*

"But you don't belong to me, kitty," he said.

The kitten toddled confidently toward him.

"Go back home, I tell you!" He made a handful of snow into a soft ball, and threw it, by way of dramatizing his meaning.

The kitten kept on. It did not know what kittens must learn, that the world of people is a harsh and cruel world. It did not recognize this as a hostile gesture; it still regarded him as a friend.

He was touched by this misplaced confidence, but, nevertheless, he made another snowball and threw it. This time the soft missile struck the kitten and tumbled it from its feet, but in a moment it was up again and coming toward him. It did not understand. He shook his head and gave up the attempt to educate the kitten. He simply walked on.

After a while he turned and looked, and there was the kitten, still following him. He paused, uncertain whether to argue the matter further. He decided it was no use, and went on.

But he kept looking back, and always there was the kitten. If he stopped for a moment, it stopped, too, called to him faintly, and then hurried toward him, or tried to hurry; but it was so weary that it rocked from side

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to side as it walked, almost losing its balance.

It was absurd that this kitten should keep on following him. What right had it to behave as though it belonged to him? He had merely stopped for a moment to pet it. Kittens were silly things. He could n't be bothered with them. He walked on.

But he could n't help looking back to see if the kitten had become discouraged. No, there it was.

"You 're *not* my kitten!" he cried.

And he walked very fast, and left the kitten out of sight around a bend in the road. Presently he came to the main traveled highway that led down to the ferry. A heavy truck plowed past, spattering muddy snow to each side. He thought:

"That silly kitten will be run over and killed if it comes here."

He waited, looking back, hoping that the kitten had had sense enough to turn and go home.

He waited three minutes, with his eyes fixed on the bend of the road. No kitten yet. Good! Even kittens could be made to understand that they were n't wanted. He congratulated himself upon his firmness. "Be hard"! —to kittens or anything else that might interfere with his plans.

Just then, around the bend of the road came a little dot of black fur, wavering uncertainly against the background of muddy snow.

"Damn!" said the young Nietzschean, and went back and picked up the tired kitten and put it in his overcoat pocket, where it purred and went to sleep.

V. *Milk.* In his room he took the kitten from his pocket, and put it on his couch-bed.

"Cat," he said, "let us come to an understanding. It was you who insisted on coming with me. I did not ask you to come. I did not want a kitten. Remember that! It was all your doing. So don't complain if you do not like my establishment. I am a writer and a busy man. I have no time to play."

The kitten, refreshed by its sleep, rose and stretched itself, yawned, and then jumped to the floor.

"Listen to me, cat. I am a poor man. You could not have picked out a worse provider. Of course you are welcome to share with me what I have—"

Then he suddenly remembered his resolve—to live for the next ten days on what food there might be in the house as a punishment for last night's recklessness. He jumped up and went to the little box outside the window where he kept his food.

Bread—a whole loaf, and half a pound of butter, virtually untouched, and plenty of coffee. But kittens do not drink coffee. They are usually fed on—

"*Milk!*" said the kitten.

"Yes, milk; I know," he replied. "But, unfortunately for you, there is no milk, and no money to buy milk with—for ten long days. Do you understand that? I promised to share with you what I had. I did not promise to give you whatever you asked for."

"*Milk!*" said the kitten, looking up at him trustfully.

"Cat," he said, "it is not true that I am poor; I 'll be honest with you. I am rich. I have two hundred and eighty dollars right here on these premises. Think of all the milk I could buy for you with two hundred and eighty

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dollars! And fish—and liver—everything your little heart might desire! And if I were a regular human being, I 'd go right out and buy you what you ask for. But that 's where you 've made your big mistake. I 'm not a regular human being! I 'm an artist. Do you know what an artist is like? Well, you 'll find out if you stick around here. But I 'm sorry for you, cat. A pint of milk costs only eight cents, but that eight cents will buy me time and freedom in which to write twenty-nine words of my novel. You would n't think I could possibly care more for twenty-nine words than for a pretty little thing like you. But that 's what artists are like—when they are really artists. If they are going to care more about other people than about their art, why, they might as well give up and go back to a job, and get married and support a wife like everybody else. You see, don't you, cat?" He cut two slices from the loaf, and crumbled one of them into a saucer of water. "I 'm giving you just what I 'm having myself," he said—"bread and water."

The kitten nosed the dish on the floor, sniffed disdainfully, and looked up at him.

"*Milk!*" it said impatiently.

There was a knock at the door. He hastily pushed the saucer out of sight under his gas-stove before opening.

The girl stood there.

"Hello!" she said.

"Oh—hello!" he replied. He did not ask her in. Instead, he waited with a look of severe inquiry, as if asking how she dared interrupt a busy man.

She missed this look, for she was gazing past him.

"What a darling little thing!" she cried, and then walked into his room.

She knelt and petted the kitten and then looked up.

"I think it 's hungry," she said.

He frowned.

"Oh, do you think so?" he asked indifferently. What right had she to come in and criticize? It was none of *her* business if the kitten was hungry.

"Yes, I 'm sure it is," she said, and rose. "Wait a minute, kitty!" and she ran out, and down the stairs.

She was going out into the cold without anything on her head; she ought not to do that. But, then, he reminded himself, that was none of *his* business.

He waited uneasily. At last she came back with a quart bottle of milk.

"It needs to be warmed," she said, lighting the gas, and pouring the milk into one of his saucepans, after mysteriously putting some of the creamy top-milk aside in a cup. She was making herself very much at home, he thought resentfully.

"You don't imagine that cat can drink a whole quart of milk?" he asked.

She laughed as though he had said something very funny.

"Do you like milk-toast?" she asked.

"Yes," he said unguardedly.

"So do I," she told him. "We 'll have some, shall we? You cut the bread and make the toast. Here, kitty, this is your share." She poured some of the warm milk into a saucer.

The kitten lapped it gratefully.

She was putting butter and pepper and salt into the saucepan, and had turned up the gas under it.

"Hurry with the toast!" she warned. "We 'll make the coffee afterward."

He hurried.

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VI. *The Difficulty of Being an Artist.* The next evening she knocked on the door again, and this time she had a bottle of milk with her.

"How 's the kitten?" she asked.

A kitten, he had discovered, was a nuisance to a busy writer. It climbed into his lap and purred noisily when he wanted to think; it climbed up on his writing-table and played with his pen while he tried to write. And it did no good to scold a kitten; it could not take him seriously. It regarded everything from its own point of view. It chose his pile of manuscript to go to sleep on in the daytime, and at night it awoke, after he was in bed, and played, leaping from the table to his bed and walking over his face.

But all he said was:

"Oh, the kitten 's all right."

"*Milk?*" said the kitten, speaking for itself.

"Yes, here 's your milk," she said.

Again she made milk-toast and coffee for the two of them. This time the other half of his loaf of bread was used up. He said to himself, "Well, there will be no more milk-toast, anyway."

But the third evening she appeared with a bottle of milk under one arm and a loaf of bread under the other.

He began to have a horrid suspicion. Had he eaten too ravenously of that milk-toast? Did she know he was hungry? Did she perhaps think he was too poor to buy himself food? Was she making the kitten an excuse for—yes, for feeding *him?*

These hateful surmises made him surly, but she did not seem to mind. And when she lingered that evening after their dinner, and talked about writing in a way that showed she understood something of an artist's difficulties, he could not but become friendly. When she bade him good night she was so sweet that he forgot his resolutions, and stooped to kiss her. She flung her arms about him and passionately returned his kiss, then disengaged herself and ran from the room.

This would not do; he must not keep this up. To-morrow he would not be here when she came, or he would lock the door and pretend not to be here; she could think what she liked. Let her think him a cad! Artists had to be cads sometimes.

He locked the door the next evening and waited. He heard her light step coming down-stairs from the room above. He heard the front door close. Again he waited. He heard the front door open and close many times as various people came in, then her quick step on the stairs. He held his breath. She had reached the landing, she was coming toward his door. Be firm now!

"Miss Glory!" It was the landlady's querulous voice from the other end of the hall.

"Yes?" June Glory's voice sounded a little anxious.

"I 'm sorry, but I 'll have to ask you for that rent. I can't wait any longer."

There was a pause.

"I 'll give it to you to-morrow." The girl's tone was cool, but there was a tinge of desperation in it.

"Well, see that you do, then. To-morrow is the last day, mind you. I 'm a poor woman myself, and I can't have people staying in my rooms for nothing. I 've not asked the rent from you in advance,—you know that,—But here it is the fifth of November, and I 've got to have my October rent.

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There 's been two people I 've turned away already—"

"Please! You shall have the rent to-morrow," said June in a low tone.

"All right; to-morrow noon at the latest!" and the landlady clumped down the stairs.

The young man listening behind the door silently shifted the bolt. The girl's steps turned slowly away from his door toward the stairs that led to her room. He flung open the door.

She looked at him and flamed red.

"Come here!" he said.

She came slowly, and he shut the door behind her.

"You heard?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I 'm sorry." She laid her parcels on the table, and stood there, looking as though she had done something to be ashamed of.

"How much is it?" he demanded.

She straightened her little shoulders and looked at him calmly.

"None of your business," she said.

"Well—it 's probably eight dollars, the same as mine," he said, and went to his secret and sacred hoard. He came back with a bill. "Here!" he said roughly.

She put her hands behind her back.

"No," she said.

"Why not?"

"I can't."

"What will you do to-morrow?"

"There may be a check—from one of the magazines."

"And if there should n't?" he pursued relentlessly.

"I don't care!"

"Silly girl!" he said. "Take this, damn you!" and he forced it into one of her clenched hands.

Then she burst out crying.

"What 's the matter now?" he asked.

"Are you so conventional-minded as all that?"

She stopped crying, and looked at him scornfully.

"No, but you are!" she said.

"You mean," he cried indignantly, "that just because of this, I 'll think I 've the—the right to make love to you? I assure you—"

"That 's just it," she said. "You 'll think that just because of this, you—have n't the right to any more!"

He stepped back, overwhelmed.

"Men are so stupid," she said.

The kitten broke the tense silence.

"*Milk?*" it said.

VII. *Spendthriftiness.* They were very happy.

He was playing for the first time in his life with a wonderful playmate. They went to the theater, they danced, they dined in gilded cafés. With her he entered a strange, unfamiliar world and made new friends. Every evening with her he threw away a week's precious freedom. And he did not care.

They played through November and December. On New Year's eve he took from his hiding-place the last of his money.

"I 've just twenty dollars left in the world," he told her. "Come, and let 's spent it together."

"Is that true?" she asked soberly.

He had told her about himself; she knew that he had saved up some money, but she did n't know how little. Money was a subject on which she was very vague. She had had so little that it intoxicated her to help spend it; nevertheless, she had remembered to protest from time to time, which had only made him angry.

"You 've been very reckless," she said reprovingly now.

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"Would you like me better if I were very sensible?" he asked.

"No," she said and sighed. "I seem to like reckless people."

"I 'm glad you do."

"But—I 'd like to be reckless, too," she said. "I got my first check for a poem to-day. It 's only ten dollars. But let 's put it with yours and spend it!" Her eyes brightened with excitement.

"No," he begged, "let this be my party."

"All right, then," she said. "I 'll save it for bread and milk. I sha'n't mind going back to our milk-toast parties again. Shall you? But too bad the kitten won't be here to share them."

For the kitten, now that there was no novel-writing to interfere with, had left him, and, as he learned after making inquiries, had found a home in another house on the square. There was no accounting for the whims of a kitten.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"What do you think?" She kissed him.

"I think perhaps you do."

"But what are your plans?" she asked. "I wish *I* could stake you while you finish your novel," she added wistfully.

"I 'll tell you my plans," he promised, "on the stroke of midnight."

They started out to the old year's jocund funeral.

VIII. *Ring Out, Wild Bells.* It wanted five minutes of twelve. They were at a table in a noisy café. As the hour approached that would bring in the new year they became silent.

"In five minutes," he said to himself. And, as though the matter were not already decided in his own mind, he went over the whole question again.

"I suppose I 'm not the stuff of which real artists are made," he thought. Oh, he would manage somehow to finish that novel—or a better one. He had n't known very much about life when he planned that one. Fate was n't as grim as he had thought. And love was sweeter.

"Well," he said to himself, "I 'll take that job, anyway."

That job was one he had been offered by some of his new friends; it was on a magazine. It was a better job than he had ever dreamed of having. If he wanted to, he could save up his money and buy years of freedom to write. Or, on the other hand—

"That," he mused, "is the question." And he frowned as he pondered it. If he married, he would n't be able to save up to write. He would have to think first of his wife always. And then there would be babies. He would have to give up his freedom.

"But I don't mind," he thought. "That 's the odd thing about it. As an artist, I ought to mind. When an artist marries, he is simply taking money that belongs to his art and spending it on a girl—and her babies. And yet my friends will congratulate me. They 'll think I am doing a fine thing. If I were a bank cashier and betrayed my trust in order to spend money on a girl, they would n't congratulate me. They 'd put me in jail. But *I* shall be considered a good citizen.

"It 's funny," he thought. "I can see it all so clearly. And yet I don't care. So I suppose I 'm not really an artist at all. I 'm just human—and a man. I can't bear to think of that girl ever going hungry, waiting for a

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check from some damned magazine. Oh, I shall be happy, working for her. But I *ought* to be ashamed of myself!"

There was a hush throughout the café, and then the noise of horns and bells burst in from the outside. People stood on chairs and lifted their glasses and laughed and sang and cheered.

"Now tell me what 's on your mind," said the girl, leaning forward so as to be heard above the din.

He took both her hands in his and told her his plans and asked her to marry him.

"Oh!" she said, and tears came into her eyes. "But—but I can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because."

"You love me, don't you, dear?"

"Yes; but I don't want to be your wife. I don't want to be anybody's wife. I want to write poetry."

"You want—"

"Yes, of course. That must come first always. And so I must n't try to be a wife to any one. It 's terribly nice of you to want me to be, Paul. And what you say is true. It would be pleasant to be taken care of, and all that; but I 'll have to take my chances. Oh, I know I would be happy, being your wife. It 's just that I 'm most afraid of! Don't you see?"

"Oh!" he said.

"I 'm sorry, dear," she said, pressing his hands in hers. "It 's been so lovely, all of it; but—I thought you understood!"

IX. *Postscript.* All this happened several years ago in Greenwich Village, when rents were low and artists and writers lived there happy in their poverty and youth, scornful of the great world, disdaining its wisdom, and finding for themselves in kisses and tears a wisdom of their own. Here, and in such a manner, were begun two careers, the further developments of which are, for the curious, sufficiently set forth in the pages of Who 's Who.

Issue

By Juliet Branham

You are a wise man and a cool,
I am a hothead and a fool.
The clean embrace of brain and brain
Quickens this strong and sensual pain.
Thwart me no more, for I go home.

The child that should come crying from
My womb comes crying from my throat.
Whose the cry, the voice, the note?

A queer child for a fool,
A wise song and cool.

Sound from a wrung throat.

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Mahatma Gandhi

A Biographical Essay in Three Parts—Part III

By Romain Rolland

In 1921 the non-coöperation movement evolved rapidly. The whole year was one of uncertainty, expectancy, and violent outbreaks. Gandhi inevitably reflected its oscillations.

For a long time hostility had been growing, and it broke out in open revolt at the Government's brutally oppressive measures. There were riots at Malegaon, in the district of Nasik, and at Giridih, in Behar. In the beginning of May, 1921, there were serious clashes in Assam. Twelve thousand coolies stopped work in the tea-gardens, and were attacked by Goorkhas drafted by the Government, and in eastern Bengal the railroad and steamship workers organized a two months' strike in protest. Gandhi did all in his power to calm the effervescence. In May he had a long conversation with the viceroy, Lord Reading, and he also used his influence with the Ali Brothers, who were said to be stirring up violence by their inflammatory speeches. Gandhi was able to persuade his Moslem friends to "refrain from directly or indirectly advocating violence."

The non-coöperation movement, however, grew more and more powerful as time went on. The Moslem element in particular became audacious. At Karachi, July 8, for instance, the All-India Califate Conference, after reiterating the Moslem claims, declared that no Mussulman should serve in the English Army or assist in recruiting. In fact, the conference even went so far as to threaten to proclaim a republic in India and to advocate civil disobedience at the December session of the National Congress if the Government did not change its hostile attitude to the Angora leaders. A little later, July 28, the committee of the National Congress (the first congress committee elected according to the new constitution) sitting at Bombay decided to boycott the Prince of Wales, whose visit was announced, and declared a boycott on all foreign materials, to become effective before September 30. It also took steps to intensify and regulate national spinning and weaving, and urged the organization of a more vigorous campaign against the drink evil, despite the Government's support of the dealers. Less audacious than the Mussulmans of the Califate Conference, however, the congress committee disavowed revolutionary tendencies and disapproved civil disobedience, approving a more strenuous propaganda in favor of non-violence.

In August a brutal revolt of the

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Moplahs took place, and lasted several months. With Maulana Mohammed Ali, Gandhi decided to go from Calcutta to Malabar to try to quiet it. But the Government arrested Maulana Mohammed and his brother Maulana Shaukat Ali, as well as several other Moslem notables, accusing them of having voted for civil disobedience at the Califate Conference. At the news of the Ali Brothers' arrest, the Central Califate Committee, sitting at Delhi, ratified unanimously the resolutions of the conference. Hundreds of demonstrations, held all over India, confirmed the people's approval of them. On October 4, Gandhi announced that he considered his cause bound up with that of the Mussulmans. In a manifesto approved by fifty prominent members of the All-India Congress Gandhi declared that every citizen was entitled to express his views on non-coöperation, adding that no Indian, whether civil functionary or soldier, should serve a Government which has brought about the moral, political, and economical degradation of India. He set up non-cooperation with such a Government as an imperative duty. The Ali Brothers' trial took place at Karachi. With their fellow accused, they were sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

To this sentence India replied with redoubled vigor. Gandhi's manifesto was ratified by the committee of the All India Congress on November 4, at Delhi. And casting the die, the committee authorized every province, on its own responsibility, to proclaim civil disobedience, beginning with a refusal to pay taxes. "Resisters," however, were first to swear complete obedience to the *swadeshi* program, including hand spinning, and take the vow of non-violence. In other words, under Gandhi's direction the committee tried to combine resistance against the Government with discipline and self-sacrifice. To make the disinterested character of the movement clear, "resisters" were informed that neither they nor their families would receive any pecuniary aid from the committee.

The great disobedience was about to become effective when, on November 17, the Prince of Wales landed at Bombay. The boycott was carried out by the lower and the middle classes; but the rich, the Parsis and official personages, ignored the order completely. Their attitude created such fury among the populace that the masses stormed the houses of the rich, looting and sacking homes and property, sparing no one, not even the women. Many were killed and wounded. This was the only case of violence, however. Everywhere else, all over India, the prescribed *hartal* took place in the midst of almost religious quiet and order. There were no disturbances of any kind. But the news of the Bombay riots wounded Gandhi "like an arrow shot in his heart." As soon as he heard of them he rushed to the spot, and when the rioters cheered him, his mortification knew no bounds. He called the crowd angrily to order and commanded it to disperse. He declared that the Parsis were justified in celebrating the prince's arrival if they wished, and, in any event, nothing justified violence. The crowd listened to Gandhi in silence, but farther off the tumult broke out again. The worst elements seemed to have suddenly emerged from the earth; twenty thousand men, towering in rage and hatred, cannot be brought back to reason all at

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once. Still, the riots remained localized in certain districts, and the destruction was not half so great as that caused by the most insignificant revolutionary outbreak in Europe. Gandhi, however, issued anguished appeals to the citizens of Bombay and to the non-coöperators, and declared that such incidents proved that the masses were not yet ripe for civil disobedience. Therefore he suspended the order proclaiming it. To punish himself for the violence of his followers, he imposed upon himself a religious fast of twenty-four hours every week.

The European residents in India were less alarmed by the Bombay riots than by the striking unanimity of the silent *hartal* throughout the country. They urged the viceroy and the Government to act, and a series of oppressive measures were imposed in the various provinces. An old law, aimed at anarchists and secret societies, dating from the uprisings of 1908, was unearthed, and made to serve against the volunteer associations of the congress and of the califate. Arrests were made by the thousand, which only resulted in bringing thousands of new recruits to register as volunteers, who were then trained by the provincial committees. In the meantime a *hartal* was set for December 24, the date of the Prince of Wales's visit to Calcutta. That day the prince passed through a silent, absolutely deserted city.

The revolution seemed to be smoldering everywhere, ready to burst into flame when the Indian National Congress met at Ahmedabad. There was about it the impressive solemnity of the Etats-Généraux on the eve of the French Revolution in 1789. The president of the congress had just been imprisoned. The discussions were brief. The congress again proclaimed its faith in non-coöperation and invited all citizens to register as volunteers and to be prepared to face arrest. It also urged the people to organize mass meetings everywhere, and after expressing the opinion that civil disobedience is a weapon equally effective and more humane than armed rebellion, it moved that civil disobedience be adopted as soon as the masses had grasped the real spirit of non-violence. Realizing that many of the members would be arrested at the close of the session, the congress delegated its powers to Gandhi, investing him with a dictature, *de facto*, and authorizing him to appoint his successor. This made Gandhi sole master of India's policy. The congress limited his authority on one point only, and this was that he should agree to no change in the national creed nor make peace with the Government without the consent of the congress committee. A fraction of the assembly tried to pass a resolution approving violence, if necessary to bring about India's independence, but this resolution was rejected by the majority, which believed in Gandhi's principles.

The ensuing weeks revealed the religious enthusiasm which swept over India. Twenty-five thousand men and women joyfully surrendered themselves to prison guards. And back of them, thousands of others stood ready to give themselves up to prove their faith in the cause of India.

§ 2

Again Gandhi believed the country was ripe for civil disobedience, *en masse*. The signal was to be given in

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a model district, at Bardoli, in the province of Bombay. Here Gandhi's ideas had always been understood and followed. In an open letter to the viceroy, dated February 9, 1922, Gandhi set forth his program. The letter is a courteous, but clear, declaration of war. Gandhi says he is the leader of the non-coöperation movement and he claims responsibility for it. Bardoli will be the first unit of non-violent mass revolt against a government which has brutally infringed upon freedom of the press, of association, and of speech. He gives Lord Reading seven days in which to announce a change of policy. If the "viceroy will not or cannot see such an incredibly simple issue," civil disobedience will be proclaimed.

Scarcely had the letter to the viceroy been despatched when there occurred an outbreak more violent than any of the others. During a procession at Chauri-Chaura, in the district of Gorakhpur, or, rather, after the procession had passed, some stragglers were "interfered with and abused by the constables." Attacked by the mob, the constables opened fire, and when they exhausted their ammunition they retired to the *thana* (the police barracks) for safety. The mob set fire to the *thana*. In vain the besieged begged for mercy. They were pitilessly massacred and burned. As the provocation had come from them, however, and as no non-co-operation volunteer had had a hand in the attack, Gandhi would have been justified in disclaiming all responsibility for the outrage. But he had really become the conscience of India. The crime of a single one of his people cut him to the quick. He took upon himself all the sins of his people. His horror was such that on the spur of the moment, and for the second time, he stopped the civil-disobedience movement that he had just launched. The situation was vastly more complicated than that after the Bombay riots, and only a few days before he had sent his ultimatum to the viceroy. How could he retract it without making his program seem illogical and even ridiculous? "Satan," as Gandhi says, "forbade it." Realizing that "Satan's" voice was the voice of *pride*, he decided to retract the manifesto.

And February 16, 1922, there appeared in "Young India" one of the most extraordinary human documents ever written. It is Gandhi's *mea culpa*, his public confession. From the depth of his mortification words of thanks swell to his lips, of thanks to God for having humbled him:

"God has been abundantly kind to me. He has warned me for the third time that there is not as yet in India that truthful and non-violent atmosphere which, and which alone, can justify mass disobedience, which can be at all described as 'civil,' which means gentle, truthful, humble, knowing, wilful, yet loving, never criminal and hateful. He warned me in 1919 when the Rowlatt Act agitation was started. Ahmedabad, Viramvrag, and Kheda erred. I retraced my steps, called it a Himalayan miscalculation, humbled myself before God and man, and stopped not merely mass civil disobedience, but even my own. . . . The next time it was through the events of Bombay that God gave me a terrific warning. He made me eye-witness. . . . I announced my intention to stop the mass civil disobedience which was to be immediately started in Bardoli. The humili-

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ation was greater than that in 1919. But it did me good, and I am sure that the nation gained by the stopping. India stood for truth and non-violence by the suspension.

"But the bitterest humiliation was still to come. . . . God spoke clearly through Chauri-Chaura. . . . And when India claims to be non-violent and hopes to mount the throne of liberty through non-violent means, mob violence even in answer to grave provocation is a bad augury. . . . Non-violent attainment of self-government presupposes a non-violent control over the violent elements in the country. Non-violent non-coöperators can only succeed when they have succeeded in attaining control over the hooligans of India. . . ."

Therefore, on February 11, at Bardoli, he "put his doubts and troubles" before the working committee of the congress. They did not all agree with him. "But never," he said, "has a man been 'blessed', perhaps, with colleagues and associates so considerate and forgiving." They sympathized with his scruples and consented, at his request, to suspend the order of civil disobedience, urging at the same time that all organizations strive to create an atmosphere of non-violence.

"I know that the drastic reversal of practically the whole of the aggressive program may be politically unsound and unwise, but there is no doubt that it is religiously sound. The country will have gained by my humiliation and confession of error. The only virtue I want to claim is truth and non-violence. I lay no claim to superhuman powers. I want none. I wear the same corruptible flesh that the weakest of my fellow-beings wear, and am therefore as liable to err as any. My services have many limitations, but God has up to now blessed them in spite of the imperfections.

"For confession of error is like a broom that sweeps away dirt and leaves the surface cleaner and brighter. I feel stronger for my confession. And the cause must prosper for the retracing. Never has a man reached his destination by persistence in deviation from the straight path. It has been urged that Chauri-Chaura cannot affect Bardoli. . . . I have no doubt whatsoever on that account. The people of Bardoli are, in my opinion, the most peaceful in India. But Bardoli is but a speck on the map of India. Its effort cannot succeed unless there is perfect coöperation from the other parts. . . . Just as the addition of a grain of arsenic to a pot of milk renders it unfit as food, so will the civility of Bardoli prove unacceptable by the addition of the deadly poison from Chauri-Chaura. . . . The latter represents India as much as Bardoli. Chauri-Chaura is, after all, an aggravated sympton. *In civil disobedience there should be no excitement. Civil disobedience is a preparation for mute suffering.* Its effect is marvelous, though unperceived and gentle. . . . The tragedy of Chauri-Chaura is really the index-finger. It shows the way India may easily go if drastic precautions be not taken. If we are not to evolve violence out of non-violence, it is quite clear that we must hastily retrace our steps and reëstablish an atmosphere of peace, and not think of starting mass civil disobedience until we are sure of peace being retained in spite of mass civil disobedience being started and in spite of government provocation.

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. . . Let the opponent glory in our humiliation and so-called defeat. It is better to be charged with cowardice than to be guilty of denial of our oath and sin against God. . . ."

And the apostle wants to redeem the blood shed by others:

"I must undergo personal cleansing. I must become a filter instrument able to register the slightest variation in the moral atmosphere about me. My prayers must have deeper truth and humility. For me there is nothing so cleansing as a fast. A fast undertaken for fuller self-expression, for attainment of the spirit's supremacy over the flesh, is a most powerful factor in one's evolution . . ." What light these words throw on the mysterious power of this soul where all the emotions of his people are inscribed!

And he imposes on himself a continuous five days' fast. He does not want his co-workers to follow his example. He must punish himself. "I am in the unhappy position of a surgeon proved skilless to deal with an admittedly dangerous case. I must either abdicate or acquire greater skill." His fast is penance and punishment for him and for the rioters of Chauri-Chaura who sinned with his name on their lips. Gandhi would like to suffer for them alone, but he advises them to hand themselves voluntarily to the Government and to make a clean confession, for they have injured the cause they meant to serve. "I would suffer humiliation, every torture, absolute ostracism, and death itself to prevent the movement from becoming violent or a precursor of violence."

The history of humanity's spiritual progress can point to few pages as noble as these. The moral value of such an action is incomparable, but as a political move it was disconcerting. Gandhi himself admits it might be called "politically unsound and unwise." It is dangerous to assemble all the forces of a nation and to hold the nation, panting, before a prescribed movement, to lift one's arm to give the final command, and then, at the last moment, let one's arm drop and thrice call a halt just as the formidable machinery has been set in motion. One risks ruining the breaks and paralyzing the impetus.

Therefore, when the congress committee held its session at Delhi, February 24, 1922, Gandhi met with great opposition. The resolutions of the working committee of Bardoli, approved on the 11th, were not ratified without discussion. The non-coöperators split into two camps. Gandhi claimed that before civil disobedience could be launched, the people must be better prepared, and he submitted a constructive program. But many members were irritated at the slow progress of the independence movement and they protested against the suspension of civil disobedience. Gandhi's methods, they claimed, were stifling the nation's ardor. A vote of censure against the working committee was proposed, and it was suggested that its resolutions be annulled. In the end, however, Gandhi triumphed. But he suffered keenly, for he realized that the majority was not backing him sincerely; he knew that more than one of those who voted for him called him "dictator" behind his back. He knew that, at bottom, he no longer reflected the sentiment of the country. And with his undaunted sincerity he admits this, March 2, 1922:

"There is so much undercurrent of

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violence, both conscious and unconscious, that I was actually and literally praying for a disastrous defeat. I have always been in a minority. In South Africa I started with practical unanimity, reached a minority of sixty-four and even sixteen, and went up again to a huge majority. The best and the most solid work was done in the wilderness of minority. . . . I know that the only thing that the Government dreads is this huge majority I seem to command. They little know that I dread it even more than they. I have become literally sick of the adoration of the unthinking multitude. I would feel certain of my ground if I was spat upon by them. A friend warned me against exploiting my 'dictatorship.' I have begun to wonder if I am not unconsciously allowing myself to be 'exploited.' I confess that I have a dread of it as I never had before. My only safety lies in my shamelessness. I have warned my friends of the committee that I am incorrigible. I shall continue to confess blunders each time the people commit them. The only tyrant I accept in this world is the 'still small voice' within. And even though I have to face the prospect of a minority of one, I humbly believe I have the courage to be in such a hopeless minority. That to me is the only truthful position. But I am a sadder and, I hope, a wiser man today. I see that our non-violence is skin-deep. We are burning with indignation. The Government is feeding it by its insensate acts. It seems almost as if the Government wants to see this land covered with murder, arson, and rapine in order to be able once more to claim exclusive ability to put them down.

"This non-violence, therefore, seems to be due merely to our helplessness. It almost appears as if we are nursing in our bosoms the desire to take revenge the first time we get the opportunity. Can true voluntary non-violence come out of this seeming forced non-violence of the weak? Is it not a futile experiment I am conducting? What if, when the fury bursts, not a man, woman, or child is safe and every man's hand is raised against his fellow-being? Of what avail is it, then, if I fast myself to death in the event of such a catastrophe coming to pass? Let us be truthful. If it is by force that we wish to gain *swaraj*, let us drop non-violence and offer such violence as we may. It would be a manly, honest, and sober attitude, and no one can then accuse us of the terrible charge of hypocrisy. If, in spite of all my warnings, . . . the majority did not believe in our goal, although they accepted it without a single material change, I would ask them to realize their responsibility. They are not bound to rush to civil disobedience, but to settle down to the quiet work of construction. If we do not take care, we are likely to be drowned in the waters whose depth we do not know. . . .

"Those who do not believe in the creed should surely retire from the congress."

And turning to the minority, Gandhi adds:

"The patriotic spirit demands loyal and strict adherence to non-violence and truth. Those who do not believe in them should retire from the congress organization."

There is bitter sadness, but a proud manliness, in these forceful words. It was the night in Gethsemane. Gand-

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hi's arrest was imminent. Who knows whether, in his heart, he did not look upon imprisonment as a delivery?

§ 3

Gandhi had for a long time been expecting to be arrested. Ever since November 10, 1920, all his affairs had been in order and he himself prepared. He had dictated his instructions to the people in his article, "If I am Arrested." He referred to this possibility again in an article, dated March 9, 1922, when the rumor of his arrest again cropped up. He says he does not fear the Government. "Rivers of blood shed by the Government cannot frighten me." The only thing he fears is that the people may be carried away at the news of his arrest. This would be a disgrace to him. "I desire that the people should maintain perfect self-control and consider the day of my arrest as a day of rejoicing. The Government believes that I am the soul of all this agitation and that if I am removed, it will be left in peace. The only thing that remains is for it to measure the strength of the people. Let the people preserve perfect peace and calmness. It is a matter of no pride or pleasure to me, but of humiliation, that the Government refrains from arresting me for fear of an outbreak of universal violence. Let the people carry out the whole constructive program. Let there be no *hartals* or demonstrations, no coöperation with the Government. Let courts and schools be boycotted. Let, in short, the program of non-coöperation be pursued in absolute order and discipline. If the people can live up to this program, they will win. Otherwise they will face disaster."

When everything was in readiness, Gandhi went to his cherished retreat at the Ashram of Sarbarmati, near Ahmedabad, to await, in quiet meditation and surrounded by his beloved disciples, the coming of the constables. He longed for imprisonment. In his absence India would affirm her purpose with greater strength. And, as he says, imprisonment would give him "a quiet and physical rest," which he perhaps deserved.

The constables arrived on the night of March 10. News had reached the Ashram of their coming. The mahatma was ready, and placed himself at their disposal. On the way to prison he met Maulana Hasrat Mohani, a Mohammedan friend who had come from far to give him a last embrace. Banker, the editor of "Young India," was sent to jail along with the master. Gandhi's wife was allowed to accompany her husband as far as the prison gates.

At noon of Saturday, March 18, Gandhi's "Great Trial" began before Mr. C. N. Broomsfield, District and Sessions Judge of Ahmedabad. It was a manifestation of rare nobility and high-mindedness. Judge and accused vied with each other in chivalrous courtesy. Never in the struggle did England rise to more magnanimous impartiality. Judge Broomsfield that day made up for many faults of the Government. As much has been written about the trial, I will only summarize the main points.

Why had the Government at last arrested Gandhi? Why, after contemplating this move for more than two years, did it choose the very moment when the mahatma had quelled the mob movement and when he seemed to stand as the only barrier against violence? Was it acting

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in aberration? Or did it wish to lend confirmation to Gandhi's terrible words: "It seems almost as if the Government wants to see this land covered with murder, arson, and rapine in order to be able to claim exclusive ability to put them down"? The Government was in a very difficult position. It respected and feared Gandhi. It would have liked to treat him gently. But Gandhi did not treat the Government gently. The mahatma condemned violence, but his non-violence was more revolutionary than any violence. The very same day that he stopped civil disobedience for the mass, or rather the day before the session of the congress at Delhi, on February 23, he wrote one of the most menacing articles to Great Britain's power. An insolent telegram from Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Montagu had struck India as a blow.

In a burst of indignation Gandhi took up the challenge:

"How can there be any compromise whilst the British lion continues to shake his gory claws in our faces? The British Empire, which is based upon organized exploitation of physically weaker races and upon a continous exhibition of brute force, cannot live if there is a just God ruling the universe. . . . It is high time that the British people were made to realize that the fight that was commenced in 1920 is a fight to the finish, whether it lasts one month or one year or many months or many years. I shall only hope and pray that God will give India sufficient humility and sufficient strength to remain non-violent to the end. Submission to the insolent challenges that are cabled is now an utter impossibility."

Gandhi was indicted on the statements contained in this article and in two other articles, the one dated September 19, 1921, and the other December 15, 1921. The first referred to the arrest of the Ali Brothers and the second was a reply to a speech of Lord Reading. Both of them contain the same declaration of "fight to the finish. We want *swaraj*, we want the Government to yield to popular will. We ask for no quarter and expect none." The accusation, therefore, charged that Gandhi had "preached disaffection toward the Government and had openly instigated others to overthow it." Gandhi spoke in his own defense. He pleaded guilty to all charges.

The advocate-general, Sir J. T. Strangman of Bombay, claimed that the three articles cited by the accusation were not isolated, but were part of a general campaign pursued for two years in view of overthrowing the Government, and he quoted passages from Gandhi's articles. He paid tribute to Gandhi's high character. But this only served to lend authority to the articles and to increase their harmful influence. He held Gandhi responsible for the bloodshed at Bombay and at Chauri-Chaura. It was true that Gandhi preached non-violence, but he also preached disaffection. He was therefore responsible for the violences committed by the people.

Gandhi asked permission to speak. The torment as to what was right and wrong, the anguish, the doubts, the mental and spiritual struggle, of the last weeks as to which course he should pursue and the effect it would have on the people, had been cleared away. He had recovered the serenity of his soul. He accepted everything that had taken place and everything that

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was to take place as a necessity which he might regret, but which he would have to bear. He agreed with the advocate-general. Yes, he was responsible. He was responsible for everything. He had preached disaffection for a much longer time than the accusation had stated. He assumed responsibility for the troubles at Madras, for the "diabolical crimes" of Chauri-Chaura, and the "mad outrages" of Bombay.

"The learned advocate-general is quite right when he says that as a man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education, having had a fair share of experience of this world, I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts. *I knew that I was playing with fire, I ran the risk, and if I were set free, I would still do the same.* I felt this morning that I would have failed in my duty if I did not say what I say here just now.

"I wanted to avoid violence, I want to avoid violence. Non-violence is the first article of my faith. It is also the last article of my creed. But I had to make my choice. I had either to submit to a system which I considered had done an irreparable harm to my country, or incur the risk of the mad fury of my people bursting forth when they understood the truth from my lips. I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it, and I am therefore here to submit not to a light penalty, but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. I am here, therefore, to invite and cheerfully submit to the highest penalty that can be inflicted upon me for what in law is a deliberate crime and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen. The only course open to you, Judge, is either to resign your post or inflict on me the severest penalty."

After this powerful improvisation, where the scruples of a religious spirit are balanced by the heroic firmness of a political leader, Gandhi read a written declaration addressed to the public in India and England. He owes it to them, he said, to explain why, "from a stanch loyalist and coöperator" he has become an uncompromising disaffectionist and noncoöperator. He dwelt on his public life from 1893 on. He pointed out all he had to suffer, as an Indian, from the British system, and he told of his ceaseless attempts for twenty-five years to reform it. He believed obstinately that this could be accomplished without separating India and England. In spite of all deceptions, he remained a stanch coöperator till 1919. But since then outrages and crimes have surpassed all measure. And instead of making up for injustices, the Government, as if in defiance to the spirit of India, has honored, pensioned, and rewarded its guilty servants. The Government itself has severed all ties. Gandhi has come to the conclusion that even if the desired reforms were now proposed by the Government, they would be harmful. The Government in British India is based on the exploitation of the masses. Laws are made in view of strengthening this exploitation. The administration of the law is prostituted consciously or unconsciously for the benefit of the exploiter. A subtle, but effective, system of terrorization and an organized display of force have emasculated the people and "induced in them the habit of simulation."

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India is starving, ruined, degraded, and many claim that before India becomes capable of self-government on the dominion plan generations will have to pass. England has done more harm to India than any previous system. Non-coöperation with evil is a duty. Gandhi has done his duty. But whereas in the past non-coöperation has been deliberately expressed in the form of violence inflicted on the evil-doer, violence having been the supreme weapon, Gandhi has given his people the new, but indomitable, arm of non-violence.

And then came the chivalrous match between Judge Broomsfield and the mahatma.

"Mr. Gandhi, you have made my task easy in one way by pleading guilty to the charges; nevertheless what remains, namely the determination of a just sentence, is perhaps as difficult a proposition as a judge in this country could have to face. . . . It would be impossible to ignore the fact that in the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and even saintly life. . . . But it is my duty to judge you as a man subject to the law. . . . There are probably few people in India who do not sincerely regret that you should have made it impossible for any Government to leave you at liberty. But it is so. I am trying to balance what is due to you against what appears to me to be necessary in the interest of the public."

With great courtesy he consulted the accused as to the sentence which should be imposed. "You will not consider it unreasonable, I think, to be classed with Mr. Tilak," sentenced twelve years previous to six years. "If the course of events in India should make it possible for the Government to reduce the period and release you, no one will be better pleased than I."

Gandhi did not allow the judge to outdo him in courtesy. He claimed it was his proudest privilege and honor to have his name associated with that of Tilak. So far as the sentence itself was concerned, he considered it as light as any judge could impose on him, and as far as the whole proceedings are concerned, he said that he could not have expected greater courtesy.

The trial was over. Gandhi's friends fell at his feet, sobbing. The mahatma took leave of them, smiling. And the door of the jail closed behind him.

§ 4

Ever since the great apostle's voice has been silent. His body is walled in as in a tomb. But never did a tomb act as a barrier to thought, and Gandhi's invisible soul still animates India's vast body. Peace, non-violence, suffering is the only message that has come from the prison. The message has been heard. From one end of the country to the other the watchword has been passed. Three years earlier India would have been swept by bloodshed at Gandhi's arrest. The mere report of it having taken place caused riots among the population in 1920. But the sentence of Ahmedabad was received with religious solemnity. Thousands of Indians with serene joyfulness, handed themselves over to prison guards. Non-violence and suffering—one example

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more amazing than the others, may serve to show to what depths the divine words have penetrated into the spirit of the nation.

As is well known, the Sikhs have always been looked upon as one of the most warlike races in India. Large numbers of them served in the army during the war. Last year grave dissensions arose among them. To our Western eyes the cause seems insignificant. As the result of a religious effervescence, one of the Sikh sects, the Akalis, wished to purify the sanctuaries. The latter had fallen into the hands of guardians of ill repute who refused to be put out. For legal reasons the Government took up their defense. And in August, 1922, began the daily martyrdom of Guru-Ka-Bagh, a santuary in Gurdwara. The Akalis adopted the doctrine of non-resistance. A thousand of them settled near the sanctuary, while four thousand took up abode in the Golden Temple at Amritsar, ten miles away. Every day one hundred from among the four thousand, most of them men of military age, many of whom served in the war, left the Golden Temple, after taking the vow of remaining true to the principles of non-violence in thought as well as action, and of reaching Guru-Ka-Bagh or being brought back unconscious. Among the group of the thousand volunteers twenty-five made the same vow every day. Not far from the sanctuary the British constables waited at the bridge with iron-tipped rods to stop the manifestation. And every day a gruesome scene took place. With a wreath of small white flowers around their black turbans, the Akalis arrived silently before the constables, and at a distance of about a yard they stopped and began to pray silently, motionlessly. The constables, in order to drive them away, prodded them with the iron-tipped rods, jabbing harder and harder till blood began to flow and the Sikhs fell unconscious. Those who could get to their feet would begin to pray again, until they were beaten into unconsciousness like the others. An eye-witness writes that he did not hear a single cry, nor did he see a defiant glance. Near by a crowd of spectators, their faces tense with anguish, prayed silently. "I could not help thinking," Andrews says, "of the shadow of the cross." The English described the scene in their papers and expressed amazement. It all seemed incomprehensible to the British, although they had to admit that the absurd sacrifice proved that the idea of non-coöperation and non-violence was gaining ground and that the people of the Punjab had been won over to the doctrine. Andrews, whose generous spirit and pure idealism enabled him to penetrate the soul of India, says that here he saw, like Goethe at Valmy, "the dawn of a new era." "A new heroism, steeled by suffering, has risen, a *war of the spirit.*"

It would seem as if the people of India have lived up to the mahatma's spirit more faithfully than those whose mission it was to guide them. I have already spoken of the opposition to Gandhi at the session of the congress committee at Delhi twenty days before the master was arrested. This opposition still manifested itself when the committee met again, at Lucknow, June 7, 1922. The program of patient waiting and silent reconstruction advocated by Gandhi was bitterly criticized, and a motion was made to proclaim civil disobedience. A com-

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mission was appointed to inquire into conditions and determine whether the country might be called ripe for civil disobedience. The commission traveled all over India, and in the autumn sent in a discouraging report. Not only was civil disobedience called impractical for the present, but half the members went to such extremes of conservatism as to suggest that Gandhi's methods of non-coöperation be abandoned and a new *swaraj*, or home-rule, party be formed within the government councils. Gandhi's doctrine was, in other words, attacked by those who believed in violence, as well as by those who believed in prudence.

India, however, did not accept the commission's report. In its annual meeting at the end of December, 1922, the National Indian Congress energetically proclaimed its allegiance to the persecuted master and his doctrine of non-coöperation. By 1740 votes to 890 it rejected all participation in government councils. As for those who believed in violence, they were few and far between, and had little influence. The session closed with a unanimous resolution, urging that the political strike ordered by Gandhi be kept up. A resolution boycotting English materials, however, was turned down in order not to antagonize European workmen. But the Mussulman conference of the califate, as usual more audacious than the congress, voted for the boycott by a large majority.

Here we must stop the record of the Gandhist movement. Despite a few inevitable backslides due to the absence of the master and his best disciples, imprisoned like himself, especially the Ali brothers, the movement has successfully passed through the trials of the first unguided year. And the English press, at the close of the session of the congress of 1922 at Gaya, expresses surprise and disappointment at the progress of the movement.

§ 5

And what will now come? Will England, wiser for past experiences, know how to mold the aspirations of the people of India? And will this people remain true to its ideal? Nations have short memories, and I should have but slight faith in India's power to remain true to the mahatma's teaching if his doctrines were not an expression of the deepest and most ancient longings of the race. For if there is such a thing as genius, great by its own strength whether or not it corresponds to the ideals of its surroundings, there can be no genius of action, no leader, who does not incarnate the instincts of his race, satisfy the need of the hour, and requite the yearning of the world.

Mahatma Gandhi does all this. His principle of *ahimsa* (non-violence) has been inscribed in the spirit of India for more than two thousand years. Mahavira, Buddha, and the cult of Vishnu have made it the substance of millions of souls. Gandhi has merely transfused heroic blood into it. He called upon the great shadows, the forces of the past, plunged in mortal lethargy, and at the sound of his voice they came to life. In him they found themselves. Gandhi is more than a word; he is an example. He incarnates the spirit of his people. Blessed the man who is a people, his people, entombed, and then resuscitated in him! But such resur-

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rections are never haphazard. If the spirit of India now surges forth from temples and forests, it is because it holds the message for which the world is sighing.

This message carries far beyond the boundaries of India. India alone could formulate it, but it consecrates the nation's greatness as much as its sacrifice. It may become its cross.

For it would seem as if a people must be sacrificed in order to give new life to the world. The Jews were sacrificed to their Messiah, whom they had borne for centuries in their thoughts, and whom they did not recognize when He finally flowered on the blood-stained cross. More fortunate, India has recognized her messiah, and joyously the people march to the sacrifice which is to set them free.

But, like the early Christians, they do not all understand the real meaning of their liberation. For a long time the Christians awaited the fulfilment of the *adveniat regnum tuum*. In India there are many who do not see beyond *swaraj*, or home rule. Incidentally, I imagine that this political goal will soon be reached. Europe, bled by wars and revolutions, impoverished and exhausted, despoiled of her prestige in the eyes of Asia, which she formerly oppressed, cannot long resist on Asiatic soil the aspirations of the awakened peoples of Islam, India, China, and Japan. But this would mean little, no matter how rich and new might be the harmonies which a few more nations would bring to the human symphony; this would mean little, if the surging spirit of Asia did not become the vehicle for a new ideal of life and of death, and, what is more, of action for all humanity, and if it did not bring a new viaticum to prostrate Europe.

The world is swept by the wind of violence. This storm which ravages the harvest of our civilization did not break out from a clear sky. Centuries of brutal national pride, whetted by the idolatrous ideology of the French Revolution, spread by the empty mockery of democracies, and crowned by a century of inhuman industrialism, rapacious plutocracy, and a materialistic system of economics where the soul perishes, stifled to death, were bound to culminate in these dark struggles where the treasures of the West succumbed. It is not enough to say all this was inevitable. There is a δίκη in it. Each people kills the other in the name of the same principles, which all hide the same covetousness and Cainish instincts. All, be they nationalists, fascists, Bolshevists, members of the oppressed classes, members of the oppressing classes, claim that they have the right to use force, while refusing this right to others. Half a century ago might dominated right. To-day things are far worse. Might *is* right. Might has devoured right.

In the old crumbling world, no refuge, no hope, no great light. The church gives innocuous advice, virtuous and dosed, carefully worded so as not to antagonize the mighty. Besides, the church never sets the example—even when giving advice. Weak pacifists bray languishingly, and one feels that they hesitate and fumble, talk about a faith they no longer believe in. Who will prove this faith? And how, in an unbelieving world? Faith is proved by action.

This is the great message to the world, or, as Gandhi puts it, India's message—self-sacrifice.

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And Tagore has repeated the same inspired words, for on this proud principle Tagore and Gandhi agree.

"Our object," Gandhi has said, "is friendship with the whole world. Non-violence has come to men, and it will remain. It is the annunciation of peace on earth."

The peace of the world is far off. We have no illusions. We have seen, abundantly, during the course of half a century, the hypocrisy, the cowardice, and the cruelty of mankind. But this does not prevent us from loving mankind. For even among the worst there is a *nescio quid Dei*. We know the material ties that weigh on twentieth-century Europe, the crushing determinism of economic conditions which hem it in; we know that centuries of passions and systematized error have built a crust about our souls which the light cannot pierce. But we also know what miracles the spirit can work.

Historians, we have seen its glory brighten skies even darker than our own. We, who live but a day, have caught in India the sound of the tambour of Çiva, *"the Master Dancer who veils his devouring eye and guards his steps to save the world from plunging into the abyss."*

The *Realpolitiker* of violence, whether revolutionary or reactionary, ridicule our faith, and reveal thereby their ignorance of deep reality. Let them jeer! I have this faith. I know it is scorned and persecuted in Europe, and that in my own land we are but a handful—are we even a handful?—who believe in it. And even if I were the only one to believe in it, what would it matter! The true characteristic of faith is not to deny the hostility of the world, but to recognize it and to believe in spite of it! Faith is a battle. And our non-violence is the most desperate battle. The way to peace is not through weakness. We do not fight violence so much as weakness. Nothing is worth while unless it is strong, neither good nor evil. Absolute evil is better than emasculated goodness. Moaning pacifism is the death-knell of peace; it is cowardice and lack of faith. Let those who do not believe, or who fear, withdraw! The way to peace leads through self-sacrifice.

This is Gandhi's message. The only thing lacking is the cross. Every one knows that had it not been for the Jews, Rome would not have given it to Christ. The British Empire is no better than ancient Rome. The impetus has been given. The soul of Oriental peoples has been moved in its deepest fibers, and its vibrations are felt the whole world over.

The great religious apparitions of the Orient are ruled by a rhythm. One thing is certain, either Gandhi's spirit will triumph, or it will manifest itself again, as were manifested, centuries before, the Messiah and Buddha, till there finally is manifested, in a mortal half-god, the perfect incarnation of the principle of life which will lead a new humanity on to a new path.

(The end of "Mahatma Gandhi.")

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Zeb Kinney on Professors

By Wilbert Snow

I don't know why I asked him what he thought
Of that peculiar brand of summer folk
Who rusticate among us three full months
Of every year. Perhaps it was that all
The other topics had been grappled with,
Or, better, paddled with, for that was no
Fit morning to be grappling anything.
The northern sun lay lovingly along
The sloping ledges on the western bank
Of that still cove where most of us had loafed
The finest mornings of our lives away,
Discussing, smoking, whittling in the sun—
Brown ledges whose soft shade reflected warmth,
And held our bodies anchored to the field,
Our legs extending downward to the shore,
A sort of no-man's-land for loafing in.
The grass around these ledges, beaten down,
Had turned from green to tawny and lay flat,
Enfolding that appeal one gets from paths
Leading from kitchen doors to pasture wells.
We sat and dozed together, rousing only
When little pollock flipped above the cove,
Or some bright burst of sunlight hit beneath
A sea-gull's wing directly overhead,
When Zeb, whose ruminations held him still
For nearly twenty minutes, straightened up
Above his favorite forty-five-degree

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Extent of relaxation on the ledge,
Jabbed for a broken lath to whittle on,
Cleared out his throat, and rid himself of this:

"Well, these professors that you ask about
Who come here every year are curious.
I s'pose it takes all kinds to make a world,
And none of us should be too heavy on
A neighbor, even if he don't belong.
Of course they don't belong, that 's sure enough:
The smell of herrin' bait in George's skiff
Would knock the stoutest of them galley west;
And none of them appears to be real rugged.
When they go out to hand-line cod with me
They keep a-lookin' round at birds and boats
And colors on the channel,—scursely one
Can ketch his share of cod,—and never once
Has ary one of them hauled up his sleeves
And helped me gut a fish when we rowed in.

They read the books that other people don't,
And never talk about the books they read,
Leastwise to us; and some of them go in
And pound the type-writer three times a day,
Like I would go to meals; but what they write
Not one of us hears ary word about.
I figger out they write their heavy books
For one another, not for common duffers.
They play book-lairnin' games of hide-and-seek
As we play racin' with our motor-boats
On August mornin's when the shedderin'
And weather has us all a-feelin' good.
I peeked jest out o' curiosity

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At some type-written papers once up-stairs,
And found it all about the big mistake
Professor Somebody in Germany
Had made in chapter four of his big book
On quails. I don't suspect that chap could tell
An early oldsquaw from a patchhead coot.
Next thing somebody else will write a book
In which this squid will have his gills hauled out
For some mistake he 's made; it 's all jest like
A batch of kittens playin' with their tails.
Leastwise, that 's 'bout the way I figger it.

They don't go out enough and let the sun
Beat down and make them look like other folks;
They shrink before us lobster-ketchers do;
And hate to have their children roll around
In dirt and mud, like every youngster should.
Of course they would n't take advice from me:
But I can see them gather barnacles
Like my old sloop out there in Lobster Cove.
When barnacles and eel-grass slow her down,
I haul her up and take the scraper to her:
That 's what professors need—a good sharp scraper
To clean the rubbish off their garboards, clean
The gubber from their engine-valves and pipes,
To perk them up so they 'll get back their sprawl.

Here comes one now through Amariah's field
To see how we behave when we set here
And talk the mornin' out; he 'll listen to us,
And then go back and tell how quaint we be.
It takes all kinds of folks to make a world."

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Uncle Sam and the Statue of Liberty

By Ralph Barton Perry

A new age is undoubtedly dawning. Perhaps, toward evening, when the day's work is behind us, we shall find it in our hearts to say:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

To be perfectly candid, there is nothing very rapturous about it at the moment. It is heaven for those who are so young that they are blissfully ignorant or blissfully irresponsible, but for those of us who are old enough to remember their past hopes and yet young enough to hope again, it is on the whole an uncomfortable awakening. It is dawn by the clock, but it is ominously dark without. We do not feel refreshed, but a bit stiff and tired. There is a bad taste in our mouths. The noise of the milkman is blended with the lingering echoes of a nightmare.

The new age is thus far not all that we had hoped. We hoped that because capital and labor fraternized at Plattsburg, they would walk arm in arm down the corridors of time; and perhaps they will. We hoped that because they were allies in a righteous cause, the English, the French, the Italians, and the Americans would thenceforth live in perfect understanding and love. Perhaps they will. We hoped that enduring peace would result from unendurable war, and that having participated in a world-wide struggle, we and all other nations would thenceforth think world-widely. Perhaps. We who cannot live without these hopes find ourselves a little sick at heart because we must defer them. It is not blissful or heavenly to say "perhaps" when we had counted on saying "Eureka," or to resume the battle-cry after rehearsing the pæan of victory.

After a war waged against the excesses of nationalism we wake up to find the world apparently more nationalistic than ever. Old nationalisms have been intensified, and new nationalisms have been created. The war was fought by old nations that became superheated in the act of fighting it, and have not as yet recovered their normal temperature; and it gave birth to new nations that are normally superheated. The nationalistic revival in old nations is in part an afterglow of belligerency, but it is at the same time a reaction against the war. The end of the war caught them in unnatural postures, and their first impulse was to recover their balance. The very novelty of the new age following the confusion of the war has led to a sort of giddiness and loss of orientation.

The present cult of Americanism is thus a blend of militancy and self-examination. Having recently been at war and having tasted success, we

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are not afraid of anybody and are not unwilling that this should be known. The resort to force is of recent memory and easily imaginable. But our prevailing disposition is to find ourselves. We recognize neither ourselves nor the world we live in. We miss the old landmarks, and we feel strangely different. For the moment we are somewhat defiantly engaged in pinching ourselves and rubbing our eyes.

The cult of Americanism began with an effort to Americanize everybody. Like many American efforts, this effort was organized before it was rationalized. Nobody had really thought it out, but this was not allowed to delay proceedings. Everybody began with great heartiness and efficiency to carry it out. Then there came an inevitable lull, due to the belated discovery that there was no agreement on the specifications. Americanism is now in its second phase, which is the attempt to discover just what it is that one has been trying to do. To Americanize anybody is to make an American of him. So much is perfectly clear. But what is an American? This, unfortunately, is very far from clear.

The difficulty of formulating Americanism would be somewhat reduced if we could only avoid certain more or less unavoidable illusions. While it is essentially characteristic of the human mind to link the future with the past by creating the one in the light of the other, there are always people who try to simplify the process by abolishing either the future or the past. To live in the future or in the past would doubtless be simpler than to live in both or somewhere between the two. But it is humanly impossible.

"He that made us with such large
discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused."

Those whose Americanism consists in an effort to reanimate the ancestral soul are honestly attempting the impossible. The ancestral soul is as dead as the ancestors who possessed it. It was their way of facing their future. Times have changed, and time is irreversible. But those whose Americanism consists in an effort to begin all over again at the beginning are not less deceived. For we are the natural offspring of our ancestral soul, dead though it be. Tradition is as inalienable as blood inheritance. In short, we shall resemble our past as a son his father, but we shall be so different that our past would scarcely recognize us and would probably disown us. We may, therefore, safely set aside two formulas, that "the only good American is a dead American" and that "the only good American is a new American." We are left to conclude that Americanism is a peculiar slant or bias which consists in looking toward an American future out of an American past.

There is a spacial as well as a temporal illusion. During the Presidential campaign of 1920 a good deal was said about Americanism, and the outcome was widely interpreted as a triumph of Americanism. One of the campaign documents was a statement of Mr. Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee. He is reported to have said:

"The big issue, of course, is 'Americanism and patriotism.' No political party, of course, can claim a monopoly

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of patriotism [he modestly admits]. But patriotism can be easily weakened by centrifugal forces. The Republican party stands for that type of centripetal patriotism that strives to make and keep conditions right in America and in America first. This is the kind of patriotism that inspired Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt—a patriotism that is in evidence not merely when a foe is at our doors, but which is omnipresent, always on the alert, a dynamic part of our being, day and night, in war and peace, underlying our every thought and deed."

§ 2

This cult of centripetal patriotism, popularized in the slogan "America first," is at first glance very simple. At second glance, however, it is too simple. Like the suggestion of *Polemarchus* in Plato's "Republic," that the just man is he who does "good to his friends and evil to his enemies," it may be the beginning, but it is certainly not the end, of wisdom. If it means that Americanization begins at home, and that he who would Americanize should begin by Americanizing himself, it still leaves us in the dark as to what it is to be an American. If it means that it is American to think first of yourself and your friends, it claims at once too much and too little. It claims for America a trait that is common to all mankind, and one that is scarcely worth claiming. Construed in his sense, Mr. Hays's creed means that he prefers the near to the remote and neighbors to strangers. But the same creed might with equal appropriateness be professed by a Chinese, a Peruvian, or an Australian. I saw an advertisement the other day, which read: "Be Loyal. Patronize Your Neighborhood Druggist And Grocer." This advertisement was affixed to a moving train and had the merit of applying equally to any locality through which the train happened to be passing. It could be manufactured in bulk, translated into all languages, and scattered broadcast over the surface of the globe, without losing its pertinence or force. The creed of Mr. Hays would lend itself to a similar device, such as, "Be a Good American [substitute "Chinese," "Peruvian," "Australian," etc.]. Think first of yourself and your neighbors." In short, though localism is undoubtedly a sound principle and the beginning of all social cohesion, it cannot be regarded as the American ideal, first, because it is not peculiarly American, and, second, because it is not peculiarly ideal.

Centripetal patriotism is peculiarly congenial to Americans because most Americans are here because of something which they or their ancestors have wished to leave behind. All Americans are protestants either by experience or by inheritance. They associate Europe with that which they have protested against and left behind. But since some left Europe to escape kings and others to escape the mob, or some to escape Catholicism and others to escape Calvinism, or some to escape their native country and others to escape its enemies, or some to escape injustice and others to escape justice, there is not so much difference as is commonly supposed between what Americans have left behind and what Americans have brought with them.

A few years ago Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle earned a considerable reputation as a prophet and manifestation

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of Americanism. Regarding him as an authority I read his book, called "Americanism *versus* Bolshevism." It began as follows:

"I dedicate this book to all Americans who love their country, revere its ideals, understand and support its institutions, and are willing to give their all in order that 'our Government shall not perish from the earth.'

"I dedicate this book to them, caring not from what human breed they sprang, regardless of their length of residence, despite any difference in religious creed or political faith, only requiring that they place our country, the United States of America, *First, Now* and *Forevermore.*"

The last part of this dedication was evidently the centripetal patriotism of Mr. Hays. But since in the opening sentence the author referred to the "ideals" and "institutions" of America, I read on in the hope of discovering what these were. And this is what I learned: "Americanism is a synonym for self-government," "America stands for orderly, continuous, never-ending progress," "America stands for law," "America means love of your fellow-man," "America stands for hope," "America is founded on family love and family life," "America means increased production and increased production for all."

But why, I asked myself, did the mayor stop there? Then I reflected that it was because his vocabulary or his ink had given out. It did not mean that there were any good things which a discriminating mind must deny of America, but only that there are some things that even the fondest mind does not think of or have the means to express. This might be called eulogistic or laudatory patriotism. It is an expression of love, and it implies no derogation of love to say that the expression of it does not describe its object.

It is a well known fact that all lovers characterize their mistresses in much the same terms. Subject to differences of culture and racial genius they all employ the superlative form of adjectives of praise.

"The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to any nothing
A local habitation and a name."

When a lover desires to publish his love he does not consult psychology, pathology, anthropometry or criminology; he consults the unabridged dictionary. Or he consults the poets, who have accumulated through the ages the longest and most varied vocabulary of adulation. You could not substitute a lover's characterization of his mistress for her thumb-print or photograph, and insert it in her passport for purposes of identification. It testifies to the passion and eloquence of the lover, but does not describe the mistress. Little girls are not really made of "sugar and spice and everything nice," though it is proper that little boys should think so. Similarly, we gather from Mayor Hanson's panegyric that he loves his country, and that he is both exuberant and articulate; but while this is much to his credit, it does not describe or

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portray the characteristic physiognomy of America.

The mistress would naturally like to believe what her lover tells her, and the greater his ardor the greater the strain on her modesty. But love itself and the self-satisfaction which love may beget in its object are two very different things. The lover humbles himself before the object of his love, which is but the symbol of his ideal. He sets something above himself, by which he measures his limits and directs his aspirations. He has no delusions about himself. But to be the victim of love, to believe that one is that which others admire, is a most precarious moral state. And the higher the ideal, the worse it is to believe that one has realized it. The most hopeless paranoiac is the man who thinks he is God.

§ 3

In love of country a man is both lover and beloved. All Americans belong to the audience which the patriotic orator addresses. He even belongs to it himself. The American people have thus had many lovers and many flatterers. To love them, or to seem to love them, is a condition of securing their favor. It is not strange that they should end by believing what they are so often told. But suppose a people to be convinced that they are what their patriotic orators tell them they are. What is there left to live for? Nothing, if the orators have been really eloquent—or almost nothing. There remains just one further possibility short of total moral quiescence: one may still set an example to others. This is the last moral asset of self-righteousness.

American patriotic oratory abounds in this consciousness of exemplary rectitude. The following is a characteristic instance of it:

"Let Columbia still continue to sit here enthroned between our silver seas, the Atlantic upon the east, the blue Pacific upon the west, 'these seas which serve us in the office of a wall or as a moat defensive against the envy of less happy lands.' And to our future jubilee shall come, in the fullness of time when we hold it, not kings and princes as a relic of the imperialism, the barbarism, the despotism of the past; not conquered nations, conquering war, but rather the nations of the earth in peaceful procession, to sit at our feet and learn from a study of America's history the story of man's final emancipation from wrong and oppression and do Columbia reverence as the uncrowned queen of the highest, the freest, and the noblest type of civilization upon the face of the earth. That is the ideal which I hold for my country. That is the mission I would have her bring to mankind."

I have before me as I write a cartoon published recently in "The Saturday Evening Post." Europe is represented by a dissipated and rapacious suitor kneeling at the feet of America, and labeled "Intrigue," "Greed and Imperialism," "Hate and Militarism." America is represented by an erect, pure figure of austere beauty, and wearing an expression in which disapproval and serenity are happily mingled. Her reply is, "Why don't you reform first?"

Exemplary nationalism is this consciousness of virtue enthroned above a wayward world or of purity assailed by corruption. It is undoubtedly a most agreeable state of mind for those who can achieve it, but is it an al-

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together healthy state of mind? The fact is that the "influence of example" has never been sufficiently considered in its effects upon the exemplar. It is one thing to follow an example and another thing to set one. There is a difference, too, between seeking to be worthy of imitation and posing as a model. There is even a difference between letting your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and conceiving illumination to be your special mission. It is a good thing to imitate nobility; it is a sobering and somewhat appalling thing to reflect that others may imitate you: but to go about looking noble, to register and broadcast nobility, in order that others may profit by your example, to become, in short, a sort of moral exhibit, is to undertake a rôle that most men are glad to leave to God. In fact, the triumph of Christianity over paganism suggests that to love is not only more human, but even more divine, than to be the self-conscious object of love.

It is essentially a difference of posture, a little difference of attitude, but the kind of little difference that in moral matters makes all the difference. It is not a question of attending to the beam in your own eye rather than the mote in your brother's, but of rolling your beamless eye in order that your poor dim-sighted brother may admire it, while remaining at a moteless distance, where you are safe from contagion. You are not unaware of your brother and of his mote; they define your rôle and mark your elevation. But, acting in the capacity of an example, you do not remove his mote. You do not, strictly speaking, go out of your way at all; you act only by inducing action in others. You are, as Aristotle said of God, an "unmoved mover."

Furthermore, if there should happen by any unhappy chance to be a beam in your own eye, you cannot, without changing your posture, remove that. So long as you are preoccupied with causing your light to shine, you are not seeking for light, and the man who is chiefly concerned that others should see his works is correspondingly less concerned with making them good. It follows that, unless by great good fortune one should already possess perfection, one is not likely thus to achieve it. And even if one already has perfection, the exemplary pose may mar it.

§ 4

There are two popular symbols of America. The one is Columbia enthroned, or the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world. America, so symbolized, is a modern replica of Juno, whose chief concern it was to look after other people's morals. Juno was the Olympian prude, a model matron and self-appointed censor. Her modern replica stands at the portal of America and faces east, holding a torch for the edification of foreigners. The Statue of Liberty is, like Juno, essentially statuesque. She is the frozen perfection. It is absolutely incompatible with her posture that she should do anything but hold the torch and wear a fixed expression of consummate virtue. It is true that she was made in France, but we have adopted her, and her creation argues a Gallic insight into the moral psychology of America.

It is to our credit, however, that we have felt the need of another symbol. While the Statue of Liberty embodies

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our conscious rectitude and inspires our laudatory and exemplary nationalism, Uncle Sam, thank God! is not a statue. He is so constituted that he could not by any stretch of the imagination occupy a pedestal. He could not hold the pose without feeling ridiculous. He is hearty and fraternal, impulsive and generous, and, above all, unself-conscious. He has a kind of instinctive wisdom by which he anticipates and disarms the laughter of the world by laughing promptly at himself. It is Uncle Sam who feeds the hungry tramp at the back door while the Statue of Liberty reads him a lecture from the porch. It was Uncle Sam who went to France in 1917 and to Russia in 1919, while the Statue of Liberty remained at home—on its pedestal.

The Statue of Liberty, with its majesty of pose, is less heroic than Uncle Sam. For conscious perfection fears contamination and withdraws its garment. It is mindful of what it has to lose rather than of what it has to gain, and shrinks from adventure. Like him of little faith who cried "Lord, save me!" when he saw the wind, the Statue of Liberty may remain seated upon its pedestal when it might have walked upon the waters.

Uncle Sam, with all his rustic flavor, is a better idealist than the Statue of Liberty. He is at once proud and humble; proud of his ideals, but not of himself; taking his ideals very seriously, but not taking himself seriously at all. He symbolizes our devotion to the best that is in us—a courageous, confident, and generous outlook upon the future and upon all the world around us; but with it all our recognition, both humorous and compassionate, of common infirmities, and our sense of being fellow-pilgrims with all the nations of the earth to a holy place that is as yet far off.

There is a place for the Statue of Liberty. It should not stand upon the Atlantic seaboard, looking meaningly at Europe and inviting attention to our national perfection. It should not be compelled to enlighten the world. It should be removed to the interior, there to revolve upon its pedestal and stir the aspiration of Americans. It should preside over our domestic life and not over our foreign relations. Thus placed, it would symbolize not liberty attained before an envious and admiring world, but that liberty which is our goal. It might then, together with Uncle Sam, symbolize our seeking and our confession of shortcoming, our faith and our candor, and, before the world, our tolerance and comradeship.

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

VI—Editor versus Contributor

By L. Frank Tooker

I had passed my first summer in the office with the distinct understanding that I was to postpone my vacation until October, when I had arranged to go down on Long Island to take part in the last election in county politics in which, as now appears likely, I was ever to be actively engaged. In November I returned from the hectic campaign with the feeling of being in the haven where I would be. With Mr. Gilder at Marion, on Buzzard's Bay, through the summer, and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buel deep in the War Series, I had lacked no opportunity of trying my hand at many tasks that ordinarily would not have been open to a beginner. To learn every detail of the routine work of the office appeared highly advisable, for the flood-tide of activity and prosperity that the War Series had caused was certain to be followed by the ebb, when poorly piloted craft might be stranded. The very terms of my engagement seemed to prove that others had had the same thought in mind, for I had entered upon my work for a definite period of fifteen months, with the provision that I might be transferred to the dictionary department at any time during that period if the company thought best.

The doubt was to be the skeleton that sat at the feast through the whole year and a quarter, and it was only after the stated time had already passed that I was to learn that the conditional nature of my engagement had from the first been forgotten by those who had made it. As Mr. Gilder informed me, I had long since been considered "one of them," whatever that might mean to them or to me.

It gave me at least a new status in my own mind, and a certain tranquillity of spirit, and the zeal for my work, which up to that time had been mainly personal and defensive, took on thenceforth the complexion of loyalty to the magazine itself. I was not one of its parents, not even a godparent; it was more like being a dependent spinster aunt in the household, and with all the devotion that such lonely souls frequently display, I also possessed at times the singular conviction of theirs that I alone was greatly concerned with the manners and appearance of the child of the family. I rejoiced in its excellences, but openly grieved at its shortcomings, and watched it go out to the public with an ever present fear that it fared forth with a splotch on its face or a shoe-string untied.

And there were so many possibilities for splotches and flying shoestrings! Roughly speaking, every

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copy of the magazine contained a hundred and fifty thousand words, written by from thirty to forty different contributors, all with their own individual style or lack of style, their own unique ideas of punctuation and capitalization, their own varying capacity for accuracy. Now, I thought then, as I think now, that up to the limits of good taste and permissible idiomatic or grammatical construction a writer's style should be respected, but that the magazine also had rights —rights of consistency, accuracy, and good form. To devote my chief efforts to the task of reconciling the differences between magazine and contributors appealed to me as the most fruitful field left open.

Beneath the simpler need of perfecting a uniform style in typography and harmonizing dialectical forms there lay a foundation of certain long-established requirements. I had learned on my entrance to the office that all quotations, dates, and proper names were always to be verified, and that we possessed a list of words, based largely, as I was to learn later, on the one Bryant had used on the "New York Evening Post," that were to be avoided. In addition there were traditional safeguards to which my attention would be drawn from time to time. Occasionally, we would find on our desks, when we opened them in the morning, little yellow slips in Mr. Johnson's handwriting similar in their warning character, if not in their substance, to this one which fell to my lot in that early time:

"Dear L. F. T. Please note mems. R. U. J.—I. Paragraphing, but beware of breaking continuity. II. Profanity. III. Libels or undue personalities. IV. Advertisements. V. Query all doubtful things. VI. Snags. VII. Foreign languages to experts. VIII. Keep close touch with R. U. J. IX. Consider economy of changes. X. Please speak to R. U. J. after looking up queries. XI. Go on with your bulletin of style, so that R. U. J. & C. C. B. can catch step with you and save expense."

The degree of enthusiasm called forth by these little slips varied, it must be confessed, with the temperament or conscience of the recipients. One never knew what lay behind them, and whether the arrow had been shot from the bow impelled by the cord of one's own negligence or merely by the personal zeal of the writer.

The time of this particular document evidently had fallen in one of our closed seasons against profanity. Always we deleted oaths that were irreverent, and usually those of any sort, but now and then we would come across others so genially native in character or so happily true to local color that we would break our rule in sympathy with the old malster in "Far from the Madding Crowd":

"Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; an unholy exclamation is a necessity of life."

Such relapses, however, were short, and the protests of readers would quickly bring back our old restrictions. Against the milder forms of profanity no one dreams of protesting to editors to-day, a change that reveals the drift in one form of license that has occurred since the eighties.

One of these tabulated reminders—"Consider economy of changes"—I took, I remember, to heart. At that time, with a few exceptions, all manuscripts were set up in type just as they came from their authors, and received no editorial revision until they reached

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the form of page proof. Sometimes these pages would be returned to the printers with their margins black with penciled corrections. Indeed, so frequently were comparatively trifling changes made in the plates that had already been cast, and so often were the presses held up while the corrections were being made, that sometimes I felt that we had assumed the pose of the *Queen* in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" in the easy casualness with which we cried, "Off with their heads!" The great expense incurred by such methods worried my frugal mind so greatly that I early asked to be allowed to edit all manuscripts before they were set up in type. I was told that it was impractical, because articles that had been engaged would often be late, while there would always be others of a timely nature that it would be necessary to withhold from the printers until the last moment. I worked for years to gain my point.

The change took place without a ripple, and a year later any return to the old way would have been considered unthinkable; for not only were costs materially lowered, but abundant time was gained in which to submit proofs to authors, to receive their corrections, and to consider their protests against changes made in the office. The warfare that has raged in America over the last point is as old as the history of magazines themselves.

It has, however, materially changed in character. In the early days of the magazine in America editors had favored anonymity in their authors partly in the belief common to the period that a certain divinity hedged in the veiled prophet, and thus aroused a greater curiosity in readers, and partly because they thought of the magazine as a personal organ and the unnamed writer more likely to be amenable to editorial guidance. In the first reason authors of the better class readily concurred. Longfellow was long opposed to any open appearance in a magazine as derogatory to his standing as a poet who took himself seriously, and Holmes had believed that to permit his name to appear openly in a magazine as a contributor would be harmful to him as a physician. Even as late as 1883 this opinion was to survive, and the fear of the cap and bells of a writer of mere fiction, a confessedly low avocation for one who had aspirations above those of the ragtag and eccentrics of Bohemia, had led John Hay to permit "The Breadwinners" to appear in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE only under the pledge that his name as the author should be kept a profound secret.

It was a situation well devised to make the editor high-handed. He became a literary dictator, a censor of ideas, and in his own mind a molder of public opinion. Naturally, the opinion was always his own, unless, as in the cases of "The Knickerbocker" and "Harper's," the editor resigned himself to a Laodicean pose and, refusing to allow his pages to express any opinions at all, gave himself wholly to entertainment and academic instruction. "Godey's" never troubled its conscience about the rights of its authors, but could show a pleasing appreciation of their ideas by incorporating them bodily, without thought of giving credit, in the editor's notes as parts of the editorial wisdom. Lowell had heatedly declared that a magazine could have only one editor without losing all individuality, and as the director of "The North American

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Review" and "The Atlantic" he made himself a taskmaster—an academic taskmaster freely blue-penciling the essays of his unhappy pupils. As editor of the "Review" he believed that it should present the best thought of the nation, but he saw to it that the best thought "followed along with his own mind." To Stedman he wrote:

"I shall take the liberty to make a verbal change here and there, such as I am sure you would agree to could we talk the matter over. I think, for example, you speak rather too well of young Lytton, whom I regard both as an impostor and as an antinomian heretic. Swinburne I must modify a little, as you will see, to make the *Review* consistent with itself. But you need not be afraid of not knowing your own child again."

Even his best friends in the inner literary circle of Boston, whom the awed barbarian of outer darkness naturally thinks of as common heirs with him to all esoteric literary wisdom, had occasion to complain of his unsubmitted changes in their poems and his mangling of what they thought their highly polished prose.

But just where lies the point at which a legitimate editorial prerogative becomes culpable narrowness will always be an open question. Lowell, with other editors of his time, was undoubtedly fully within his rights in holding himself responsible for both the substance and form of the great journals he edited, and no student of magazine history who knows his experience and attainments will take too seriously the complaints of his contributors that his emendations in their style marred its polish. There are few authors indeed who do not occasionally fall into verbal pits, and fewer still who have no affectations of manner, dear children of an unreasoning love. In the matter of being broad-minded toward opinions not their own, modern editors like to plume themselves on having become more liberal than their predecessors of an earlier day, though critics may be found who believe their broad-mindedness due to the absence of convictions rather than to the lessening of prejudice.

§ 2

It was into this arena of personal organs and regional magazines that THE CENTURY sprang with the avowed ambition to be both broad-minded and national. The fear of offending narrowness or error never swerved Dr. Holland a jot when he thought that right was to be defended or wrong to be assailed; but the magazine he conducted was still strongly personal in that "right" to him was the thing he believed in, and "wrong" was the thing he abhorred. He made the magazine a channel through which flowed the common beliefs and aspirations of the American people, or, rather, that great body of the people whom he conceived to be, like himself, upright, religious, and firmly moored in certain long-established conventions. To his mind there was no lack of breadth in that he possessed strong reticences. Any other course was only to compromise with the devil.

The shadowy form of that sinister personage was speedily to fade on the editorial horizon of THE CENTURY after the death of Dr. Holland. The magazine broadened its outlook, softened its asperities, and no longer refused to give place to opinions in which the editors were not wholly in accord. It still had its reticences, like

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its rules against profanity, reflections upon certain supposedly sensitive religious bodies, and a too great freedom of speech, though now on different grounds: religion and morality had graciously given way to good taste.

Indeed, it was the genial autumn of the Victorian age of literature, and we basked pleasantly in the golden glow of its rich fruitage. With Pater's "A perfect poem like *Lycidas*, a perfect fiction like *Esmond*, the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University*, has for them something of the uses of a religious retreat," we were all, I believe, thoroughly in accord. And thus being assured in our own minds that we had arrived at the perfection of literary form, we were resolved to keep our heritage unsoiled. The structure of the poem and the good taste of the short story or novel were bound by the rules of regularity as rigidly as the entasis of the columns of the Parthenon was governed by the formulæ of the craftsmen who shaped them. Imagination and fertility of thought might be as dynamic as one chose, but form and good taste were static. To the literary world there had been in the earlier utterances of the vigorous young monthly something that smacked of the camp-meeting and the chapel in a community given over to a more formal worship; but in the methods and ideals of the new young editor and his associates, keen followers of form and, within the restricted limits of Victorian good taste, having a broad-minded tolerance in the matter of ideas, the literary world had entire confidence and sympathy. More than a generation ago I was preparing for the press the manuscripts of Howells, James, and Stedman: of Kipling, Weir Mitchell, and Cable: of Mrs. Ward, Crawford, and Stockton, yet no protests against the editorial treatment of their work ever came to my ears, as they would if any had been made.

If the authors I have mentioned concerned themselves little with the editorial changes made in their copy, one might find a very obvious explanation in the fact that few were needed; for, first of all, they were craftsmen. If occasionally they fell into faults, they were grateful for correction; for they had little of the supersensitiveness of certain lesser writers who hedge themselves about with omniscience, and hold all emendations as merely reflections on their self-constituted divinity.

Something of the spirit of that far-off day Mr. Howells brought back when, after a long absence from the magazine, he returned to it in 1916 with his novel, "The Leatherwood God." The book had already been set in galley form when it came to us, and on the margins of the pages that I had selected for the first instalment I made many changes, most of them, of course, mere matters of editorial style and consistent punctuation. It seemed more gracious in this case, however, to submit the changes to the author for approval before sending them to the printer, and, in doing so, I added a note to the effect that reading his manuscript in the office again was like renewing my youth, for that had been my pleasure more than thirty years before. He possessed the businesslike promptness that has characterized most of the better class of writers whom I have known, for his proof was returned the next day, with this note:

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"Dear Mr. Tooker:

"Thirty years ago! that is a long time. I doubt if you will be reading my proof thirty years from now. Still, you may be; no one can tell. . . . You will see that I have bowed to your greater scientific methods, and have accepted nearly all of your changes. In a few cases, however, I have kept the old form. Sometimes, you know, one likes to play by ear."

Before the second instalment of "The Leatherwood God" was ready to go to Mr. Howells, he went to St. Augustine for the winter; but on the eve of his departure he sent me a note, saying that I need not take the trouble to submit any proof to him in the future, as he was perfectly willing to leave all question of changes entirely to my judgment. Naturally, in making subsequent corrections, I was not unmindful of his occasional liking "to play by ear."

It was like him, that first note, gracious and friendly, and quick with a kindly instinct to put at his ease one charged with a difficult task. It is only with the greatest reluctance that the conscientious magazine man tinkers with the work of another, whether he admires or detests it, for he can have neither predilections nor prejudices. It is for him to be loyal to the magazine itself, to make it as impeccable as he, in his fallible human judgment, can make it. For beliefs or sentiments that it condemns the public naturally holds the author responsible, and upon him visits its censure; but for the blunders in his English the magazine is blamed. Few magazine writers are men of genius, and few, indeed, are even good craftsmen, and between their disapproval and the scorn of that small body of readers whose foible is the searching out of printers' errors the unhappy editor walks the narrow path that divides the devil and the deep sea. When at times I read the despairing lamentations of contributors who declare that their work has been ruined by too many changes and the derisive outcries of those critics who point out that too few have been made, I sometimes have a beautiful dream of allowing one number of the magazine to go out into the world with every contributor displaying just that degree of art and skill that he has received from his Maker, untouched by the polishing-brush of the editor. It might easily be a revelation to the chosen few, though the vast majority might note little difference, having small concern with literary niceties.

A dream I have more frequently is of a cordial coöperation between authors and editors, the leisure to offer suggestions and reconcile differences of opinion, and no haste in rushing a work to the public before the last touch has been made. Leisure for this is necessary, but easily to be had, for no magazine can be "timely," though often the harassed editor thinks otherwise, and, catching at a momentary sensation, like a straw in a summer wind, has a vision of himself as a modern Joshua bidding the sun of popular interest to stand still for his message, though it has all the repose of immemorial platitudes by the time it reaches the public. Indeed, he would megaphone the call of the muezzin from the foot of the minaret to hasten to a waiting world, by so much as the slow climb to the top, the news that there is no god but Allah.

It is recorded in W. R. Thayer's life of John Hay that Hay had strongly re-

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sented the manner in which his "History of Abraham Lincoln" had been condensed in its passage through the magazine as a serial, and for a long while had refrained from visiting our office through the dread that in meeting the editors he might be betrayed into voicing his disapproval. Yet the impossibility of using a work containing a million words had been understood from the first, and no one who knew Mr. Gilder, who had personally abridged the manuscript, could have any doubt about the skill and judgment shown in the difficult task. Mark Twain, too, had been angered by our cutting of certain dubious passages in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," but, unlike Hay, had not hidden his wrath under a bushel. The feeling that we had shown only proper reserve in hiding under a bushel of our own the passages in question left us wholly unmoved. There was always the possibility that the author's flood of scorn at the stupidity of editors might lead him at last into so happy a witticism that his joy in creating it would restore him to good humor.

Few conscientious editors ever approach the task of condensing the work of an author without the greatest reluctance, for, as they have learned by hard experience, it is a characteristic of human nature that the black sheep of a family is ever remembered as potentially the dearest of all, the one most deplored—after its passing. Often when the lack of space has compelled me to remove a line or a sentence from a story or article, and after long and careful search I have taken out the one line or the one sentence—the one brick in the building—that appeared the least necessary, the least colorful, the hopeless idiocy of my selection has been revealed to me by the later lamentations of the author. The line, it seems, was the keystone of the whole structure, the sentence the one perfect sentence that the writer had laboriously polished into immortality. Well, if it was true, then the writer, like Emerson's genius, had "masked his king in weeds."

But antagonisms like these in the thankless task of editing or abridging the work of notable writers are rare, and Pleasure may often enter through the same dark door. When, in the spring of 1916, Phyllis Bottome's "The Dark Tower" came to the office, I read it with keen pleasure and urged its acceptance as a serial. After certain negotiations, in which I had no part, I was told that the novel was to be used in the magazine, but only after it had been condensed to two thirds of its original length. It was a task upon which I entered with foreboding of gloom until, early in June, I received from her a gracious letter the first two sentences of which read:

"Dear Mr. Tooker:

"It is quite impossible for me to thank you sufficiently for the wonderful skill with which you have handled 'The Dark Tower.' It seems a little thing to say I could not have done it *half* as well myself, but I can honestly say that tho' I thought I knew the MS. pretty well, I hardly *ever* knew when you *had* condensed."

§ 3

That the reader may not think that I am like a sun-dial and mark only the bright hours, I am willing to confess that I have also been called by irate authors "a piddler," "a pinhead," "the Devil himself," and "the reincarnation of Harry Thurston Peck." In

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justice to the good manners of the writers who thus "called me out of my name," I must add that the remarks were not personal, but were directed at the head of the unknown creature, usually the "proof-reader," whose tinkering with their manuscripts had thus aroused their Homeric rage; and in justice to the necessity of the tinkering, that all, though still living so far as I know, long since vanished in the oblivion of ephemeral authors.

I certainly refuse to believe that the tinkering brought about their passing, for it was never so great as that would imply; but I am convinced that their refusal to consider suggestions with an equable mind did indicate the possession of a certain congenital self-satisfaction that would always stand as a barrier to their mental growth. Indeed, with some curiously constructed minds, it often stands as a barrier to truth itself. I recall the case of one contributor who, in making an impassioned plea for justice to one backward nation, referred to an event as having occurred in the fourth Crusade. Now, as it happened, the affair was an incident of the third Crusade, and, naturally, I corrected the statement. Noting the change in his proof, the author asked us to restore his "fourth," not on the ground that it was right,—he frankly admitted that it was not,—but for the extraordinary reason that an irrelevant little error like the one in question might serve to draw attention to the everlasting truth of his main theme! I recall, too, the writer who insisted that he was right in describing his sea-captain as fighting for his "easting," though voyaging from France to Cape Horn, and in declaring the "futtock-shrouds" as a proper station for his sailor when reefing a squaresail at night in a gale of wind. Somewhere in his reading, I presume, he had chanced upon certain pleasant-sounding names the nautical flavor of which had appealed to him, and he had incorporated them in his vocabulary of rocking-chair misinformation of the sea.

But the author who flies into a passion at editorial changes is rare; he is far more likely to indulge in lamentations than in jeremiads. I remember the Ghetto-born Berliner, but long a resident of France, who, on viewing certain alterations in his moving little story, shaking his head sadly and slowly, said with deep feeling:

"I wish you would not the blacksmith employ on my watch of great delicacy!"

His Germanisms and Gallicisms had been delightfully quaint in the conversations of his old Hebrew scholar, but wholly out of place in the direct narrative of the story when predicates wandered far afield, and "onlys" were like lost dogs darting frantically through crowds in search of their masters.

Despairing, too, was the lament of the young writer who, while having nothing to say of the many misspelled words in her manuscript that we had corrected, of patent grammatical pitfalls from which we had rescued her, declared we had ruined her whole story, the first, so far as I know, that she had ever written, because we had changed her "Swift moved he to her," the one stilted phrase in a recital otherwise wholly conventional, to "He hurried to her," or some such harmless form, just what I have forgotten. I have forgotten because I let her have her way when she wrote, with eyes that I am sure were misty with tears, that she had "toiled and toiled

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and toiled" to obtain the perfect rhythm of those magic five words, and then we had ruined it all! I hate to commit brutal murder with a mean lead-pencil.

Her lost rhythm was all that she sorrowed over, and because we "hopped upon his very choicest rhythms only to destroy them" was also the good-natured plaint of another writer of short stories. When he had "worked out a long sentence with a funny little cadence at the end of a delicate irregular lilt; and then for funny contrast began the next sentence harshly (a *rasp*, rasp ra*spity*—don't you hear it?) then"—well, then we came along and destroyed all the beautiful "lilts" and "cadences" and "rhythms"! Unaccountably, it seems, rhythm has lately deserted verse, and has come to bed and board with prose.

Like these methods in a way were the esoteric devices of the story-writer who, having fallen a victim to the modern craze for the miraculous little rows of periods that are supposed to express all emotions and subtleties, but graciously leave to the befuddled reader the license to choose his own interpretation, insisted that we preserve exactly as she wrote it the sentence, "Should she marry him? . . . . "; and then, three lines later, "Should she marry him . . . ?" The periods in the second case were to be larger and more widely spaced than in the first. The exact preservation of the differences the writer considered highly important.

But of all this temperamental brotherhood, the one I remember best of all was no modern breaker of images. Even before I had entered the office he had written a popular series of short stories, and until his death, many years later, he was a frequent contributor. He had, as I say, no modern eccentricities of style; indeed, no eccentricities of any sort beyond a certain affectation of Gallic lightness: his foible was omniscience. He frequently came to the office, a big, handsome, likable fellow of much manner, with a deep, rumbling voice that, as he graciously came in through the outer room of our suite, preceded him through the door like the heralding drums of a procession. I do not recall that his objections to our changes ever irritated us, as certain querulous dogmatics sometimes do, for he was always courteous and affable, and about the naïveté of his self-constituted divinity there was something vastly humorous.

He always used to write at the head of his manuscript that not even a comma was to be changed in it, and though we disregarded his injunctions as to his punctuation, and heard no protests, the least verbal change was another story. Once we changed the spelling of a French word in his text, but on his proof he restored the original spelling, declaring in a marginal note that his form was correct. As he was, as I have said, always courteous in his insistence, we tried to be equally so in return, and in this case I sent the spelling of the word as given by Littré, Larousse, the dictionary of the French Academy, and minor lexicons, all of which agreed in supporting our form. It was useless. Without attempting to prove his contention, he merely declared that Littré had originally made the error, and had been blindly followed by the other lexicographers.

I broke the back of the camel with a straw—at least I thought it was a

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straw. When we were publishing an article of travel by him, I found in one instalment a long quotation from Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey." In the passage occurred the word "*désobligeante*," the post-chaise used by Sterne. In the author's quotation the word was written "*desobligeante*." In verifying the passage, I found that the copy I used had printed the word correctly, with the acute accent over the initial *e*, and I therefore corrected the word. In returning his proof the author insisted that he was right, and had copied the passage as Sterne had written it. In reply, Mr. Gilder sent him the copy of the book I had used in verifying the passage, and the author returned it with this note:

"Dear Mr. Gilder:

"This is a very pretty little copy of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' that you have sent me, but I notice that it was printed in 1891, and Sterne could not have read the proof. *My* copy was printed in 1792, and Sterne did read the proof of it."

Mr. Gilder called me into his room and gave me the note.

"Oh, let him have his way," he said.

I read the note, and thought I saw a way out. It was all petty enough and not worth wasting a thought over, but he had always been so insistent about trifles that I in turn had become equally stubborn.

"Well, may I answer him, Mr. Gilder?" I asked.

He consented, and after the verification of my suspicion I wrote:

"Dear Mr. X——:

"Mr. Gilder says that you are to have your way in regard to *désobligeante*, though we are nevertheless at a loss to understand how it could be any more difficult for Sterne to read the proof of our copy of his book, printed in 1891, than the proof of yours, printed in 1792, since he died twenty-five years before even yours was published."

We had thought it a huge joke, and no one had for a moment doubted that his copy of Sterne was as old as he said and that its *désobligeante* had no accent,—even with the best of intentions such oversights are not wholly unknown even in our instructed time! —but he had been too certain of his omniscience to suppose that fate could play him so scurvy a trick as to remove Sterne so untimely, and he never forgave me. And I, too, was ill satisfied. I had come off second best in so many encounters with him that I felt the right to be a little aggrieved at his failure to accept with good temper my triumph. It appeared a picayune affair if the victim did not applaud.

It seemed, too, a picayune affair to concern oneself so greatly about trifles. But if one had standards, where was the point at which one could begin to break them without eventually coming to a state where one no longer had any standards at all? Liberty may easily become license, and license become chaos.

One can laugh at it all to-day, but once the contentions and doubts brought unquiet hours. It is so much pleasanter pleasing people! The gods and the half-gods of literature are temperamental, and with the best of intentions one cannot always lure them into the ways of consistent and logical editors. Oftener than not, like Howells, they "sometimes like to play by ear." And one of the things that every editor ought to know is that though consistency may be a jewel, a "foolish consistency," as Emerson said, "is the hobgoblin of little minds."

(The end of the sixth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

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Matthew Bradford

By Carl Van Doren

If you go among the Cornwalls in Connecticut—North, East, South, or West Cornwall, Cornwall Center, Cornwall Plains, Cornwall Bridge, or Cornwall Hollow—looking for Yankees of the sort thought of as quaint by summer visitors, you will not often find them. Once I thought I had found one; he, however, told me that the last true Cornwall Yankee had died some fifty years before. Certainly my nearest neighbor is not of the eccentric stock. Except for a few Doric touches in his speech, he might be a good and wise man of any age, withdrawn from the world to his native province.

Matthew Bradford is the fifth person of that name to own his land, which has never belonged to any person who was not named Matthew Bradford. In his youth this Matthew went to Waterbury and there built up a considerable trade in farm products, but he later lost so large a part of his fortune that he was obliged to retire to the homestead which he had hitherto maintained rather out of piety than out of any more profitable instinct. Since I have known him I have rarely seen him leave his house, though he goes now and then to church, to the village three miles away, and, in summer, to a spring in Cornwall Hollow for water which he prefers to that in his own well. Wifeless for a dozen years, and childless, he has a lean, fussy housekeeper whose husband slackly does the work on the farm with the help of their half-grown boy. This tame menage the old man governs from his habitual seat, in all but the coldest weather, on the narrow porch from which he looks across a meadow beyond which are a swamp, a row of maples, gradual hills, and the sky.

Frail even when the sun shines, he almost hibernates during the bitter winter. Once I came to Cornwall in April, about some early prospects for my garden, and was shocked at the apathy into which he seemed to have sunk. He was not surly, of course, nor was he particularly silent, but he was not responsive in his usual degree. That grave voice which always charms me with its rich tone and its tempered diction might almost be coming, I felt on this occasion, out of a cave in which its possessor had taken refuge from the driving snow of which a few packed drifts still remained. Or rather, I perceived in a few moments, he was answering me from a deep region within himself where he had lived with his thoughts during a season when there was little else in his universe to distract him. Now he could not emerge instantly, but had slowly to unfold his senses to the sun. The image which his state suggested, I finally understood,

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was that not of a cave but of a brook, bound with ice, yet hardly the less itself beneath its fetters, bright, clear, cool. By the end of May, when I returned, the covering ice had melted and my neighbor, sitting upon his porch, greeted me with his customary zest.

It was on this May afternoon that I first discovered how little and how much he saw across his meadow and his swamp.

"I suppose," he said, "you can see the new leaves on the willows. I envy you. That has always seemed to me the loveliest green of the year, but I can't distinguish it any more from the other shades."

I knew him well enough to know he was not inviting sympathy, and I spoke of the willows, not of his eyes. And I was no less discreet when, later, he pointed to a noisy robin skirmishing in the grass only a few yards away.

"I could n't be sure it was a robin if I had n't heard it crying just now." He smiled at his own phrase. "When I was a child my mother said the robins sounded to her as if they were crying, and I have always thought of their song in that way."

We talked about the varied cries of birds. Then I noticed that his gaze was fixed again upon the meadow.

"Do you see that cloud-shadow coming toward us?" he asked. "I can guess almost to a second when it will reach the house. The shadows are my chief entertainment. If you watch you will see how they keep the valley always changing. Some days they are very leisurely. To-day they go like the wind. They are my moving pictures."

As I looked, another shadow broke over the ridge of the hills, rolled down the long slope, turned the row of maples a darker green as it touched them, swept solidly across the swamp and meadow, and went by us with what I almost thought was a swish. I half caught my breath. Similar shadows, I realized, must have been breaking over us all afternoon as we talked, and I had not noted them. Yet at a few quiet words from this quiet man they had become as tangible as a salt wave. He who saw so little that color had almost disappeared from the landscape for him, as well as all small objects unless they were nearly under his hand, saw so much that he had for me added a new spectacle to nature and had fixed it unforgetably in my consciousness. I found I had suddenly a changed conception of him. During the two summers in which I had daily seen him sitting on his porch looking out across the meadow I had imagined him as wrapped almost entirely in his own thoughts and memories. Now I knew that he had been subtly alive to the rapid patterns which the sun painted with so powerful though with so coarse a brush upon the wide canvas of the valley. He was a connoisseur whom I had not suspected.

"I have been troubled with my eyes this past winter," he told me without apologies, "but I think they are better lately. Certainly, though, I have little reason to complain. You probably do not know how near I came to losing my sight altogether. A few years ago I was so much troubled that I went to an oculist in Waterbury to have my eyes examined. He frightened me by telling me that I could not count on seeing anything for more than a few months longer. I shall

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never forget how desperate I felt. On my way home I made a kind of compact with God. 'God,' I said, 'if you will keep me from going blind, I will never ask for another favor from you. I will be content with whatever else may come to me.' I can't say that I stopped with my prayer. I made myself spare my eyes in every way possible. I sat for hours day after day with my eyes closed. I did all I could to hold myself calm and steady. It was not always a simple thing to do, but I had more success than I really expected. As you see, I did not go blind. And I have never allowed myself to worry about anything else that has happened since then, strong as the temptation is when I see the farm going to rack and ruin, with no one to do the work as it needs to be done. I mean to abide by my bargain."

I had never heard Matthew Bradford mention the name of God before, and I have never heard him mention it since, but I know what I need to know about his religion.

§ 2

Reading, he told me, had been permitted him at intervals this spring, and he had gone through the three volumes of "Jean-Christophe." I remember the surprise with which I heard him mention the book. Though he pronounced its title, and the name of its author, in the fashion of one who was quite ignorant of French, he had heartily enjoyed it.

"That is a world," he said, "about which I of course know nothing. But I found it very interesting to follow the young man through all his adventures. The strange thing is, that I felt at home. The people in the book must be real, for I have seen people like most of them here in Cornwall or in Waterbury."

At various times I have offered to read to him, but he generally prefers to talk. "I can read in the winter. I would rather talk when I have a chance to." The things he says are always reflective and never speculative. Full of serene curiosity as he is, he has been neither a reader nor a traveler. His actual topics are his observations in Connecticut and particularly in Cornwall.

One day when I was driving with him to his favorite spring I asked him the name of a certain hill in the neighborhood. "I don't know," he said after a moment. "I ought to know, for I was a member of the committee which named all our hills a good many years ago. But I have forgotten. Perhaps it does n't matter. They had got along without names so long that the names seem not to stick to them very tight in their old age—any more than they do to my memory." That same day, as we were passing a rough boulder which juts out over the Hollow Road, Matthew Bradford smiled. "I can tell you more about that rock than I can about the hill. The last wolf ever seen in Cornwall, so far as I know, was standing on the top of the rock when my father came by here. Not long after that, when I was still a small boy, I was hunting the cows and had to crawl under the rock to keep out of a terrible rain. I can remember yet how much afraid I was that the wolf was somewhere around. If he was, he liked me less than the rain. But, then, I have always found Cornwall a safe place to live in. Probably it is safer now than it was when

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I was a boy, when it had twice as large a population as it has to-day. There are some, no doubt, who find it so safe that it is tiresome."

Thus, without discoursing formally upon the town's past, he manages to open up vistas into it, and to bind past and present together with vivid links. It is the same when he speaks of the men and women who have lived here. "Most of the stone walls in Cornwall," he told me, "were built by an Indian who was very expert in that art. He spent his life building them, and covered the whole town with his monuments." I am not sure whether my neighbor feels how ironical it is that an Indian should have marked the boundaries of the newcomers who had dispossessed his race, but I hesitate to doubt it; I know that the irony of the fact was communicated to me. Again Matthew Bradford said: "The Warwick men who used to own your house were all large, strong men with thick beards who liked the heaviest work best. It was said of them that if they had enough hard cider, they would undertake to move mountains; but they never had enough, so the mountains stayed where they were." I remembered the enormous timbers in my barns and the flag-stones in my walks, and had a sense of dim giants tugging at them.

Matthew Bradford's observations, however, are not all in the heroic key. "You should have known old Mrs. Warwick, the mother of the last Warwick who lived in your house. She was not very devout and she had a sharp tongue. Once the minister went to call on her, as he called on every one in his parish. She liked the news of the congregation when she could get it, but she never went to church, because she had a poor opinion of that particular minister. When he told her that there had recently been a fire in the church, she said, 'I cal'late it did n't start in the pulpit.' He enjoyed the joke and told me about it."

With the same delight in the comedy of existence this kindly spectator has hit off for me most of our contemporaries in Cornwall. He is disillusioned without being bitter. I have never caught the note of scorn in his discourses. It is possibly for the reason that I am farm-bred that he admits me to considerable intimacy with him, but he shows no signs of thinking often, as some of the farmers do, about the distinction between them and the summer residents. All such minor differences have long ceased to weigh with him, if they ever did. Of a certain pompous neighbor of ours Matthew Bradford once told me that the man reminded him of "a statue of Daniel Webster rolling itself around on castors." But this is nearer to wit than he frequently comes. Of another, who is extraordinarily dull and inarticulate, I heard my old friend say, "His wife may find his conversation interesting, but I find his silence the most interesting thing about him." For the most part, however, these comments upon the neighbors are simple narratives, of their births, marriages, children, goings and comings, accomplishments and qualities. "The man who works for me is a Doty. In Cornwall we say 'once a Doty, always a Doty.' The first members of the family came here with the original settlers nearly two hundred years ago; came as hired men. They have been hired men ever since. Now and then one of them shows promise or marries an unusually ambitious woman, and

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it looks as if the spell would be broken. But so far it never has been. Sooner or later the Doty blood seems to tell, and the man turns out to be shiftless after all. The Doty women are sometimes better than the men. The unfortunate thing is that they almost always marry with their own kin or with others of the same stripe. Then their children are Dotys too, whatever their names. This man of mine started out very well, on his own account, and he certainly married an industrious woman. She has made it hard for him to be as much of a Doty as he might like to be, but if you will watch the son at work for half an hour you will see that the father has had his revenge."

§ 3

I am so accustomed to seeing Cornwall partially through the eyes of my friend that I was shocked, I remember, the first time I realized that Cornwall also has eyes through which it looks at him. I stood talking with a former Cornwall man, who now lives in New Haven, when Matthew Bradford drove slowly by.

"That 's an interesting old codger," my visitor said. "Quite a character. He had a good deal of money once, but it slipped through his fingers. Some people around here wonder where it all went to."

Inwardly I winced at the insinuation that there may have been creditors whose claims were not considered, though I did not in the least believe it. I winced even more at the assumption that this wise and good man was merely another rustic type. At the same time I had to admit to myself that his antique dignity, his Roman stoicism, was far from being evident that day to the casual observer. His clothes were weather-beaten and characterless, his shoulders bent, his beard untended; his purple old hands shook a little as they slapped the reins over the sluggish horse that drew his mud-splashed buggy. This perfunctory exterior, indeed, is habitual with him and must have held at a distance many of those who suppose they knew him. Despite the eminence of his mind, he might possibly by some observers be estimated as merely one more vote in the town meeting. What pressure of life must have been called for to discipline him to this pitch of inconspicuousness!

My curiosity aroused, I cautiously inquired of the other neighbor in whom I had once thought to find a Yankee of the old breed. But though he is both inquisitive and garrulous, he had nothing to tell me. "They say Matthew was a wild one in his time," he said, "but I never see him up to any mischief." I could believe that Matthew Bradford had been circumspect; I had to study him again to determine whether I could accept the legend of his gay youth. I thought I could. With a little imagination I could fill out his shrunken frame to the dimensions of a powerful youth, sinewy and lusty, who must have delighted in bodily activity and must have felt the sting of all his appetites.

Love, for instance, may well have tugged at him. I feel sure he attracted it. Nothing about him so clings to my memory as a thing he told me in this connection. I had stopped to call on him one bright September day and had found him sitting as usual with his gaze apparently upon his meadow. But he

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seemed to be brooding softly upon some unusual memory.

"A very singular thing happened yesterday. A woman whom I knew when I was a young man came all the way from Albany to visit me. I had n't met her for many years, since she was married and went away from Cornwall. She told me that her husband died some time ago and left her with a comfortable income and no obligations, so she is indulging in all the things she wants to do before she is too feeble to do them. One of them, she said, was to come back to Cornwall and talk over old times with me. 'If I were younger,' she told me, 'I might not have sense enough to visit Matthew. But I am old enough now to know my own mind and go. I would n't die happy if I had n't seen him again.' So here she was. She had dinner with me, though it was n't much of a dinner, and stayed all afternoon. I don't know what either of us knew that we did n't tell each other. She is still very energetic, with all her faculties as fresh as ever, I thought, and very good company."

He sat silent for several moments, while I waited to see if there was more to his story.

"You will think it strange of me to say such a thing, but do you know, I believe that woman loved me. I had never dreamed of it."

Thinking later upon the episode, I was struck to find how natural it had seemed to me for Matthew Bradford to say these words. He was as far beyond any mean fear of betraying his emotions as was the woman who had come upon her touching pilgrimage. But I could not help wondering whether, along with the kind memories which she had awakened in him, there was not also some stir of rebellion against his weakness and loneliness. He could hardly have become so rich and generous in his wisdom without building it upon the conquest of powerful passions. Are the wars between his passions and his wisdom, I asked myself, all ended?

I asked myself, but I ask no longer. This past summer when I went to Cornwall I found him gradually recovering from an illness which had been all but fatal. Barely able to sit erect, he sat in the sun, his eyes only now and then lifted to the meadow and swamp. His voice was the same as ever, but his words were very few. I congratulated him upon his recovery. He looked at me as if I had said some childish thing.

"Yes, the doctor did an excellent job of it, I believe, and Mrs. Doty is praised by every one for her devotion as a nurse. But I find it very hard to forgive them. They had a chance to let me die and they did not let me. Now I must wait for another winter."

Almost at once he turned the conversation to casual matters, but for a minute I had seen the depth of his weariness and his rebellion. In that moment he was not the gentle, wise old man I have ordinarily known. He was a man whose soul, in irons, cried out against its dreadful bondage. Whatever was too soft, too diffused, in the picture which I had drawn of him for myself was corrected. I cannot think of him now without remembering that day when he, as it were, took the pencil out of my hand and drew around my picture that swift, biting outline which fixes it forever in my memory.

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The Market Value of Philosophers

Government by Talk versus Government by Thought

By Glenn Frank

I HAVE often amused myself by trying to imagine a daily newspaper which gave all of its head-lines to happenings that really meant something to the future of the community or of the world. Such a policy would doubtless mean quick journalistic suicide for the newspaper adopting it, but the attempt to visualize such a newspaper is an easy and effective method for weighing relative values. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Yesterday, as I started home from my office, I tucked into my bag a copy of the late afternoon edition of one of the most popular evening newspapers of New York City and a copy of the October issue of "The Hibbert Journal." I read both after dinner, and soon found myself trying to recast the front page of the newspaper in terms of "real values" instead of "news values." This is what started me on this arm-chair adventure.

There were seventeen head-lines on the front page of the newspaper. Twelve of the seventeen were:

1. "6 Girls Called To Accuse Vetter Victim."
2. "Dictaphone Trap For Mrs. Rothenberg."
3. "Six Girls Accuse Storey."
4. "3 Burglar Suspects Held In Atlantic City."
5. "5 Indicted In Tucker Marriage."
6. "Girl Student Assists College Fund Drive By Shining Shoes."
7. "50 Phone Girls Calm In Fire."
8. "Judge Says Intoxicated Driver Transports Rum."
9. "Dictaphone In Strange Mystery."
10. "Bandit Gang Caught After One Is Slain."
11. "Noted Portrait Painter In Washington To Talk To Women."
12. "Fire Enlivens Misses Gerry Dinner."

The five other head-lines were devoted to three bits of news: the fact that Henry Ford had declared that he would support Calvin Coolidge for President in the 1924 campaign; the fact that Bishop Manning would probably not insist upon a trial of Dr. Leighton Parks and other Modernists for heresy; and the fact that women might be admitted to membership in the Republican Club.

After reading the first fifteen pages of "The Hibbert Journal," I thought that if this newspaper had been concerned to play up the really significant news of the hour, it would have deleted the first three head-lines I have listed above, and would have used the space to herald in blazing capitals the news that "Hereafter L. P. Jacks Will

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Write For Each Issue Of The Hibbert Journal A Philosophical Editorial Essay On Some Problem Suggested By The March Of Events." Now, I do not say that the unlettered millions would have been thrilled by such a head-line. I do not seriously suggest that the editor should really have run such a head-line. I speak of it as a possible head-line in a popular newspaper only in order to dramatize the fact that this announcement symbolizes something that is far more important to the man in the street than any one or all of the things noted in the seventeen head-lines.

This sounds, I know, as if I were merely playing with words and purposely talking in riddles. What possible significance for Bill Jones and John Smith can there be in the fact that even as brilliant a philosopher as L. P. Jacks is going to write a few editorial essays on current affairs for a high-brow quarterly? Of course the mere fact that Mr. Jacks will write four good editorials on current affairs each year has in itself little or no significance for the man in the street. Bill Jones and John Smith are not subscribers to "The Hibbert Journal." They will probably never know that Mr. Jacks has said things that go to the very roots of the business and the politics that control their lives, unless some space writer filches the ideas from the sober columns of "The Hibbert Journal," dresses them in homely calico, and parades them in the columns of the two-penny press. Why, then, is this announcement news of primary importance to the man in the street? Solely because it symbolizes the return of the philosopher to a job he gave up along about the middle of the nineteenth century. The house of civilization in which the Bill Joneses and the John Smiths live is tumbling down about their heads because the philosopher, for the last seventy-five years, has not been furnishing to business men, politicians, preachers, educators, and scientists sound and saving general ideas about life and society which can knit all their separate plans and purposes together into harmony and save mankind from the death dance of conflicting interests which to-day is giving us wars, revolutions, sterile politics, anemic education, and argumentative religion. Dr. Jacks, philosopher extraordinary, writing on current affairs is a happy sign that philosophy may return to its original social job, which was and is just as essential to the daily welfare of Bill Jones and John Smith as the raising of wheat by Kansas farmers, the making of shoes by Massachusetts workmen, or the digging of coal by West-Virginia miners.

This is too vital an issue to leave in the form of a glittering generality. What was this job the philosopher ran away from about the middle of the nineteenth century? And what is there in our current life that suggests that we need him back on the job?

It is, I admit, a little difficult to interest the busy modern man in any discussion of the market value of philosophers. He is convinced that, by the most generous estimate, the philosopher is worth exactly nothing as a factor in the practical affairs of business and politics. For a long time, and not wholly without reason, the "practical" man has sneered or at best smiled at the philosopher as a harmless, spectacled, shiny-coated, carpet-slippered gentleman who on a low income manages to get a certain

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personal satisfaction out of a metaphysical web-spinning that has about as much vital relation to life and business and politics as Mah-Jongg has to the League of Nations. But there was a time when philosophers were quoted at a high market value because they were doing a socially necessary job.

Before the middle of the nineteenth century the philosopher furnished the raw materials for popular thought. He flung out the broad conceptions that actually dominated the business, the politics, the religion, and the social life of his time.

Speaking of the social function of the philosopher, Albert Schweitzer, in his "The Decay and The Restoration of Civilization," says that "Every age lives in the consciousness of what has been provided for it by the thinkers under whose influence it stands. Plato was wrong in holding that the philosophers of a State should also be its governors. Their supremacy is a different and a higher one. . . . They are the officers of the general staff who sit in the background thinking out, with more or less clearness of vision, the details of the battle which is to be fought. Those who play their part in the public eye are the subordinate officers who, for their variously sized units, convert the general directions of the staff into orders of the day. . . . Those who command [business men, politicians, preachers, educators, and other practical men] can only carry out what is already the thought of the age. They do not build the instrument on which they have to play, but are merely given a seat at it. Nor do they compose the piece they have to play; it is simply put before them, and they cannot alter it; they can only reproduce it with more or less skill and success."

If, as Dr. Schweitzer suggests, the thinkers of any given period produce worthy general ideas, and if these ideas pass into popular thought as the soil in which business men, politicians, preachers, and educators can plant their separate policies, then that period is a period of progress. If the thinkers fall down on the job, then decadence sets in.

Now, the tragedy is that about the middle of the nineteenth century the philosopher abdicated his job as a thinker on current issues. Philosophy since then has exerted a smaller and smaller influence on popular thought. Before then philosophy was, in Dr. Schweitzer's phrase, "an active worker producing universal convictions about civilization." Since then philosophy has become, with certain happy exceptions among recent philosophers, a sifter of the results of the sciences, a historian of her own past, and a sleepy pilot of civilization. Philosophy has been so busy talking about the results of the various sciences that she has for a good many years done little thinking on the fundamental problems that underlie business, politics, religion, and education. She has spent so much time writing the history of her own past efforts that she has stood before a spiritually hungry world crying for bread with little in her hands save shelf-worn and second-hand hypotheses. The philosopher has dozed in his watch-tower and slept on his beat while civilization has been drifting into ruthless wars, wasteful revolutions, and pointless politics.

Even the most casual reading of the morning paper day after day suggests that the most practical public problem

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of our time is to bring the philosopher back to his job on the "general staff" of public affairs. We have speculated upon and tried many methods of government. The one method that has not lately been given a fair trial is government by thought.

Government by talk has plainly broken down. This is the burden of Dr. Jacks's first editorial. We have, he says, drifted into the habit of "attaching more importance to what is *said* by speaking persons than to what is *done* by working persons." Eloquence has been exalted above workmanship. We are guilty, he says, of "honoring fine speech in public above good workmanship in private." Freedom of speech, press, assembly, and instruction is imperative in any safely and decently run government. It pulls discontent into the open, it educates the masses, it trains the millions for intelligent coöperation with real leadership, but it simply does not produce the great ideas and fruitful conceptions without which politics becomes a mere log-rolling between conflicting interests, and civilization dries up at its source. Free discussion gives the masses self-respect and enables them to hold a check over the vagaries of irresponsible thinkers and selfish autocrats, and though they may now and then abuse this power, the net result is good. But the more democratic an age becomes, the more rein it gives to free discussion, the more it needs a "general staff" of thinkers in the background.

Certainly government by compromise has broken down. Why is it that to-day we are apparently incapable of producing a creative foreign policy? Partizan politics aside, one of the primary reasons is, I think, that we have been trying to get a policy that would "satisfy" fifty-seven different varieties of interests and demands. We begin our thought about foreign policy and world peace plans by listing all the special interests of France, Germany, England, the succession states of central Europe, Russia, the Balkans, Japan, and other nations, the long agenda of unfinished business left by the peace conference, the tangle of personal and party interests in the Senate, and then trying to devise a plan that will "satisfy" all these interests. Of course we throw up our hands and mark time while the world burns! And until somebody somewhere sometime opens the eyes of the world to the broad general truths about where civilization is drifting and why it is drifting and what its goal must be, we shall stick to our futile log-rolling politics. This is the job of the philosopher.

And government by scientists and specialists is probably as barren a hope as the two methods I have just mentioned. Scientists and specialists are giving us the raw materials of a new and more realistic politics, but it may be doubted that they are the men to shape these materials into the new house of civilization. The specialist pays a heavy price for his specialism. Some of the most hollow talk about political, social, and religious problems comes from distinguished specialists. Our hope must be pinned to a new sort of philosopher who knows enough about the essential social contributions of the sciences to enable him to play ring-master to the specialists, bringing them into a contact that makes each fertilize the social mind of the other, and welding them all into a fighting fraternity for the common good.

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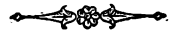
Books and Affairs

By the Editors



Rather more than any previous book by Robert Frost, "New Hampshire" (Holt) contains evidences of a poetical variety with which this poet is rarely credited. The title-poem is very nearly argument; "The Witch of Coös" is a shuddering little drama, even in its form; there are stories, character-studies, lyrics, poems the Greeks would have called epigrams, and poems the Americans will call allegories. If "Paul's Wife" is founded upon the myth of Paul Bunyan, "The Grindstone" is founded upon the experience of any boy who has ever turned the handle while some man rode upon the stone with ax or scythe till the arm at the handle was numb and rebellious. Being so nearly argument, "New Hampshire" does not show its author at his best, though as a piece of avowed autobiography it explains a good deal. He is better in the sympathetic pictures of "The Runaway," which has no larger a hero than a colt frightened by his first snow, or in "Good-Bye and Keep Cold," in which a farmer leaves his orchard in the fall with the hope that no dangerous warmth will disturb its hibernation. Perhaps Mr. Frost is at his actual best in "A Star in a Stone-Boat," a poem of extraordinary significance and beauty in both its conception and its execution:

"Never tell me that not one star of all
That slip from heaven at night and softly fall
Has been picked up with stones to build a wall."

The image is of a kind to waken all Mr. Frost's most articulate emotions: his realistic interest in such handicrafts as wall-building; his sense of irony, that a fiery meteor should come to so plain a use; his desire to know a whole world even though a small one. The meteor is not, it is true, a planet, but

"Such as it is, it promises the prize
Of the one world complete in any size
That I am like to compass, fool or wise."

In this poem, as in the others in the new collection, Mr. Frost speaks in his intensely personal tone, certainly varied, if not perhaps deepened, during the seven years since he has published a book of his verse.

Thomas Hardy, of course, is as inveterately himself in all his poems as any man alive, but "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" (Macmillan) seems dim after "The Dynasts." Something of this quality it may owe to the fact that he has reduced the ancient story to the dimensions of "a play for mummers," and so has somewhat "thinned" the lan-

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guage as if for untrained actors; more probably the Arthurian theme did not possess him as did the Napoleonic. His variations upon the struggle between Mark and Tristram for Queen Iseult and between the two Iseults for Tristram are not particularly successful. There is nothing dim in the "Collected Poems; Second Series" (Harper) of William H. Davies. Without question he sometimes recalls Herrick and Blake. Poetical echoes, however, are precisely the least important items in Mr. Davies's total effect.

"I hear men say: 'This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
And throws no light on deep eternal things—'
And would they have me talking in my sleep?"

Besides nature, moreover, he writes of love, friendship, work, liquor, poverty and comfort, joy, grief, death—most of the topics that poets ever use. What makes him unlike all his British contemporaries is the simple, direct way in which he looks at human life, wise without being learned, sophisticated without being literary, playful without being too trivial, tender without being sentimental, artless without being ungraceful. Something of the same directness, with more of impudence and challenge, gives to Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems" (Harper) that gay charm which is now nearly the most infectious influence in American poetry. A considerable part of the material in this book has already appeared in other books. Miss Millay is consolidating her position. So, curiously enough, is Robert Louis Stevenson, or rather, his heirs and publishers for him, at this late date. His "Complete Poems" (Scribner) adds some two hundred pieces to those generally known to be his. For the most part they are only fair poetry, but they are revealing enough to make clear that he led a less pink-and-white life, inwardly and outwardly, than the authorized biographers have maintained.

It takes very little verse to make a volume, especially if it is the first. A few of the recent first books are notable though very slender. Ben Ray Redman's "Masquerade" (McBride) has a civilized irony, a hand that writes as if it had studied etching, a knack at drawing pathetic or foolish characters in a few lines, an occasional looseness, still, as regards diction and melody. Robert L. Wolf's "After Disillusion" (Seltzer) is witty, ardent, plain-spoken, and at times melodious. Best of the three is Louise Bogan's "Body of This Death" (McBride), which contains several poems which are vivid and intense beyond the capacity of most contemporary poets. A scene can hardly be imagined, represented, and communicated more exactly than this describing the victims of the Medusa turned to stone:

"The water will always fall, and will not fall,
And the tipped bell make no sound.
The grass will always be growing for hay
Deep on the ground.
And I shall stand here like a shadow
Under the great balanced day,
My eyes on the yellow dust, that was lifting in the wind,
And does not drift away."

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By comparison with these slight undertakings "Ulug Beg" (Knopf), by a writer who calls himself Autolycus and says he is "a common-place American," seems robust and hilarious. His comic epic, nearly as long as "Paradise Lost," plays with a story of amorous and political intrigues in central Asia with a free-running liveliness which is meant to suggest Byron's "Don Juan," and does, without deserving to feel ashamed for looking so high for a pattern. "Ulug Beg," however, is not really so amusing as the delightful anthology and treatise of Burton E. Stevenson, "Famous Single Poems" (Harcourt, Brace), in which the compiler takes up the controversies which have raged about the authorship of fifteen highly popular pieces of American verse. What mighty tempests in what tiny teapots! How men and women will lie about poems they have not written! How irrevocable is an error once it has set out upon the wind of rumor with newspaper wings. What trivial poems have been popular! C. V. D.

§ 2

The characters of James Branch Cabell bear themselves more blithely in the regions beyond good and evil than the characters of any other novelist in what is frequently called this puritan republic. Florian de Puysange, for instance, in "The High Place" (McBride) inherits his manner from his fathers, takes his aspirations from Perrault's fairy tales, and moves adroitly through contemporary France committing all the sins known to any but great scholars in iniquity, checking himself, however, by what he conceives to be his own honor and by what he knows to be the prejudices of his neighbors. The close of the story surprisingly explains how Florian managed to be so immune to the wrath of men and gods, but the ingenious close is not absolutely necessary. Florian would have come off virtually as well without it, though his story would not have, because he is one of Mr. Cabell's astutest scoundrels. He is, indeed, a poet, too. With all the strength of his youthful illusions he aspires to Melior, the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. He grows tired of her, however, once attained, with all the honesty of his maturer disillusion. That disillusion includes the discovery that the saint upon whom Florian's family has depended is no saint at all, and that Michael the archangel is on the whole less intelligent than brown Janicot the devil. "The High Place" is thus "a comedy of disenchantment," ironical yet extremely lucid, in which the satire is apparently the chief intention. But Mr. Cabell is never merely a satirist. He is a comic poet who knows how to shape a plot, how to work up admirable dramatic situation, how to round out his dramatis personæ with attentive art, and how to adorn the entire narrative with the most charming touches of wit and taste. This latest of his works is seldom burdened by the cryptic hints and references which occasionally obscured "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth." With somewhat less body than either of those comedies, it has easier wings.

Arnold Bennett's "Riceyman Steps" (Doran) is almost everything that "The High Place" is not. It is accurately topographical, unblushingly bourgeois, contentedly prose. A miserly bookseller in the Clerkenwell district of London marries a miserly

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confectioner, and the two starve themselves to death in the practice of their favorite vice. Avarice, Mr. Bennett knows, is a risk the prudent person always runs if he forgets that virtues grow lamentably into vices if unpruned. It offers the novelist, however, one of the most spectacular impulses of drab lives, and has consequently been much studied. Spectacular because impassioned and unreasonable, avarice is interesting to the novelist no less because it encourages him into all sorts of detail in the invention or observation of ways to save money. What is an exciting game to the miser is an exciting, if distressing, game to the reader. The thrill in "Riceyman Steps" is heightened by the fact that husband and wife are both misers, but not in quite the same degree. Mrs. Earlforward, the less miserly, has naturally the harder struggle, since her husband's superiority in avarice overpowers her without entirely convincing her; yet she is weakened in her resistance by the ally which Earlforward has in her own impulses. The bookseller, having spent all his generosity in the act of falling in love, grows more and more avaricious, is made perversely so by the necessity of overpowering his wife, and finally becomes a monster who is nevertheless a little pathetic for the reason that he is so helpless in the grip of his fearful passion. The story moves smoothly, with increasing momentum. Mr. Bennett's knowledge, of course, is immensely competent, and he is rarely melodramatic, loose, or vulgar. His temper is admirable throughout. Somber as the action is, it is given a large element of health by the figure of Elsie, the Earlforward's charwoman, who is the picture of simple goodness and kindness and who emerges untainted by the desperate atmosphere in which she might so well have stifled. C. V. D.

§ 3

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., in his "History of Italian Painting" (Holt) has written "the kind of introduction of Italian painting which would have been helpful to me thirty years ago in those days of bewildered enthusiasm when I was making my *Grand Tour*." He introduces us so simply and gracefully to social life in medieval Italy, to artists and their work, to the thought and emotion from which that work sprang, that one is scarcely conscious of the erudition and the disciplined, sensitive appreciation which have gone into the making of his history. Such appreciation is difficult to put into words that are neither hackneyed nor superlative, yet Mr. Mather has achieved it apparently by applying to his fresh and vivid phrases the test of sincerity and knowledge. One wishes that Royal Cortissoz might have conquered the same difficulty as happily when he came to write "American Artists" (Scribner). It is not through lack of sincerity that Mr. Cortissoz fails. According to his creed he is frantically sincere, but because his is a creed outworn, he must support and bolster it with big words. "Pure beauty" is a phrase to lift one's heart—to Chinese scrolls, to early Greek statues, to Giotto's frescoes. Mr. Cortissoz makes it apply to the work of Abbott H. Thayer! A comparison of George de Forest Brush to Leonardo and Dürer makes one smile. Historically the ground Mr. Cortissoz covers in "American Artists,"—from about the middle

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of the nineteenth century to to-day, —is immensely interesting. Esthetically speaking, it is pretty barren soil. Otherwise how could any man with a pretense of esthetic appreciation waste twenty pages on Frederick Remington—twenty pages on Remington and a few grudging chapters on contemporary artists all of whom have "arrived." This critic's sweeping denunciation of everything that is "modern," his limited powers of appreciation, tend to make these essays generally unimportant, sometimes positively misleading. Similarly, Rosa Newmarch in her book "The Russian Arts" (Dutton) is unable to see that the backbone and wealth of Russia lies in its peasant art rather than in the "official" painting of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to which she devotes such a disproportionate amount of space.

To turn from comprehensive surveys of periods and movements in art to specific men, we find two volumes of biography which are, whatever their defects, additions to the scanty material published in English on two great French painters, Poussin and Cézanne. In "Nicholas Poussin" (Medici Society) Esther Sutro has given us a careful and scholarly account of the artist's life, leaving her estimate of his work for a neat little chapter at the end of the book. Not so M. Vollard in "Paul Cézanne" (Nicholas Brown). Facts about the artist's life, appreciation of his work, reminiscences of him as a friend, are all set down, significant details side by side with the insignificant. After reading an interpretative biography such as Meier-Graefe wrote of Van Gogh, one finds oneself impatient with the scant advantage M. Vollard has taken of his opportunity, but grateful to him for having preserved the raw material from which some happier biographer may draw in the future. E. B. K.

§ 4

In its complete contrast with all that is harsh and embittering in the upward struggle of many a prominent American, the chronicle of the serene and fortunate years narrated in Robert Underwood Johnson's "Remembered Yesterdays" (Little, Brown and Company) reads like a tale wherein a fairy godmother walked ever hand in hand with the growing boy. There were no backward glances of regret, no false steps to be lamented; if wishes were horses, then the boy always rode, and the path most desired ever opened before him, as it continued to open to the very last chapter. The book is the record of a contented life.

Mr. Johnson was fortunate in his ancestry, and fortunate, too, in his parents. His father, a successful lawyer in Centreville, Indiana, and for many years a judge in the court of common pleas, was a man of wide reading and excellent taste, and always a gentle guide and confidant of his boy. His mother was both witty and wise. In that pleasant countryside he led the happy life of the normal boy to whom the circus was a stirring event, and fishing, trapping, and childish love-affairs marked the stages toward adolescence. A dweller in a border State, he had in the Civil War only a pleasurable excitement that quickened his imagination and enriched his memory with the consciousness of having been a part of a great era. His life at Earlham College, a small institution under the control of the Society of Friends, was

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also happy. With little more than a hazy predilection for a literary life, he found, on the very day of his graduation, his pathway open to a clerkship in the Chicago agency of the Scribner educational books; and only a few months later, having meanwhile lived through the experiences of the Great Fire of 1873, he was journeying east along his destined road to an editorial position on the staff of "Scribner's Monthly," later to become THE CENTURY. Then for forty years he had a part, and a large part, in the development and enrichment of American art and letters.

As associate and editor Mr. Johnson never relaxed his efforts to present to the public a magazine of diversified interests. For many years he took upon himself the task of arranging the schedule of the magazine months in advance. The reader of his book may see by his carefully planned lists of possible attractions how broadly he planned to instruct or amuse different classes of readers. But though he sought untiringly to cover a wide latitude, in the manner of presentation he was insistent on dignity, truth, and craftsmanship. There should be no bad taste or sloppiness. The reader will note, too, how he, in common with his associates, toiled ceaselessly to obtain a more orderly or logical presentation of facts, to gain a more dramatic or artistic portrayal of a story or poem. No detail of craftsmanship or artistic quality was neglected.

His gift for poetry, it appears, came nearer his heart than did any other form of his activity, but it was a gift that was mainly exercised in his hours of leisure, only an avocation in his busy life. It has been a life that might easily have contented itself with being only devoted to letters, but Mr. Johnson's mind possessed too many facets to be entirely satisfied with so placid an existence. His extra-literary activities, or literary activities of an impersonal character, have been extraordinary. His long-continued and arduous labor for forest conservation and the setting aside of great regions for national parks, his fight for civil-service reform and the purification of national and city politics, his efforts in behalf of an international copyright law, the memorial to Keats at Rome, the American Academy and Institute, his work as an ambassador to Italy, and other notable enterprises—all these have been deeds that might easily have satisfied a less indefatigable spirit. Mr. Johnson has given much space to their presentation, and thus, in a way, the book is not wholly a memoir. The author, apparently, has not felt bound to heighten the purely personal interest in his recollections by curtailing the details of certain great movements with which he has been identified. He has elected to make it in part a historical résumé of matters that otherwise would have been lost.

No part of the book is more interesting or more valuable than the pen-sketches of the notable men and women the author has known. The list is extraordinary in its number and diversity. For a long lifetime Mr. Johnson has been in close touch on two continents with the leaders in literature, art, and public affairs; the stories he relates of them are delightful. One closes his book with the conviction that one has been lingering for a while in the presence of a high-minded gentleman. L. F. T.

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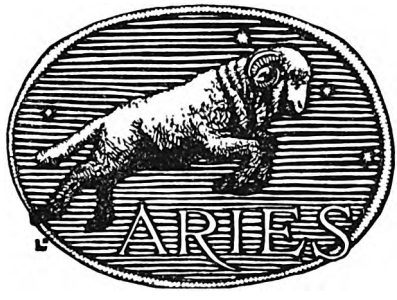

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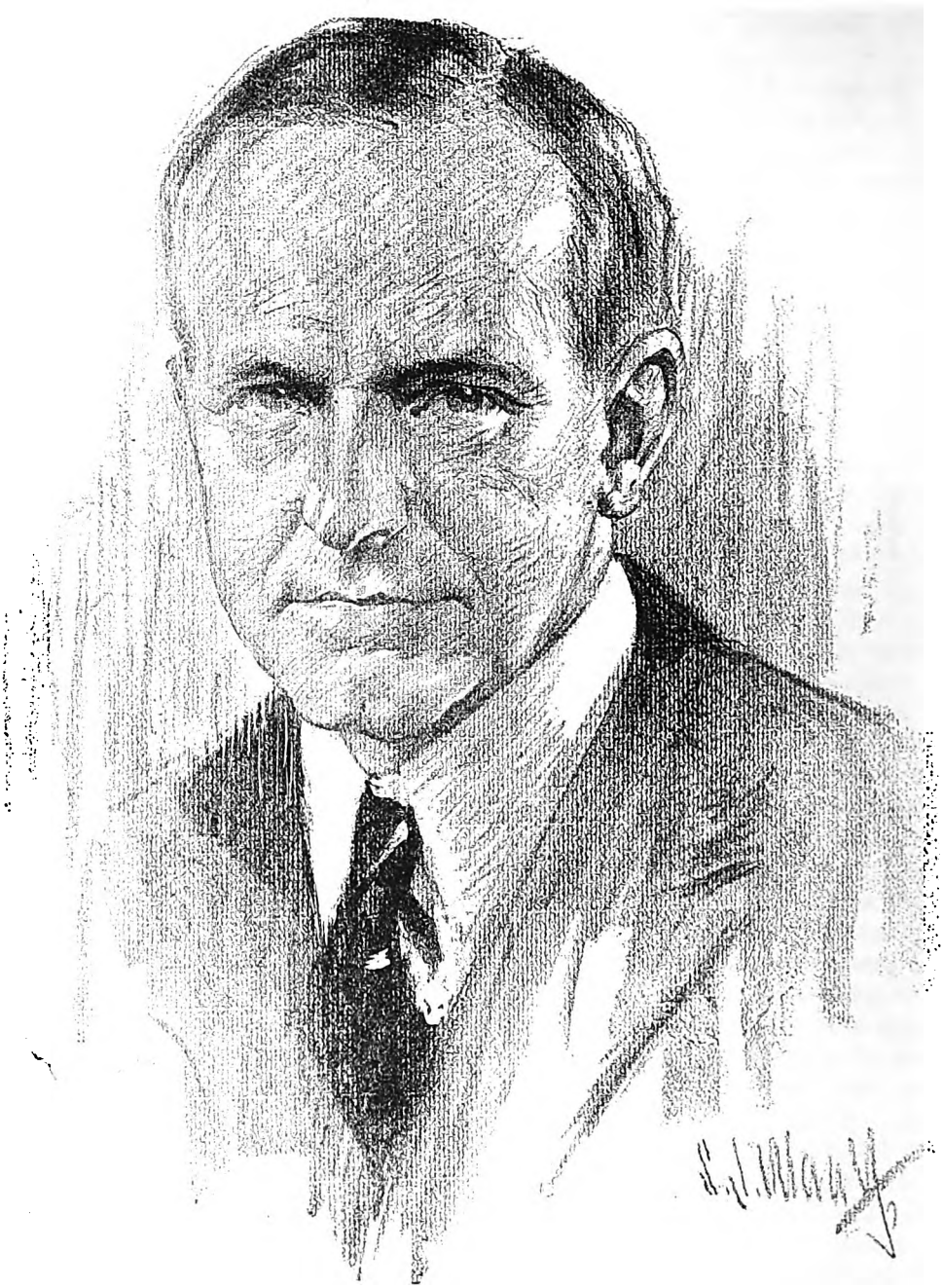

President Coolidge

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

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President Coolidge

BY CLINTON W. GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON"

"LIKE the singed cat, he is better than he looks," wrote Richard W. Irwin of Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1907, of the newly elected member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Irwin was a former state senator and he was introducing the new legislator from his home town to the speaker of the lower house. Of his appearance at that time Martin Lomasney, the Democratic politician said, "I took him for a country schoolteacher or an undertaker," both of whom among the ordinary run of good mixers who usually get sent to the legislature have more or less of the singed-cat air about them. They are not accepted instantly as of the confraternity. Mr. Irwin, wise in the ways of the state capitol, knew that Mr. Coolidge would not be.

Some time in almost every one's life the whole truth about one is summed up with a flash of insight in a single sentence. Fortunately, this letter of Mr. Irwin's is preserved, for I do not think that a whole book will ever tell more about the external and internal characteristics of the President than was put in those ten words, "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks."

And Mr. Irwin went deeper than he knew. I should say that Mr. Coolidge's whole life had been concentrated on "being better than he looked." It is a terrible thing, that singed-cat sense, which many of us have. It drives one man to drink and another to the Presidency. It urges one man to everlasting chattering and the false show of exuberant spirits, so that the world will somehow lose sight of the poor denuded pussy that is inside; and it holds another man's tongue in subjection, so that no word will escape which will suggest pussy's presence. It makes men silly and it makes men serious. It makes men arrogant and it makes men humble—on the surface. In one statement of Mr. Coolidge's, that declining to be a candidate for President in 1920, I find these two sentences, "It is always well for one to walk humbly," and "I have a great desire to walk humbly," twice in fewer than three hundred words, the singed-cat sense expressing itself. And another speech begins: "Man's nature drives him ever onward. He is forever seeking develop-

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ment," the singed-cat sense making up for deficiencies. And here is a quotation from another speech:

"We build the ladder by which we rise,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

The singed-cat sense and the bitter driving force of ambition, which converts everything to use, which concentrates attention on self, which makes every little word so important that it is weighed and counted, which shackles the free spirit and makes one the slave of one's own progress—this explains Mr. Coolidge.

President Wilson had the singed-cat sense and became arrogant to forget it. Mr. Coolidge had it, and, a better puritan, kept it always by him, "walked humbly," to remind him to work hard, to waste no time in play or on the lighter by-paths of friendship, to overcome his disability rather than to forget it by seeming different to himself from what he was.

I never knew a man to make better use of his apparent disabilities than Mr. Coolidge has. A friend of mine used to say: "Whatever you do, don't over-advertise. If I should write a funny book or play, and my publisher or producer should advertise it as the funniest book or play that ever came off a type-writer, people would look at it and say, 'But this is not funny at all.' Over-expectation would be aroused. You know how everybody is disappointed at the first view of Niagara Falls. But if you let them find out that the book or play is funny, they enjoy all the pleasure of discovery and of telling about it. They are little Columbuses of a new world."

This advice always seemed to me impractical, for you can't get publishers and producers to "walk humbly" in their advertisements. But Mr. Coolidge had the advantage of being his own publisher and producer. He did walk humbly as Vice-President. He was the most complete singed-cat Vice-President Washington has ever seen. Of course people always do look down on Vice-Presidents. They are as pathetic as mothers-in-law and as good a joke. They either have to join in the general laugh at their own expense, like Marshall, and are not to be trusted in the White House because of their sense of humor, or they become "woolly horses," like Fairbanks, from whose dull stodginess the kind Providence which watches over all things American saves the nation.

Coolidge could not laugh at himself, like Marshall. That self had cost too much effort to be a joke. A fellow who is born, not made, may be a joke. Nor was he prominent enough to be a woolly horse, like Fairbanks. People laughed at him, as at all Vice-Presidents, but a little less kindly. His loneliness, his inability to unbend and take life lightly, his mirthlessness, his silence, were the subject of jests. Stories were told about him of which this familiar one is the stock example. A lady rushed up to another at a reception. "I see," she exclaimed, "that you have just made the Vice-President laugh. Please tell me what you said to him. I 'll remember it and say it to him again next year and make him laugh again." He never told stories himself. That singed-cat sense which causes some men to tell endless stories, and thus get themselves accepted, made him unwilling to waste effort on such trifles.

There was a little malice in this

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attitude toward the Vice-President. He had been over-advertised in connection with the Boston police strike. That exploit of his had been somewhat discounted. People were a little ashamed of their hysteria over his "saving of the nation from the forces of unrest." So all in all, you see, when he became President he was more fortunate than most Presidents are. The possibilities of disillusionment were nil. The possibilities of discovery were boundless. He was certain to be "better than he looked." Since then, up to the moment when he sent his message to Congress, shortly after which these words are being written, the country has been discovering Mr. Coolidge. It feels,

"Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes,"

etc. It will probably stand

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien"

all the remaining months of 1924, which, I should say, was pretty good capitalization of the singed cat.

§ 2

The astonishing vista that fills the eye of the bold explorer of the new national figure is that often dreamed of thing, a new alinement of parties, that new world in which all the conservatives will be in one place and all the radicals in another, where men will divide upon principles, where there will be issues and not mere names to fight over, where there will be realities and not mere shadows. And, amazingly enough, the challenge has come not from a radical, but from a conservative.

What struck the country with force when it read the annual message was that at last there was a man in the White House who had taken sides, who was not, "on the one hand," for the conservatives of the East and, "on the other," for the progressives of the West. All the time that he was President, Mr. Harding had tried only to hold his party together. He had sought to give to the progressives the minimum that would satisfy them without alienating the conservatives, and the conservatives their minimum requirement provided it did not enrage the progressives. It was a government of minimums. The result was that both factions felt cheated. The President was discredited as a futile compromiser. Mr. Coolidge says somewhere that you can't get good government on a bargain counter. He says it in a sense different from the one in which I now use it. But Mr. Harding kept a bargain counter, and no one was pleased with the bargains. The West went to Magnus Johnson, and the East was mumbling with disaffection and wishing for some other candidate in 1924. Mr. Coolidge had the wit to set up a quality one-price store. It was a novelty; it surprized and delighted the country. Instead of trying to hold his party together, he took the position of the majority of his party and said, "This is where the party stands."

I say he had the "wit" to do this, but I say so with reservations; for no one will ever be able to decide how much it was calculation or how much it was conviction which led him to pronounce flatly for tax revision, to reject the bonus, and not to yield to the temptation to lure the farmer with the bait of federal aid. No one is in the secret of Mr. Coolidge's motives. He has no confidants. His message

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came as a complete surprise. Generally a President discusses his plans with members of the Senate and the House, and they whisper his views to the press. Mr. Coolidge talked to as many visitors as Mr. Harding ever did, but when they approached the subject of his policies they met no response.

The method was characteristic. It recalls the occasion when, as Governor of Massachusetts, following a state constitutional convention, he had to carry out a pretty complete reorganization of the state departments. Many men had to be dismissed or reduced in rank. He did it all at once without letting any one know he would do it or who would lose their jobs. He kept his counsel till the moment of publication came. A man who knows him says he takes no advice. That habit of self-dependence bespeaks a high degree of confidence. Inside him he knows that he has builded surely and well to be better than he looks.

Well, then, did he write that message, having seen clearly the causes of President Harding's failure and, determining to avoid similar mistakes, did he decide to unite behind him the conservative wing of his party, enough to insure his nomination and at least a better possibility of election than was left to Mr. Harding? Was it cold calculation? Many say it was. I think it was calculation, but not all calculation. It was an instance of calculation and conviction pointing in the same direction.

He is shrewd and calculating. You have only to look at his face to see that. It is a Yankee face. It just missed being a mean face, with its tight mouth and the over-sharp nose set at too pronounced an angle with the brow. The eyes are narrow and veiled, though they light up readily. The brightness of the eyes and the frequent smile save the face from repelling you. The smile is frugal. There is nothing excessive about it.

The sense perceptions must be acute. It is the face of a realist. No aura surrounds anything upon which it fixes its attention. It regards hard actualities, like the Vermont hill farmer ancestry, which looked long on stones and a thin soil.

I think Mr. Coolidge is a realist about himself. That is a hard thing to be. It is perhaps what has given his face its over-sharp look. If Mr. Coolidge were to describe himself, it would probably be with substantially those words with which Mr. Irwin described him to Speaker Cole. And if a man has no illusions about himself, he is not likely to have illusions about anything else. Therefore I say he is shrewd and calculating.

He is especially so about the words he employs. I don't know any one who can calculate more accurately than he the effect of what he writes and says. That skill could have been acquired only through incessant practice. Concentrating on the task of being, like the singed cat, better than he looks, he has thought much about the use of every expenditure of energy. He gives you the impression of having no superfluous energy. People speak of him as being "repressed." Energy is a strange thing. Psychologists tell you it is the virtually boundless possession of every human being if he can only call it forth. Mr. Coolidge has never been able to summon from its depths energy that had use for any other purposes than were practical

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to himself. "Boy or man he never played," some one writes.

We verge here upon his celebrated "silence." Reports are contradictory. People go to the White House and say, "He said much." Others go there and report, "He said almost nothing." I should say that he cannot talk at all, and that he speaks freely and almost frankly. Talk, like play, has no use. It is keeping toy balloons in the air. It is an intellectual sport. It is the free gift of one's personality to another. Like golf or poker, neither of which Mr. Coolidge plays, it may seem a waste to a man with the singed-cat sense and an inward urge to rise despite it. It is a superfluity in which those who are frugal do not indulge.

I have heard Mr. Coolidge saying things many times. He never talked. He knows no short cuts. He does not leap over hedges in getting his idea across. He does not stop when his hearer has caught his intention, but runs out to the dead ends of sentences in prepositional phrases with words in "ity" and "ation." It is no lark for him to open his mouth.

Give him something serious to say, and he says it fully, sometimes too fully. The Presidency supplies him with important topics; so the nation has discovered that he is far from silent. There are many men like that, intensely practical men. I don't need to enlarge upon their type.

I know it is a hard thing to say, but I think considerations of use enter into the President's few friendships. His closest friend when he came to Washington was Mr. Frank W. Stearns, a Boston merchant, who had got tired of money-making and turned to the patronage of a political possibility, just as other merchants turn to the patronage of art. Mr. Stearns leaves Washington cold. He and Mr. Coolidge were hardly drawn together because they found each other interesting personalities. Mr. Stearns had faith in Mr. Coolidge, and the singed cat needs some one with faith in him. Mr. Stearns had money and was willing to spend it. He took pleasure in seeing Mr. Coolidge grow politically—the pleasure the amateur gardener takes in watching a century plant bloom. It is said that Mr. Stearns perceived a future President in Lieutenant-Governor Coolidge. It is the one indication of a large and ranging intelligence that Mr. Stearns has given.

His other close friend when he became President was William M. Butler of Massachusetts, now his campaign manager. Like the President and his political patron, Mr. Stearns, Mr. Butler is not an inspiring personality. He is silent and reserved, almost shy, cautious, cold, a "hard-boiled business man." The three together hardly form a gay and jovial company. Some other bond than making life more pleasant holds them together. Mr. Butler, too, has his uses. He grew up in politics with Mr. Coolidge. He inherited what was left of the Murray Crane machine in Massachusetts.

Mr. Coolidge is impressed with the use, the importance, of what he writes and says. That is one reason why he speaks rather than talks. To talk well you must be casual and at ease. The profoundest thought must be tossed off lightly. Unlike the man who was "terribly at ease in Zion," Mr. Coolidge is terribly aware that he is in Zion. He has learned that words have an immense power to make

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people see that he is better than he looks. Words made him famous as Governor of Massachusetts. Words in the annual message made him a person before the whole country, a real President, a leader. A man who knows so well the use of words does not employ them lightly and without self-consciousness.

A story illustrates his preoccupation with words. A woman newspaper correspondent here obtained, while Mr. Coolidge was still Vice-President, an interview with Mrs. Coolidge. But before it could be published the Vice-President had to see it. He went over it from end to end, making changes and corrections in it with his own hand. Nothing that bore the name Coolidge could go into print without being carefully studied for its effect on the public. The newspaper woman still has the copy with the handwritten emendations. If we should ever have a museum of the characteristic papers of our Presidents, it should go in it.

You have only to compare Mr. Coolidge's style with Mr. Harding's to see how calculated the former is. Mr. Harding had gusto, very bad gusto, but still gusto, like that of the middle-class woman become "comfortable," who puts beauty into her house in the shape of furniture. Mr. Harding loved words not wisely, but too well. Mr. Coolidge does not love words, but makes them serve him—serve him with all their might. Mr. Harding in writing knew that he was doing something magnificent. Mr. Coolidge knows that he is doing something that will "put him over." Mr. Harding in Marion lived in a house with a round wart of a turret on it. That round wart of a turret was beauty; it was the expression of the joy of living. Mr. Harding's style was all round warts of turrets. I have never seen the famous thirty-two-dollar-a-month house of Mr. Coolidge's, but I venture it was just a house to live in, not an expression of Mr. Coolidge's delight with himself.

I think I have said enough to show how use and practicality govern this man's life. The message was calculated, shrewdly calculated; everything he does is shrewdly calculated. He "walks humbly" because some of his Pilgrim ancestors found that it paid, here and hereafter, to walk humbly in the sight of God. His eye is on the little every-day things on which the large things rest. He has industry, thrift, caution. Nothing is too small for his attention. Imagination does not make prosaic details seem negligible to him. He sees their use. Personal relations do not divert him from practicality. At a White House reception he almost jerks you by him in the process of the handshake. Visitors at the Executive Mansion go through it as through a hopper. No time is wasted.

Still, he is aware of his defects. He often expresses regret to his acquaintances that he has not the ample personality of his predecessor. Yet his knowledge that he has not saves him from mistakes. Mr. Harding felt that by his magnetism alone he could hold together the divergent elements of the Republican party. Mr Coolidge knows that he cannot.

He tries to build up the personal relations which a President of this country must have. He entertains much at the White House. He sends for editors and business men and politicians and asks them what use he can

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be to them. If he does not know much about the art of living, he knows much about its practice. As he left the old Coolidge home in Vermont to take office as President, a stone step yielded under him. "Father," he said "you must fix that step." No loose stones under his feet.

§ 3

But when you have made all allowance for shrewdness and calculation in Mr. Coolidge, you still have much of him to explain. He is far too genuine to be all studied effort. Pure calculation defeats itself. You say, "This fellow is too smart." On the other hand, everybody in Washington is saying of Mr. Coolidge, "There must be something in this fellow," making the discovery that Mr. Irwin invited Speaker Cole to make. You cannot, for example, think of Mr. Coolidge, with all his sense of political effect, writing a radical message to Congress, no matter what the temper of the moment may be.

Mr. Coolidge has convictions, or, remembering his Pilgrim origin, I might better say Mr. Coolidge has faiths, for I do not think his position so much reasoned as felt. He has a hereditary instinct to stick close to what is, to distrust change and movement. His ancestors stuck to the Vermont hills when their more restless and imaginative neighbors yielded to the lure of the fertile Western plains. By industry and thrift they made the best of what they had and loved the familiar surroundings. They were cautious. They were content to walk humbly. Mr. Coolidge was born to conservatism. All radicalism spends its force in its revolt and settles down to conservatism, supremely content with its accomplishment. And New England radicalism spent its force in the religious revolt of the seventeenth and the political revolt of the eighteenth century. There is not enough vitality left in your true New-Englander to make him reorient his position.

I think I have said before that the President gives the impression of under-vitality rather than over-vitality. He wastes no energy. He does not radiate vitality, like Roosevelt or even like Harding. His humor is characteristic. He has it, no matter what is said on the contrary. But it is the humor of under-vitality. It does not bubble or gurgle. His habit is under-statement; he boils a laugh down to a chuckle, and a chuckle down to a smile. Men of great vigor are willing to scrap what is, confident that they can substitute something better. If the vigor is not there, there is more caution. Now there are other explanations of conservatism, such as self-interest, hardening of the arteries, and so on. But I was explaining the man who is "born a little conservative." Mr. Coolidge's ancestors would n't even scrap the Vermont hills at the invitation of the Western plains.

And there is another side to it. When a man has the singed-cat sense, he reacts in one of two ways to it. He either gets angry at it, denies its existence, builds up a fictitious self, which he substitutes for his real self, and says to himself, "I am not a singed cat; I am God." This kind of man has no principles. He has no need of any. Principles would merely hedge in such divinity. Or if it does n't work this way, he accepts the singed cat and says, "I am one; but by industry, thrift, self-control, constant

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watchfulness, by walking humbly, I can nevertheless do much." Such a man needs all the outside aid he can get. He takes to principles as surely as he grows whiskers. They are his guide-rail and his prop. They keep him upright. He has as many faiths as he can conveniently carry about with him. Such a man is Mr. Coolidge. He is the least of an egoist there has been in the White House since Lincoln. His caution, the immobility of his ancestors, his moderate vitality, all combine to make him a conservative. That is the solid part of Coolidge.

He has faith in our institutions. He loves them. Did n't his ancestors help set them up? They are part of his pride and glory. Others may love them because they are the bulwark of property. Mr. Coolidge also loves them for themselves. Mr. Harding got us back to McKinley. Mr. Coolidge takes us all the way back to the Adamses. There is a certain gain. It is a good, solid spot from which to reorient the future.

Besides which, there runs through everything Mr. Coolidge has written an old-fashioned sense of morality. He is a "good man" in the early sense of the words.

He has faith in democracy. The picture he has in his head of this world is of one in which the little fellow has an even chance. Did n't he have his, and was n't he a little fellow? He is a more real democrat at heart than any President I can remember. You feel this at the press conferences in which he takes part. Mr. Harding used to say, "The President thinks," or, "The Executive will do," this or that. Mr. Coolidge says, "I think," or, "I will do," this or that. It is Calvin Coolidge talking with you man to man, walking humbly, not magnified by the office. The same simplicity in his nature keeps him from allowing the Presidency to be used to advertise himself or his family. There is better taste in the White House than in a long time; no personal display.

By industry, by keeping the faith, by modest self-regarding he has builded something solid out of a man to whom nature had not been very generous. By shrewdness, calculation, and unremitting effort he has put that something into a high place. But even after you have exhausted all the pleasures of discovery you cannot say that that something is great. He will be a useful President.

He is practical enough to see that radicalism and conservatism don't mix, honest enough to be frankly conservative, and shrewd enough to realize that conservatism may pay in 1924. But he has neither the mental power nor the imagination nor the positive courage to provide a new formula for the future. With his hard sense he brings about a fine discernment of the realities. He sharpens issues dulled by futile compromises. He says the things men want to have said. He did in his message.

That was all he did regarding the Boston police strike. He did not settle that strike. He has not the daring or egoism to precipitate himself unnecessarily into a difficult situation. When the police strike was over, he said the things the country wanted to have said about it, and consistently with his own natural conservatism. His words rather than his actions made him a hero. It was the same with the coal strike. He walked humbly toward Washington.

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His two most remarkable achievements consisted in saying the right thing at the right time. The right thing consisted of the expression of that conservatism which is in most of us. The right time was chosen with that shrewd calculation which he has developed. The right words were chosen after a lifelong concentration on the importance of what he says and the way he says it.

§ 4

Greatness is not so tight as Mr. Coolidge is. A powerful and original mind is more careless, bolder than his. At this moment, when we are enjoying the delight of finding "there is something in the fellow," we are in danger of forgetting that series of articles Mr. Coolidge as Vice-President wrote for a woman's magazine when the "red terror" made us shiver most. The series was entitled "Enemies of the Republic: Are the Reds Stalking our College Women?" I acquit Mr. Coolidge of the caption. The first article is aptly led by a large picture of a sheep in spectacles lecturing with book and pointer to a group of little sheep. At second glance one sees that the teacher sheep is a wolf in sheep's clothing. The case he makes out against the wolf consists of extracts from college magazines. Here are a few of the terrors that then infested the Vice-Presidential mind.

"In the Vassar Miscellany we find that Miss Smith, of the Vassar faculty, during the 1920 spring vacation, 'was in Washington, where she went to various hearings before the Senate committee. The most interesting was the Marten's hearing, *where Miss Smith was quite favorably impressed by the Soviet Ambassador, and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of some of the committee.*'" [The italics are Coolidge's.]

"At the Socialist Club soirée Miss Hutchinson, discussing Bebel's Women under Socialism, said: 'The inspection of one radical idea usually acts as an entering wedge for others,'" and in a description of the society's convention he quotes and italicizes: "*A man from Harvard took first prize for his scholarly speech on conscription of wealth.*"

At Wellesley "There is a Mary Calkens, professor of philosophy (she is said to have voted for Debs for President at the recent election) who is reported in the Wellesley College News of Oct. 4, 1918, as holding that '*It is not necessary for us to part with our flag as long as it stands for nothing wholly and separately American, and as long as it represents the highest spiritual ideals of truth, righteousness and brotherhood.*'"

A large mind would not busy itself with such trifles, nor would real courage be disturbed by the bleating of the lambs.

I recall these articles merely to round out the picture of the man who is now President and who may be President for four years more after 1924. But despite them I think that he is better than he looks. If he has not the energy or imagination to be constructive for the future, he has a mighty faculty for getting done the things of to-day. He is more on the job than any President I have ever known. He works like a Vermont farmer teasing a living out of a thin soil. The routine of the Presidency is a thin soil. Mr. Coolidge is raising a good crop out of it.

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Unpublished Letters of Edgar Allan Poe

By James Southall Wilson

During the summer of 1835, between the dates July 20 and August 20, Edgar A. Poe—so he signed his name—left Baltimore to accept an assistant's position on the "Southern Literary Messenger," in Richmond. The "Messenger" was a struggling local magazine, less than a year old, with a small circulation, without a permanent editor, and dependent upon unpaid contributors for its contents. Thomas W. White, the owner, was a practical printer of sturdy character, but possessed of only moderate business ability and almost no education. The young assistant was scarcely better known than the publication which he was to help edit. Brilliant as Poe's work was, it had been published obscurely and had attracted little, if any, attention. There was startling originality in some of this work, but none the less when J. P. Kennedy "discovered" Poe in 1833, as the result of having read his stories in the Baltimore "Saturday Visiter's" prize contest, Poe was in such poverty that he was unable to accept Kennedy's dinner invitation for lack of presentable clothes, and when in 1835, through the same friend's recommendation to White, he received a tentative offer from the "Messenger," he replied that he "would gladly accept it, were the salary even the merest trifle." He was seeking the opportunity for the reputation that he was confident he could make. By December, though it seems there was a brief period during which, because of Poe's habits, he and Mr. White had separated, he had been put in editorial charge of the "Messenger." The fire of his criticisms had already kindled a blaze of interest throughout the South.

It was at this period that Judge Beverley Tucker began the correspondence of which Poe's part can now be printed for the first time. Carefully preserved among the Tucker papers, these letters have been brought to light by Mr. George Preston Coleman, late highway commissioner of Virginia, the grandson of Judge Tucker.

Judge Tucker himself invited the letter which began the correspondence. From Williamsburg, on November 29, he wrote to White: "I am much flattered by Mr. Poe's opinion of my lines. His history, as I have heard it, reminds me of Coleridge's. Without the tithe of his genius, I am old enough to be his father (if I do not mistake his filiation, I remember his beautiful mother when a girl), and I presume I have had advantages the want of which he feels." He wrote his criticisms at length of "MS Found in a Bottle," objecting especially to "the mere *physique* of the horrible." The invitation came at the end of the

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letter. "If Mr. Poe takes well what I have said, he shall have as much more of it whenever occasion calls for it. If not, his silence alone will effectually rebuke my impertinence."

Poe had no choice but to reply, and his answer, now published for the first time, is beyond question the most interesting letter, intrinsically, of all that have been printed of his personal correspondence. His contention that the whole of a work of art may be original, though the parts are not, his defense of his levity in his reviews, his confidence that he has creative power and that his next story will be better than "Morella," his latest, his theories of verse, and his delicate, but sincere, response to the reference to his mother, are all significant in themselves, and characteristic of Poe at his best.

The letter is given as Poe wrote it, except for the exquisite penmanship of it.

"Richmond
"Dec: 1.35.

"Dear Sir,

"Mr. White was so kind as to read me some portions of your letter to himself, dated Nov 29, and I feel impelled, as much by gratitude for your many friendly expressions of interest in my behalf, as by a desire to make some little explanations, to answer, personally, the passages alluded to.

"And firstly—in relation to your own verses. That they *are not poetry* I will not allow, even when judging them by your own rules. A very cursory perusal enabled me, when I first saw them, to point out *many* instances of the ποιησις you mention. Had I the lines before me now I would particularize them. But is there not a more lofty species of originality than originality of individual thoughts or individual passages? I doubt very much whether a composition may not even be full of original things, and still be pure imitation as a whole. On the other hand I have seen writings, devoid of any new thought, and frequently destitute of any new expression—writings which I could not help considering as full of creative power. But I have no wish to refine, and I dare say that you have little desire that I should do so. What *is*, or *is not*, poetry must not be told in a mere epistle. I sincerely think your lines excellent.

"The distinction you make between levity, and wit or humour (that which produces a smile) I perfectly understand; but that levity is unbecoming the chair of the critic, must be taken, I think, cum grano salis. Moreover—are you *sure* Jeffrey was never jocular or frivolous in his critical opinions? I think I can call to mind some instances of the purest *grotesque* in his Reviews—downright horse-laughter. Did you ever see a *critique* in Blackwood's Mag: upon an Epic Poem by a cockney tailor? Its chief witticisms were aimed not at the poem, but at the goose, and bandy legs of the author, and the notice ended, after innumerable oddities in—'ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—hi! hi! hi!—ho! ho! ho!—hu! hu! hu'!. Yet it was, without exception, the most annihilating, and altogether the most effective Review I remember to have read. Of course I do not mean to palliate such indecency. The reviewer should have been horse whipped. Still I cannot help thinking levity *here* was indispensable. Indeed how otherwise the subject could have been treated I do not perceive. To treat a tailor's Epic seriously, (and such an Epic too!) would have defeated the ends of the critic, in weaken-

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ing his own authority by making himself ridiculous.

"Your opinion of 'The MS. found in a Bottle' is just. The Tale was written some years ago, and was one among the first I ever wrote. I have met with no one, with the exception of yourself & P. P. Cooke of Winchester, whose judgment concerning these Tales I place any value upon. Generally, people praise extravagantly those of which I am ashamed, and pass in silence what I fancy to be praise worthy. The last tale I wrote was Morella and it was my best. When I write again it will be something better than Morella. At present, having no time upon my hands, from my editorial duties, I can write nothing worth reading. What articles I have published *since Morella* were all written some time ago. I mention this to account for the 'mere *physique*' of the horrible which prevails in the 'MS. found in a Bottle'. I do not think I would be guilty of a similar absurdity *now*. One or two words more of Egotism.

"I do not entirely acquiesce in your strictures on the versification of my Drama. I find that versification is a point on which, very frequently, persons who agree in all important particulars, differ very essentially. I do not remember to have known any two persons agree, thoroughly, about metre. I have been puzzled to assign a reason for this—but can find none more satisfactory than that music is a most indefinite conception. I have made prosody, in all languages which I have studied, a particular subject of inquiry. I have written many verses, and read more than you would be inclined to imagine. In short—I especially pride myself upon the accuracy of my ear—and have established the fact of its accuracy—to my own satisfaction at least—by some odd chromatic experiment. I was therefore astonished to find you objecting to the *melody* of my lines. Had I time just now, and were I not afraid of tiring you, I would like to discuss this point more fully. There is much room for speculation here. Your own verses (I remarked this, upon first reading them, to Mr. White) are absolutely faultless, if considered as 'pure harmony'—I mean to speak technically—'without the intervention of any discords'. I was formerly accustomed to write thus, and it would be an easy thing to convince you of the accuracy of my ear by writing such at present—but imperceptibly the *love of these discords* grew upon me as my love of music [illegible] I at length [illegible] of Pope's la[illegible] of the presen[illegible] like to hear t[illegible] you on [illegible] *The Dream* was adm[illegible] solely thro' necessity. I know not the author.

"In speaking of my mother you have touched a string to which my heart fully responds. To have known her is to be an object of great interest in my eyes. I myself never knew her—and never knew the affection of a father. Both died (as you may remember) within a few weeks of each other. I have many occasional dealings with Adversity—but the want of parental affection has been the heaviest of my trials.

"I would be proud if you would honor me frequently with your criticism. Believe me when I say that I *value it*. I would be gratified, also, if you write me in reply to this letter. It will assure me that

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you have excused my impertinence in addressing [illegible] without a previous acquaintance. [illegible]

"Very resp[illegible] & sincerely
"Y. ob. st.
"EDGAR A. POE

"Judge Beverly Tucker."

Judge Tucker's interesting reply covers three pages in Harrison's Virginia Edition of Poe's works. He congratulates himself upon the success of his "attempt to draw" him "into correspondence," and then takes up Poe's theory of discords, and presents a view closely like Lanier's as developed in "The Science of English Verse," that "such irregularities are like rests and grace-notes. The time of the bar must be the same, no matter characteristic [illegible] His own

The letter is given as [illegible] because, as except for the exquisit[illegible]" of it. [illegible] next month, [illegible] has no [illegible]e to light, if preserv[illegible]ut from Judge Tucker's letter of January 26 to White it appears that Poe felt that White did not put as much confidence in his editorial capacity as was necessary for "mutual comfort"; and a misconstruction of one of Tucker's letters to White is considered by him in part the origin of this doubt. Tucker wrote his letter at Poe's request, but the qualified praise could scarcely have flattered the feelings of the young romancer. "That I have not admired all Mr. P's productions as much as I have some others, and that his writings are not so much to my taste as they would be, were I (as would to God I were!) as as young as he, I do not deny," is not strong praise, however sympathetic we may be when we remember that "King Pest" was one of the productions; but Tucker declares that had he meant more he would have said more and reaffirms his sincerity in what he had formerly said in Poe's praise. Of a recent Poe review he speaks with enthusiasm as "a specimen of criticism which for niceness of discrimination, delicacy of expression, and all that shows familiarity with the art, may well compare with any I have ever seen." Yet near the close he repeats, "Mr. Poe is young, and I thought him rash. I expressed this full as strongly as I thought it."

When Poe addressed Tucker again it was at White's instance and in a tone of polite formality. The letter furnishes new material for students of Poe's life, chiefly as an indication of relations between Poe and the owner of the "Messenger" and for the light it throws upon the young Poe's methods as an editor. Its penmanship, though clear, is not of the same perfection as that of the earlier letter.

"Richmond
"May 2. 1836.

"Dear Sir,

"At Mr. White's request I write to apologize for the omission of your verses 'To a Coquette' in the present number of the Messenger. Upon making up the *form* containing them it was found impossible to get both the pieces in, and their connection one with the other rendered it desirable not to separate them—they were therefore left for the May number.

"I must also myself beg your pardon for making a few immaterial alterations in your article on Slavery, with a view of so condensing it as to get it in the space remaining at the end of the number. One very excellent passage in relation to the experience of a

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sick bed has been, necessarily, omitted altogether.

"It would give me great pleasure to hear your opinion of the *February*, and of the *April* number of the Messenger —I mean of the Editorial articles. It is needless for me to say that I value your good opinion, and wish to profit by your counsel.

"Please present my best respects to Professor Dew.

"With the highest esteem
"Yr. ob. st.
"EDGAR A. POE

"Will you ask Mr. Saunders what has become of the article he promised us?"

Thus closed this brief, but interesting, correspondence. As a pendant to these letters, a passage from a letter from White to Judge Tucker, found after a search through the unpublished Tucker manuscripts, should be read. The letter is dated December 27, 1836, and, unlike other letters from White, is marked "Private" and carried within it the caution that in making a requested appeal for aid, to certain professors in the College of William and Mary, "it shall be without however saying that I mean to dispense with Mr. Poe as my editor. This fact I wish to rest with yourself until you see my announcement of the fact in the Messenger or some of the papers."

"My Dear Friend," the letter begins, "Highly as I really think of Mr. Poe's talents, I shall be forced to give him notice in a week or so at farthest, that I can no longer recognize him as editor of my Messenger. Three months ago I felt it my duty to give him a similar notice,—and was afterwards over-persuaded to restore him to his situation on certain conditions—which conditions he has again forfeited.

"Added to all this, I am cramped by him in the exercise of my own judgment, as to what articles I shall or shall not admit into my work. It is true that I neither have his sagacity, nor his learning—but I do believe I know a handspike from a saw. Be that as it may, however,—and let me even be a jackass, as I dare say I am in his estimation, I will again throw myself on my own resources—and trust my little bark to the care of those friends who stood by me in my earlier, if not darker days. You, my friend, are my helmsman. And I again beg you to stand by the rudder."

Whatever justice there may have been in the apparent reference in the first paragraph to Poe's habits, it is obvious that the real bitterness of feeling on White's part is caused by his resentment of the editor's lack of respect for his literary judgment. This is shown also in a letter White wrote on January 17, beginning curtly, "Mr. Poe," in which he patronizingly doubts his ability to "get more than the first portion of Pym in," declares an article accepted by Poe for the Messenger to be "bombast," and apologizes for having himself published "Carey's piece" on the practical grounds that "gratitude to him for pecuniary assistance obliges me to insert it."

Thus lightly did the "Messenger's" self-made publisher, though heavily burdened with debt, part with a poorly paid editor who had made himself and the magazine known from Maine to Florida in a short period of editorial management of only a few weeks over a year.

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Fishermen

By Johan Bojer

The little islands of the fishing-station, lying under dark winter skies, were scattered like swimming birds on the surface of the sea, surrounded by driving snow and the gray, rolling ocean. Out of the little buildings among the rocks smoke curled up, and from the narrow channels between the islets rose a growing sound as in the twilight one boat after the other returned from the banks with their fish. They unloaded their catch on the rocks, or landed at some quay in order to sell, or even circled round the trading-vessels riding at anchor in the wide bay. New boats came in from the high sea, their rigging heavy with ice, with a crowd of gulls and divers in the air above them, fighting against the wind and screaming shrilly.

When the new-comers were near enough for their crews to be seen, the men looked like fantastic supernatural beings, for the spray from the waves and the snow from the air had frozen on their oilskins, their eyebrows, and beards.

On the islet farthest out toward the sea there was one solitary building, like a guard against the rolling ocean. After darkness set in, a boat landed there, and began at once to take ashore the day's catch. The owner was Andreas Skaret. Like many of the fishermen at the station, he was a small farmer from the inner fiords, seeking half his living by bank fishing in winter; and since his four sons were grown up, he could man his own boat, keep his own building at the station, and even as a rule choose his own route over the hidden banks under the sea.

When the fish lay on the rocks, the five men waded heavily ashore, stopping to beat their hands against their sides in order to get warm. Their oilskins were frozen stiff, and made a great noise as they moved. Going indoors or eating was not to be thought of, although they had not tasted food since the morning. The catch had to be looked after first; it could not be allowed to freeze while still containing the liver.

The wind drove sleet and salt spray over them, but the five fishermen turned their backs upon it, their knives working and the fish blood running freely. Each of them was provided with a lantern from which a yellow glare fell on the slippery rocks. The sea kept up its roaring song, and a few yards away white tongues of foam surged up, only to sink back in darkness, hissing.

Not a word was spoken. About midnight, however, the old man cried loudly enough to be heard in the storm:

"You 'd better go in and prepare something hot, Karl."

A little later he himself sheathed

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his gory knife and walked slowly into the little shack. In there he remained standing, holding his cold hands above the stove, the layers of ice on his wrist melting, so that fish, blood, and slime dripped on the hot stove, hissing as they fell. Soon, also, his big brown beard began to drip, countless little icicles thawing slowly. It took time, however, before the sea boots were sufficiently thawed to be turned down and pulled off. The stockings were frozen, and not till they also had been changed and he could slip his feet into dry wooden clogs did he ask his son:

"Is supper ready? It would feel good to eat something hot." With a weary gesture he stroked his furrowed forehead, yawning. Then he seemed to break down, sitting, elbows on knees, staring at the fire.

The door opened, and the three other sons entered noisily. The cold winter air came in through the door before them like white smoke, and their frozen kits spread cold about the small room.

The youngest poured a panful of steaming hot fish soup into a tin dish on the table, then placed potatoes and boiled fish beside it. There was so little space, and the floor was so filled up with chests and various things, that they had to step carefully to reach their seats.

When finally seated about the smoking fish-oil lamp, they were too tired to speak. They simply fed. Once only the father lifted his weather-sore eyes from the dish to ask:

"Did you fasten the boat properly? We may have a storm to-night."

The three elder sons continued their meal for some time before mumbling, "H-m," which was meant for "Yes."

Forty years of fishing life had turned the old man's face into the semblance of dark and deeply furrowed bark. His shoulders stooped, but he fed with a purposeful tenacity, which made him perspire freely. The two older sons were rather small and thick-set, like their father; the two younger ones, tall, fair giants. Their swollen hands shone red every time they dipped their spoons into the fish, and fish blood and slime had been barely wiped off on their trousers, so that much stuck yet, especially around their nails.

The meal finished, the young men lit their pipes and went to bed, after hanging up all their wet kit. The beds were wooden bunks, nailed to the wall one above the other. Once in bed, the sons went on smoking, expectorating in all directions. Their father remained astride a chest, with his back close by the stove, as if he was not yet fully warm.

Finally he, too, went to bed. The lamp was put out. The stove was still hot, and the wet sea kits reeked of sea, sweat, and fish slime. A few hours later, however, the peat was burned out, and the icy night air crept in through abundant cracks in the wooden walls. The clothes, which had until then kept dripping, stiffened, and were covered with white hoar-frost.

The four brothers snored apace, dead-tired, and carrying on their heavy work even in their dreams. They were riding on high-crested waves, they were hauling nets, they cried out loudly, and perhaps once in a while they had a glimpse of an old woman at the little farm on the fiord waiting for her five men to return in spring.

When next morning they made ready

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to put to sea, the old man remained sitting in full sea kit, pressing one hand to his back.

Two sons were already on the beach near the boat; the third threw a net over his shoulders as he went out. The father made as if to rise, and sat down again.

"Are you ill, Father?" asked the son who was still with him.

His father stroked his forehead.

"I have not felt warm all night. The frost is inside, like. And I have a sharp pain in my back just here."

"Have a few drops of ether; perhaps it will ease you."

The old man rose up for something or other, only to tumble in a heap on a chest.

"Nay, Father, you 'd better stay ashore to-day." The son helped him into his bed and covered him up well. Then he gave him ether, filled the stove with peat, and left. A few minutes later the boat steered seaward.

In the twilight the men returned with a good catch. As usual, their first thought was to open the fish, which must not freeze while containing liver. They were one less this time; it would take longer.

When the fish was ashore, the youngest ran up at once in his heavy sea-boots to see how his father fared.

The room was icy cold. In the dark bunk the old man lay huddled up under his sheepskin rug. His head was strangely red; beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Father, how do you feel?"

The old man turned over. His eyes were hot. He shook his head faintly, and pulled his sheepskins well up again.

The son went down on the rocks where the others were at work. His eldest brother called out to him to hurry up about it. An hour later he cried out once more:

"No chance of father lending a hand?"

"No," replied the other, and no more was said.

§ 2

It was well after midnight when the youngest brother was allowed to go up and prepare food. When he offered hot soup to his father, the old man turned his head away. He did not want anything.

The others entered, making a great deal of noise while undressing among chests and boxes. The sick man writhed. It hurt his aching head, but it did not occur to him for a moment to ask them to be more quiet.

After the meal the eldest son asked:

"Are you ill, Father?"

After a while the answer came from the bed—"H-m," which meant that he felt very ill indeed.

The four younger men charged their pipes, filling the small space with choking smoke. Their father coughed, but said nothing.

When they were about to go to bed, he at last muttered:

"You will have to find me some turpentine. This pain in my back won't stop."

"I hope it is not going to be pneumonia," said the youngest son, softly. The others, who were sitting on their beds, took their pipes out of their mouths, looking toward the old man with serious faces.

When the eldest son had finished his pipe, he produced a bottle from his chest, and rummaged until he found a woolen glove, which he soaked with turpentine.

"Where is the pain?" he asked.

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The old man sighed, stirring slightly.

"Oh, it keeps moving, but try here," pointing to his left side.

He was still fully dressed. The younger man unbuttoned his clothes and placed the turpentine poultice on his father's broad, hairy chest. The patient groaned.

"I don't think it would be a bad thing if you swallowed a little turpentine, either," the youngest son remarked.

"Oh, yes, I 've heard that is a good thing against pangs," said the third son, moving into his bed and emitting more smoke than ever.

Without waiting for his father to reply, the eldest son filled a small glass half full of turpentine, dropped an uncertain number of drops of ether into it, and bent over the bed.

"Here, Father."

The old man hardly knew what he was doing. He turned his face up and let the other pour the contents of the glass into his mouth. A few drops went down the wrong way, and he coughed a good deal afterward.

Then they all went to bed, the small building shivering in the storm, the sea roaring, and the tiny window slowly turning white with ice crystals.

When next morning the youngest son went to his father's bed with a cup of coffee, he thought for a moment that the old man was well again, because he was talking and laughing to himself.

A few minutes afterward, however, he bent over his eldest brother.

"You 'll have to get up, Isak," he said softly. "Father is in a bad way, I 'm afraid."

They gave up the trip to sea for that day, sitting each on his sea-chest, smoking, saying next to nothing. They understood that their father was seriously ill, and they did not know what in the world to do about it. Now and then one of them would look out of the window. The fishing-vessels were returning. Perhaps some of them were quite full to-day. In order to avoid wasting time altogether, they started mending nets, which they brought into the shack from the shed on the beach. Later in the day the sick man had a slight hemorrhage. After that no word was said. The mending needles went in and out in unbroken silence.

Toward evening the second son said hoarsely:

"Perhaps we ought to sail for the doctor." It was over twenty miles sailing to the mainland, where the nearest doctor lived.

Half an hour later the eldest brother threaded a fresh needle, and then said:

"If it is pneumonia, he 'll stay in bed for weeks."

"H-m," the others said, looking up for a moment.

"And somebody must look after him night and day."

"H-m."

"But sea fishing for three men is impossible, and it is not easy to find a hired man."

"H-m." They all agreed to that.

Finally the eldest brother rose to look out of the window.

"Perhaps the best thing would be to take father on board and sail him home to mother."

"H-m—yes." They looked straight before them for a moment.

"And then perhaps we might find a hired man, and return here to finish the season."

"H-m."

The old man grew worse toward

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evening, and the next morning their resolve was taken despite uncertain weather. The bedclothes fluttered before the wind while they carried them to the boat. There was no cabin, and they had to make a bed in the open stern-sheets. First they spread straw underneath, then a sheepskin rug and a pillow at the stern. In the room they thought for a moment of nailing some boards together for a stretcher, but the third son said in a most flippant tone of voice:

"Oh, I think I shall manage him myself." They dressed their father in his best kit. Only they could not get his sea-boots on him, because he was unable to lend any help of his own. He hardly knew what they were doing with him, babbling like a drunken man all the time.

§ 3

Finally, the slow little procession marched down the rocky path toward the boat. First came the eldest brother with a chest of provisions, then the third, treading softly on the slippery rocks, nursing his father in his arms as if he were a baby. The other two came last, each carrying a bundle of fresh fish for mother.

The boat lay stern shoreward, but it lay deep in the water, and the third son had to put his father down on the rocks in order to pull his sea-boots up high enough. Then once more lifting the old man, he waded carefully out, feeling his way every moment, so as to avoid a false step. At last the sick man was lying in his swaying bed.

They covered him up to the eyes with sheepskin rugs, and his head was covered with a huge fur cap, so that nothing of his face could be seen. Sailing out of the sound, however, a drop of salt water struck the cap, instantly freezing to ice.

The old man was still babbling. He fancied he was at home, and scolded his wife because dinner was not ready.

The broad squaresail was hoisted, and swelled before the wind; the boat heeled over, picking out her course to the mainland. The eldest brother held the tiller, the youngest looked after the sheet-ropes, and before the mast the other two watched the tack, for the east wind came sidewise.

The gray sea rolled in long, heavy billows; the wind sang in sail and rigging. It was in the middle of February; a bare, blue, frosty sky stretched above the endless gray sea. Soon the fishing-station was on the horizon like a string of blurred points.

From the moment when the eldest brother took the tiller, it was out of the question in this weather to ask behind him how his father fared. The captain in a boat has to look after the sail, feel all the little outside purposes of the boat, and see to it that every man on board does his duty, and at the same time he must watch every wave of any size coming up, estimate its force, its direction, and its bearing on the boat. Isak was famed for having inherited his father's ability for sailing, and to-day his task was twofold. He had to press the boat in order to get forward as quickly as possible, and at the same time he had to avoid shipping too much water, to keep the old man dry. Also, a captain without a compass must all the while keep listening to his secret instinct whispering which course to steer.

The wind grew; and monstrous white-crested waves came rolling out of the east, foaming and roaring. But

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at the very moment when each wave was ready to break over the tiny vessel, she pointed her nose aslant uphill and flew upward; then she rode a little way on the foaming crest before dipping her nose once more toward the deep hollow between one wave and the next, only to ride on the back of it in a few more moments. It was a game played between the sea and the tiller; each separate wave threatening to swallow the boat had to be cheated of its purpose. The little vessel at such times becomes part and parcel of her captain's body and soul, or rigging, tiller, and boat grow to be a strange instrument for his skilled fingers to play upon. If it proved impossible to avoid shipping some water, Isak shipped it forward, and the youngest of them worked wonders bailing. Both men forward were already so covered with frozen spray that they looked like Arctic sea-monsters.

Far away, westward, they could barely see some hidden rocks causing the sea to spout foam skyward. To the east a yellow strip of wind-laden clouds lay low on the horizon, mirroring their light so that some waves rose golden, others rolled pitch-dark, but most were gray, with foaming crests.

The eldest brother's face was absolutely impassive where he stood, throwing the tiller from side to side above his sou'wester. The roar of the sea and the thin scream of the rigging drowned all other sounds. A couple of lonely gulls followed them, circling over the boat, crying forlornly. The boat held her landward course with her precious load.

The clouds thickened in the east; the wind grew. In a little while the captain had to call out, "Take in a reef." "Take in a reef," the youngest brother yelled, dropping his bailing-scoop. "Take in a reef," was heard from the fore-hold, when both men threw themselves on the sail to haul it down, while the youngest brother let out the halyard.

They went on under reduced canvas. About midday the sky was quite clouded, and snow began to drive before the storm. At last the blizzard shut them in till they could barely see two boat-lengths in any direction. The storm grew worse, and they had to take in another reef. There was no time even to think of their father any more.

With the sail half way up, the small boat flew on like a frightened bird. The bailing-scoop in the hand of the youngest brother was a clumsy tool now, being a shapeless lump of ice. Everything turned to ice—gloves, boots, sou'westers, beards.

Hour after hour passed in this manner. The two gulls gave up and returned to the fishing-station. Because the blinding snow-drift prevented the captain from seeing clearly, he was taken unawares several times, a wave thundering in over the boat like a waterfall. Everything on board was afloat. The youngest brother no longer heeded the weight of his scoop; he was bailing, bailing. Even if his father were washed out of the boat now, he would have to keep bailing without stop. They ought to sight the lighthouse by now. The captain often stole a glance sideward, but he could see nothing. The storm was now so heavy that the last reef was taken. With less canvas, the boat would lose her steering-way, and she needed speed to ride over the waves.

The sail grew heavy with spray.

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The mast had no ropes any more, only cables of ice. The heavy rigging pressed her still more under, and they shipped more water.

Hours passed, and the lighthouse did not appear. It was a lucky thing that no one could see how pale the captain was growing. At last twilight set in, and suddenly the youngest brother screamed:

"Where are we? Have you seen the lighthouse?"

The captain made believe not to hear.

"Keep bailing!" he roared. And the youngest man was wont to obey.

All of them knew that in a blizzard the wind often turns without the sailors perceiving it. The boat deviates from her original course by slow degrees, the captain relying upon the sail, being unable to see anything but sea and drifting snow. If now the wind had changed to south, they were heading straight out across the Arctic Ocean.

Darkness fell, the small boat plunged more and more heavily. Suddenly the captain felt a hand on his arm. He looked behind him and saw his father crawling out of the bedclothes, holding on to the rail to avoid being flung overboard.

"No, no, Father! Lie down!" the son yelled.

"No, no; this is bad. We have the wind from the north. I feel this is all wrong to board tack and steer straight before the wind."

Before they could realize what had happened, the old man was in the hold without his sea-boots. At that same moment the boat was under a wave, threatening to capsize. There was no time to ask how their father felt, ill or well. No time to think of his health. He seized the tiller, taking his usual place in the boat, and the eldest son turned off to help his brother bailing.

"Board tack!" With their ingrained obedience, they carried out the order. The boat lifted herself, turned her nose and flew before both wind and waves. For long spaces of time she rode on the tall crests of the waves with a speed to make the sail hang slack against the mast.

The old man had no longer pneumonia, no longer fever. His whole being was bent on the one purpose of saving their lives and their boat.

A tremendous thing, this, to let go before the weather. It means for the fisherman to throw dice with fate itself. Perhaps he steers homeward, perhaps out to sea, straight to perdition. He believes the wind comes from the north, but it may be that it comes from the south. The next moment he may strike a hidden rock and be lost. It is not impossible that he heads straight for the shore somewhere. Nobody knows for certain. In his thoughts the sailor says, "O Lord God!" sailing on. But he does not know where.

Both brothers were bailing, bailing, but it became a more and more difficult task to keep the boat empty.

The old man was soon gray with ice, like the others. If he was feverish, the waves dashing over his head from behind would certainly cool him. Suddenly they saw him let go of the tiller; blood spouted from his mouth, and he tumbled down in the hold.

There was no time to give him any help. The eldest had to catch the tiller before the waves upset the boat, and soon the old man was drenched among the floating floor-boards.

The waves shot them forward with

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a mad speed, tossing the boat like a ball in the darkness. The sea was so heavy that she steered only with great difficulty. And where were they going?

Suddenly there was a loud report. The sail tumbled down, covering the two in the fore-hold, and the mast fell. The frost had made the wood brittle, and now it was broken.

For a moment the boat remained still riding on a crest, then she turned, offering her broadside to the next wave, which broke over her in all its strength. Then a still greater wave lifted her high up, threw her before it into an abyss, and the next moment she disappeared.

When she appeared again, keel upward, four men hung on to the lower rigging. One after the other they climbed on to the upturned boat, clinging to the keel. All sou'westers were gone; their wet hair fluttered stiffly.

The boat tossed on. It was difficult to keep their hold. Otherwise, like all fishermen who are wrecked, they were perfectly calm. They knew what they had to do. As if at a signal, all four yelled their loudest, making a call for help that would carry far away. One wave drove the youngest off, but he caught hold of a rope and climbed up again.

Suddenly the eldest cried out, "Father!" and the others repeated heartbrokenly, "Father!"

"There!" the eldest cried, pointing. They saw something being lifted by a wave. In the same instant the second brother placed his foot on the keel, and, stretching his arms forward, leaped into the waves, disappearing under a breaking crest. The others had no leisure to look for him. They clung for life.

"Father!" they heard suddenly out of the darkness, and they saw their brother once more. He was treading water, holding something in his arms. A wave lifted him till they saw him against the sky, saw their father in his arms, and saw his desperate efforts to reach him.

"Father!" cried the three on the upturned boat. "Father!" came the reply out of the darkness. But then a wave broke over the swimmer; he sank down in the hollow; a fresh wave came, and he disappeared.

Late at night the sea threw the three ashore somewhere. They saw the lights from a house near by, but when they felt hard ground under them, they were too far spent to walk. They crawled on all fours across the snow up to the house. They had come ashore on Hitra, one of the outlying islands off the coast, but of considerable size.

In one or two days they were out of bed again. Their boat was found, not in a bad condition after all. They mended it, bought new rigging, and sailed home to mother with their sad news.

But after staying at home for a week or so they found two men for hire, and sailed back to Lofoten to finish the season's fishing.

Early in spring a man on Hitra, carting seaweed from the beach, found the corpses of two fishermen in sailing kit. The older man had no boots, and was clasped like a big doll in the arms of the younger. Both bodies were encased in a block of sea-green ice. The man unloaded his seaweed and went nearer, but he had literally to cut the two apart with his spade in order to place them safely on his sledge.

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The Real Mission of the Funny Paper

By Ernest Brennecke

For many years I have known a reverend doctor of sacred theology, divinity, and philosophy to take the funny paper and settle back in his easy-chair with sighs and groans of relief after a busy Sunday spent in moral exhortations to weak sinners and in the most serious reflections on the infinite mysteries of the universe. The most successful business man I know, a man who has, with an idealism that I can never properly fathom or appreciate, dedicated his life to the manufacture of soap, makes his children wait patiently in an orderly line until he has finished refreshing his soul in the same manner. And it is a fact not generally known that one week after the first appearance of the "Alphonse-and-Gaston" strip, a highly venerated congressman arose in the House of Representatives and bowed to one of his colleagues, with an "After you, my dear Alphonse!"

If one reflects quite seriously upon the matter, one very shortly becomes convinced that the influence exerted by the comics upon the national character and ideals is nothing short of tremendous. Certainly our whole great flock of ethical and philosophical journals does not reach nearly the same number of persons, probably is not perused with such loving care, and possibly does not affect its readers nearly so deeply as do the daily and weekly tragi-comedies of our cartoonists. Perhaps this is because the intellectual and moral purposes of the former are heavily underlined and completely transparent to the over-conscious, discerning eye of its clientele, whereas the ethical propaganda of the successful funnies, while it undoubtedly exists, is almost always completely unconscious, and quite invisible to its audience. Nobody loves an avowed uplifter.

The logic of these last observations is, I admit, far from impeccable. Sound and scientific reasoning certainly demands that an institution such as the funny paper must be regarded as an effect rather than a cause, as an outgrowth rather than an influence. Its prodigious "appeal," its phenomenal popularity and circulation among all classes of Americans must, as I have hinted, be due to certain quite definite needs that it satisfies in the manifold humanity that cries for it, pays for it, and reads it. Humanity revels in the exhibition of human obliquities, whether they be fulminated against, derided and scorned, ridiculed and guffawed at, understood and sympathized with, or admired. And it is forever echoing Alice-in-Wonderland's demand for "pictures and conversations." "What good is a book without pictures and conversations in it?" cries the child in all of us. And

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the funnies bring us pictures and conversations of people doing the things we like to see them do, the things we dare n't do ourselves, or can't, or don't want to do. Add the inevitable "slant," or critical attitude of the comic artist, and one begins to grasp the rationale of this curious modern hybrid form of combined literary and pictorial satire.

Moreover, a force, a phenomenon, rather, of such magnitude, with its roots so greedily sucking the soil of human nature, cannot possibly be peculiar to a single locality or generation; it must have manifested itself in the past and in various centers of culture. The funny paper cannot be regarded as a kind of American explosion by spontaneous combustion, even though its present form, as we shall see, is peculiarly American. Social satire, in literary or pictorial form, has, so far as we know, existed whenever and wherever men have found letters a relief from life. Consequently, one might begin a history of the funny-paper almost anywhere.

§ 2

One might, for instance, begin with the medieval "Dance of Death," designed to provide the key to right living by calling attention to the sad things that happen to transgressors, and trace the line of the moral pictorial down to the work of Hogarth, who produced satirical representations of careers of crime and foolishness in a form which bears rather close resemblances to that of the modern funnies. A picture a month, completing a series of twelve episodes within a year's time, does, however, seem rather slow speed in comparison with the modern artist's technic. Still, things like the "Progress of a Spendthrift" can be regarded as the lineal ancestors of the careers of our own *Jiggs* and *Hooligan*.

It is only when we reach the nineteenth century, however, that we are able to discover large parcels of evidences of the evolution of a new fruit on the tree of satire, of a new combination of words and pictures. In England, Rawlinson's political cartoons definitely foreshadow the work of our own Ding, Clive Weed, Cesare, Art Young, Boardman Robinson, and William Gropper. And we find a firm tradition of social satire when we meditate upon the efforts of Cruikshank, on Richard Doyle's covers for "Punch" in the forties and fifties, on the pictures that accompanied "Mr. Pip's Diary" in 1849, on Leach's Fieldingesque interpretations of English country life of the sixties and his comic history of Great Britain—a tradition that continues through George Du Maurier, inventor of the "Gibson Girl," and Phil May's "Travel Notes," down to the present day.

Meantime, in the Paris of the last Napoleon, we find Gavarni gaily producing satiric-dramatic series of incidents in the life of street-women, and shrewd interpretations in the form of tableaux on life backstairs and in the ball-room. Daumier followed, and did the same thing somewhat better, satirizing the daily round of life of the Parisian. In Germany the children had their "Struwwelpeter," a volume of comic strips that combined admonition with amusement, and their "Max und Moritz," in which the inevitable moral lesson first began to be submerged in a sea of deviltry and fun.

But nineteenth-century America lacked a tradition of both literary and pictorial satire, and there was no pur-

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suit of the European technic before the belated appearance of Mr. W. E. Hill. Faint indications, a vague and tentative groping toward a satirical method, can perhaps be discovered in the efforts of O. Henry, Chimmie Fadden, George Ade, Harrigan and Hart, and Weber and Field; but these culminated in such phenomena as Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the "Smart Set" magazine rather than in the Sunday supplement ephemera that we are considering.

It was only toward the fag-end of the century that our beloved hybrid, the American comic strip, was born. In intent, atmosphere, and technic it bore almost no shred of resemblance to the European tradition. It was designed to appeal to our whole vast country, while the English and French localized their best work largely for London and Paris exclusively; abroad there was no enormous public to be reached through the syndicate-system, and none of our peculiarly intense, if superficial, set of "democratic" feelings which brought on the universality of application and the quantity-production—in a word, the "fordizing"—of our satire. In the second place, even our first comic strips had a distinctively "American" dramatic form, inevitable when an audience has been brought up on the short-story form. Suspense, climax, and catastrophe have always been part of the vital machinery of the American funnies, in comparison with which the European technic is static and plotless.

One may safely say that the thing materialized under the pen of R. F. Outcoult when that artist first prepared his "Yellow Kid" for the Sunday supplement of the New York "World." Soon the "Yellow Kid" became "Buster Brown," Mr. Dirks, naturalizing Wilhelm Busch's "Max und Moritz," created the "Katzenjammer Kids," Opper founded "Maud" and "Si" and "Happy Hooligan," Jean Carr created "Lady Bountiful," and by the turning of the century all was merrily under way and gathering momentum every Sunday.

Like all the pictorial satire that preceded it, the newly discovered form of entertainment wasted little of its time in the pursuit of the good and the beautiful in life; it concentrated on the true things, and limited itself rather strictly to the merry and unsightly; it eagerly and joyfully turned out the seams of our civilized clothing and gaily exhibited the soup-stains on our moral waistcoats, without bothering particularly, as did its predecessors, to point out penalties or efficacious methods of improvement.

The funny paper has consequently become not only a faithful reflection of the tastes and ethical principles of the country at large; it is also manifestly an extremely powerful organ of social satire. The whole great substructure of essentially human weaknesses, the seventy times seven thousand deadly sins that are the precious heritage of man since the days when the gullible Eve listened to the serpent, and the uxorious Adam listened to his wife, form the ground-tone, the great tonic triad upon which the funny paper is forever building its glittering life symphony. The daily block of cinema-squares is the medium through which the vices of men are held up for all to see, for each one of us to ridicule, to condemn, to admire, or to envy, according to his individual psychic make-up and the particular mood of the moment. Here the palate of the

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connoisseur can find, served up to suit a large variety of tastes, the vast, bewildering menu of the peculiar foibles that have resulted from the polychromatic development of the skin-clad Ur Mensch into the daintily bewhiskered or beskirted apparition that haunts our Broadways and Main Streets. We have here, first, a gay reproduction of the high-lights of the human biped as he is by nature or by act of God; then we find him presented as a product of history or evolution, a product for which he himself or the weird sisters of necessity are responsible. We can find satire of both the fundamental and the secondary sins of man in all of the best types of funnies. The few cardinal virtues that we sometimes venture apologetically to call our own are disregarded by the funnies as comparatively uninteresting to the non-church-goer, and as "old stuff" to the veteran of the Sunday-school bench or the straight-backed pew. All of them, it is true, draw largely on contemporary manners for their subject matter, but the genuine masterpieces of the art use these merely as machinery for the display of the essential Satan, the unquenchable "Peck's Bad Boy," in all of us.

§ 3

This laudable predominance of the universal is characteristic of the work of one of the best practitioners of the art. Briggs, the originator of "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and of "Mr. and Mrs.," has indeed explored the immense prairie of contemporary culture with greater completeness and thoroughness than most other cartoonists. His interests range from knickerbockers and hair-cuts to international politics and the divorce problem, but he has displayed throughout the keenest insight into character, has exhibited the truest, subtlest psychology. With little or no direct comment, he illustrates the weak egoism of the male and the giddy, unreasoning foolishness of the female, while he sets his deliciously middle-class "Pa and Ma" down in all imaginable situations. One week the Mrs. gets the "movie-bug," the next the Mr. flies his true psychic colors on the golf grounds, next we ridicule them (and ourselves, be it remembered) as we see them undergo the harrowing ordeal of the week-end trip into the country.

Tad's "Penny Ante," "Home—That's All," "Indoor Sports," and Maurice Ketten's brilliant "Can You Beat It?" closely approximate this kind of super-satire, but in a somewhat more constricted way. Categorically, the whole school of pure satire, of which Briggs is the most illustrious exponent, aims at ridicule of the great American vice of satisfied conventionality, manifesting itself in virtually everything that the "average American" does and thinks. It is this miasma that has drawn down upon the American's head the curses of the author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and the endless anathemas of the terrible-tempered Mr. Mencken. But in the heaping up, day after day and Sunday after Sunday, of a vast concatenation of seemingly insignificant, but none the less harrowing, details of the smug mediocrity of the kind of people all of us know (and are), the funny paper is making behind its veil of exuberance probably the most savage attack of all on the many phases of the present civilization of the United States that deserve such censure.

Another of the most elevated repre-

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sentatives of this school which we may call the "transcendental realists" of the funnies is W. E. Hill, whose "Among Us Mortals" is something of a new departure in technic. He achieves unity not through the usual fixed set of characters, but, like the older European schools to which I have referred, through a selected theme of current interest and universal appeal, upon which he plays a set of illuminating character-variations. The surface polish of Mr. Hill's art, his bait to catch the jaded eye, is his mastery over the penetrating humor of facial expression. He can make a smiling row of subway-faces tell more than volumes of critical comment on the psychology of modern America. Going still further, he selects moments of action that are dramatic in their unfailing power to suggest awkwardness, tensity, incongruity, and humor inherent in a situation.

Proceeding into the depths that lie underneath the visible surface of his art, we are made aware of a most distinguished clarity of type analysis. And here his ultimate purpose (and his starting-point, probably) begins to emerge. It is perceived that his satirical intent and methods are far from the ephemeral. There is something profound and universal in the manner in which he can, by the simplest devices, bring to expression the subtlest nuances of these curiously characteristic ways in which the aspirations of what we so superciliously term "hoi polloi" break out into action all around us. It requires a Chaucer or a Hill to do this.

I have already hinted that the funny-paper is fulfilling its destiny by dealing almost exclusively with the life of the middle classes and by occasionally commenting trenchantly on that life. Very rarely does it deal with the glitter of the "high society" so dear to the lovers of the fabulous ball-room scenes in the movies, or, on the other hand, with the abject proletariat. When it does touch upon these extremes of the social scale, it always does so with the derisive, scornful point of view of the bourgeoisie. Middle-class is the *Weltanschauung* of the authors of "Keeping up with the Joneses" and of "Bringing up Father," as they take up the problems and difficulties of the *nouveaux-riches*. No one, however, can vie with Mr. George McManus's exhibition of the ugly smears that sudden wealth spreads upon *Mrs. Jiggs*, to the eternal discomfort of the hopelessly plebeian *Mr. Jiggs*. Here is a veritable Odyssey of the sufferings of the patient man at the hands of his militantly cultivated wife. For literary parallels to these so brilliantly defined types one would have to go to the sharpest of old Ben Jonson's "comedies of humours." Readers of sensibility are not misled by the light and deft touch of our funny-paper humorists, who are for the most part not at all frothy and superficial. Who, while he laughs at the discomfiture of the "Hall-Room Boys," can withhold his feelings of pity and fear as he perceives the essential tragedy in the vain attempts of *Percy* and *Ferdie* to buck the social and financial line? Here is epitomized the crux of thousands of plays, tragic, comic, and tragi-comic, that have attempted with more or less success to satirize the vice of living beyond one's means. As an example of a specialized study of one passing phase of this universal problem, I might mention "Joe's Car," an epic of the trials of the middle-class owner of a middle-class automobile, the ruination

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in perpetuity of many a happy man's peace of mind. The delightful *Messrs. Dough* and *Dubb*, who were actually started by Mr. Opper as an extremely vicious and ironical commenting on the oppression that the common people have to endure at the hands of the capitalists and the "interests," have also, as they developed, tended to approach the bourgeois mean, especially after being assimilated by the older and stronger "Happy-Hooligan" legend. *Mrs. Dough* is no longer the millionaire's wife, not in her looks and manners, at any rate, and *Dubb* and *Hooligan* are, at this moment of writing, of the respected variety of office-underlings.

§4

To these and similar critiques of the commonest national characteristics we may add the treatment of the more exotic elements in our melting-pot. First among these are the charming figures of *Alphonse* and *Gaston*, who, with a delicacy that is peculiarly Gallic, symbolize the havoc that the technic of civilization can wreak upon the proper living of life. In the same way, "Abie the Agent," with his delicious Anglo-Semiticisms, shows how the overdevelopment of the technic of gaining an income interferes with an undistracted enjoyment of it. Of course there are, too, the perennially young and mischievous "Katzenjammer Kids," about whom all comment is superfluous. I cannot, however, resist the temptation to give particularly honorable mention to *Mrs. Katzenjammer*, who has afforded us all many hours of innocent enjoyment. Her infelicities of speech are a remarkable inheritance from *Mrs. Malaprop*, whose descent, in turn, scholars can trace back to several of Shakspere's women with great exactness and much academic elaboration. But *Mrs. Katzenjammer!* The knock-kneed lumberings and the double-jointed gambols of her single-track intelligence are as refreshing to a bored and jaded spirit as a cool drink to the parched palate in the sultry August days. Thus, if we add *Mr. Jiggs*, with his guilty, but insatiable, appetite for corned beef, we have successfully accounted for the Irish, French, Jewish, and German elements in our population, surely four of the most active dashes of foreign spirit in it.

Closely allied to these studies in national and racial character is a large group of comic strips that we may with propriety designate the "local-color school," since it has much in common with the wide-spread movement of that name in the American fiction of the last half-century. The two great fields of interest are, of course, the small town and New York City. "Main Street," with "Poor White," "Zell," and a host of other later and similar examples of unbridled realism tagging along at its heels, heads the present procession of the critical, photographic examiners and interpreters of the life that runs its unlovely course through the interior of God's own country. What a relief to turn to the funnies and meet the genial skipper of the "Toonerville Trolley" which meets all the trains (and which has already had a most successful run through the movies), or to watch the antics and to hear the glib and racy talk of *Jerry* on the job at the rural railway station, that monstrous monument to the ruthlessness of American utilitarianism in architecture. *Old Si*, with his red-blooded mule, furnishes a decently

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faithful version of the delights and adventures—and occasional inconveniences—of existence "far from the madding crowd," and possibly gives as true a picture as those we find in the drab stories of Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mrs. Freeman.

Turning to the sophistication of the great, wicked, but always enthralling, city that was crystallized years ago in O. Henry's "Four Million," we find the atmosphere of the average New York business office to-day transcribed in "Indoor Sports," and "Us Boys" brings the asphalt streets and the cluttered back yards and ash-cans and policemen even to those who have never seen a building more than three stories high, while the indefatigable spirit of commerce is ably presented by *Abie*. To the same group belong the immortal figures of *Mutt* and *Jeff*. The whimsical *Mutt* was originally a self-caricature done by Mr. Bud Fisher in a moment of relaxation, and labeled "A. Mutt." It was so admired by friends and relatives that its creator instantly made it the central figure of one of the most deservedly successful of our daily comedies. *Mutt's* tilts with society constitute a very genial, but systematic, ridicule of the momentary aspirations and fads of a distinct class of New York city-folk, and yet Mr. Fisher has managed to endow his creations with much of that universal quality which we have noticed in the work of Briggs.

Occasionally we find a comic artist who not only exhibits life as he finds it, but indulges in outspoken comment on that life, spreading before our eyes a complete system of thought, and a definite personal reaction to the inner world of consciousness and the outer world of phenomena. It is perhaps in the creations of Mr. R. L. Goldberg that the purest samples of funny-paper philosophy are to be found. Here we have a cartoonist who is, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less thoroughly, saturated with the disillusioned spirit of the grim, sharp-witted Schopenhauer, and who thus stands in the sharpest possible contrast to the light-hearted, but no less keen and sincere, author of "Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'!" While Briggs reflects the indomitable optimism of the majority, undaunted by the sight of failure all around, we can turn to Goldberg for the opposite reaction to modern life. The blind struggle for existence, the will to live, and the emotion of love as a manifestation of the unconscious, immanent will within us, are unmistakably indicated in "Boob McNutt," which might very fairly be conceived as a perfect illustration of "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" and as a striking commentary on it. Goldberg's stories here run true to the inevitably brutal march of events, and invariably end with a dash of the Schopenhauerian renunciation—the denial of the will to live—and with an ironical comment on the futility of everything in general. The same artist has given us his assertion of the will to live in sufficient quantity and intensity in his famous "I 'm the Guy!", but his ironical sneer has appeared again in the "Foolish Questions," "It 's All Wrong, Alf!", "Father Was Right!" and particularly in his "Life's Little Jokes," which should be carefully compared with Thomas Hardy's "Life's Little Ironies."

Rube Goldberg and Mr. Hardy, incongruous as the juxtaposition of these two names must seem, have much more in common than one first imag-

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ines: an unsentimental, ungarnished, courageous view of life as it is, violent protest against the pranks of blind circumstance and relentless Nemesis, and the saving grace of a rich, full-blooded sense of humor, not to speak of their common sureness of feeling for artistic form. The similarities are spiritual rather than visible, it must be admitted, but a little careful examination will easily prove their existence. Take, for example, the following text to "Life's Little Jokes," No. 932,197, which I find in this evening's paper. Could this theme not have been treated by Mr. Hardy in hard-chiseled, enigmatical, unrhymed British alcaics, and included in another collection of "Satires of Circumstance"?

"A prosperous guy was Horatio Steele
Who went touring one day in his automobile,
While a bird by the name of Mazeppa McPike
Went off for his health on a cross-country hike;

"But Fate all our fondest intentions does balk,
For the car busted up and poor Steele had to walk;
While also McPike found his luck out of whack,
His tootsies went bad and he had to *ride* back!"

Disillusion is again the dominating characteristic of the work of Mr. F. Opper. *Gloomy Gus* is a perfect illustration of the denial of the will to live, even as his brother, *Happy Hooligan*, represents its most emphatic assertion. Exploitation of the theme of unfaithfulness in love is likewise as easy to find in Opper as it is in Schopenhauer or Hardy. The husbands he pictures never have the strength, or even the willingness, to stand firm against the seductions of actresses and chorus-ladies. He has never shown us a male eye that could remain undistracted by the ample beauties of the bathing-girls he can draw so well.

Together with this heroic optimism, which sees that life is not a bower of roses and which yet finds it good fun to live, goes a naturally satiric attitude toward all brands of sentimentality, in particular toward the romantic love conventions of the late unlamented nineteenth century. This revolt against mawkishness and soppiness at one time took the form of "The Loves of Lulu and Leander," one of the most vivid memories of my years of immaturity. But this particular funny vanished with the gradual decline of the ultra-Victorian prenuptial inanities that it burlesqued. There still remains, however, the more modern "Hon and Dearie," and Mr. C. A. Voight's simple suitors and up-to-date flappers.

On the rite of marriage itself I recall one example of satire that brings to mind the few wicked pages in which "Mr. Aikman" describes *Avery Zell's* nuptials. An eloping couple, closely pursued by the irate father of the bride, comes to *Si*, who acts as justice of the peace, and who delivers himself in this way: "Does yez promise t' love, honor, an' obly? I pronounce yez man an' wife. Fifty cents, please!" Meantime the mule has conveniently kicked the father out of the picture. Post-nuptial satire still runs strong, as always, in things like "Let the Wedding Bells Ring out!", in Briggs, Opper, and Tad's "Home—That 's All." It seems to me a remarkable thing that the public

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should so easily accept the very dismal outlook on life that lies behind the thin veil of hilarity in these things, while it continues to object more or less to grayness and pessimism on the stage and in literature. And it is perhaps fortunate that no one has yet thought it necessary to create a board of censorship for the funny-paper.

I have not yet touched upon the greatest and most lasting theme of the funny paper, the theme upon which it made its first appeal to the child in the early days of its history: the bad-boy motif, recently represented by *Buster Brown*, *Foxy Grandpa*, *Little Nemo* and *Uncle Mun*, to-day by the "Katzenjammer Kids," "Little Jimmy," and "'Smatter, Pop?" It is a very instructive group to examine, this manifold series of pictures of the eternal struggle between the old and the new generation. In modern literature the theme has frequently had a fearless handling, from Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh" and the outspoken opinions of the young men of the 1890's to "Moon-Calf" and Franz Werfel's newest novel in Germany; but nowhere has the effrontery of youth been so brazenly portrayed in its sometimes justified opposition to the complacent superiority of age as in the comic supplement. Briggs's children show that he is endowed with quite extraordinary psychological powers in his treatment of youth. "When a Feller Needs a Friend," for instance, although it is not a drama of revolt, is a really distinguished piece of work, and shows marked superiority to the more artificial youth motifs often employed. Briggs has a certain affinity of touch with both the Mark Twain of the *Tom-Sawyer* books and with the earlier Booth Tarkington, creator of *Penrod*. At times one also suspects a blood-relationship to the Barrie of "Sentimental Tommie," but these moments are rather rare.

§5

In this group, as indeed in all those that we have considered above, it is invariably the true-to-life, unmoral sets of characters and situations that tend to become popular and survive; those that are flagrantly untrue to life, particularly those that attempt to lug in a moral lesson for the young, die a rapid death. The triumphs of the clever are always celebrated, whether the brains happen to be on the side of the old, as in "Foxy Grandpa," or on the side of the young, as in "Buster Brown." Intellectual, not necessarily moral, strength is the first desideratum of the protagonists. "Uncle Mun," thin-legged and skinny-witted, failed because of his lack of the essential mental as well as physical virility, and little "Nemo," although the fantastic, colorful quality of his dream-pictures kept him going for a long time, died of weakness in the end.

I have been concerned so far only with the funny paper as a reflection of life and as a comment on life. There is another way of studying it—as a reflection of literature and as a comment on literature. However closely life and literature may be allied, they are not the same thing, and so perhaps a combing-out of the funnies for literary satire may prove not entirely unfruitful. The fruits of such an inquiry, it is true, prove somewhat more elusive in their nature to the sifter of tendencies and influences, and yet certain findings are rather obvious. We have had, for instance, a perfectly manifest burlesque on Sir Arthur

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Conan Doyle in "Hawkshaw, the Detective." More delicate in innuendo were the now unfortunately defunct "Terrors of the Tiny Tads," with their gay rhymes about "umbrellaphants" and "balloonatics," and their generous employment of all the motifs of the wonder of strange places and exotic peoples. Wonder-geography, which has animated literature since the days of Herodotus, has played no insignificant rôle in the history of the funny paper. When our cartoonists feel a little tired and in need of fresh inspiration, they promptly manufacture pretexts for getting their characters out into all sorts of strange foreign places. And so we have all traveled around the world many a time with *Alphonse, Hooligan, Der Captain,* and *Mr. Jiggs;* we have had adventures excelling those of our latest South-Seas romancers, and we have seen sights whose strangeness exceeded the strangeness of the wildest narratives of Sir John Mandeville. I learned more about the quaint flora and fauna of darkest Africa from the funny paper than I ever did from the school geography, and I am sure there are many other adults whose store of cheerful misinformation about China is due more to a careful perusal of the works of Mr. Opper than to a reading of Professor John Dewey's admirable and scholarly letters.

The age-old literary convention of endowing animal characters with human characteristics, extending from Æsop's fables through the "Roman de Renart," Chaucer and Goethe, down to Masefield and Alfred Noyes, has likewise been widely assimilated by the funnies, its specimens showing a variety ranging from the gay dogs of *Silk-Hat Harry's* circle to the anemic *Peter Rabbit.* "Krazy Kat," that altogether delicious concoction, must be given a special place of honor. If, as a punishment for some terrible crime, I were to be deprived of all funnies except one, I should unhesitatingly choose *Krazy, Ignatz,* and *Office Pup* as my *vade mecum* for the empty remainder of my life. Nothing can evoke just the same delightful stirrings and enthusiasms that constitute the strange effect of this wonderful compound of mysticism, whimsy, and Charles-Lamb-like wistfulness, presented as it is against a background of extremely conventionalized scenery that is made to undergo miraculous metamorphoses in every picture. I can never weary of watching the breathless changes in Herriman's decorative effects. In this uproariously fantastic world, the birds, trees, houses, and heavenly bodies are endowed with a beauty and even a humanity that form a most illuminating commentary on the progress of modern decorative art. They represent the late impressionist movement in much the same way that Mr. Goldberg's gargoyle-an house-furnishings may be said to stand for the neo-Gothic tendency.

By the way of summary and conclusion of these scattered and, I am afraid, rather inconsequential remarks, intended only as a preliminary inquiry into the possibilities of a scholarly exploitation of the field, I should like to observe that if the function of the comic in literature and art is not to uplift the soul with aspiration so much as to entertain and sharpen the intellect, then the funny paper seems an exquisite example of a proper flowering of the comic spirit. For it does not heavily moralize, but lightly tickles the funny-bone; it does not invent fools' paradises where the unen-

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terprising good are rewarded beyond their true deserts, but it reflects the whimsical, ludicrous, and incongruous aspects of life as it really is, where brains and common sense and humor, even when salted with a good dash of the spirit satanic, will triumph in the end, and even when there is a palpable touch of cruelty in that triumph. The funnies are animated with the spirit of Aristophanes, of Horace, of Rabelais, of Congreve, and of Sheridan, of Shaw and of W. S. Gilbert.

The most important and encouraging thing to notice about the funny paper is its wonderful good health. It is healthy not only in the way of enjoying tremendous popularity, but in the far more significant way of its fundamental philosophy of life. It makes the most serious grouch among us, the most abject victim of hard luck, the most miserable subject of self-pity, laugh without restraint, without shame, without qualms of any kind; for its mirth is unclouded by any stupid sentimentality and unblinded by any foolish self-deception. It is, in general, a thoroughly disillusioned art, and yet it manages to pierce through reality and to exploit successfully the boundless domains of romance, wonder, adventure, and humor that lie spread before the courageous liver of life. It gives true pictures of the varicolored human activities of the day; it satirizes the natural weaknesses manifested in those activities without undue bitterness, as without folly. It is an art form that has been much maligned by the tip-tilted noses of the unappreciative. It is high time that critics reformed and doffed their formal silk top-hats to the funny paper.

Ballad of Piny Ridge

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Oh, a-ridin', a-ridin' down a piny lane,
The moon is over my head, Lord;
I spied a-walkin', a-walkin' Davie Mayne—
How long, O Lord, how long?

Oh, he 's walkin', he 's talkin' with my true love fair,
The clouds are over my head, Lord;
His hands are kissin', a-kissin' her gold hair—
How long, O Lord, how long?

Oh, I whipped, oh, I whipped my pistol from my side,
The darkness over my head, Lord;
I shot young Davie, young Davie till he died—
How long, O Lord, how long?

Oh, the sheriffs, the sheriffs bound me down with steel,
The noose is over my head, Lord;
My mother, my mother 's weepin' as I kneel—
How long, O Lord, how long?

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Is All France Behind Poincaré?

By Jean Longuet

While the situation of Germany is going from bad to worse, and while, as a consequence, we daily face alarming prospects for the peace of Europe, world opinion is looking toward France, which has frequently been, as in the eighteenth century, the great pioneer of human progress, but whose present desperately narrow, nationalist, and reactionary government is more and more responsible for the present tragic plight in which Europe finds itself. What hope is there of some drastic change in the foreign policy of France in the future? What hope of a more progressive, liberal, and human administration and parliament? This is the question that all shrewd observers of world affairs are asking themselves everywhere.

From many students of French politics abroad we frequently get only a note of pessimism and discouragement. I shall quote only two characteristic judgments, one uttered in England, the other one in America, showing the general trend of world opinion regarding the French present political situation.

Only a few weeks ago, in a national meeting of the British Conservative party, Mr. Stanley Baldwin declared dogmatically that M. Poincaré represents to-day the opinion of virtually the whole French nation. And the "New Republic," commenting on one of M. Poincaré's recent "Sunday sermons," ventured the opinion that the chief of the French Government, in proclaiming that he "had behind him all France," had "probably" said the truth, adding:

"In relation to the questions raised by the Ruhr occupation, *there is no French liberal party.* The only alternatives are Poincaré or Cachin. The next Chamber may contain a larger proportion of deputies, who are followers of Briand and Loucheur rather than Poincaré, but if the former should turn the latter out, *they could not modify his policy.* They too consider security more important than reparations; and M. Poincaré has made French security depend upon the military, economic, political and moral dissolution of Germany. No *French party, except the Communists, seems capable of adopting any strategy with respect to Germany, except a strategy of annihilation.*"

To all this I want to enter a positive denial. I am convinced that a near future will show that such statements do not conform to the facts. It is not true that, with the exception of a few impossible Communists, all the French political parties believe in the necessity of destroying Germany. On the contrary, I believe that before long many moderate, and to a certain degree con-

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servative, elements in France will join forces with the Socialists and Liberals, who to-day oppose M. Poincaré's foreign as well as home policy.

§ 2

Of course it is easy to understand how public opinion abroad is misled when even in France many people reach absolutely erroneous judgment about the real state of public opinion. First of all, we have the impossible "National Bloc" Chamber, elected in November, 1919, and whose extreme jingo and reactionary majority never corresponded, even four years ago, with the real state of French political opinion. Only by a most unfair electoral system, rushed on the nation a few weeks before its consultation, had it been possible to reduce to a weak minority the parties of the left, radicals (my American reader will of course remember that the word in France, as in England, means something absolutely different from what it means in the United States: not a sort of Bolshevist, but frequently a very moderate liberal) and Socialists.

Foreign opinion has been misled by the wrong impression given by the vote of a certain number of our local assemblies, the "Conseils Généraux," elected in each department—those ninety-two districts into which France is divided. Those county councils have virtually very little importance and possess very restricted powers. It would be a great mistake to compare them with your powerful legislatures.

That such assemblies may have in many cases supported Mr. Poincaré's home and foreign policy, especially the foreign, is quite certain. But to show what that means really, I shall only indicate what happened recently in two departments where a *unanimous* vote had been given in the "Conseil Général" to the Government's deeds in the Ruhr. I am speaking of the departments of Seine Inférieure (the northern part of Normandy) and of Seine et Oise (a district made up of the not immediate suburbs of Paris). Not a single member of these county councils opposed the vote of praise given to M. Poincaré, but in both departments a few weeks afterward the National Bloc candidates were overwhelmingly defeated by radicals, while Socialists and Communists greatly increased their votes.

Another characteristic thing is that while the vote in favor of the Ruhr policy was unanimous in many county councils, where the nationalists are only faced by radicals or liberals, those elements not daring to raise their voice against a "patriotic" current whose power they much exaggerated, in many other councils, where only a few Socialists have been elected, their energetic opposition against the policy of disruption and ruin of Germany has given courage to a more or less important section of the middle radical party, which has finally voted, with the Socialists, a censure of the Quai d'Orsay policy.

§ 3

I shall not try to minimize the importance of the various forces which support the present foreign policy of France. There is obviously the purely royalist section, the old monarchist element, which had nearly disappeared fifteen years ago, after many crushing defeats suffered from the hand of French democracy, but which has

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recovered a sort of new life by the vitriolic, abusive, and obstinate campaign of two men of letters, Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet, in their daily paper "L'Action Française." In France, as in many other countries, the war has given a powerful impetus to all such ideas of reaction and violence. While their historical record as traitors to their country at the time of the great French Revolution, when they appealed to the Prussian, British, Austrian, and Russian armies against their own country, does not well qualify them to play such a character, these royalists have claimed to be the only authentic one-hundred-per cent. Frenchmen, the only representative of integral nationalism. By themselves they are only a small group, but they do exert a very real influence, especially on their immediate "relatives" in the National Bloc, while they blackmail and terrorize some weak republicans, who usually pretend to be more to the left.

The purely royalist element, as far as numbers are concerned, is a very small group in the present French Chamber, twenty or twenty-five members altogether. Even some very reactionary and jingo elements of the extreme right claim that they are "republicans."

The bulk of the present reactionary majority supporting Poincaré is made up of the National Bloc itself, from four hundred to four hundred and twenty members. This group includes very different types of politicians from the purely royalist group. Its membership ranges from the intransigeant clericals or extreme dogmatic nationalist of the type of Maurice Barres to the "patriotic" radical, who at the last general election, in Paris especially and in certain provinces, accepted candidacies on the list of the National Bloc. A specially dangerous type of French politician at the present time, because of his ambiguous character, is the so called liberal, who is sometimes even a member of the official French Radical party, and whose compromises with nationalism and jingoism are of the worst kind. For example, the deplorable finance minister of M. Clemenceau, M. Klotz, who, while he opposed most of M. Poincaré's home policy, supports him entirely in his policy toward Germany.

Then there is, of course, another important power which puts its full weight on the side of the Quai d'Orsay. It is the consortium of the five big Paris dailies, made up of the "Petit Parisien," "Le Journal," "Le Matin," "Le Petit Journal," and "L'Echo de Paris." My American reader must understand that in a centralized country like France, with altogether small distances, the Paris papers get a huge sale even in the cities and towns that are hundreds of miles from Paris. Of those papers, whose total circulation is tremendous, some are supposed to be slightly more to the "left" because their readers belong more to the working class, as the "Petit Parisien" or "Le Matin," because twenty years ago they took part in the republican campaign against the political power of the church; while others, like "L'Echo de Paris," are officially representatives of the conservative party. Virtually, their policy is the same. They follow slavishly the impulse which comes from the Quai d'Orsay, they systematically cultivate narrow nationalism, hatred, and prejudice not only against the German people, but more against the British also.

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There is no doubt that the influence of this consortium, as far as foreign policy is specially concerned, is great and powerful. They have increased and solidified a rather vague favorable public feeling toward M. Poincaré. The mass of the French public does not demand the destruction of Germany. They only want the Germans to pay. And they are told every morning and every evening by this big press that M. Poincaré is the man who will make the Boches pay.

§ 4

Whatever may be the impression of the public abroad, of which I have given some typical examples at the beginning of this article, there is no doubt that the anti-National Bloc current has been growing by leaps and bounds, and more specially during the last ten months. I shall try to analyze here the various elements which can be marshaled against the present French administration, and whose victory at the next general election seems more and more evident, even being recognized now by many of the leaders of the National Bloc itself.

I shall proceed from the extreme left to the right. First, we have, of course, the Communist party, whose political importance in France has without doubt decreased very much since the time when it conquered at Tours, at the end of 1920, a majority of the former United Socialist party, and decided to affiliate with the Moscow Third International. But while it has lost nearly all its more distinguished intellectual forces, journalists and orators, disgusted by the pretention of the Russian Government to dictate, even in small details, its policy to a French party, it has, however, kept a certain hold on the masses, more especially in the Paris district. First of all, because it has a powerful weapon in the daily paper created by Jaurès twenty years ago, "L'Humanité," which has kept from 110,000 to 120,000 readers. Also because it answers in a large degree to a traditional revolutionary state of mind of a part of the French working classes. Of course much can be said about, or rather against, the wisdom and the efficiency of many of the campaigns that the French Communists have waged against M. Poincaré's foreign policy. Some people believe, not without reason, that they have sometimes rather helped him while pretending to be his most bitter enemies; but nobody could question the sincerity of their campaign against the occupation of the Ruhr, and their great activity in that direction.

As far as their purely Russian methods are concerned, there is no doubt that the Communists have very little hold on the French nation. But they have been careful to wage most of their political campaigns on a wholly different ground, which appeals much more to the proletarian electorate. This is why they have without doubt won some remarkable successes in various Paris districts and in some country constituencies—victories which have been most depressing for M. Poincaré. However, there is no doubt that they represent only a small and least efficient minority of the anti-Poincaré current in this country.

The Socialist party, made up chiefly of the elements which at the Tours convention of December, 1920, refused to submit to the dictatorship of

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Moscow, is of course a much more important political factor in the present political situation. All through the country it has been progressing constantly during the last three years despite the difficulties created by the bitter opposition of the Communists, who certainly have broken up more meetings of the Socialist party than of the National Bloc itself. At the present time, in many departments of the South, in the big industrial district of the North, the Socialist party marshals the great majority of the labor element and has won remarkable successes in many by-elections. Its great weakness is, of course, the Paris district, where their central daily paper, "Le Populaire," compared with "L'Humanité" makes a rather poor showing, its circulation certainly being less than one fourth. At the same time its influence is far beyond its organized membership or beyond the number of its readers of its daily press. Its parliamentary leaders have really played the part of the only serious political opposition which M. Poincaré has had to face in the chamber. The pity is that little is told about it by the average foreign correspondent. While the best, the more substantial as well as the more eloquent, speeches against the occupation of the Ruhr have been made by Léon Blum, Vincent Auriol, Marius Moutet, and others of its members, such an intelligent American periodical as the "New Republic" believes that Cachin alone is fighting in the French Parliament against the policy of destruction of Germany. As a matter of fact, the Communist opposition in the chamber has no parliamentary importance whatever.

Of course the results which the Socialist party may achieve at the next general election depend very much on certain unknown factors, the most important of all being, of course, the electoral system, under which the French nation will be consulted. But I do not think that I am too sanguine in foreseeing the return of from ninety to a hundred Socialist members instead of the fifty-two that there are now, while the Communists may increase their members from twelve to eighteen or twenty.

Whatever may be the influence of the Socialists, frequently far greater than their mere membership would suggest, there is no doubt that even the more optimistic would not for a moment expect them to get an absolute majority, and thus be able to govern France, after having expelled from power the National Bloc. Neither the economic nor the political situation in France would justify such expectations. France, while its industrial character has increased tremendously during the last thirty or forty years, still remains to a large degree a country of small owners of the land, of limited luxury industries, and of a "small bourgeoisie." This is why it appears that the hour of the French Radical party has again struck, and that, if not alone, at any rate as the larger part of an Anti-National Bloc majority, it will play a decisive part at the next general election and after.

It is quite true that the last ten years had seen a most disastrous decay of French radicalism. It always had been divided between various currents both in its home and in its foreign politics. In home politics the division was between those who looked more to the left, and felt more or less the impulse of labor and socialism and

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were prepared to accept many of the minimum demands of the working-class party, and those who were afraid of the socialist's progress and looked desperately toward some sort of coalition of all parties representing capitalist conservatism. In foreign politics the division was between those who were prepared to enter in the path of a big European policy of reconciliation and the pacific collaboration of all peoples, who were prepared to oppose imperialism and the colonial expansion of the moderate and plutocratic republicans, and those, on the contrary, who were practising this policy of nationalism, jingoism, and the supporting of all colonial conquests quite as eagerly as the more nationalist elements themselves.

Before the war the pacific element, whose chief leader in the radical party was Joseph Caillaux, acting more and more on the influence of the great socialist leader Jean Jaurès, had virtually dominated the French radical or liberal party. But then the war came; its tremendous reaction was felt even to a larger degree among French radicals than among any other party. The man who in the last period of his life had become more and more the embodiment of the anti-socialist reaction among radicals in their home policy and of the bellicose tendencies in their foreign policy, M. Georges Clemenceau, came back to power and crowned the reaction he represented against pacific radicalism by sending to prison for "high treason," and maintaining there for eighteen months without being tried, and after that getting condemned by the high court, or senate, his direct rival in the leadership of radicalism, Joseph Caillaux.

The return in the chamber in 1919 of a huge conservative and even reactionary majority, under the mask of the National Bloc, its permanent policy of suppression of all progressives, its coöperation with the old conservative Catholic enemies of the state schools, its aggression against the trade-unions and labor laws, (specially against the law limiting to eight hours the legal working day), have reawakened all the traditional progressive forces among French liberals. Even those among them who are more timid in their opposition to the militarist and imperialist policy of M. Poincaré, and who even share more or less his nationalistic views, are at any rate obliged to oppose all the reactionary tendencies of his home policy.

Of course M. Caillaux remains to a large degree an outcast even in his own party, only a minority daring proclaim their friendship and their loyalty to him. The other great victim of the Clemenceau's reaction, the former home minister, Malvy, has just come back from Spain, from the five years' exile to which he had been condemned by the high court at the demand of the terrible "tiger." He has been received with great enthusiasm by the rank and file of his own party not only in his former constituency, but all through the country. However, the official leadership of our radical party appears to be rather embarrassed by his presence.

The difficulties and contradictory currents that exist among French radicals, more specially on the big problem of foreign policy, have appeared at their recent national convention, which was held in Paris near the end of the year. They appeared in the rather unfortunate speech made,

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on the second day of the conference, by its official leader, M. Edouard Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, who had just arrived from a short trip to America. The fine idealist, M. Aulard, the great historian of the French Revolution and professor in the Sorbonne, had supported with much courage a resolution condemning in the most energetic terms the invasion of the Ruhr and demanding that the problem should be referred back to the League of Nations.

This, of course, was challenging directly the policy of the prime minister toward Germany. M. Herriot, who is an honest man of high culture (he is a first-rank university professor), lacks, however, much of the energy and daring necessary for the occasion. He declared that he had, of course, been opposed from the beginning to the Ruhr adventure, but since the Government had entered upon this dangerous path as a "national party," he did not believe that French radicalism should "embarrass" M. Poincaré, adding that it was all right for the Socialist party, which was an internationalist party, to take another attitude, but that it was not at all the same with an organization like their own, which was "inside national limits."

Of course it is true that this rather unfortunate utterance was to a large degree corrected by the big official declaration that was read by this same M. Herriot in the name of his whole party on the last day of the convention. It included a large European and pacific statement, condemning in most energetic terms the policy of violence and narrow nationalism of the National Bloc.

I think that altogether there is the greatest hope of a better, more human, and more sensible evolution of French foreign policy when the radicals come back to power because of the strong pressure of a powerful Labor and Socialist group, one hundred strong, whose influence will of course be felt powerfully in the next chamber, and more specially on the radicals, who will be enabled to govern without the help of the Socialist group.

At the time I write I cannot of course foresee what will be the result of the policy of the British nation, but I do strongly believe that their election will be a serious defeat of the Conservative party and that Labor and Liberalism combined will certainly have a strong majority. Both are committed most definitively to a policy of the reconstruction of Europe, of conciliation toward Germany. They will oppose much more positively than Mr. Baldwin's government the policy of M. Poincaré.

Thus a complete change of French foreign policy will be more necessary for the peace of Europe and the maintenance of the friendship between the two great democracies of western Europe, as well as with America. The most substantial hopes exist. But of course everything depends upon the victory of the French parties of the "left" next spring. Never for hundreds of years has the evolution of mankind been so dependent on the results of a purely national political battle.

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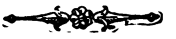
A Tragedy of Thrift

By Ferdinand Reyher



Recent official statistics of the German Republic set the average cost of living for a family of four at a figure which the income of one family in three hundred just approximates. The actual figures have already moved so far beyond this proportion as to be utterly fantastic, but for all practical and human purposes the query is still pertinent, How do the other 299 families live? The following article approaches an answer. The chronicle of common life in present-day Germany is a tragedy of thrift.—The Editor.

Peace follows, rather than precedes, war. War is made by seventeen and seventy, boys who know nothing of life and old men who know too much. The German social fabric is now largely woven of neurotic middle-aged men and callow youths who fought at seventeen, and are tragically immature at twenty-three, and the women must patch the rents in that fabric, hold it somehow together. It is the women of Germany who have the pinching, mending, hoarding, managing responsibility of holding an erstwhile yodeling empire together.

Men in Germany to-day are distracted by what, to the women there, is the by-play of life: new sports, old drum echoes, gambling, speculation, radical politics, secret societies, disgust with their native land. The youth which was young in the years of the war is already tired, but habituated to adventure; erratically interested, yet fundamentally indifferent; sophisticated, yet fathomlessly ignorant; and, what is more dangerous, profoundly unwise. Men talk, talk eloquently, women work; men rave, women save. And the women train the children who were not seventeen when the war ended.

Büdingen is in west central Germany, in the Ober-Hessian fruit belt. Its social organization is that of a thousand small towns throughout Germany. It has a prince to whom it still bows, but its interests have always been that mingling of a peasant's and a shopkeeper's which composes the provincial bourgeoisie's. Its people belong to the class which in the truest sense *is* Germany.

It sits at the opening of a valley that sweeps windingly between pine-bristling hills up to the *Vogel Gebirge*, its mellowed medievalism continuing with an eternal adaptability undaunted by the demands of the twentieth century. Soft red sandstone walls; moat; gray castle with rounded turrets; green-lawned castle close; castle lake with lilies; castle grove with trees that knew Barbarossa; fourteenth century *Rathhaus*, with a still-tenanted stork's nest atop; tilted gables; crooked streets; queer alleys—

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all that goes to make up an unspoiled late Gothic intactness.

It is a *Bezirkstadt*. That is to say, a county seat, with much of the activity such centers assume among us, with, of course, totally different values. It is surrounded by peasants who, after generations of poverty, are now top dog in hungry Europe. They raise the best potatoes in Germany, and ship them to the other end of the republic or to Scandanavia or England. They sell a few to Büdingen at prices slightly higher than foreign commission merchants will pay. No peasant is squeezed in the pincers of a declining income and an increasing cost of living. Before the war there was not a peasant in the region who did not have a mortgage on his farm; now there is none who has. What remains of German sanity and strength, as well as whatever remains there of its former gold reserve and policies of "frightfulness," abide primarily with its peasantry now. While there is hardly a German workman who makes twenty-five cents a day, while from forty to fifty per cent. of Germany is undernourished, while tuberculosis and other preëminent hunger diseases are spreading, and no ordinary German has a cent in the bank, and at best only a *nebengeschäft*, or side industry, the peasants and junkers have this year stored upon their estates the greatest grain harvest in German history, a crop, according to the agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, of almost forty million metric tons; forty-seven per cent. more than last year; one half-ton per capita per winter. A third of Germany's food-stuffs has always hitherto been imported. This year's bumper harvest is as large as last year's, plus last year's importations, and a surplus still remains that will enable Germany to export food for the first time in modern history.

But this very exportation is the heaviest cross yet laid upon the vulgar German back. It is a financial opportunity for a restricted class. The empty larder of the average German receives less consideration from the average German profiteer than the needs of Armenia. The middle-class provincial townsman is compelled to learn to live like the peasant of yesterday. And although he is filled with self-loathing at the thought, although he abominates the peasants as a class, he has had rubbed into him peasant mother-wit. Büdingen depends very little, for example, upon potatoes from its neighboring peasants, and very little more upon a soggy product imported from Pomerania. It depends mainly upon what it can grow itself on its own individual eighth-of-an-acre plots, immediately fringing the town.

In this diminutive city of four thousand inhabitants, there are not a hundred families who have the mark equivalent of five dollars a month to spend on the necessities of living, and there are not a dozen families who number fewer than six, exclusive of the ubiquitous servant.

It is a place where the watchmaker will spend an hour repairing your clock at less than one quarter of the cost of a pound of rice; where sixteen ounces of margarin costs more trillion marks than the station porter, at the fee fixed by the town, can charge to haul your trunk back and forth to the station from sunrise to sunset; where a graduate of Heidelberg teaches Greek to the graduating class in the

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gymnasium for one ounce of sausage per hour; where flour costs two hours of a paper-hanger's skill, and an electric bulb more than a trained electrician can earn in a day.

And do consider the barber! There are seven or eight barber-shops in Büdingen. It sounds puffed, but it is so; and if it sounds wasteful, bear in mind that it is a male luxury matched by a single quite idle ladies' "hair-dressing parlor." At any rate, there are more barbers in a small German town than real-estate agents and antique-dealers in a similar-sized English one. I sat recently in a barber's chair in Büdingen and lost myself in the ether of highest mathematics. I took the cost of a shave as a unit, because most Germans have their hair clipped so short that a hair-cutting job must be a festive windfall for a barber. A few weeks ago a shave cost sixty billion marks. In other words, a barber had to shave thirty clients to buy a pound of beef; eighty for a pound of pork; two hundred and fifty for a pound of tea or coffee; eighty for a gallon of kerosene; seven for an egg, and four in order to earn enough to buy a glass of milk. If every man in Büdingen who is shaved—these figures are exact, because I worked them out in that barber's chair—patronizes every barber once a week, every barber in Büdingen, by working seven days, twelve continuous hours a day, may be able at the end of that week to purchase half a pound of coffee, half a pound of tea, one pound of veal, one pound of ham, one pound of cheese, one pound of margarin, half a pound of lard, two quarts of milk, an egg, a herring, a lemon, and a roll.

How do they live? Life is tough, certainly; it is amazing on how little people can exist. But until this winter these people have done a little more than just manage to live; they have managed to live almost decently. It has been by a scrupulous observance of three things, principally: order, which is their tradition; unrelenting economy, which is the lesson the blockade taught them; work, unceasing work, which is their nature.

It is work, on the whole, no severer than numberless Americans perform, —man for man we outwork Europe,— only it is work which in its immediate effects on the household in times of crisis is more effective, being directed by the traditional Teutonic sense of order, governed by economy, and administered by women.

To these three things another might be added—the ownership of a small piece of land.

Although Germany, more than England, is a country of shopkeepers, every German is really a bit of peasant. We, with our vicarious devotion to sports and our sporadic pilgrimages to Atlantic Cities and Coney Islands, can have no idea of the extent and intensity of the mania for nature that animates a people like the German. They love nature because in some tangible form or other they possess her. Even in the cities there are few families, certainly few middle-class ones, who do not at least own the fruit of some particular hired tree to which the entire family fares forth upon a harvest Sunday, and this fruit, brought home, is transmuted by the women into a valuable and diversified part of the winter larder. In and about the cities truck gardens run down to the railroad tracks; flower beds and pots, private and public parks, balconies and cleared wood-

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lands, are more and more given over to cabbages and beans. So, in Büdingen, there is not a family—scarcely one in any similar town—which does not own at least its quarter *morgen* arable ground.

§ 2

Regard for a moment the spiritual values, even the esthetic ones, of the situation; they are as important, if not more so, than the material ones, for it is the incalculable quality which often disproves the calculable quantity. Round Büdingen that peculiar orderliness, which is the assurance of recurrent fruitfulness and partakes of the abiding sanity of the soil itself, lies like wide, imperishable peace on the landscape. Pin neat! It seems to call for a derby-hatted and white-collared peasantry, and I have seen peasants wearing both derby hats and white collars driving cattle or in the fields. The sense of order seems the integral part of the provincial scene. It presents itself like an immemorial lesson on the tablets of the acres, trim and ready, summer and winter, more challenging even than an English country-side in beauty, in the sense of visible tradition. There is a greater variety of coloring and deeper color; the loam is a more vivid yellow and red and brown. There is greater freedom to the view; it is not strapped down into velvety checker-board squares by hedges. One sees dipping and rolling hills, as graceful as swallows' flights, curtsying to a bursting bomb of autumn-splashed woods; broad, soft, traveling plains, lowered and lifted in great blocks of raw color, with now and then a dividing slash of hard gray road or a steel-silver flash of water; dark, brooding tips of dense pine-forests coming down to the hill-tops, or tentatively pausing part way down the slope. One gets the feeling of the dream-enchanted *Wald* of a German *Märchen;* the sense of the battle that wrested those clean fields from the forests, still tirelessly alert to return; the unending battle men wage to hold anything they have won from nature or other men. Peasants are everywhere, groups of them; men, women, children, and very old women and very old men and very young children, in earnest bending postures, describing always that Germanic gesture of tidying up, the dogged will to survive. Plodding, furrow-following defiance of other historical nightmares—crusades, Black Deaths, Peasant Wars, Thirty Years' Wars, Seven Years' Wars, Napoleon. Something is always surviving, if only man's determination to find something to eat. That is tradition, and in provincial Germany the visible signet of that tradition is cleanliness—cleanliness, like a grace, upon everything. The first sign of economy is neatness. Tidiness is not only a saving grace; it is itself a saving. Where you can see no waste, there is likely to be none.

The same order and sense of permanence prevails in the low-ceilinged houses. There, above all, where women were and are supreme, time only seems to operate; slowly, almost reassuringly, as though feminine patience would never give out; as though life seemingly has nothing to effect, save to abide, by time.

Order means organization operating efficiently, if it means anything. The organization of provincial life in Germany is meshed to an incredible degree in coöperation—a coöperation which itself implies an elaborate, but

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unobvious, organization rooted in the oldest and most fundamental traditions of the land. It is almost tribal, and even such cursory examination of some of its elements as is possible here gives an idea of the tenacity of the Teutonic resistance to disaster in war as well as ruin in peace. Small-town coöperation is communal and individual.

First of all, Büdingen is wealthy in its own right, and this wealth is shared concretely among its burghers. It owns forests, quarries, water-power, bleaching-lawns, pastures, land. All but the first are leased to independent operators. The rental moneys go into the town exchequer against improvements and toward an appreciable lessening of taxes.

Far back into the hills behind the Monks' Woods, a little mountain which cuddles Büdingen in on the west, runs the Büdinger forest. The town council authorizes the cutting of a specified portion of timber annually, allots from six to twelve meters of split logs to each burgher, and auctions off the remainder. To the burghers of Büdingen and towns possessing forests this free allotment comes in the nature of a fairy gift, because it solves one of the severest problems confronting a family to-day —the fuel problem. Bear in mind that a meter of wood (slightly over one third of a cord) costs over four trillion marks, and even as wood is used to-day ten meters is the minimum a family must have for heating and cooking, coal being almost unprocurable. With a wave of an old wand, uncountable marks are released to that family for other necessities.

It must be remembered, however, that this does not end the harrowing fuel problem of Germany. It makes the burden of living, particularly through a German winter, considerably easier for a few of the 299 other families whose income does not reach the statistical cost of living; but only a fraction of the voters in the little town are burghers. In days before the war one could buy the *Bürgerrecht* for a hundred marks. But then twenty-five dollars was a sizable sum, while there was little monetary advantage in the burghership when it cost only twenty-five *pfennigs* a day to heat a room cozily. Now, when the fee to become a burgher is an infinitude of valueless marks, there is a waiting-list which most of the applicants will never see satisfactorily shortened in their lives. The burghership, though it passes to the widow, is hereditary only to males.

Wherever timber has been cut, there timber is replanted, and the forests that have been building these people's houses and warming them for generations are bushier to-day than ever. Incidentally, the woods in Germany are alive with eyes. The ducal foresters and their deputies no longer watch primarily over game, but over timber. A dozen trimmed logs lying beside a logging road represents a literal, not figurative, fortune. Nevertheless, right and left, day and night, pilfering goes on, and foresters find a partial blindness to be the better part of wisdom. Wood-stealing is a grave offense, but it would require either an overly conscientious or overly rash woodsman actually to arrest a townsman brought to the need of stealing wood. Loads of loose wood are trundled into town by old women and children in small carts under a hundred disguises, from a top dressing of

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nettles for pigs to a covering of apples. Corded stacks of short logs magically melt away between sundown and sun-up. Utterly impoverished families, known not to have bought a stick from fall to spring, mysteriously manage to cook and keep warm through the winter. Somehow neither the very rich nor the very poor suffer most; it is the stiff-necked, purse-poor, pride-rich middle class that cannot bend without spiritual agony.

Poaching or fishing in leased water has a more powerful weight of legend and tradition against it. Something sinister attaches to the poacher, utterly different from anything of the kind in England, for example. It is curious to an American, in whose attitude a law of privilege rarely finds respect and certainly never homage, to see people going from week to week with just barely sufficient food, and then from week to week with insufficient food, while half an hour's walk away in the princely preserves of the *Tiergarten* hundreds of fat rabbits bounce about immune from all save princely guns. The moral fiber of rural Germany is, of course, slowly disintegrating, and poaching and illicit fishing are increasing. Two foresters were shot over in a black neck of the woods toward Gelnhausen last November, a thing that had not occurred in the memory of man.

A coöperative institution of the town's meriting a word at this point is the *Krankenkasse*, or sick fund for domestic servants. Each household employing a servant is compelled to pay a trivial sum into this fund. The servant is required to procure a card from the burgomeister that is at once a card of registration and insurance of medical attention in case of illness. Any time she is taken sick she has the right to present her card to one of the town physicians, who treats her at the town's or sick fund's expense, and who may at his discretion send her to the hospital, where she receives the best attention, including perfect rest. Her wages continue for one month. The German servant-girl well merits a rest in a sanatorium during the course of a year. However, there is little illness among them. They are mostly strapping peasant creatures, with a peasant's superstitious terror of ailments.

§ 3

In the zone between community and individual coöperation stand a number of town generals. The man who clears and cleans the inner courtyards of the houses, so far relieving the servant, is a kind of rough tidier, a combination of garbage- and ash-man, with broader functions than those worthies can or would be willing to exercise among us, available to the extent which leaves a provincial inner or back yard, and the other semi-hidden places about the foundations of a house, as neat as living-rooms. There are, too, the town porter, the chimney-sweep, and the town shepherd. Sheep rearing on a minute scale is an important business with several scores of families, from one to four sheep in many instances representing their chief wealth. None could spare either the time or person to guard its own sheep, and guarded they must be, when a pound of mutton is worth the daily wage of a butcher's assistant. Eight o'clock in the morning the shepherd goes through the town with his dogs, winding his horn, gathering his flock in small

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detachments, and drives them to town pasturage, and brings them back at night. Similarly the town engages field gendarmes who watch collectively over the private lots and fruit-trees.

We are acquainted with the town seamstress in America, but she does not play the indispensable part in the organization of the community which the German seamstress does. A German household is a small, efficient plant. Efficiency, that quality once regarded as characteristically German, resides mainly in the household. The latter is literally *managed*. If the average German housewife conducted her home as confusedly as most of the small tradesmen tinker with their businesses, Germany would collapse as completely as its currency. She apportions her time, her energy, her money, her seasons, and her resources. A German household has something of a feudal air about it. Besides the servant, who is really an integral part of it, troops of other retainers periodically come and go. Darning accumulates, and on a certain afternoon appointed a week or two before, the women of the household, possibly joined by those of others, sit by their windows and catch up on gossip and holes. It may be that on that day the seamstress also makes her appearance—men's shirts, women's underclothes, dresses, aprons, blouses, skirts, children's things, hangings, table-cloths, bedclothes. Now it is mostly repairing and remodeling. Similarly, the wash-woman has her appointed days; after her, the woman whose specialty is ironing. The mistress of the house prepares the dough in her own pans, puts her mark on it, and the servant carries it to one of the bakers' ovens. No use wasting fuel in a hundred ovens when one hot cavern will bake for all. The charge is trivial; the baker must keep his fires going.

In preserving time, when the work is beyond the capabilities of any particular household, the servants shift from house to house, the implements of preserving often shifting with them. For example, the region is famous for plums, and every family makes *Latverge*, a plum jam. In September hundreds of pounds of plums are cleaned and stoned; the great copper wash-kettles in the courtyard laundries are scoured out, fire made under them, and the plums boiled and stirred slowly for twelve hours with a long scythe-like instrument. In all, it is a twenty-four-hour job, but the servants rather enjoy it, although they receive not a penny extra pay, only a dole of cognac, some cakes, the freedom of the kitchen for an outlet to their peasant exuberance, which traditionally comes to a head at such times, and the freedom of the town after midnight, when they go forth with huge baskets filled with plum-stones to dump at doors for whose cleanliness their rivals in servantdom are responsible. This grouping of labor is carried out in other emergencies also—at harvesting, special celebrations and feasts, of which there are few enough now.

There is also a complicated system of borrowing and lending beside which our spasmodic requests for an egg or a cup of sugar are as rudimentary as a pawnbroker's loan compared with the Federal Banking Reserve. Wherever it can be avoided, the women now avoid buying. I know of a clothes-line which is regu-

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larly passed from home to home; the *Boden* of another house, a huge vacant floor in the rear where clothes are dried in the winter or on rainy days, is scheduled out, and for more years than any one remembers the same families have used it in turn. Farming-tools, bean-poles, baby-carriages, servants, weighing-machines are not so much borrowed and loaned as possessed in common. Recently, borrowing has taken over parts of the clothing field. I know of a hat which made three trips to Frankfort in one month on three different women of three different families.

In business the only institution which has shut down on lending is the bank. Commerce behind marble façades is apt to be more scantly equipped with sentiment for tradition than trading behind a broad glass window or under a little tinkling bell up a long flight of stairs. In times when money cascades in value, on the other hand, it is natural enough that a bank should be chary of loaning billions of marks on any kind of security when the following week those marks themselves are worth only half as much. But among the artisans and shopkeepers a far-flung machinery of credit is in operation. They all received a handsome dividend out of the collapse of the mark, because there is not a business man or craftsman in the community who did not pay off gold-mark debts with paper marks after the war. The carpenter's wife buys material for her children at one of the dry-goods shops, and the carpenter works off the bill in time on old kitchen chairs, the worn flooring in the hall, or broken window-frames. Now, when there is insufficient money even for necessities, there would be none for repairs or improvements; yet, both are still procurable by a method that keeps materials, and especially labor, fluid, so to speak.

Every village community in America has the beginnings of the system, but only the beginnings. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to grasp the outspread, deep-rooted nature of the process in a provincial German or French town. It has the extremely important psychological effect at this time of enabling these people to present a solid front to the savage attack of conditions. It makes every dweller in a small town part of a group, backs him with group interests, group warmth, group encouragement, group morale. For this reason are the provinces the backbone of an old country. They are a chain of organized communities; in the city the individual man is merely an individual man.

Even to-day this sense of group cohesion, the state of massed resistance to social and economic disintegration, imparts to provincial life an atmosphere of tranquillity which, contrasted with that of the cities, is almost like a complete absence of spiritual fret. It is not that the provincial, compared with the metropolitan, is bovine. It is that the things which torment him touch the city bred rarely or remotely or without the same importance; but having them, they grapple with them, and in grappling are so eternally constant to their traditions and their gods that they achieve and impart a blessed sense of solidity.

The economy practised in the management of living is to-day, of course, little short of appalling; in some instances it is ghastly. They learned to do without sugar during the war. I have had coffee in many German

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households—four o'clock coffee, like English tea, is not an excuse for a snack, but a sacred rite—and I cannot remember three middle-class Germans who take sugar now. In Büdingen it is a forgotten custom; nor will there be butter on the table, nor an egg nor a roll of white bread nor milk. And the houses will be cold. Last winter they were chilly; this winter they are cold.

A cold room in a middle-class German provincial house is more than a cold room. It is the symbol of the crumpling of the old German conception of *Gemüthlichkeit*, and "solid comfort" was more than a conception in old Germany; it was a religion. The word *Gemüthlichkeit* itself played an extraordinary social rôle, with all that it implied; a good meal and plenty of the meal, a few glasses of beer or wine, naïve physical well-being finding choric utterance in a dolorous folk-song, a bouquet of wild flowers, scrubbed and rosy children imbued with the proper reverence for adults, a feather-bed that had been aired half a day daily for half a century, a just sufficient income to retire on in old age, and a just large enough garden to putter round in. No love of possessions and position for the love of ostentation. Only a wise provincial obeisance to position and cherished possessions as the sensible appurtenances of comfort, that is all.

Germany is no longer *gemüthlich*. The rigors of the situation demand an economy that is becoming something more or less than economy. Nothing is wasted of clothes or food or fuel, because scarcely anything new is used. Slowly the great number of items that went to make up provincial comfort that were the appurtenances of provincial joys and the instruments of provincial culture are being one by one forgone. Newspaper subscriptions are canceled: the "Frankfurter Zeitung" was brought to hundreds of houses before 1920; now it is not brought to a dozen. Excursions to Frankfort to the opera or theater are things as definitely of the past as the former theater train that brought one back to Büdingen at midnight. When they must travel, they no longer ride third class, or, as some did, second, but fourth class. Meat is no longer served once a day, and rarely more than twice a week. Cream is never even seen; the cakes so dear to the provincial heart now appear stingily only at holidays. Even the ancient prerogatives of the male, his pet luxuries of smoking and drinking, are being enormously curtailed.

At the *Schützenball* last winter, a festival as epicurean as our Thanksgiving, in an assembly of five hundred guests, to say nothing of the Prince of Isenburg-Büdingen and his court, not a bottle of wine was opened; beer only was drunk, and not as much as was formerly sold in one Sunday afternoon at the Fürstenhof. The taverns themselves are deserted. You may find in one or another three or four old men and a chance traveler sitting in a chilly tap-room, under a dim light, for hours over a glass of beer. The town outside is black, lonely, cold, the stars ironically glittering down on the desolation of human stupidity.

At the *Schützenfest* last summer, a festival as explosive and picnicky as the Fourth of July, the innkeeper who had charge of catering at the great open pavilion up the valley a mile outside of town did not even bring wine. I sat at a long rustic table in

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the afternoon and ordered coffee and cake. A thin, worn man and a haggard woman with three pale children came to the table. It was one of the tailors of Büdingen with his family. For an hour and a half they sat there without ordering either to eat or to drink; the man was not smoking. The children eyed the cake pathetically. I hesitated for nearly sixty minutes; provincial pride is easy to affront. But he accepted cake and coffee for his children after we came into conversation, and eventually I induced his wife to take coffee also. It required another half hour's conversation before I could casually have a glass of beer placed before him. The whole bill cost less than ten cents. And you should know that at the *Schützenfest* men and women splurged. It was a day set apart for spending, like a seaside outing or a bank holiday.

The celebrated German Christmas spirit is utterly gone. The presents are paltry, given and taken without much heart in the business; the atmosphere unfestive, almost gloomy. Dolls discarded, dolls broken, dolls from Heaven knows where, are unearthed for wholesale restoration in a barber's shop the week before. That was the sum of the visible Christmas spirit last year.

§ 4

One other economic restriction may be mentioned here, perhaps the most dangerous of all. At a time when the new republic is creating facilities for advanced schooling on the part of girls, and even establishing continuation courses for young servant-girls, the general schooling of children is being cut short.

The fly-wheel of German life to-day, particularly provincial, that throbs round day and night unceasingly and to which order and economy themselves are but subject gears, is work. Work and the quarter of an acre or more of tillable ground; work and a few other possessions which in a way that field of productive soil represents also: the geese waddling over the streets, the chickens clucking in the courtyards, the ducks paddling in the mill-stream, a few sheep, a few pigs. The capital of even the shopkeeper in the small town is to-day his own labor and that plot of land, in which enough can be grown to keep a family alive through a winter.

German industry functions purely in the character of the German worker. The German workman and the German provincial is not primarily docile, although the effect given by the forces which go to make up his character is one of docility. He simply, and by the mere nature of his being a German workman, is a worker. He wants to work. The desire, the need, the itch of activity is in his bones; he has to be busy; he has an innate knack for tinkering industriously, for applying himself patiently, for lasting back-breakingly. He learns to work as the green grass grows.

In all seasons there is human activity visible over the broad sides of the Monks' Woods or the Wild Stone hills, cut into tiny plots and patches, or down in the flat valley fields. Sometimes only that seemingly desultory pecking which is, however, the national gesture, as I have said, of tidying up: another quart of stones cleared out that another quart of beans may easier grow. Lovingly, those wee hillside squares are tended in

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order to win the perfect diminutive harvest upon which each family must now bitterly depend to fill in the growing discrepancy between their maximum income and the minimum cost of living.

Early in the spring, early in the morning, out they go, whole families: the watchmaker's family, the baker's family, the dry-goods dealer's family, the grocer's family, the butcher's family, the policeman's family, the electrician's family—men, women, grandparents, children, and servants. At eight or half past they troop back, the men to their trades and their shopkeeping, the women to the kitchen, the grandparents to miscellaneous choring and shopping, the children to school, the servants to the bedrooms.

On the hillsides spring comes earlier than in the valley, but the snow is hardly melted before the morning and evening exodus takes place. Pin neat as the houses are their gardens. They work, play, and court in them. The carpenter cut down a dying tree on his ground. His daughter and her bridegroom hovered about the patch an entire Sunday with a naïve, obvious watchfulness that no splinter be carried away, moving stiffly in Sunday best over the ground, clearing it the while, leaving it at night as smooth and clean as a quilt.

The region was once famous for vineyards, but the first fruit-trees brought diseases that fastened on the vines, and in time virtually killed them all off. Now it is famous for cherries, plums, apples, pears, peaches, and nuts. Most of the fruit belonging to the townspeople is preserved, just as much of the garden truck harvested is pickled. Up in tightly locked little out-of-the-way rooms the banked rows of jugs, jars, pots, and glasses are the shrine of refuge and aid for the woman in the kitchen, and as long as she has them, she somehow has still a grip on things.

In the Germany of these things, the preserves in the up-stairs storeroom and the tilled field on the hillside or in the valley, the servant takes a principal part. The business of chief importance of the family has become the ordering of the home itself, and to the home is reckoned the garden field outside the town. The servants are almost without exception peasant girls, at home in the fields, born to work in the fields, versed in the devices of tilling, tending, and harvesting. They take more pride in the state of their mistress' truck gardens than in that of their kitchens. Although the men and children work in the garden also, and the mistress of the house wheels her baby out to it so that she may watch it while she helps twine together the bean-poles or weed the peas or prop the tomatoes or fuss around the cabbages or pick plums, it is upon the servant that the hardest work of the vegetable patch falls. They seldom balk at this work. At certain periods it means rising at five, going to sleep at ten or later, in order to finish the regular housework as well. Few American women can know what awful physical work a young woman can put through from five in the morning until the late supper dishes are washed and kitchen made spick and span again and it 's nine-thirty at night.

Yet the servant is better off to-day than the mistress, spiritually hounded by the furies of a situation which has prostrated many of the men. She may have to worry over the prepara-

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tion of the food, but neither over procuring it in the first place, nor over an unnatural economy in its consumption in the second. Food is the most valuable commodity in a bankrupt situation. She also receives clothes. In certain communities where every peasant girl, no matter how wealthy her parents, is compelled by tradition to go into service for two years prior to her marriage, the materials of her trousseau—peasant trousseau is extremely elaborate—as well as the materials for her bright working and dress costumes, bedding, linens, and sundries must be furnished, also by an unwritten tradition as iron as law, by the mistress. Salary in these communities plays absolutely no rôle in the matter, and in some regions has hardly risen above pre-war figures. But the value of these materials has gone up to such an extent that in these districts middle-class women must do without servants. However, in towns like Büdingen, where servants are still plentifully retained, there are specific laws, already mentioned, insuring their proper medical attention in case of illness, against peremptory discharge, and legal protection and redress if need be. Their pay is being continually increased, schools are being opened providing for their further education,—they enter service at sixteen,—they have won the latch-key, Sunday afternoons off, and now and then a holiday furlough. Best of all, they have an intimate personal standing in the family, a warm, human share in its tribulations and joys, which makes of them personalities, human identities, entirely different from the typical English slavey or the usual American housemaid.

It will seem strange to many of us, with whom the possession of a servant still savors somewhat of social distinction, that people as desperately pressed as these provincials of present-day Germany should still employ servants at all. But, as I have indicated, their wages are trivial. Labor is still the cheapest thing in Germany, almost criminally cheap, and where a trained nurse can be engaged for five cents a day, it may be expected that a servant-girl can be hired for a few paltry trillions of marks per month. Furthermore, their food consumption is alarming more in bulk than in value, consisting principally of potatoes, while the economic gain of their labor, upon which a good part of the family's food itself depends, fits so snugly in the housewife's program, frees her of so much dull labor which would completely rout her remaining energy, that the servant remains almost the most important and vital element in the household's efficiency.

One day last May I walked up the Monks' Woods hill. One progresses along zigzag inclines, for the hill is steep up all its thousand feet of height. Half-way to the top I paused for breath, and looked down on the little town, placed in position like neatly ordered models of Christmas toy houses. Sleepily, anciently beautiful lay the old town in the sunlight, its crumply colored town walls, gates, and castle soft in the eternal revivification of spring. I set my face to the stern slant of the path again, and as I turned a corner where the incline broke sharply up a new direction I saw an old woman ahead of me.

The picture of that old woman will remain with me as the symbol of a quality, an endurance, a tradition, an instinct of race preservation, of a

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grim tough grit finer than battle heroism, yet pathetically less recognized and, I sometimes think, just as futile. The symbol of all provincial doggedness and humorlessness, and yet I had seen her kind dozens of times; others like her were undoubtedly toiling up different trails of the hill at that moment. It was only that something in the juxtaposition of that soft, colorful view of the town below and the picture of her a moment later created a passing responsiveness to impression that sticks.

She had across her shoulders and back a heavy yoke, from the ends of which were suspended two big iron buckets on chains about which her arms twined. The buckets were about three times the size of our ordinary scrub-buckets. They were filled almost to the brim with the dark, greenish fertilizing liquid from a stable in the town. Up to her little field she was lugging that dead weight, carefully would she sprinkle it over the thirsty ground, and to-morrow trudge up with two other buckets.

The foundations of the beautiful wee town in its rose-colored wall rested on that old woman's shoulders. Beyond it, across that blue-hazed rolling plain and behind those distant, faint hills, on one of which the old castle of the Ronneburg proudly reared the arrogant shell of its ruin, lay Frankfort, a great city. And the city of Frankfort rested on that old woman's shoulders. And over there, behind the dark pine-crowned ridge of the *Tiergarten* and the Hunter's Valley, and far beyond, lay Berlin. And the great city of Berlin lay on that old woman's shoulders. And all the proud cities of Germany—Munich and Leipsic, Hamburg and Bremen—all of them lay on that old woman's shoulders.

For she was the provincial, tough, enduring. Unable to cry quits, unable to stop her sons rushing after drums, unable to stop her tears when they failed to follow the drums back, unable, until her legs utterly failed her, to stop toiling up the thousand feet of stiff hillside with two buckets of waste to fertilize a thirsty field the better to make the restive sons of her dead sons grow.

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The Shrine of Gilbert White

By Charles S. Brooks

As every one knows, the only reason for coming to Selborne is Gilbert White. It is one of those English towns that are forever dedicated to a single memory. I suppose that nearly every one has read White's "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" or has intended to read it. It is one of those good intentions of which the devil makes his cobblestones, and is undeniably a book without which no gentleman's library is complete. I confess that a few of its chapters are full of charm, but I fear, on the whole, that it has bored me. Several times I have run ashoal in its famous pages, and a dozen markers here and there indicate, as on a beach, the extreme tide of my exhausted interest. But it is at least the prince of bedtime books —a capsule to be taken without shaking among the cushions, a sleepy pellet when one is tucked inside the covers for the night.

And yet I find it interesting to be in Selborne. I like to think of this village curate who lived hereabout nearly all his life, who spent his leisure in rambling on the neighboring hills, who observed the nesting birds, the rising crops, the foliage changing with the season. With what care he notes the precise arrival of the swallow, the fashion in which the martin builds against the wall! Now he throws in a paragraph on the habits of a tortoise that lived in a muddy pool inside his garden, and contrasts the marking of sheep in the valleys near his own. It is all so casual, so seemingly lacking in conscious art—a mere record day by day and month by month of a keen-eyed gentleman roaming the fields and hills and writing of what he sees.

Every school-boy knows,—Macaulay's school-boy, at least, who must have been a precious Rollo—every one knows that White's "Selborne" is comprised of letters. And really it was lucky that no one of his village shared his avocation, or his observations would have spent themselves in unrecorded talk with his neighbors at the hearth; for one single crony in the twilight would have drained this flow of letters. It was lucky, too, that Gilbert White lived in the age of letter-writing, when roads were slow and long, and friends met chiefly in correspondence; when a triennial acquaintance face to face had to be patched and mended by letters against the wearing of the years.

A letter was then nothing to be scribbled at. It engaged one's evenings for a week, and was not written in the rush of business between the ringing of the telephone. One took his pen in hand and let the hours tick through endless pages. Sir Walter Scott once lamented to Joanna Baillie, the dramatist, that persons of kindred

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taste did not grow up like beeches in a grove, but that they sprouted far apart. And so, luckily, the letters of Cowper were written, of Byron, and of a hundred others in those spacious horse-drawn days.

I fancy that ink-wells then were mighty cisterns that held the full gallon of a winter's correspondence, and that roosters who grew the chosen quill crowed with a prouder note than their fallen kin to-day, whose utmost boast is feather dusters and storage eggs. A waggish fellow has counted the pages of *Pamela's* letters, and by laying their total into hours at a swiftest rate of pen, has discovered that the dear creature must have sat at her desk each day from breakfast up to midnight, lunch and dinner on a tray! A spoon in the left hand! A quill in the right! And that she sadly neglected her dusting, which was, after all, the work for which she was paid. Our own good second maid, although she wastes time on her complexion and talks endlessly with her rival lovers on the telephone, does nevertheless find time to sweep a bit.

But a letter was a letter in those golden days, and it held a mighty seal. And the carrier put it in his boot among the pistols and jounced for a week to London. And he who received it got the neighbors in, and they broached a cask of ale and made a night of it. But *Pamela's* mighty well is dry at last, her pen is rusty with neglect; for now she throws her broken dishes into the sink and rattles to the movies in the flivver of her wicked master.

Gilbert White, having no crony for his passion and held by his fellow-townsmen as an odd stick of a genius, laid out his heart in letters; and that is about all we know of him. An early biographer went to Selborne not long after White's death to pick up a fact or two, but he met with scant success. One villager, it is said, informed him that "he was thought very little of till he was dead and gone, and then he was thought a great deal of." This, although an excellent text for the honor that is paid to prophets, throws little light upon his life or the manner of his friendships. Another neighbor remarked that "he was a quiet old gentleman with very old-fashioned sayings; he was very kind in giving presents to the poor, and used to keep a tortoise which crawled about his garden." Shakspere moved not more darkly in the mist. Gilbert White—and this will have to serve—exposed in his letters to fellow-naturalists the whole sequence of his studies; and when at the end the letters were set together and formed a book, it was he who was most amazed at the fame that came to him.

It is a slim volume of almost careless pages, and yet its author's fame is still fresh in memory. Such an unnecessary deal of scribbling we writers do when so slight a product persists so long! We perspire through a million words and run our tired volumes into sets, and the children's children of our generation elect at most to remember but a single book. We are the lucky dozen of our time if one book alone stands for a while above the general clutter of its ten thousand failures. Once every third blue moon a giant arises and fills his shelf with almost equal masterpieces,—for who shall choose with general consent among the works of Shakspere or Thackeray or Dickens?—but most writers, and excellent writers too, must be content if

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a single volume is reprinted for the second generation of young Lollypops grown up. What besides "Cranford" did Mrs. Gaskell write? Who reads Gray except in the "Elegy"? John Galt, I am told, labored until his long shelf was full, but the "Annals of the Parish" only is left. Of the mass of Coleridge no more than three or four poems are read by suffering students. Keats and Shelley even have shrunk to a dozen pages, and time nibbles at Browning's thriftless margin. One wonders if a cynical god never whispered to all these that their exalted work was done, that now they might give up the long fret of composition and run happy in the sunlight. The "Ancient Mariner" is finished, master poet. Lay down your pen! The "Grecian Urn" stands on its perfect page, and nothing you can do will stretch your memory a day. And yet they dip and scribble till their pens drop from their exhausted fingers, and the long darkness falls upon their eyes.

§ 2

Gilbert White was born in Selborne in the year 1720, in a house on the main street that still stands, although altered, and is called the Wakes. Wake means a parish festival to commemorate the dedication of a church, but it is used also for a fair or market and even for a rowdy holiday. White was educated in the near-by town of Basingstoke and later at Oriel College, Oxford, where in 1744 he was elected to a fellowship. He then held successive curacies in the neighborhood of Selborne. In 1755 he settled in Selborne itself, inherited the Wakes in 1763, and lived there for the remainder of his life. The first letter of his "Natural History" is probably the tenth of the series and is dated August 4, 1767. The series appeared as a volume in 1789. He died in 1793, having outlived by three years his allotted threescore and ten.

None of the ruffle of the world is marked upon the quiet pages of his book. And it is pleasant to think of a man cloistered in contemplation from the hurly-burly of his century, as if the Hampshire Hills were pads upon his ears. He was born in the year of the South Sea Bubble. He lived during England's conquest of two great empires, India and Canada. He might have read the speeches of Pitt and Burke, thundering a warning to Parliament lest the American colonies be lost. Some faint echo of the guns of Lexington must have sounded on his peaceful woodland. France! The rising of the third estate, the Bastille, the Revolution! Did not the tumbrils of the guillotine rumble into Selborne on some quiet night when the singing stars were hushed in clouds? As a child he might have seen Pope and Swift, and carried a cup at Buttons. In his full maturity he might have sat at the Mitre with Sam Johnson, in old age have known Robert Burns and Walter Scott. Yet his narrative never outruns the quiet parish lying obscurely in the hills between Winchester and the Portsmouth road. It is as if a single poem of fragile loveliness—a poem that might tire one a bit for its contentment and isolation—had been composed in a Paris attic when the sky burned red.

Having now consumed our bread and cheese at the Queen's Arms, we walked forth to see the town. It is an ordinary village, with no pretension of fine houses. At the top of almost its single street there is an open square with a generous tree. This square is

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called the Plestor, or playing-place, where, writes Gilbert White, there stood "in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree," he continues, "surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once." Under the succeeding sycamore Gilbert White must himself have sat through the English twilights, a silent sort of man, reserved among his neighbors, with his mind running on longer paths.

Almost adjoining the Plestor is the Wakes. It is rather a jumbled building of unsoftened outline as seen from the street, with upstart chimneys and newer roofs that rise too proudly above the older part, as if they followed a changing fashion down from London. But ivy runs across the front to shield its pretense.

And now our landlord was of service. He had suggested that we knock boldly and announce ourselves as pilgrims from overseas. A solemn footman took our names and disappeared—very good names in their way, as *Alfred Jingle* remarked to *Mr. Tupman* at the Rochester ball—"capital names for a small party, but won't make an impression in public assemblies." The footman, however, came back presently with word that we were welcome. And as I scraped my boots, I scraped my memory also for any stray facts in the life of Gilbert White, any phrases from his book, that would keep me from the shame of ignorance.

The study is shown, a great room with broad windows on the garden at the rear and a glimpse of wooded hills —a room that is cluttered with his relics. It is here that Gilbert White composed his letters. "My great parlor," he wrote once to his sister, "turns out a fine warm winter room, and affords a pleasant equal warmth. In blustering weather the chimney smokes a little till the shaft becomes hot. The chief fault that I find," he continues, "is the strong echo, which, when many people are talking, makes confusion to my poor dull ears." There is still an echo in the room—an echo of its long silence through more than a hundred years.

The keeping of this stiff room is the fee, as it were, that the present owners pay the public for living in a celebrated house. It is held inviolate to satisfy tourist curiosity, and the past is its only life. These houses of the great linger on in sacred widowhood and pay eternally a cold devotion to the dead. At most now and then a housemaid comes in to dust, but I think she tiptoes among the bric-à-brac and is quite chilled by a ghostly presence. And really it must be rather horrid to live within four walls where a room is kept as a perpetual graveyard of consecration, where the coffin, as it were, and the flowers of ritual lie out exposed. It is a museum, a funeral, what you will, exempt from present life, and, until a pilgrim taps, its doors are shut upon the tomb. White's chair is shown, and no doubt a ribbon bars its use; and I seem to remember his ink-pot and his pens. There was a stuffy feeling in the place, as if vases, out of fashion and undervalued in the more human rooms, had been set here in a kind of discard under pretense of

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antiquity, as we ourselves tote them to the attic whenever style has changed its whim. Gilbert White alive would have tossed up the window and let the wind blow in.

The house itself shows evidence of generous remodeling and enlargement. The entrance-hall seems once to have been the sitting-room. The low-ceiled kitchen, I think, was once the dining-room. I recall a monk's chair that folded to a table, a cradle that was turned to be a nursery for sprouting flowers, a bed that fell curiously from a cabinet in the wall with swinging-doors. But we went no farther among the rooms, and I would have preferred to turn my back upon the past and to range in the parts of present use and see how a present generation lives.

The doorman, having reaped his scornful profit, now consigned us to the gardener. The Wakes is crowded against the village street, but at the rear there are several acres of fine lawn overhung by a wooded hill. I asked the gardener if this wood was the hanger mentioned in the history, a single fact that lodged with me, and thereby gained great credit for erudition. A brick path leads across the lawn, and we were told that Gilbert White laid the path himself and walked there in muddy weather. It ascends to the left through a scanty grove of ripe old trees, each labeled with its Latin, and issues to the hanger—"a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village. . . . The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees."

To the right of the lawn is an inclosure of flowers and vegetables, and I may have seen the very patch of mud where the tortoise wallowed in hot weather. Altogether it is such a spot as one seldom finds except in England, tightly hidden from the village and yet open to the hills. Like Fabre's patch of stone and thistle and Burroughs's stretch of Catskills, it is an appropriate laboratory of living nature.

The gardener had now earned his half-crown. He wavered a bit whether he should not, as one friendly servant to another, consign us to the stableman for continuing fee, but finally released us directly to the street. The church with its graveyard was still to be seen, a weathered building of worn tablets, with a great yew near by. In almost every English graveyard there is a yew, and I have read, but know not the truth, that an early king, finding a shortage of wood suitable for bows, ordered that a yew be planted in every churchyard of the kingdom against the fear of a French invasion. And thus a measure of national defense by a kind of irony has made the yew a tree of mourning.

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The Wooing of Princess Maheen

By Richard Bowland Kimball

THIS is the story of Princess Maheen and her wooing, and if I had never had grandfathers, I would n't be telling it now.

'T was in the good old days before rent was invented by the devil—days that would come again if God were good, but they never will. Those were the times when we had kings in the island. Every mountain had a castle, with a king sitting in it, on the top. And what were they sitting on, are ye asking? 'T was not a bench or a stool, my laddie-buck. Rush-bottom chairs were none too good for those kings.

Days to be proud of, with kings everywhere, little kings on little mountains, middling-sized kings on middling-sized mountains, big kings on big mountains; and in all the four counties there was never a king like Angus Beg.

Not a king in the island could drink him down or knock him down, for all he had no queen to pray for him. His queen—God rest her soul, and may she go through purgatory with her slippers on!—went out of the world when she brought into it the Princess Maheen.

Sucking a piece of pig was what the little Princess Maheen was brought up on. She had stockings for weekdays as well as Sundays, and she kicked them off whenever she could. With never a mother to bother her, she grew up as hardy as the heather, and the bare feet of her ran up the rocks as light as the feet of a fawn. 'T was the rain that washed her, and the sun that dried her, and the wind came out of the west to blow through the hair of her head.

No wonder that lovers came on the four winds of heaven when she was old enough, and that was n't very old —princes from the north and the south country, from the east and the west and the places in between, kings, too, that had lost their queens and were tired of sleeping alone. Grand men were they, drinkers and fighters, grand singers with the bagpipes and the harp. Angus Beg drank with them, fought with them, sang with them; but when they told him their errand, his answer was to fetch them a clout along the side of the head.

"Till Ireland grows a hill higher than this one," he roared louder than a waterfall, "there 's not a prince fit to be mated to the Princess Maheen."

The pride of him! And all on account of his mountain. But the princes kept coming, and going back empty-armed of what they were after, and the fame of King Angus and his beautiful daughter spread over the broad and the narrow seas.

To Scotland it went, and a Scottish prince came over the water. To Eng-

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land it went, and an English prince came over, too. To France it went, and brought a prince from that foreign country.

What should such princes be doing on Irish soil? Faith, the English are always where they are n't wanted. The Scotch might have been a grand people if they had n't been ruined by worshiping a heathen God. As for the French, 't is my opinion that when St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland 't was to France he sent them, and the Frenchmen made them into soup.

But come they did, and King Angus welcomed the three of them, got out the pipes and the bowl, and spat on his hands to be ready when the fighting should begin. The foreign princes spat on their hands, and the four of them began drinking and singing, and never was heard such a sound since the world began,—Scotch, English, French, Irish,—like wild dogs, it sounded, yelping at the moon. 'T was a pity the foreign princes did n't kill one another entirely, leaving their bodies for the birds and their bones to bleach in the sun, for devil a one of them was worthy to touch Pat in the ditch on the seat of his breeches, as King Angus could have seen with half an eye if he had n't been blinded by pride.

'T was the foreignness of them that touched him, the Scotchman with his serious face, as if he had made the world himself and was sorry he 'd done it; the Englishman, dull as a bullock, but with wit enough, I 'm thinking, to keep a stone hidden in his hand. The Frenchman could scratch his ear with his toe-nail if he 'd wanted to, and when he sang, you 'd have thought a bird was going to hop on your thumb; but a dangerous fighter, too, as King Angus thought as he looked at him, because of the lightness of his feet.

There the three princes sit, ye understand, drinking and singing and bragging of their hills and the number of tea-cups they have at home, and the Princess Maheen, mind ye, standing among them, looking from one to the other like a collie pup that has never known strap or leash.

"Ye three have I chosen from out the world," cries Angus, slapping his hand on the table, "and 't is for the Princess Maheen to choose among ye three. 'T is not your hills nor your tea-cups she 'll be after. The prince she picks must be for himself alone. Which one is it?" he says, and he looks at his daughter.

"Sure," says she, "I 've only met them. Give me time to make up my mind."

"Take your time, my daughter, and the one that gets you is going to get a broken head."

He doubles his fist, the princes start toward him, and out steps the Princess Maheen and goes down the hill.

§ 2

"If I marry the Scotchman," she thinks, "it will be like confession without absolution. If I marry the Englishman, he will keep me awake with his snores. If I marry the Frenchman, I must get a cage for him or have him hop on the end of a silk string. Yet marry one of them I must or die a maid."

What a maid was the princess had no idea of, and love in her mind was only the breath of a windy word.

Down the hill she goes, thinking of her foreign wooers, and the more she thinks of them, the less she thinks of

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them. Never had she been so far away from the castle, and a fear in her heart that she might never find her way back again struggled with a hope that she never would.

The sun is shining, and from a rock she can see a river and a town with bridges, all looking as if it were built by children with little stones. Then into the wood, snuffing the smell of it. It 's wet, and off come shoes and stockings. It 's warm, and the kerchief is loosened at her neck. Achone! The bare, brown feet of her, the breasts ye could cover with half a hand! The Irish earth comes up to touch her feet and help her with the work of walking. The Irish sun comes down to touch the black shadows of her hair. Are ye thinking the green people would let a cobweb get into her gray Irish eyes?

Sure, a league 's a mile when you 're going from them you do not love and never can love. Out of the woods goes the princess and on to the springy heather, where the winds do be chasing themselves day and night. To the black rocks she comes, the black stairs made by the giants before there were even kings in the island or God Almighty had sent his only begotten Son to establish the one true church and save the world from pleasant sin.

At the top of the black rocks the princess stands and looks down at the sea, breathing like a giant, and a shiver runs through her at the sight of that living creature sending its long blue arms in the rocky hollows and tossing the spray like the hair of a white old man. She catches her breath as she gets the sea's breath, but she catches it deeper at the sight of something greater than the sea. And what could that be, ye are asking? Something with two arms and two legs like yourself, and a head like the rest of us. 'T is Colin, the fisherman, frying fish on the black rocks.

When she sees the flaming sun-gold of the hair of him and the sea-blue of his eyes,—only she was too far away to see the color of his eyes; I 'm telling ye that for your private information, but his hair she could see and his broad shoulders bending over the fry-pan,—when the princess sees this, I 'm asking, did she run back to the castle? She did not. When a maid runs away from a man, unless she knows he sees her running, you can find the devil dipping his tail in holy water.

Down the stairs she goes. They 're giants' stairs, I was telling ye, so it 's sit and leap with her, and lucky for her she 's had practice leaping on her father's hill. Her big toe kicks a pebble, and down it rattles ahead of her, and at the sound of the stone on the rocks Colin looks up from his pan. There was a sight for a man who 'd seen nothing but fish for a fortnight!

"The top of the morning to ye!" says Colin. "Sure, the fish are leaping in the pan for joy at seeing ye," and true it was, for the guts were scarce out of them. "As for myself," says he, "if I had n't swallowed the heart of me quick at the sight of ye, it would be a dead man talking to you now."

"And who may yourself be?" asks the princess.

"Sure, I 'm Colin, the fisherman. From the sea I come, and there do be great goings on out on the waters, with the green waves and the blue waves and the gray waves the color of your eyes. Where the storm is blackest you will find me and my boat

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riding on the white, foamy mountains, whistling to the fish to swim into my hands. And known to every one on the land am I. Faith, the Princess Maheen herself often comes down for a bit of my fish."

"What sort of colleen is the princess?"

"Not one bit prettier than yourself, though to your face I speak it. Put yourself in the castle, and the princess in the bog, and you could n't tell the difference between you."

"Would ye be grudging me a bit of the fish if you 're not saving it for the princess?"

"To the devil with the princess! 'T is every one knows that there 's not a laddie-buck in Ireland good enough for her. To England and Scotland and France she must go for a husband, and may the frogs and the porridge and the bloody beef choke her! say I."

"How do you know that she cares for those foreign princes? Might it not be naught but her father's stubborn pride?"

"Then why does n't she give them a tweak on the ear and send them home yelping, with their tails between their legs?"

"How can she?"

"Are ye asking me to tell ye how a woman gets what she 's after? Sure, every woman has a way with her and she always gets what she wants. The only answer to them is the flat of the hand."

"I must have a very bad way with me, then," says the princess, "for I don't seem able to get a bit of your fish."

"Bad manners to me!" says Colin, sticking his knife in a fish and giving it to the princess, and into another and giving it to himself.

The princess was always strong for her victuals, but after her walk in the woods and with the sea wind blowing around her, if you had seen her holding the fish in her hands, biting into the white flesh of it and spitting out the bones, it would have taken the curse off of Friday for the rest of your life. There 's a saying that them that love strikes have no stomach, but I 'm thinking that they that love much should eat well.

There stands Colin, his mouth full of fish, looking at the princess, and there she stands looking back at him. Do ye think she was minding her father or the foreign wooers? Faith, if Colin had lifted a finger, she 'd have followed him into the sea. Why did n't he do it, with him aching to clap an arm round her waist? 'T was the love in him that made him stand there like a stone. True love ye may know by the trouble that comes of it, and if God in His infinite wisdom does n't send it, the lovers will be bringing it on themselves. Well I know, for 't is myself has been through it; but that 's over forever, glory be to God!

There stands the princess fluttering all over like the swallows in the chimney when you light the first fire. Why could n't she be satisfied with her happiness? 'T is the devil, I 'm thinking, that whispered a speech in her ear.

"I 'm thanking you for your fish, Colin," says she, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, "and now I must n't be hindering you from going back to the wife."

"Sure, I have no wife," says Colin.

"The colleen, then, for there 's many a maid must have looked on a fine broth of a boy like yourself."

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What she was wanting was him to tell her that she was the only one, but the devil whispered a speech in his ear.

All lovers must lie, but I 'm telling ye, my buccho, when ye lie to your sweetheart, make yourself better than ye are instead of worse. There be women that only want you if they think they can snatch you from another woman; but their love is n't worth the having, and they 'll throw you away like an old shoe.

"Faith, I 've had my share of them," says Colin, thinking she would think the more of him, and this was the speech the devil whispered in his ear. "Out on the deep waters there 's many a maiden singing and smiling and calling to me, with the red beads round their neck."

"Then go to them, and be quick about it, and tell them the Princess Maheen sent you, and see if you can make them believe the truth on your lying lips."

"Is it yourself that 's really the princess?" says Colin. "Let me speak one word!"

"*That* for you and your speeches! I 've heard too much already!"

One kick of her foot, and away goes the fry-pan. Down the rocks goes the fry-pan, and up the rocks goes the princess, with Colin behind. He calls, but she does n't answer. He runs, but he cannot catch her; for up the rocks she leaps with the feet of a goat.

"Ochone! Ochone! If I follow her up the hill, what should I be saying to the king and those foreign princes, I, a poor fisherman? I 've lost her! I 've lost her! Ochone! Ochone!"

Down he sits and begins weeping; and let him weep his eyes out, says I, for the fool he is.

§ 3

'T was after the seventh and the fourteenth round of the creature, and the king was beginning to wonder what had become of his daughter, when into the room comes the princess, and from the look of her you would think she 'd been having the drink.

"What are these princes doing littering up the castle?" says she. "I went away to get rid of them, and now I find them when I come back."

"Sure, you know what they 're here for," says King Angus: "they 're waiting for you to make up your mind."

"And I have made it. There is n't a man in Ireland worthy to touch my foot, nor out of it, either."

"I agree with you," says the king; "but you must marry some one."

"I 'll marry that man," says the princess, "who comes in full shade to the castle on a day of full sun."

"Is it a vow?"

"A vow is it!"

"Who comes in full shade on a day of full sun to the castle? Why, that will be no one, my daughter."

"Then no one I 'll marry," says she. "As for you, it 's to bed with you, for you 've taken enough."

"'T is her mother speaking, God rest her!" says King Angus. "Many 's the night she 's sent me to bed with a three-legged stool."

She turns to the foreign princes.

"I 'm bidding you good-day, my gossoons. I 'll welcome you back when you come in full shade on a day of full sun, and that will be easy for wise foreign princes like yourselves," and she drops them a curtsy.

They stand like boys before her, and if ever they loved her, it was then, for they saw she was born to be a queen.

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To bed goes the king, and down the hill go the foreign princes, thinking things over.

"Good day to ye," they say to one another at the bottom, "and may ye have a safe and speedy journey home."

Do ye think any one of them had any intention of going? You don't know those foreign princes. They were scarce out of sight of one another before each one of them sat down and began to scratch his head.

"Begorry," thinks the Frenchman, "it must be me the princess is after, for 't is well known that the French are an ingenious people, and if a Frenchman can't come in full shade in full sunlight, there 's nobody that can."

"The princess," thinks the Scotchman, "must have noticed my moral qualities, and that 's why she wants to be my queen. If a Scotchman can't bring a shadow into the sunlight, there 's nobody that can."

"What the princess is asking," thinks the Englishman, "is an impossibility, and impossibilities are what the English do best. Sure, it 's me she wants!"

All night the princes sit thinking and scratching their heads, while up in the castle the Princess Maheen is tossing on the straw, the eyes of her weeping for the nose she has bitten off.

She has passed a vow in a moment of spite, bad cess to her! She has lost Colin forever. What if one of those foreign princes knew magic, and could do what no simple man had ever done? Her heart goes cold at the thought of it, and her eyes go dry, and then she gets thinking of Colin again, and the tears come back again, and she takes the pair of beads from the head of her bed. Sure, there 's naught but a sisterhood for her after her father is safe in the grave.

Next to the Irish, the French are the nimble thinkers, and it 's only one night of head-scratching before the Frenchman has an idea.

"Sure," says he to himself, "the woods must go up to the castle and that must be the way the princess meant. 'T is an easy way and a pleasant way. I 'll be taking it," and up the hill he goes.

'T is a day of sun and of birds singing, and under the shadows of the branches he goes, hopping and singing like a bird. Up he goes and down he goes and up again. To the right he goes and to the left he goes and to the right again. Sometimes he can see the castle and sometimes he cannot, but never can he find a place where the shadow of the woods go up to the castle walls.

And what became of him, ye are asking? Faith, it would n't be so bad to spend your life in an Irish wood, forever seeking and never finding, singing in the shadow of the branches with love in the heart of you and a jig tune tickling your feet.

This I can tell ye for the truth of it: if the Frenchman is n't dead, he 's living yet. Indeed, they do be saying that sometimes there 's a strange song in the woods of that castle on a sunny day.

'T is a week of head-scratching before the Scotchman has an idea.

"Sure," says he to himself, "the shadow of the town must run up the hill to the castle. Even if it 's the shadow of their idolatrous church steeple, I 'll be thanking it this day."

To the town he goes and stands in the shadow of the buildings, a gray figure moving as slowly as the shadows

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moved. Ye could tell the time by him. Do ye think a Catholic church would help a Scotchman? Not a shadow can he find that will lead him up the hill.

The people gather and look at him standing there.

"What are ye after doing?" they ask.

Not an answer does he give, but looks at them with a face to curdle cream.

"Sure, the man 's mad!" they cry.

'T is now he explains that he 's wooing the princess and all about the shadow and the sun.

"Wooing, are ye saying? Sure, it sounds more like a man repeating the catechism. Mad is he entirely. Away with him!"

They clap hands on him. Did ye ever see a Scotchman struggle? 'T was a grand sight that day.

And what became of him, ye are asking? Faith, they put him behind walls, and that 's a good place for a Scotchman. This I can tell ye for truth: if he is n't dead, he 's living yet. Indeed, they do be saying there 's a strange gray shadow on the streets of that town if ye look out of the tail of your eye quick enough.

'T is a month of head-scratching before the Englishman has an idea.

"I was always one," says he to himself, "to cut a thread with a hatchet," and he orders a jaunting-car.

"Bind me under the body of it," says he, "and drive me up to the castle."

Under the body of the car they bind him, and away they go. Out come the people, cheering and running after. You 'd have thought it was a fair-day, for the news of the vow of the princess was known by this time throughout the country. Are ye thinking they would drive him up to the castle and get an English king over them that easy?

From the left rut to the right rut bumps the car, with him under it crying out to them to keep to the middle of the road. Where the road is rockiest, there does the car go, but never on the road that leads to the castle hill. He might be a bat nailed to a board for all the good he can do except for the yelling, and he does his best to make up with that. There was n't a deaf old woman in the parish that did n't hear his voice that day and think her hearing had come back by a miracle. It would have been pitiful if he had n't been an Englishman.

Going over the bridge, the rope breaks, and he splashes into the river; so ye know what became of him. If he is n't dead, he 's living yet. Indeed, they do be saying there 's a strange fish in that river, but I 'm thinking he swam back to England as fast as he could.

§ 4

In this way was the princess rid of her foreign wooers; but how does that help her to get the man she wants? She 's sitting in front of the castle peeling potatoes and thinking that 's all she 'll be doing the rest of her life. The king is sitting beside her, stretching, and wishing the devil would fly away with every vow.

"'T is yourself," says he, "thanks to your wildness, that will end the Angus line. Here sit I, waiting for the death of me and wondering what will become of ye when I am dead. 'T is a handful of dust you 'll become, I 'm thinking, and blow away on a puff of wind. Sure, maids were made for the lips of their babes and the arms of their

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lovers. 'T is the way of nature, glory be to God!"

"If it was n't for yourself that needs me," says the princess, "musha, I wish I could blow away this day!"

At her words there comes the sound of whistling, and not of the wind either, as ye might have thought, coming to blow her away. 'T is a man whistling they are hearing, and when they look down the hill, what man is it do ye think they see? Ye 'll never be guessing, so I 'll have to tell ye. 'T is none other than Colin himself, whistling and coming in the full sunlight up the hill.

"The top of the morning to ye," says he to them. "I 've come to claim the Princess Maheen as my bride."

"The devil ye have!" says King Angus. "Have n't ye heard of the vow?"

"That have I. The princess will marry the buccho that comes to the castle in full shadow on a day of full sun. Is n't it a day of full sun, I 'm asking ye?"

"It is that," says the princess; "but where is the shadow you 've come in?"

"Sure, I 've come under the shadow of my own hat, and I 'd be taking it off to ye if it did n't spoil the charm."

Up leaps the princess, but her father is beside her, with his fists doubled up.

"'T was her vow and not mine," says King Angus. "Who are ye? What are ye king of, and where is your hill?"

"Green are my hills as the hills of old Ireland, and blue are my hills as the hills of the sky; gray sometimes, white sometimes, black sometimes, and never twice the same."

"What kind of hills would those be?" asks King Angus.

"The hills of the waters; for my name is Colin, and I 'm King of the Sea."

"King are ye? How should I know it?"

"By this hand!" and he fetches the king a clout heavy enough to fell an ox.

"King are ye! That clout shows me that I 'm growing old and need a strong son-in-law. Why should we be wasting time talking when the drink is waiting for us inside?"

In he goes, but Colin turns to the princess. Do ye think she falls into his arms? Not she! Away she draws from him, and stands up straight as a needle and as sharp.

"Was it true, what ye told me about those women with the red beads round their necks? Did they call to ye?"

"True it is that they 've called to me," says Colin, "but, sure, I did n't answer them."

'T is now she opens her arms to him and finds herself inside his own strong arms. 'T was a grand sight, I 'm telling ye, and we 'll be leaving them there in the sunlight, with the wish that they may never know a shadow darker than the shadow of their own hats.

Now ye have the story of the Princess Maheen and her wooing, and how Colin, the fisherman, became a king. What became of them? This I can tell ye for the truth of it: they 're not living yet except in their children's children. Scattered over the whole earth are they, and ye may always know them; for whenever an Irishman does with ease what no other man can do with difficulty, ye can cry, "A-ha, my laddie-bucks! There goes a descendant of Colin, the fisherman, and the Princess Maheen!"

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North-American Indians

Portraits and Captions

by

W. Langdon Kihn

He looks like young timber. He smells like fresh earth and wood-smoke. He is not complex, for his society is not complex. His religion is beautiful because he believes it. He often wears a mask, but his passions are many. He is vain, for he is proud. His demands are few, for his needs are few. He is hardy, because his food is plain. He is revengeful, for he is just. He is superstitious, for he is imaginative. He is credulous, for he is honest. He is majestic, for he is essential. His words are few, for he is retrospective. He is often prophetic, for his vision is well focused. He is happy, for he is generous. He loves to dance, for he loves music. He loves color, for he loves strong sensations. He weaves imagery, for his soul is simple. He loves to play, for he wants to forget painful reflections. He often loves the bizarre, for he knows only the solitude

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TATANKA-CINCA

This fine old gentleman, known to hundreds of white people as Hector Crawler, is the chief medicine-man of the Stony Indian tribe, and is said to have effected remarkable cures not only among his people, but also among white settlers

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Squaw

By John Farrar

Who am I? A hated thing, a squaw,
Patterned and pressed into a man-made mold,
Only to grind the corn, only to sow,
Only to watch, to wait, to wonder here.
When the great camp-fires touch the drooping stars,
And the wild night things cry across the moon—
I to the watch, I to the mourners, go,
Heavy in heart, weary in foot and womb,
Bearer of burdens,
Bearer of children. So
Must I go toward the rainbow, laden low.
Who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

Why must I press my hand across my mouth
To keep the cry of hate back in my soul?
Why must I lie awake and long to strike
The quiet face of him who lies beside?

Mountains and hills, you, too, lie passive here;
And valleys there below, you wonder, too.
Do you not long to turn your hearts to God,
To dance at noon-tide, and to love at night?

And when the hunt goes rustling through the marsh,
When the quick deer's brown eyes peer through the fern,
I would go softly, I would go swiftly, too,
Soft on the moss, swift and soft on the hills,
Long stride, swift stride, strong stride, true stride,
I the proud hunter,
I the proud marksman, I,
Bearer of bows and arrows,

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Braver than all,
I to bring home the dappled doe to roast.
But who am I? A hated thing, a squaw

When I have watched the red limbs gleam and pass,
When the bright arrows quiver in the flame,
Tom-tom and war-cry beat against my heart,
Devils of hate tear down my weaknesses.
Bring the red paint! Oh, bring the weapons here!
I would smear boldly on my naked limbs
Signals of blood, signals of hate, of war,
Dancing to madness in the open fire.
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums!
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums!
Hate to hate, arrow to arrow, beat,
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums,
O war chiefs! beat your drums, O war chief! beat your drums!
Drums, drums, flames, flames, I,
Foot to foot and naked breast to breast,
Beating, struggling, fighting, dying, I,
Braver than braves whose great hands dare the sun;
I, the warrior, I the savior of tribes,
I the hero of battles, equal of gods!
But who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

So the sun sinks,
And so must I return.
Sink into stillness by the wigwam door.
Why should I stay quiet through the years,
Under his hand, under his feet?
O soul,
O woman's soul, why must you dream and wait?
Break from his hand!
Break from his hand!
Go free!
Go cast yourself before the ready wind!
Let your loosed soul blow out on open ways!

Down and down below the great rocks lie.
I shall flee from him, cast myself below.

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If I should step, a step so tiny here,
I would go freely, freely to the winds,
My old soul lying on new wings of god.

Down, down—one step—
Why should I wait and dream?

Down, down—one step—
Why should I wonder here?

Down, down—one step—
Down, down!

Down—now, oh, hear!
Hear on the path,
Strongly and strongly there,
Pound of great strides.
How strong, how strong and brave!
Back from the hunt he comes,
O strong, O brave!
Shall I turn humbly now to meet his arms?

Down, down—one step—
No! no!

There is no question, there is no waiting now;
Only I know I need his great arms here,
Only I know I need his hot lips here,
Only I know he is the life of me.
Wars, hunts, souls, bodies, hearts, and gods
Are mingled in the burning of his eyes.
Take me, beat me, crush me,
Love me—so!
Break me beneath the stone that grinds the corn!
I am your field, I am your broken field.
Take, then, the harvest;
Take—while I forget.
For who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

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The Devil's Revenge

For What Is the Scholar Responsible?

By Alexander Meiklejohn

One of the most interesting and significant happenings in recent popular thinking has been the disappearance of the devil. Not so many years ago the devil was an important personage in the world's drama. For most of us, or at least for our fathers, he was one of the two leading figures in the life of the world as men construed it. God, the good, was using matter and man for good ends. The devil, the evil one, was fighting that goodness, was trying to snatch matter and man out of its control. Always, it is true, for most men the devil was the under dog, the loser in the fight; but always he was there, making the fight, giving God and man something to do. He was the villain without whom the play would have had no plot whatever, without whom, indeed, there would have been no play at all.

But to-day for most of our people, including those who frequent the churches, the devil is with Santa Claus. We have grown up; we no longer believe in him; we no longer see as little children. It is, I think, exceedingly important that we try to find out just what it is that has happened to our point of view. It may reveal for what our scholars are responsible.

If one asks why men have stopped believing in the devil, it is very hard to get an answer. I have tried it often, and the results are very baffling.

"Why do you no longer believe in the devil?" one asks. And the answer is, "Well, no one believes that sort of thing now." "Yes," one says, "but what are the reasons which you and every one else have for discarding a notion which you have held so long?" And again, in one form or another, the answer is: "I don't know just what you mean by reasons. The plain fact is that men are nowadays freeing themselves from old superstitions such as the belief in the devil. Such notions are obviously out of date; they are not scientific; they cannot hold their ground any longer. Of course there is no devil."

And if one tries to go back one step further and asks: "But what were your reasons when you did believe in the devil? What was your evidence when you did think of him as existing and as active in human and cosmic situations?" in one form or another the same answer is given: "I don't know just what the reasons were. It is clear enough now that there were no adequate reasons, but somehow the idea was there; one found it in the common stock of human beliefs. One had no reasons for it; one just had it,

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just as one now has evolution. One had it as matter of course."

This second answer has at least one virtue: it serves to clear up the first. There is little wonder that we find it difficult to give the reasons which we have for discarding an opinion for which, it appears, we had no reasons when we believed it. Obviously enough, one cannot reason unless there is something to reason about or against. In the circumstances our question is beside the point. There is no explicit reasoning about things which are known "of course."

If the conclusion which we have just reached regarding the devil and his believers were generalized, the result would be rather terrifying. Are all ideas accepted and rejected in this way? Does belief just happen to a man, like measles or a pleasant morning? Is it a mere drift of opinion that brings to a group of men the conviction that immersion is better than sprinkling, that freedom is better than despotism, that the knife is better than the brush? Do these convictions just happen to come and happen to stay till others happen to drive them away?

Now, it is not the purpose of this paper to attempt to answer this question in all its forms or even in its fundamental form. A great deal of thinking must be done by some one before any one can do that. That men do drift into and out of ideas, and that ideas do drift into and out of men, no one can doubt, however his own mind may be drifting. But what does "drift" mean? Does it mean absence of thinking or does it mean bad thinking?

As between these two there is a very important issue which must be passed upon before our modern attempts at understanding human nature can succeed.

I have said, however, that our present purpose is not to attempt this fundamental explanation. May I here simply record the impression that "bad thinking" offers a more promising line of explanation than does "absence of thinking"? Minds are seldom empty. They are very often filled with thin and bad and unintelligible stuff. Our social need is not that people think; it is that they think well.

§ 2

But now, returning from explanation to fact, we observe again that with respect to the devil and many other matters of like importance the human mind drifts; it happens to have ideas; it holds beliefs "of course." What has this to do with the question, "For what is the scholar responsible?" My general answer would be that the scholar is, and ought to be far more actively than he is, the chief determining factor in fixing the drift of popular thinking. Socially speaking, it is his business to furnish the ideas by means of which the people as a whole may do their thinking.

I know that the statement just made is objectionable and dangerous, and yet, in the sense in which it is true, it is so important that, when it is relevant, one must make it. The most important social fact about our scholars is that they are commissioned to provide vehicles for our minds in very much the same sense that the motor-builders provide vehicles for our bodies. And if in either case the vehicles are lacking or are broken down, then we who use them are doomed to delay, to disappointment, and to even more serious calamities.

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Before attempting, however, a general discussion of this thesis or its implications, may I turn again to the devil and his works and call attention to two results which his disappearance has brought upon our popular thinking and living?

§ 3

The first effect is a shaking and blurring of the idea of God. And the effect here, when minds are dealing with ideas as "of course," is quite natural and quite inevitable. We have had the goodness of the world gathered up on the idea of a person who contains and masters it. And in like manner the evil, too, had been gathered into a person. And each of these was constituted as the enemy, the opponent of the other, definable in terms of relationships to him. If now by some ill defined and unself-conscious process one of these persons drifts out of existence, it is inevitable that the same drift should seize upon the other. Why, if evil is to be no longer a cosmic person, should good be so regarded? Or if this statement has too much the quality of explicit reasoning, let us ask rather, How, if one of these persons cannot keep his grip upon the minds of men, will the other hold his own? And it is, I think, clear as matter of observable fact that in recent years the idea of God has lost both grip and clarity so far as the popular mind is concerned. Men are beginning to say, "Of course God is not a person as our fathers thought him and pictured him. We mean by God the goodness in the world, whatever it is; but just what it is one finds it hard to tell. And just why one should continue to call it God one also finds it hard to tell."

This is the result which I had in mind when I spoke above of the devil's revenge. To kill your enemy by his own act of slaying you, to reach up from oblivion and drag your slayer down into the pit which he has digged for you, that is a devil's trick quite worthy of the ancient master of all tricks and guiles. That is revenge indeed to please a devil. And we, I think, might be more careful how we deal with such a foe. It will not do to be too careless with him, to shut our eyes, to act and think "of course." Perhaps it is himself from whom have come these easy and casual announcements of his demise. Perhaps the rumbling that we hear throughout the world is not a cosmic groaning, but rather a cosmic chuckle so deeply hidden in the guile of things that ears that hear "of course" are fooled and quite mistake its meaning.

§ 4

The second result is practical. It is the effect upon morals which comes from failure of thinking. When men do not understand the situation in which they are, when they have no theory of what they are doing, action perforce loses definiteness of direction, singleness of purpose. Now, it may be said that no theory at all is better than a bad theory, that no action at all is better than action in a wrong direction. But as against this I should urge that moral indecisiveness is bad enough, whatever may be worse. And just this result, I think, has come upon us with the breaking down of our cosmic theory of good and evil. Whether or not it was true, the scheme of a struggle between God and the devil was one into which the concrete facts of human experience seemed

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to fit, to which men could pretty well adjust the conduct of their lives. But to-day, for most of us, there is no scheme; evil and good are not "placed," they simply are; but why or whence, or even what they are, we do not know.

No one can fail, I think, to observe the consequent lack of poise, of sanity, of balance, in the moral judgments of the time. There is no lack of moral sentiment among us; there is a terrible lack of moral judgment. The effect appears perhaps most clearly in the breaking down of what we call the "sense of sin." And many of us, I am sure, are glad to see that sentiment challenged and shaken. We have been tired and bewildered by the moral smugness of the "saved"; we were shocked and outraged by the condemnation which judges one's fellow-men to be evil and "damned" and lost, quite different from ourselves. Such cleavages appear to us too crude to fit the facts of human nature. And in the face of them we press the common fate of men, the common human quality; we trace the differences of men to differences of circumstance external to themselves.

And yet the fact remains that human life consists in just the difference between goodness and evil. Our human living is at every point a choice. "This act is good, that act is bad." Those are the most essential judgments that we make; they are the stuff of human living. And if they lose their meaning, if men become confused concerning them, then life becomes unmanageable. Men do not know what living is or what it ought to be.

In such a state, I think, we are at present. Old formulas have lost their grip; men drift away from them. And we have nothing yet to take the place. We have no proper instruments of moral understanding. Without such instruments we cannot live as men should live. I say again, the devil is revenged. I still suspect he has a hand in what is going on.

§ 5

But now, to turn again from effects to cause, may I say that for the situation just described it is the scholar who seems to me chiefly responsible. He made the thought scheme which is breaking down; it is he who has created the "drift" before which that scheme is giving way; it is his mission to find, to make for us, a scheme of concepts by means of which the facts of experience will again receive such intelligibility and coherence as they are capable of having. It is the business of scholars to get us into such scrapes as we are now in; it is also their business to get us out of them, to get us through them as rapidly as possible.

And here, I think, one may make a railing accusation against our scholars, especially in our own country. They have not a lively enough sense of that for which they are responsible, or, if you like, of their own importance. The scholar, I know, may own no other master than the truth to which he is responsible, and yet that truth has value as an instrument of life. Men need the truth in order to live well; they need to know the world in order that it may be used for human ends; they need to know themselves in order that their better selves may have the victory over that which only seems the better. To serve these ends the scholar must provide such truth as he can get, must make it

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clear and sharp, must give it to mankind as instrument to use in doing well the things it has to do.

But scholars are not always clear concerning their responsibilities. They know to whom they are responsible; they do not clearly see—sometimes they do not seem to care—for what they are responsible. And though it be unpleasant and absurd, one cannot help rejoicing when at times an angry fate cries out to them of what they fail to do. This is, I take it, the meaning of Fundamentalism; this is what happens when a legislature, speaking for the people, says, "Here are the doctrines which men must think and teach in this our commonwealth." And very often it is this and nothing else which underlies the case when even an institution of learning decrees that some one of its teaching force does not believe the things that it believes, and hence must leave its fellowship.

What could be sillier, on the face of things, than actions such as these? They are grotesque, absurd. And yet, in terms of crude and blinded justice, the judgments are not bad. Who leads the Fundamentalists? A college graduate concerning whom it is entered in our popular record-book, "A.B. (highest honors and valedictorian), 1881." Our colleges, our scholars, must take the consequences of what they did or failed to do for those who came to them for education.

And what are legislatures, churches, trustees, and angry parents saying beneath their intellectually awkward gestures? It is, I take it, something like this: "We had a scheme of thought by which to live; we understood our world in ways that made it possible for us to manage it. And you are smashing, or trying to smash, that scheme. Where is our devil gone? And is God going, too? We found truth in the Bible. We knew the laws of nature and of man as well as those of God. And you deny those laws; you teach our children to hold them in contempt. What do you put in place of them? What is your scheme of thoughts? What is your world if ours has gone to smash? Can you restore as well as you destroy? Or do you give us negations and nothing else by which to live?"

Here is, I think, for all its crudity, a just complaint. Its crudeness is that it demands the acceptance of this shaken truth which came to it "of course." Its justice is that it demands some theory of the world, such understanding of man's life as can be given by those whose task it is to make an understanding. The crudeness makes one's heart ache. The justice ought to make men rise to meet responsibility.

§ 6

And so we come to what is for me a very sober conclusion for our discussion. I have not in these pages been simply playing with words, just trying to "raise the devil." I have been trying to call attention to a situation which demands attention. I have been urging that those who have that situation in their charge shall quickly do the work that must be done if we are not to have disaster.

The situation is that in those features of the world which most concern our human living our minds have lost their bearings, have gone adrift. I would not try to take them back to moorings which have been found too weak to hold them. That would be

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futile. And yet mere drifting will not do. What are the proper moorings of the human mind? Are there such moorings? We need some thinking done that will give answer to those questions.

And scholars seem to me to shirk, or—shall we say?—to feel unequal to this last responsibility. They find it easy to give men thoughts by which to make machines; they give us formulas by which our bodies and words may rush through space; they make ideas by which disease may be controlled; in all external special interests they give directions which will serve our passing purposes. But if we ask them, "What is man himself; what should men do in this, their world?" they say: "Who knows? How can one tell? We have no way of answering questions such as this."

Here is, I take it, the one essential and urgent intellectual undertaking of our time. Can what we know about ourselves and about our world be gathered up into some sort of intellectual order that a man may have in mind? Our knowledge of the world has fallen into separate parts which in their separateness have no meaning. Can they be put together again? It is no wonder that men hesitate before the task. And yet this is the thing which scholarship must do. To study parts as separate parts is not enough. Minds must be trained to try to understand the whole. Men need an understanding of the world by which to live. And scholars, as quickly as they can, must give the instruments of such an understanding. This is the task for which primarily they are responsible. And nothing else which they may do can take the place of doing this.

§ 7

As for the devil, I am sure we need, and have a right to, the truth which was expressed in terms of him. Whatever form he takes, he is denial of the wisdom of our scheme of life. He is the doubt of what we do, of what we will, of what we think. To lose that doubt will surely bring its own revenge. The only way to free oneself from doubt is by the simple process of having no beliefs which can be doubted. I think that, with our scholars, we are having a try at just that process.

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Is Woman-Suffrage a Failure?

By Charles Edward Russell

Go back four years and if anywhere a group of old-line politicians of a certain familiar type was so gathered that they could speak as they thought, they would be speaking ill of the ballot for women.

It was then newly come upon the land. The last of the required number of States had not approved the amendment, but all wise men knew well enough it was inevitable, and all wise politicians knew its effects would be merely evil, especially upon vested political interests. Of the many doleful conferences held on this subject the gist had best be much condensed, and freely translated. The American woman was well known to be independent in mind, fearless in character, masterful in temperament. To rule was her fixed habit. In general she was the household boss, the pantata, the autocrat of the hearthstone. All the world knew well enough that the American husband was his wife's obedient servitor, in this way reversing the better practices of older and more enlightened nations. Now, this strange, idealistic, and uncontrolled power was about to be loosed upon the political world. What must be the result? Nothing but trouble, confusion, wreck; and the stoutest-hearted captain of wards looked with gloom upon the future.

For example, women would now claim half the delegations to all conventions, half the places on all the committees, half the picking of candidates—half and perhaps more. Instantly, the whole delightful artistry of politics dissolved. How could one manage convention or committee with such persons (the translation here is quite free) sitting as members? There were certain delicate negotiations with candidates necessary before States were made up, and how could women understand such things? Then they would want a share of the jobs. They certainly would, and everybody knew that, what with the civic service and all, there was at best not nearly enough to go around. There would be women as governors, women as mayors, women in the legislature, women in the city councils, women would be members of Congress, senators, members of the cabinet. Women would be candidates for everything going. Then women would never be regular; they would never care about the party and go along and be good Indians and take orders. Imagine American women taking orders! They would be voting seven ways for Sunday. They might even start a party of their own.

At the same time, many idealists were giving fervent thanks for the same new force that caused the politicians' woe. They saw the dream of years come true, "everywhere, two

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heads in council, two beside the hearth, two in the tangled business of the world, two in the liberal offices of life," and all that. Looking impartially upon the sorry hash that man alone had made of government, the waste and lunacy of war, corruption in the cities, futility in Congress, they felt that the long night of ineptitude had passed, a new day was actually at hand.

They were sure, for example, that women would never repeat one ineffable stupidity in politics to which men were notoriously and disastrously habituated. They thought of woman's mind as more acute, more direct, and better equipped with common sense. They thought that as a rule women bore somewhat the less resemblance to that necessary, but unimaginative, domestic animal, the sheep. They did not believe that great numbers of women would go to the polls year after year and vote a certain ticket merely because it was called Republican or Democratic. If they would not, behold the improvement at hand for which all reformers had prayed! At last we should have a large body of voters that would disregard the absurd fetish of party allegiance and vote for causes, not labels.

But suppose to-day a gathering of the ancient and perspicuous order of politicians. Suppose woman-suffrage to be mentioned among them. All the comment would be derisory. Not one of the disasters has come to pass that four years ago glowered so fearsomely upon the politician's trade. Not a boss has been unseated, not a reactionary committee wrested from the old-time control, not a convention has broken away from its familiar towage. Nothing has been changed, except that the number of docile ballot-droppers has approximately been doubled.

The dream of two heads in council has gone glimmering. There is just the same old one head, and as dull as ever. There are no women governors of States, and not the least promise that there will be. No woman has place in the nation's cabinet, or within miles of it. After four years of woman-suffrage the Congress of the United States contains one woman member, and she was elected as a tribute of respect to her late husband, a representative who had been suddenly stricken with death after years of public service. Nothing in the other returns affords on this account the least cheer to drooping spirits. In the congressional election of 1922, only twenty-eight women were candidates for seats. Of the twenty-two that sought places in the House of Representatives, one was elected to fill out her late father's unexpired term of a few weeks, but defeated for the long term. Mrs. Knowland, as before noted, was chosen to fill out her late husband's term. All the rest, and the six candidates for the Senate, missed election by astonishing margins.

One thing was demonstrated, and enough to fill the politician's cup of joy: women would not vote for women.

For the state offices to be filled at this election, totaling many thousands, there were nominated all told 225 women, of whom 153 were candidates of the two major parties that alone had a chance to win. The only conspicuous achievement from this was the election in Ohio of an eminent and capable woman lawyer to a place on the Supreme Court bench of the State. But she had been for years a judge in a

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lower court, and had so clearly shown there her extraordinary endowment that her elevation seems tardy and almost grudgingly bestowed. In the forty-eight States nearly five thousand members of legislatures were chosen, and of these only sixty-three were women. Two of the States reported no women elected to anything; two others reported that there were no women candidates for any office. Pennsylvania elected eight women, Connecticut seven, Washington, Vermont, and California five each, Ohio two, and New York not one. In twenty-six state legislatures not a woman sits after four years of woman-suffrage.

Even the most ardent woman-suffragist, like the humble presenter of these facts, is forced to admit that so far in public affairs the ennobling influence of womanhood is still a matter of faith. In truth he cannot discover the least sign of woman's presence outside of the augmented election totals. Even these are not exhilarating. Instead of forming half of the effective electorate in the Presidential election of 1920, it is to be doubted if women composed anything like their normal share of it. Only forty-nine per cent. of the qualified electors went to the polls that year, anyway, and by common report the greater number of absentees were women. Apparently, these did not care enough about any public duty to vote.

§ 2

No wonder the politicians are happy. I recall poignantly a certain informal conference of them I attended on the eve of one of the national conventions in 1920. Jeremiah had nothing on those dark-visioned souls. Only one thing seemed sure in the storm that lowered upon their house. "We shall have to be mighty careful," said one, "to nominate only men that have records of support of woman-suffrage." All instantly agreed as to this. Many a time the same thought was repeated to me that year as the campaign developed. But now even this has passed as a ship in the night. When the election returns were analyzed, they seemed to show that the heaviest balloting by women was for men who had most vigorously opposed their political emancipation. In the conventions of this year we shall see larger delegations of women, but much less attention paid to the ideas that women were once supposed to represent. The last illusion about them has gone from the politician mind.

Speaking of good Indians, it appears that these are as good as the best. What makes this situation the more remarkable is that the few women that have been allowed to hold office or take part in public affairs have acquitted themselves well therein. The woman member of the Supreme Court of Ohio is generally respected and applauded. Men say of her that with her gifts, her character, her mind, and her legal lore she is worthy to sit on the Supreme Court of the nation. Of course she never will sit there; she is a woman. Yet there is no other reason why she should not. Of the women members of state legislatures come only good reports. They are said to be more punctual in attendance than men, more diligent in the discharge of their duties, to take their work more seriously, to give better heed to the measures they vote on. No complaint about them is heard from any source. Yet there are in

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the whole nation only sixty-three of them, and likely hereafter to be fewer. Why? That is a question often asked and never satisfactorily answered. They do well, they are faithful and competent public servants; but the fashion of electing them, if it ever amounted to that, is passing. Women will take no interest in the electing of women. Men, therefore, can hardly be expected to do so.

Again, a vast field for such improvement as women could effect lies in American municipal government. A city is only a bigger household; surely no difficult arcana must be mastered to enable one to reject grafting jobs, urge efficiency, and insist upon clean streets. So far, strange to relate, women in municipal affairs in America are almost negligible.

How then? Shall we say that woman-suffrage is a failure?

Certainly not in any way such as its open adversaries foretold when the fight was on. Not one of the dark and shuddering prophecies then heard in superfluity has come true. Woman has not been dragged from her lofty pedestal by contact with the low, degraded ballot-box. Grace and charm have not departed from the American home. Family life has not been destroyed. Households have suffered the invasion of the horrid specter of politics and have remained quite serene. Domestic arts have not been neglected while mother bawled on the hustings. Children have not gone (in greater numbers than before) breakfastless to school. There is no recorded increase in the burning of soups. The eternal feminine has not changed or been side-tracked. Possibly, if we were to dwell considerately upon the philosophical revelations of these facts, we might gain something almost as good as we of the other side of the fight thought woman-suffrage was going to be. Nothing is as bad as it is painted in a campaign, and nothing is as good. Very little disaster actually comes to pass in this world; most of it is on the hot lips of the propagandist. Looking carefully at the story of the woman-suffrage fight, it seems as if Dismal Jemmy another time might well be left to draw to his lonesome self his picturings of gloom. In the real world such things do not happen.

§ 3

On the other side, too, no one that had any part in the great and wonderful struggle to win this reform will be ready yet to proclaim that it was all for nothing. It cost too much. The story of those seventy years of splendid struggle fills too big a space in the chronicles of democracy. To be a woman-suffragist fifty years ago took more courage than to charge a battery. No cause has had more unselfish devotion inspired from pure faith in its righteousness. We are too close to it now to do it justice. Another generation will put it for heroism and persistence alongside the revolt against chattel slavery. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the fruits of so much devotion look exceedingly meager. One national and sixty-three state legislators do not betoken enough of a purifying and uplifting influence to be ponderable in a nation of 110,000,000 persons. A group of timid and over-awed women in a state convention affords no hope that a holier aureole is about to shine about the somewhat disfigured head of the goddess of political wisdom, and taking

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a comprehensive view of the situation, it is no wonder the politicians laugh and the reformers are discomfited.

The first great disillusion about women in public life came with the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. This was in the beginning a women's idea; women suggested it, urged it, and ended by making it formidable in high circles where at first it had borne only a comic aspect. But how different was the shape in which it emerged from the chancelleries compared with the first magnificent thought of the women that demanded it! They had dreamed of an international conference to abolish armaments, and so rid the earth at last of its darkest shadow and greatest crime. Women had no more idea of limiting armaments than they had of limiting murder or limiting smallpox. What they wanted was to cut out the whole hideous business, and be done with it. The letters and telegrams with which they bombarded their senators and representatives and so turned the suggestion from jest to earnest in the mind of statecraft had this purpose and none other.

All this showed the American woman's power; the next turn in events revealed her weakness. When the plan for the conference came out, by a piece of legerdemain familiar to old correspondents, it was no longer a conference to abolish armaments, but only one to limit them. Here was the first great test, and enfranchised womanhood crumpled up under it. The women allowed their idea to be thus defeated and despoiled, and for the first time the politicians sensed how groundless had been their fears.

And the second was like unto this. The unities demanded that women should sit on the commission that represented the United States. Not to mention the obvious fact that women had started the whole thing and made it possible, women were now equal citizens with men, woman had a greater interest than men in the subjects that conference was to discuss. When the just and reasonable request for woman representation there was refused, and women accepted the repulse and ignominy of that refusal, most of the remaining vision of woman's good influence disappeared.

Next, as a device to salve the sting of the refusal, a so-called "advisory committee" was created, with nobody to advise and nothing to do, and women were offered places on this transparent expedient. When without protest women accepted such places, nothing was left to the most sanguine observer except a vague hope that in another generation women might become too wise to be fooled by such child's play, but that for the present, instead of being more astute than the men, they were more naïve.

The conference proceeded with its distinguished labors. It did not abolish war or make war less likely or more difficult. It agreed to the discarding of types of weapons that had become obsolete, safeguarded the naval supremacy of Great Britain, and settled a small part of the problems of the Pacific in a way that may or may not prove desirable. When these results, so halting and ludicrous compared with the original conception, were accepted without protest by the women, the politicians must have hugged themselves with joy. All was exceedingly well in their domain.

Yet one cannot deny that the promise with which women had en-

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tered upon their new position was exceedingly fair to look upon. At the national conventions of the two great parties in 1920 it is not exaggeration to say that the only speeches above the level of mediocrity were made by women. The only ideas advanced that showed conviction, vision, and wisdom were advanced by women. The only persons who indicated any sense of the value of time were women. Not one of them overdid the speaking; all of them showed an admirable restraint and a rather astonishing power of condensation. One woman said more in two minutes than all the men together said in all the hours they devoted to their musty platitudes. These were the seventeenth and eighteenth national conventions the present writer had reported, and if experience had taught him anything about the subject, the women not merely surpassed, but eclipsed, the men. The only persons in either gathering that seemed to have any dignity or any feeling of responsibility were women. It was a man, or something of that order, who leaped upon the chairman's desk to do a frenetic dance to the accompaniment of lunatic yells, and it was men who conceived the brilliant and striking idea that the next President of the United States should be chosen by a preponderance of noise.

§ 4

For all that good beginning, fell the great house of hope. Not all women are content with the ruins. At a recent convention of women, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt voiced an explicit dissatisfaction. She pointed out with a protest the present neglected status of women in public affairs. She resented the manifest purpose of the men managers in politics to ignore the women electorate, and urged her hearers to alert and vigorous action that the great reform potency that lies in woman-suffrage may not be lost.

But if the printed reports of her address were in any way just to her, which is probably too much to expect, she did not dwell upon the reason for the half-contemptuous attitude men are now assuming toward the woman voter.

In this she was probably wise, which seems to be a habit of hers, but the reason need not be obscured here. Inquiries among great numbers of women in many parts of the country have brought out an identical answer. Women in America take virtually no part in politics because they feel they do not know enough about such things. They look upon these fields as shadowy and mysterious and will not without a guide trust themselves across the stile. Astounding it is to contemplate the difference in this respect between the American and the English woman. In the country accustomed to the greater democracy access to the suffrage makes women timid. In the country with the less democracy it makes them confident, aggressive, and independent. This is a phenomenon to baffle inquiry. English women vote as they please, vote for other women, vote to make their influence felt. American women vote as their husbands, brothers, or fathers indicate. No one ever heard an English woman say that she felt too timid about national affairs to take an intelligent interest in them, or insist upon a period of careful tuition before she would venture to call her political soul her own. As soon as she got the ballot she went forth to use it in her own sweet way,

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and no calculations are made in British politics now that do not include a careful guessing as to what she is going to do with her great power.

It remained for the American woman, of all in the world, to be bogged in this strange notion of the exceeding mystery and intricacy of politics. How she found her way into it is yet unexplained; surely the American system of education is not so futile as this incident would show. It would not, for instance, induce youth to believe in alchemy or necromancy, yet of course the idea that there is some body of abstruse lore to be solved and some gradations of experience to be passed before one can make a tolerable citizen is not more footless. It is a singular commentary on this superstition that great organizations of women conduct their business with much more celerity and certainty and show a greater aptitude for affairs than similar organizations of men. No one that well remembers the annual conventions of the American Woman-Suffrage Society, for instance, needs to be told about this.

The League of Women Voters, the largest American society of women, is against the notion that women should be voted for merely because they are women, and is diligently trying to educate its members so that they will cast their votes for persons "qualified" to hold office irrespective of sex. Irrespective also of party? Well, about this it meets stormy weather. At its last convention it was assailed in unmeasured terms by ladies of a strong partizan sympathy because it had not compelled all its members to be either Republicans or Democrats. The advantage that would accrue to the nation from such a division, or even to the two main parties, if you come to that, was not explained, but the episode showed that the officers of the league have enough trouble. The Woman's party, on the other hand, of which Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Miss Alice Paul are the leaders, holds that women should be elected to office because they are women, and looks forward to a woman President of the United States. To the ordinary mortal it would seem to be looking fairly far. The Woman's party up to date is small, but sanguine. One may conclude on the evidence obtainable that comparatively few American women have any such notion of their duty at the polls, if any.

But the question that recurs always is how the view the great majority seem to possess can be reconciled with any faith in an important betterment of the electorate wrought by the addition of women. So far as one uninspired can see, it is the same old thing, but more of it. Hope springs eternal. The women that will vote in large numbers independently and on a non-partizan conviction for righteousness's sake have not yet appeared in this country. Possibly they are on their way, but nothing discernible heralds their approach. If political regeneration and the more intelligent conduct of public affairs were the main considerations on which we fought for woman-suffrage, it would be absurd to contend that the present results constitute a success.

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Country People[1]

A Novel in Four Parts — Part III

By Ruth Suckow

The first years of the war did n't affect the Richland farmers very much. It seemed far away from them. "*Ach,* over there in those old countries," August said with a kind of contemptuous blankness. The men talked about it down at the implement store and at the produce house. They said that this country would never be involved. They were opposed to that, the farmers, as they were opposed to anything that seemed unsettling. They were a conservative bunch about Richland.

August had at first only a slight German feeling. Many of the farmers around Richland were English, and there had always been a little line of cleavage between the English and the German farmers. Sometimes, when August heard old Roland Yarborough "blowing off" about how wicked the Germans were, and that they ought all to be exterminated, it made him hot for a moment, made him feel that he was a German. All the feeling that he had was naturally and instinctively on the side of Germany. But most of the farmers were agreed. "Well, they 've got to fight it out among themselves. It 's their business; 't ain't ours." That was the way that August felt. He went about his own business.

Grandpa was the one who got excited. The old man, so withdrawn, his inner life known now to no one but himself, buried in strange dreams and prayers and fervors, now suddenly came back to the world. It was as if all at once childhood things, which had long been buried, came surging to the surface and overwhelmed him with memories. He went back to his boyhood in that little village in Mecklenburg whose name the boys had never heard before. Now he was always talking about it—Gultberg. "*Ja, in Gultberg den*—" "Gultberg? What 's that? What 's he talking about?" the boys asked, half amused. This was all far away to them. It tickled them, they said, to see "grandpa get himself all worked up" over something he had painstakingly read in the paper, come tottering out from his room, in his old felt slippers and patched brown trousers, his dark, sunken eyes burning, shaking one long, bony finger and pouring out a lot of broken English and German that they could only half understand. "Are de Germans so bad, den? *Mein* oldt *Vater, mein* Uncle Carl, I remember in de oldt country, were dey den all such bad men? No, no." They would listen, grinning a little, until he was exhausted and would go back to his room, shak-

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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ing his head and mourning sadly, "*Ach*, no; *nein*," to sit in the old rocker, sadly, his hands in his lap, muttering as he used to do about the Sunday travel.

Emma tried to calm him; she was afraid that the excitement would hurt him. She could n't see why he was so affected by this, by things so far away; but of course he was thinking about his old home.

But when this country went in, all this was changed. Then feelings that had never been known before were all about. Then the taunts, the talk about Huns and *Boche*, made farmers like August for the first time actually realize their German ancestry. August had always taken it for granted that he belonged in this country. They awoke a deep racial resentment that could not come flaring out into the open, but had to remain smoldering; and that joined with the fear of change, the resentment at interference, into a combination of angry feelings.

This centered chiefly in a deep opposition to the draft. To have some one tell his boys to do this and that! To take away his help on the farm just when he needed it most! To have somebody just step in and tell them where they had to go! Was that what happened in this country? Why had his people left the Old Country, then, if things were going to be just the same?

Carl was twenty-three now, Johnnie twenty. Carl's was among the first three names drawn in Richland, where he had to register. It was on the list in the post-office—Carl Kaetterhenry, along with Ray Powers and Jay Bennett, the preacher's son. August stormed, wanted to know what right the Government had. But Carl took it quietly. There was no use kicking, he said. His name happened to be one drawn, and that was all there was to it.

What roused August to the greatest anger was that Harlan Boggs, the banker's son in Wapsie, should get exempt, while his boy had to go. Harlan Boggs had appealed to the board and got exemption on the ground that he could n't be spared from the bank because of Liberty-bond work. But it did n't matter to the board, August said, that he could n't get help and that they should take his boy right in the midst of the harvest season. Johnnie was working for Frank that year, and Carl was the only one he had on the farm. They said, "Produce, produce," but how was he going to do it when he got no help? There was all this talk about the women working on the farms, but August did n't see many of those high-school girls from Richland coming out and offering to do his threshing for him. Where were all these women working, then?

Grandpa quieted down after he learned that this country was in the war; regarded with a hurt, sorrowing, bewildered wonder that it should be fighting Germany. That was all that mattered to him, all that he could see of it. Carl went in to say good-by to him, embarrassed and a little afraid of what grandpa might do. The old man rose from his chair, holding it by one arm, and quietly shook Carl's hand. Then he returned to his solitary brooding. It was strange and remote, the touch of that dry, aged, bony hand, although grandpa had been there in the house ever since Carl could remember.

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The train left in the early morning. August drove his family in, Emma and Carl and Marguerite. Johnnie and Frank and Frank's wife came in Frank's car; Mary and Elva and Roy in Roy's. There was a little group at the small wooden station: the other two boys and their families, a few people from town, one or two detached traveling men. The family stayed awkwardly in the depot, did n't know what to do or to say to one another. Johnnie and August went out to see if the train was in sight.

Just before the train came,—the morning "Clipper," the Chicago train, by which clocks were set and risings timed,—old Jerry McQuire, the postmaster, an old Catholic who had come into office when "the Democrats came in," lined the three boys up on the station platform and read the President's Proclamation to them. It was a strange, solemn, unreal scene. Even the people who saw it did n't believe in it. The three boys standing there, their figures against the dim red of the harvest sunrise, with solemn, blank faces, frowning a little to keep down any signs of emotion. One of the mothers sobbed. Emma only wept a little, effacing herself even now. Carl looked big and fresh between the other two boys, Jay Bennett, a thin boy, dissipated in a small-town way; Ray, gawky and sunburned, with a wild head of hair. Carl was such a big, sturdy boy! He had his father's fresh-colored skin, only finer-grained, rough light hair, full boyish lips, and clear blue eyes.

The little town was silent. Away from the station stretched pastures, the dew lying wet and heavy on red clover and tall weeds. The train came bearing down upon them, puffing out blackish smoke into the pale morning sky. It went black and big into the red prairie sunrise. The fields were left silent again. The scattered group of people on the platform got into their battered cars and drove back home to the morning chores.

When Johnnie had to go, they were more used to it.

§ 2

It was a queer time at home. It was so strange to be without the boys! August was a big, vigorous man, but now he realized for the first time, now that he had everything to do alone, that he was getting older. He had never stopped working hard; but now he saw that, strong and dogged as he was, he could n't quite do the work he had done in those days when they first went on the farm. He did n't even think of getting Emma out into the field now. "Mama" belonged in the house.

The feeling in the neighborhood against the German farmers had grown to a degree that would have seemed incredible at the beginning of the war. August "got off easy" compared with some of them. He had two boys in the service, he could keep his mouth shut, he bought Liberty bonds, although he did n't like to be told to do so. If it had not been for Carl and Johnnie in the army, he might have refused, like old Rudolph Haas, out of pure Kaetterhenry stubbornness. It was the thought of Carl and Johnnie that kept him from flaring up too fiercely when the boys yelled at him, when he drove into Richland: "Hey, Dutchy! Old Dutchman! Old Dutchy Kaetterhenry!" Once or twice he threatened, and started after them; but usually he only glared at them,

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smothering his impulse to fight. Some of the other German farmers came up before the board because of things they had said, or were reported to have said. Old Haas's corn-crib was burned. But nothing worse happened to August than being yelled at on the street and finding painted in crude red letters on his barn: "Old Dutchy Kaetterhenry. Hun. Bosh. Look Out."

They were having terrible times down around Turkey Creek, which was solidly German, and where there had been more resistance to the draft. One of August's brothers had been threatened. A mob of boys and men from Wapsie had gone down there one night and tarred and feathered the preacher at the old Turkey Creek German church.

August kept himself in hand because of the boys and because of the way Emma worried. And underneath all his anger was a strange, hurt, puzzled incredulity. Had n't he lived here all his life, been born twenty miles from here? Did n't everybody know August Kaetterhenry? Had n't he been a good farmer and citizen and church member all his life? There was at the same time something fiercely real and yet utterly incredible about the whole thing.

Emma worried about the boys. She never heard the telephone ring that she did n't think it might be a message for them, as their neighbor, Mrs. Griffin, had got. She knew now that of all the children Johnnie was her boy, just as Carl was August's. Carl was steadier and more level-headed. She had a feeling that Carl would take care of himself, that nothing would happen to him. But Johnnie—he would go rushing into everything.

It was long since she had done the milking and all such work. Despite having less cooking and washing to do, it was hard on her. She was ailing more or less, although she kept up. That old trouble that she had sometimes had before came back on her. "Spells with her stomach," she called it. The family had long supposed that these spells were just something that mama had, but now she told Mollie that August wanted to get the doctor out for her. She always said: "*Ach*, no. Wait a while. I guess it won't last long." Then she would feel better again.

Things were strange all about these days. One of the queerest things that happened was Mary's marriage. Years ago Mary had gone with Joe Fields. He used to take her to the county fair when Roy took Elva. But then Mary had wanted to go to school, and Joe had married Ada Griffin. He was a widower now, with four little children. Mary was "sewing around." People had n't even known that Joe was "looking in that direction" again. But all at once he and Mary turned up at the Kaetterhenry farm married! Well, the family were glad that she was settled, although they did n't see how she was going to be strong enough to do all that work and look after those four children. But she and Joe, it seemed, had always liked each other, although once Mary had wanted a different kind of man from Joe. The family thought it was a good thing to have her settled down at last. This was something to write the boys, if it did n't take them so long to get their mail that it would be old before they heard of it.

Carl had gone into the army first, but Johnnie got across before he did.

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Carl had his father's knack with horses. They kept him down at one of the Southern camps training new recruits to handle the horses. Johnnie was in the machine-gun division. He was right in the thick of it, as they thought Johnnie would be sure to be. He was wounded once, but his family did n't hear of it until he was back in the fighting again. Carl just got across when the armistice was signed.

Carl came back, ready to settle down for good, saying that this old Iowa farm looked better to him than any place he had ever seen or hoped to see. That went far to soothe August's anger. Carl had n't been at home three weeks when he married his old girl in the country, Clara Josten, and brought her out to the farm until he and she could find a place of their own.

But Johnnie was different. He was restless. He was reported cured of his wound, but they could see that he was nervous, jumpy, not the boy that he used to be. He could n't seem to be still a minute. He was always running off with the car and going to town. The car was the only thing in which he was interested. August, who was a cautious driver, grumbled about the way that Johnnie drove, with all the gas on, muffler open, fenders rattling, making that old car go at top speed every moment. Johnnie went over to help Frank again. They thought that maybe that might help to give him a change and quiet him down. But in the height of the season he suddenly walked out and went into Richland, where he got a job at the garage with the Beal Brothers.

August shared in the high prices and the land boom that raged in Iowa after the war. He had an offer of five hundred dollars an acre for the farm. It dazzled him, but, still, August was too cautious to sell. And if he did, then what would he do? It was a better piece of land than he could pick up again. Roy Robbins and Elva did sell their farm, but then the slump in prices came, and the man could n't make payments, and they had it back on their hands again. There was a piece of land down near Turkey Creek, however, that old Casper Kaetterhenry had left to the children; the second wife had got the home farm. August and his brother Heinie bought that piece from the others and sold it when prices were at the peak.

War-time feelings died out, but a little of the old resentment stayed. August never felt quite the sense of home and security in Richland township that he had felt before.

§ 3

Carl's wife was a great help in the house. She was much like Carl himself, fresh-faced, light-haired, rather quiet, but good-tempered and sturdy and vigorous. At first Emma tried to treat her like company, but Clara said that she was used to doing things and really tried to take some of the hardest work off Emma's hands. Emma had always had the feeling that she must be responsible for all that was done in the house. But now she let Clara do things for her. She told the relatives she "liked Carl's wife real well. She was nice to have around."

The family thought that Emma might get to feeling better now that the boys were at home again and she did n't have all that worry. But she was still miserable. People noticed that she did n't look well; said: "Ain't

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you thinner than you been the last few years? What they been doing to you?" August was slow to believe anything really wrong with any of his family. But he did see that Emma did n't look right.

Then she was "right down sick." August did n't know when Emma had ever really given out before, and it frightened him. He asked her if she did n't want to try that place where Mary had gone. The neighbors and relatives all came in to help and advise. They all said wisely that it was something that had better be looked after. They told about Mrs. Ed Kohler. None of these doctors could help her, and old Bowen had said she was dying, until she had gone up to the clinic at Rochester. Others had gone there, as formerly they had tried patent medicine and mud baths. People talked Rochester, Rochester, until August asked Emma, "Well, do you think you 'd like to go up there, then?" She said, as she always did, "*Ach*, I don't know." But he could see that she rather wanted to go. All the children urged it. They wanted August to take her there. Carl and Clara could look after the farm. Finally August said he guessed he 'd take her up there.

It was the greatest journey that they had ever taken together. August had gone to Chicago once with stock during the war, and when she was a little child Emma had come out to Iowa from New York with her parents; but they had never gone farther on the train together than to Dubuque, about thirty miles away.

Every one knew that he was taking her to Rochester. People who had been there, or had had members of their family there, came over to tell Emma details of operations. When they saw that she was getting frightened they said, "Well, now, maybe you 'll find it 's just some little thing that don't need an operation, like Myrtie Rohrer."

It seemed to Emma and August that they were taking a terrible and final journey. Carl drove them to the station. They were taking Marguerite with them. Clara stood in the kitchen doorway, her arms hugged in her apron, because the March wind was cold. As Carl cranked the car and hurried around to the side to get in, she waved her arm and called, "Don't worry about your chickens." Emma asked fearfully, "What 's that she said?" "Said not to worry about your chickens, Mama." They drove out through the deep, black, sticky mud of their own drive, out to the highway, with its brown gravel gritty and wet in the sharp, windy March air.

At the station they felt a faint importance and pride when August told the people who inquired, "*Ja*, I 'm takin' her up to Rochester; see if those fellows can't help her some a'ready."

The children, too, felt pride in the clipping from the Richland "Banner" that they sent on to the folks up at Rochester.

"Mr. and Mrs. August Kaetterhenry left Tuesday for Rochester, Minn., to consult the Drs. Mayo in regard to her health. Mrs. Kaetterhenry has been in poor health for some time, and it is hoped by her many friends that she will find speedy relief at this famous establishment."

The trip up to Minnesota, bleak and sharp as the weather was, had interest for them. It was almost the first

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time that they had been in any other State than Iowa. August was in the smoking-car. He came back and said to Emma and Marguerite, "Do you know you 're in Minnesota a'ready?" "Oh, are we?" Emma looked out of the window. She thought with a thrill, "We 're in another State!" August kept watching to see how the country looked, and whether things were as far along up here as he had left them back there. He saw some nice farms, he said. But the land was flatter than around home, and a fellow to whom he had been talking told him that they had more wind up here. August said he did n't think he 'd like to live where they were all Swedes and Norwegians. He had n't seen any farm yet that looked better than his own in Richland township.

They took the journey in the day coach and thriftily ate the lunch that Clara and Lottie had put up for them, taking the fried chicken out of the pasteboard box and telling Marguerite to brush the crumbs off the dusty, red plush seat. They looked like country people, August heavy and silent, his farmer's red neck showing rough and creased above his collar in the back, in his heavy coat and overshoes and cap; Emma subdued and uncertain over the journey, looking with a kind of fearful curiosity at the other people in the train; a sickly woman with grayish hair and old-fashioned glasses, in a stiff, black velvet hat and an old black coat of some imitation fur, with old-fashioned sleeves gathered slightly at the top, a black skirt that came down to her rubbers, black golf mittens. Even Marguerite looked a little coarse and sullen, with her blue knitted tam pulled down upon her bright fuzz of hair.

They went to a boarding-house where some of their neighbors had gone, one that was said to be clean and that did n't charge as much as some. It was just as good as anybody 'd want, Mrs. Griffin had told them. It was snowing when they got there, as they wrote back to the children, and they trudged up through the dismal streets, with their left-over dingy snow, August carrying the two suitcases that Carl and Johnnie had let them have. The boarding-house was an old-fashioned, brown frame house close to the medical buildings. Marguerite shared a room with an excitable, talkative woman who took pride in being in Rochester for the fourth time. She told Marguerite all about her different doctors, saying happily, "I said when I come in, 'Well, Doctor, you 've got me back again, you see.' Dr. Barnard knew me right away. Well, he 'd ought to; this is the fourth time I been in Rochester. He 's had to examine me twice before hisself. He says: 'Well, Miss Parmenter, I see I have. What do you mean by this?' He 's awful' good-natured; not like some. Always a-jokin' you when you come in there."

The Kaetterhenrys had nothing to say to the other boarders at first. They ate in silence, asking one another in hushed voices for butter or bread. But they had to wait several days until they could have their turn at the clinic. One of the women who sat in the shabby boarding-house parlor, with its ancient furnishings, began to talk to Emma. "You here on your own account?" she said. "I thought you was the one. What 's your trouble?" They talked over symptoms together. The woman told Emma what she must expect in going

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through the clinic, and terrified her with descriptions of all the tests that she herself had had to have, leaving out no detail. She thought that Emma must have just what her cousin's wife had had, and she had spent four months in the hospital and now was going to have to come again. At night Emma and August talked over the boarders together in their room, in hoarse whispers, Emma telling what she had gleaned of where this one lived, what that one's husband did, what was the matter with another one.

They started in at the clinic at last, when Emma was afraid that "mister would get restless and want to go home if they did n't get in pretty soon." When the girl at the desk asked them for what they had come, they said, looking at each other, as if the other one might know, "they did not know; that 's what they wanted to find out." She sent them patiently to the abdominal section, which was a good guess for most farmer people. Emma took the tests, while August stolidly waited in the lobby of the clinic building, with his overcoat thrown open and his cap on his knee. Emma wanted him around. He did not take an interest in watching the people, as she would have done, but he liked to see how the building was put up, to calculate how much space and how many rooms they must have and how many people there must have been going through it to-day.

He was just where Emma had left him. He said, "Well, what 'd he tell you?" "*Ach*, I got to see another one to-morrow."

Gradually they felt themselves drawn into the life of the place. It was an experience to them, more than the mud baths had been to Mary. Although they were bashful and ill at ease away from home, it was not so hard getting acquainted as they had thought. People talked to them—the boarders, people who happened to sit near them in the clinic—and wore away their country shyness. Emma felt a kind of enjoyment in talking over the tests she had taken and the doctors she had seen with three or four other people who sat in the boarding-house parlor with the landlady and talked. Her ailments had never had any importance before. They always asked, when she and August came in, "Well, still taking tests?" "*Ja*, I guess that 's what she 'll always be doing," August answered. Emma smiled shyly. The boarders thought that "that Mrs. Kaetterhenry was a real sweet little person." Even August fell into conversation with a fat man who sat next him in the clinic and who was also waiting for his wife. They talked about their wives' illnesses, and the man told how the crops had been in Wisconsin. August had some conversation with a fellow from Texas that gave him a traveled feeling. Marguerite went to the movies and into the shops with Miss Parmenter, who flew about town buying squares to make drawn-thread handkerchiefs in the intervals of examinations.

The strange and unaccustomed thing was the importance of Emma. August and Marguerite counted for nothing beside her here, were merely here to be with her. It was a new idea to both of them, and to Emma, too. August went in with her to the doctor who had examined her to hear the verdict. He did not make a murmur about the expense, although it was all so much more than he had figured on.

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Emma's value was strangely enhanced in his eyes when the doctor, a large, well groomed, imposing man with a courteous manner that made Emma admire him, spoke respectfully of "Mrs. Kaetterhenry," outlined her condition, and said that she must go at once to the hospital.

The boarders all said, "Gall-bladder operation! Well, that 's just what I thought from what she told me," although the woman who had thought that Emma had her cousin's wife's ailment was disappointed and unconvinced. This was a respectable and well known operation, and it, too, seemed to raise Emma's value in some strange way. The boarders were interested, helped Marguerite to pack her mother's suitcase for the hospital, reassured, and condoled.

Emma seemed still more removed from their common ways of life when she entered the hospital. August went into her room for a while, a small double room, Emma's bed across from another bed where a woman with a long, meager braid lay and talked in sepulchral whispers with a visitor in a hat with green plumes. Emma looked changed, in the narrow, white iron bed, so immaculate, different from their puffy feather-bed at home, without her spectacles, her thin gray hair neatly parted and braided by the nurse. Both she and August felt a mysterious fear of "the sisters" who glided about the halls in their robes and rosaries. They had always felt a fascinated horror of the wickedness of the Catholics.

"It kind o' makes me creepy to have them around here," Emma protested.

"*Ach*, I guess they 're all right. He would n't 'a' sent you here if they was n't," August said.

All this whiteness and immaculateness seemed great splendor to them.

Emma had her operation the next day. August was really frightened then. The boarders all reassured him, all told of the wonders of the surgeon. August had seen him for a moment in the hospital—a short, plump, very clean man, exhaling a kind of unshakable vigor. August felt a tremendous awe of him. They both trusted him in the blind way that they trusted their Methodist God, because they must. It helped August, fed his pride, that his wife was to have a famous surgeon. But, although he said little, he was shaken. Emma had made him promise to be right there. It seemed now that August mattered more to her than Marguerite.

He waited in the sun parlor. He had never gone through such an endless morning. He tried to think about the farm, about what crops he would put in this summer; but under everything was a sinking, sickening dread in which he would suddenly be submerged. He was silent, turning his cap upon his knee. Marguerite sat restlessly beside him. She could not keep her hands still, fingered her dress and her beads and her handkerchief. People were wheeled past from the operating-room—mounds of white, some silent, some moaning. August looked at his watch. He went through terror. It should n't have taken as long as this. Something must have gone wrong. He tiptoed down the hall to Emma's room. Her bed was still empty.

The nurse came for them at last. They went, solemn, shaken, on tiptoe, into Emma's room. They felt awed, taken back, at the sight of her strange

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pinched, colorless face at which they stood awkwardly gazing.

"You can speak to her," the nurse said encouragingly. August was terribly in awe of Emma. He did not know what to say.

"Well, it 's over," he said finally.

"*Ja*, I guess so," Emma whispered.

Marguerite stood looking sullen and angry in her fright. She hardly dared go near her mother, kissed her quickly, barely touching her cheek, when the nurse said that she might. They stared a while longer, tiptoed out.

The excitement of the day died down. The boarders all said: "Well, she got through it all right, I see. Sure. I knew she would. Well, now you must telegraph the folks at home. I expect there 'll be some pretty anxious folks."

It was the first telegram that August had ever sent. "Operation over mama doing fine." That, too, gave him importance.

After that August and Marguerite went twice a day to the hospital in the motor-bus that plowed clumsily through the spring mud. August always felt big and awkward and out of place in that silent building, but he got to know the faint odor of drugs. He recognized some of the people who always went up in the elevator with him and felt a kind of kinship with them. He even felt less awe of the gliding sisters. He was n't so dreadfully abashed now at the woman in the other bed, who talked to him and Emma, called him Mr. Kaetterhenry.

Emma now seemed to belong to the place. She said that they were nice to her. She took with shy gratitude the first attention and petting that she had had since she was a girl with a kind of feeling that she, a married woman and mother, should n't have it, but a feminine pleasure in it. The nurses liked her. They were good to her, petted and cared for her in a way that made Marguerite look at them wide-eyed, remembering that this was mama. It was so strange to see mama waited on and of first importance! The other woman in the room was fretful and exacting. Emma was such a contrast to her that the nurses appreciated her all the more. They told her she must n't be afraid to ask for what she wanted, and they liked her shyness and fear of giving them trouble.

For the first time Emma had a life in which her family were outsiders. She had a kind of intimacy with the nurses, and with the very spruce, black-haired young intern who came in and jested with her in a kind of fond teasing way that greatly flattered her. He never did learn how to pronounce her name, and called her blithely "Mrs. Katterhenry," at which she was too shy to protest.

As Emma grew better and his fright died down, poor August hardly knew what to do with himself. He never had been without work before in his life. He had never had a real vacation from the farm except that drive down into the Turkey timber, and then he had had the car to look after and had still talked crops with his brothers. When he could not be at the hospital, he hung about the boarding-house, yawned, sat drearily while the others were gossiping. He had never been a talker. He could n't find the interest in the discussion of ailments that the others did, since he had never had any of his own. Now that he knew what it was, that Emma was

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getting better, he was no longer interested. There was no one just now to talk crops with him. That was the longest three weeks he had ever spent. He would rather have been threshing. The boarders said, "Well, I expect you 're getting anxious to get back to your work now, Mr. Kaetterhenry." He said, *ja*, he was. He worried about how Carl was managing the farm. He would have gone back if Emma had n't begged him to stay.

The boarders said encouragingly, when they saw his restlessness, "Oh, the vacation 'll do you good." "*Ja*, but I 've had about enough of it, though," he said.

Emma, too, said that she was anxious to get back home, but in a way she was having the best time that she had had for years. She was taking her leisure with a clear conscience. She had never been treated with such consideration. She really hated to leave the nurses and the young intern.

When she got back to the boarding-house, most of the boarders who had been there before her operation were gone. Miss Parmenter had left much disappointed because they had told her that she did n't need an operation; a little medicine was enough. Dr. Barnard had gone down in her estimation. Emma missed the care and attention which had embarrassed her so at first. She missed the visits of the young intern, with his flattering jests. The boarding-house seemed dreary.

The specialist at the clinic had a talk with August before they left for home. August listened, subdued and respectful. The doctor said that he "anticipated no trouble," but that Mrs. Kaetterhenry must do no heavy work this summer and must take things very easily. August heard him uneasily, agreed, "*Ja*, I guess we can manage that." Something in it appealed to his sturdiness and reliability, his feeling of protection. Down underneath was a little feeling of bewildered guilt. This thing had opened August's eyes a little.

§ 4

They went back to Richland feeling journeyed and full of Rochester. August was glad to get back to the farm and plunged at once into the late spring work. Emma was fearful of her strength at first. She remembered the admonitions. Clara said, "Now, Mama, we must n't let you overdo." But when Emma got home, into the familiar routine, she threw off invalid ways. She had always worked here. They could n't keep her from doing things. No one knew the people of whom she talked in Rochester. The surgeon, the doctors, meant nothing to Clara and Carl. The event of her home-coming was soon over. She settled down into the old ways again. She did n't go around telling every one of her operation, as Mrs. Griffin had done, but the experience stayed, sharp and momentous, in her mind.

August, too, was a little different. He seemed to accept with relief her settling back into the rôle of mama. But he was more thoughtful of her. He asked her if she could n't let Clara do this or that. He saw, they all saw, that she was n't equal to the things that she used to do.

August had worried about the farm. But when he came back to it he could n't find anything very wrong with Carl's management. Things

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seemed to look as usual. That summer Carl kept on with some of the things that he had been doing that August had never intrusted to any of the boys before.

Those years of the war, when he had had everything to do, had tired August. He had always intended to retire, take it easy, when he could afford it; but all these things brought him to it now. He announced to Emma one day that they might move in to town and leave the farm to Carl.

The chief question was what they should do with grandpa if they left the farm. He had lived in that little room so long! He was over eighty now. It would be hard for him to make any change. He would n't want to go to town with them; he was used to the country. Clara and Carl said, "Let him stay here," but Emma hated to do that. He was getting so old now and might need a good deal of care before long; and they were young people, and did n't want to be tied to the place. Grandpa ought to have some of his own children to look after him. August thought that Herman and Mollie ought to take care of him now. They had let Emma have the whole care of both grandma and grandpa always. Now it would n't hurt Mollie to do something for her father. The old man would be no expense to them. He had a tiny income from bits of his land that had been left to him, enough to buy tobacco for him and *"Die flammende Fackel,"* and the few clothes and things that he needed. Now August and Emma were going into town to take it easy. Emma was n't going to be saddled with the care of grandpa, August said, as she had been with grandma.

They took grandpa's belongings over to Mollie's one day in the motor-truck that Johnnie had assembled from an old engine and various miscellaneous parts: the ancient rope bed with the feather mattresses, the two wooden rocking-chairs, the commode and little old mirror, the air-tight stove, the ancient, faded books. Mollie and Herman made little trouble about taking him. They would probably not move off the farm for years yet. They could n't afford it. Herman had n't done as well as August had. The Klauses had taken things more easily all along, were more happy-go-lucky and not such workers as the Kaetterhenrys. They were easy-going people, Herman a little, lean man with kindly, childlike eyes and a kind of innocence of speech, Mollie short and fat and shapeless, waddling, good-hearted. Their farm had a dingy old-fashioned house set close to a scraggly, tangled willow grove where the ground seldom got a chance to dry and the blackbirds were noisy. They used a gasolene engine for some of their work, but they had no silo, no lights, and only the old red-painted barn. Farm implements stood about the worn, grassless farmyard. August had always despised Herman a little for being so easy-going and not getting anywhere. They put grandpa's things into their own down-stairs bedroom, moving up themselves into the room that Ernie, their son, had had, and saying: *"Ach,* we don't care. We can get along anywhere."

Emma felt a dreadful sense of guilt and desertion in leaving her father there. Not that Herman and Mollie would n't be good to him. But she knew how things went at Mollie's.

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It did n't seem right to have him anywhere but in that room where he had lived so long. But August said it would have to be that way.

The Kaetterhenrys moved to town in the late fall. There was no house that they could get to rent. They had to take rooms in old Mrs. Freeman's house until they could get a place of their own. Houses were scarce in Richland, where little business was done. This was a little house in the south part of town, the old and hilly part beyond the railroad tracks. It was half-frame, half-brick, painted a cream-yellow. They lived in the brick half. There were three rooms. They did their cooking and eating in one, August and Emma slept in another, and Marguerite had a cot and dresser in the third, which was their sitting-room. The rooms had the old square, small-paned windows, close to which some oak-trees rustled dry leaves. They had to get all their water from the pump next door. They had a stove only in the room where Marguerite slept, except the little oil-burner in the kitchen.

Emma did n't know just what August intended to do, whether he meant to buy or to build a house of his own. He still kept all such things to himself. He managed all the money. Once Johnnie said to her when he came over, "Heard pa was trying to buy one of those lots over by Cunningham's." "*Ach*, is he?" she said. "*Ja*, he don't tell me nothing." She did not think of making a fuss, as some would have done, but no one suspected the resentment that lay deep under her silence.

The children all said cheerfully: "Well, Mama, you can take it easy this winter. You ain't got much to do here." She said a little complainingly: "No, I should say I ain't. I wish I had a little more." These three small rooms were nothing after she had looked after a farm-house. Of course there were the meals to get, and they were hard to cook on this little three-burner oil-stove, when she was used to her big range. Johnnie ate with them, although they did n't have room for him to stay there.

But she had all afternoon to herself and she hardly knew what to do. It was a long, snowy winter. There were not many sidewalks in this part of town, and it was hard to get out anywhere. She did n't see the children as often as she had in the country. She did n't get out to Mary's once all winter. She knew a few people in town,—her two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Willie Stille,—but this was too far for them to come and see her much. She had a cold, and did n't even get to church most of the winter.

Once she said to August:

"Johnnie says you 're buying one of them lots over north."

"*Ja*, I guess maybe," he admitted.

"Well, are we going to build?"

"I guess we better build. They ain't no good houses for sale. Why, don't you want to build?" he demanded.

"*Ach*, I 'd like it, I guess. I just wondered what you was doing."

He grunted. But she had to find out from the children that he had actually bought a lot and that he was ordering lumber from the Great Western Lumber-yard. Elva demanded angrily, "Why don't pa ask you something about it? You ought to have some say-so about your own house, I should think. I 'd like to see Roy do

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that." She said, "*Ach*, that 's the way he always does." He did mean to let her have something to say about the way the house should be built, but buying the lot and things like that he could n't see how they concerned her. The house did, of course. She often wondered how much he had had to pay for the lot, but she never asked him.

August's interest was all in the new house now. It was something to build up, as he had built up the farm. There were some pictures of houses in the window of the bank, a large card showing four of them, all planned by the same company, all more or less on the bungalow type. August went in several times to look at them. The banker always said, "Sure! Any of those appeal to you, Mr. Kaetterhenry?" August replied cautiously: "*Ach*, I don't know. I ain't quite ready to build yet a'ready." "No, no. Well, they 're pretty nice little houses." "*Ja*, they 're pretty nice all right."

§ 5

When he had got his mind pretty well made up, he asked for one of the sheets with the pictures and took it home to show to Emma.

"How 'd you like to live in one of those?" he asked. He had always had a kind of idea that when he came to town he would put up a big house, one like Mr. Nixon's, the banker's, that had a porch all the way around. But it seemed that they were n't putting up many of those houses now. Mr. Nixon sent the contractor, Herb Carter, to see them. "Heard you folks were thinking some of building." Herb tried to get them to put up a pebble-dashed bungalow, like the one he had put up for Dan Myers the summer before. But they would n't quite agree to that. Emma wanted an up-stairs. August was n't sure that he liked this pebble-dash. It was a pretty new thing, and he was n't sure how it would "hold." They compromised on a kind of semi-cottage, with no attic and three small up-stairs rooms.

That was a good part of town where their lot was. It was where the building would be going on now. The banker's son, Clarence Nixon, owned the lot next to theirs, they had heard. He would probably build as soon as he got married. There was no house so far on their side of the street except Tom Cunningham's, on the corner, and that faced the other street. There were no trees either; just a short, vacant block, beyond which were pastures.

They began work on the house as soon as they could in the spring. Herb Carter had a lot of houses to build. He always promised more than he could do. But they got along because August did so much of the work himself. He got a wagon and team from the boys and hauled his own sand and earth for the yard. He was a pretty good carpenter, handy, as many Germans are, and he helped with the lathing and siding. It kept the men on the job, too, to have him there. There was n't much fooling with August Kaetterhenry, as people who had had to deal with him knew. He meant to have the house ready, so that they could move into it before winter.

The boys said laughingly: "Thought pa was going to town to take it easy. He 's working as hard as he did on the farm. I 'd want to be paid good and

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plenty before I 'd take to hauling all that dirt."

But August liked it. The house filled up the blank left by the farm. It fed his pride to be putting up a good house, showing people that he could afford it. There was the thought that he had worked hard for this, that he owed most of it to himself. People said, "You always see Mr. Kaetterhenry going back and forth from his new house. It must be going up pretty fast."

It was up now, although the finishing was n't done inside. The "Banner" had an item about it:

"Mr. August Kaetterhenry has put up his fine new house in the north part of town and is about ready for the finishing. Mr. Kaetterhenry says that the first of October will see them established in the new house."

He went over to see it in the early summer evening, to take some more boards over, so that the men would have them there in the morning, but really to see how the place looked when he was n't working on it.

The house stood, new, bare, bright, on the raw earth that was littered over with boards, shavings, pails of dirtyish mortar. It had had its first coat of paint, the upper story yellow, and the lower white. The shingles looked brown and fresh and had a woody smell. The porch roof sloped, and there was one of those dormer-windows in the center that looked as if it had slipped down half-way. Narrow planks that bent a little led up over the porch steps and to the shining front door. The door was locked now. The house was past the stage when little girls could go in and find shaving curls to hang over their hair, and when women could go there, looking around and speculating on which room was which.

Inside the house was new, echoing, still. The unstained floors and woodwork made August feel that he should n't be stepping about in his heavy shoes. The walls were rough, white, untinted. The bath-room was finished, although chunks of plaster lay around. He was proud of the shining pipes, the white porcelain of the fixtures still unwashed, with labels sticking to it. Another thing that he admired was the colonnade between the dining-room and living-room. It seemed queer to both of them not to have a parlor, but that was the way that houses were being made now. Although he had worked on this house, August could hardly believe in it, somehow, and that he was ever going to live here.

There were some small boards laid over the stairs to keep them clean. He thought he 'd go up and see how it looked up there. But he did not stay long. It was dim up there, more silent, and his shoes made a fearful noise as he creaked from room to room. He had a stealthy feeling, as if some one would catch him there. These rooms kept the heat of the day. He was proud of the shining bronze-and-black registers in the walls.

Well, he guessed there was nothing he could do in here. He 'd seen it all often enough.

He went outside. In the early summer evening there was a kind of sadness and bareness in the new house, standing stark against the pale evening sky, the new boards around, the raw dirt, the tools thrown down wherever the men had happened to drop them, the vacant lots beyond, and then the pastures stretching away, damp and

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fresh with dew, and the slow-moving forms of cattle.

They had wanted to move in in September, but it was the middle of October before they could. Then the woodwork was all stained and varnished—light, shining golden-oak. They had had the walls in the front room "tiffanied." In the other rooms the walls were tinted light green or blue, with stenciled borders. They had bought new rugs for the two front rooms, with bright mottled patterns, and had had the old rag rugs made up into strips for the bedrooms. They were "doing everything right."

They had n't brought in all of their furniture. August said some of it was n't worth carting. The combination desk and book-case, their bedroom furniture, the standard rocker, and three or four others—all these they had. The old rockers and the little old stand they put up-stairs. Grandpa's old German Bible and the album and other old things went into the small storeroom at the head of the stairs. Down-stairs, as people said admiringly, half the things were new. The dining-room furniture was all new—a round table and four chairs with leather seats. They had kept some of the old chairs to help out when they had company. They had a new set of dishes, too, although they themselves used the old ones. The new ones were white, with scalloped edges and a thin gold line. The dining-room table remained immaculate, on it a round, embroidered crash doily and a plant. They would do their eating in the kitchen. In the living-room was the piece of furniture that the children admired—a large brown davenport upholstered in stiff half leather.

People went in to see the Kaetterhenrys. They said they were "fixed real nice."

At first it seemed queer to the children to see ma and pa in this brand-new modern house, with the shining floors and white plumbing and new furniture. But they got used to it quickly. Now, when they came into town, it was a settled thing that they should go to the folks' for dinner, and leave the babies there while they did their buying. They came in on Sundays to church, and all ate in the new dining-room, the daughters holding babies on their laps.

There was one thing that disappointed them, Emma especially. They had fixed up such a nice room for Johnnie and had thought that they could have him with them again. He had been rooming over in an old house near the garage. But just before they moved into the new house he had driven over to Wapsie one day with his landlady's daughter, and had come back and announced himself married. Emma felt dreadfully, both because of the girl he had married and because he had n't told her and his father about it.

They hated to think of his marrying "such a little flip," as people in town called her. The other two boys had married good workers, good sensible girls, although in some ways they did n't care much for Frank's wife. This Bernice was only a junior in high school, a silly, rather pretty girl, with a large, soft, powdered face and great buns of dark hair showing the rats, melting, foolish, brown eyes. She wore sleazy over-blouses molded by her large, soft breasts, and knee skirts showing her fat, white legs in cheap, thin silk stockings that had a brownish cast. She did n't know how

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to do anything. She and Johnnie were to stay with mama.

If Frank had married a girl like that, August might not have forgiven him for years. He did storm and say that he would n't do anything more for Johnnie. But, although the marriage was known as a great disappointment to the Kaetterhenrys, August's anger did n't last. In a way this crazy action of Johnnie's, while it hurt August, partly satisfied his old grudge about the way he had been treated in war-time, the peremptoriness of the Government in taking his boys off the farm, being called "Old Dutchy Kaetterhenry." If Johnnie had not gone to war, he would never have done such a thing. He had not been the same boy since, as any one could see.

Johnnie quarreled with Bernice's mother, an old Tatar, and he and Bernice went to live in some rooms up over the hardware store. Their baby was born soon after that. Women whispered how long it should have been before the baby ought to have come. But Junior was the prettiest, sturdiest, fattest baby in the relationship. It gave Emma something to do to go over to Johnnie's rooms and clean up and help Bernice with the baby.

Johnnie seemed to be settling down now. Being older than Bernice made him seem older and more staid to himself. August said that if he had really made up his mind now to stay in the garage business, and not just tinker, they 'd see what they could do for him.

(The end of the third part of "Country People.")

This Blue

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Under the candle's high white pillar,
Inconstant wax and constant flame,
Only at last a blue fire burning,
Essential ghost without a name.

Intense, unearthly, quiet blue
Blooms from a strand of blackened wick,
A brief and breathing residue
Cupped in the silver candlestick.

When in the old gray silver of my body
The candle of my living crumbles low,
This blue will blossom visible and steady,
Will stand revealed a moment, and will go.

Under the candle's high white pillar
Inconstant wax and constant flame,
Only at last a blue fire burning,
Essential ghost without a name.

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

VII—The Lure of the Author

By L. Frank Tooker

It seems to me now only a question of mere chance that in my youth I did not elect to "follow the sea," but chose rather to run with that other mad pack of romantics on the trail of those fickle jades, the nine Muses. The sea was the natural heritage of the imaginative boy of my time and neighborhood, and I, too, loved it, and all my traditions called me to it, while the world of letters was remote and scarcely heeded; but so much of my early childhood was passed on shipboard that the glamour of my first love was lost by the time the lure of books stood beckoning me on to a new one. For books speedily drew me to them, and I early discovered in myself a ready facility to rhyme. It struck me as being a delightful abnormality, like the ability to whistle through one's fingers or to crack one's knuckles, though lacking the attractive qualities of the latter masculine accomplishments, which could be pleasantly employed to horrify girls. Thus too early a boredom with the wonders of the sea and too early an initiation into the mysteries of verse made me a fickle lover. I like to remember, though, that as I deserted my first charmer, I turned back to wave a parting with the hand of the new, for my first attempted "poem" was in praise of the sea, though not of the sea as observed, as it well might have been, through my own conversant eyes, but through the eyes of Felicia Dorothea Hemans. The shadow of her "The breaking waves dashed high" lay heavy upon my first line—so heavy, indeed, that the poem was never more than a fragment. In truth, though I wrote many fragments, I never completed a poem. I was scarcely aware of it, but all these incoagulable parts were echoes of my reading, a certain conservative timidity having led me to books for the exercise of my thoughts, and to nature for the exercise of my emotions. Boyishly, thinking my sensitiveness to nature unique, I was eager to perpetuate it in verse, but having as yet only a rudimentary mind, I was driven to books for the molds in which to cast mere shadows of thought. Unhappily, I was born a few decades too early. In a better selected hour my jumbled incoherences might have passed for free verse of a high order, though, naturally, lacking its not infrequent coarse frankness.

But so foreign to my little world was the habit of rhyming that all these odds and ends of the craft were cherished in a little blank-book that was carefully tucked away, as a timid

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worshiper in a land that was harsh to heretics might have concealed his prayers to a new god. The ambition was all the more willingly not flaunted because the only poets that I had ever seen in the flesh were the one or two who occasionally wrote execrable verse for the local weekly, flighty-minded creatures, in my opinion, with whom even a boy might not care to be mentally associated.

But the first one by me deemed worthy to be considered a "real author" was Miss Josephine Pollard, a young lady who occasionally came to our village as a visitor at the home of one of my most intimate companions. She was said to be a frequent contributor to the "New York Ledger," which I presume was true, though many years later I discovered that she had also written for THE CENTURY and other magazines of a standing superior to that of the "Ledger." Though I speedily fell under the influence of her personal charm as an elderly young woman of twenty or more,—I might have been twelve at that time,—I was disappointed in the fact that she possessed no marked characteristics that set her off from the ordinary people who had not a rhyme in their heads. I had also a slight feeling of resentment toward her as an outlander who had shown an inclination to poach on my future preserves, for I had learned that she had published a tale that centered about the adventures of the yacht *Wanderer*, a vessel that before my time had been built and partly manned in our village and had later been seized as a slaver. The material for her story she had probably received, on some previous visit, from her host, a master sailmaker who had made the *Wanderer's* sails. He had also made, it may here be added, the sails for the *America* when she won her famous race around the Isle of Wight in 1851. His sail-loft being too small for the purpose, he had cut out the *America's* mainsail on Bell Hill, a green slope just below the house where later I was born. With the exception of Anna Dickinson, whom I heard lecture while I was yet at preparatory school, Miss Pollard was also the only author that I saw till I reached college.

One of my first walks in New Haven in the autumn of my freshman year was up to Edgewood in the hope of catching a glimpse of "Ik Marvel" (Donald G. Mitchell). I passed that way several times before I finally saw him walking serenely through his pleasant plantation, a distinguished-appearing figure. Years later, when I came to know John Bigelow well, I never met him without being struck anew with his likeness to Mitchell. Seeing either was to recall the boast of that period that America's notable men of letters were invariably both scholars and gentlemen. I often walked over to Fair Haven, always passing the house where J. S. C. Abbott still dwelt. I had devoured his books in my boyhood, and was still curious to see him, though not with the same eagerness with which I sought out the authors of imaginative literature or adventure. Richard Henry Dana, the author of "Two Years before the Mast," and Thomas Hughes, who wrote "Tom Brown's School-Days" and its sequel, both of whom I saw and heard at commencements, and whose books I had read over and over again, were satisfying spectacles, though to me, who had always elected to identify Hughes with his hero *Tom*

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Brown, it was difficult to visualize the heavy-framed Englishman with the slender lad who had dared the rigors of "Big-side Hare-and-hounds" in his first term at Rugby.

Going up to Cambridge at the end of that first year for the freshman ball game, perched on a window-ledge with other youngsters, I heard both Emerson and Holmes. Emerson fulfilled all my ideals, as he did those of all bookish boys of that reverent period. Holmes left me unmoved, for though I was a hero-worshiper, I was also a grim precisian, and let an author, however much admired, but pen one absurdity of ships or sailormen, then, *puff!* went his bubble reputation, and he and his books no longer existed for me. Now, Holmes had suffered that sad fate. In some early school-book I had read how

"Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Hampton Roads,"

and the captain's little son had climbed up to the main-truck, and, once there, had dared not come down. But his father, coming up on deck, and, perceiving the situation at a glance, caught up a rifle and, aiming it at the boy, called out: "Jump! Jump far out into the sea, or I shoot!" And the boy jumped far out—even into the sea, and lived.

Now, to a boy who had ever gone aloft on a square-rigger, and knew the width of the deck and his own capacity in the standing jump, and that with so uncertain a stance; and knew, too, how the yards intervened between him and the sea, and what a network of rigging meshed the space below, the poem was absurd. But had I, confusing the author of the verses with the author of that other "Old Ironsides," which began,

"Ay, tear that tattered ensign down!"

which Holmes undoubtedly wrote—had I unjustly condemned Holmes to a scorn unmerited? I do not find the verses I attributed to him in his published work. Perhaps some sailor friend pointed out the faults in the poem years ago, and it disappeared from his books; perhaps my memory of him as the author is at fault. Some day I shall make a search for the truth. If I find that my memory was correct, there will be that satisfaction; if it erred, why, that, too, will be a satisfaction, for I dearly enjoy a joke on myself, and for penance I 'll read Holmes from beginning to end, poems, table-talks, and even "Elsie Venner," which once I began.

My day was the day of Dana and William Dwight Whitney, of Loomis and President Porter, and of other great text-book professors, and though I had sat under the instruction of them all and had labored over their precious books, they were different. *They* were not the authors of works of imagination. It was I who displayed imaginative flights of a high order in the painful hours when I faced their questions, both oral and written, and reached heights of inventiveness none of them could have reached.

§ 2

Almost from another world, then, I came when life ushered me into the editorial rooms of THE CENTURY. The office itself was a nest of songsters.

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song
he broke,"

might easily have been written of Mr. Gilder himself. Poetry came to him as naturally and easily as speech. Yet, curiously enough, he had ap-

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proached it slowly and with diffidence. The fortunate hour that brought him an almost simultaneous meeting with Helena de Kay, who became his wife, and with Rossetti's translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova" gave him, as we learn from the delightful book of his letters that his daughter Rosamond has edited, the impetus that formed overnight, as it were, his assured and ready medium of poetic utterance. Mr. Johnson, too, was already known as a poet, and from that day to this has kept his first ideals with a steadfastness worthy of his Scotch Presbyterian and Quaker forebears. And Mr. Buel was also a poet, though touching his lyre more lightly and with less persistence.

Even Mr. Carey wrote verse: he at least wrote one sonnet to prove how easily it could be done—a sonnet to Beethoven. It was a regulation of the Authors Club that all candidates for admittance should offer at least one printed volume as a proof of their standing in letters. But Carey being unique, one sonnet would be enough to wink at. And Carey wrote the sonnet to Beethoven, toiling more assiduously than I had ever before seen him toil. And I toiled, too, criticizing and suggesting; perhaps others also aided. It was all superfluous zeal, mere gilding the lily, as it were, for any sonnet standing on fourteen legs, of no matter what length or order, would have satisfied the committee. So Carey went into the club. He also entered the University Club, though a term or two at the College of the City of New York was enough for that, I think. I have seen him at Yale alumni dinners where he was the only invited guest, and far from a wallflower; I have heard of him at similar meetings of Amherst men and Williams men, and Heaven alone knows of what other college men. And I am sure that St. Peter, seeing him toiling up the slope toward his fair portal, must have flung the gate wide, and, asking for no record of the past, smilingly accepted a bare declaration of future good intentions—and given him a latch-key into the bargain. A very clubable man!

Though we were tremendously busy in those early days, with the War Series taking up most of the time of half the staff, we managed to disguise the fact, and pleasant visitors were always welcome, and no one glanced too frequently at the clock. I was almost invariably the first one to appear at my desk in the morning, though who would come next it was impossible to say. The impression has become fixed in my mind that the others usually arrived in the order of their rank, though the belief may be due to a sense of orderly propriety rather than to the actual fact. Mr. Carey, who had no real editorial work, disregarded all precedents and traditions, and was as irregular as to the time of his coming as the best, or the worst, of them all. Yet there was for him the excuse that he really had too little to do to keep him employed.

Much of the contributed work of authors to-day comes to a magazine through literary agents, and one may be a contributor for years without having social or friendly relations with the office. It was far different a generation ago. That was a period of great intimacy between the editors and certain writers of strong individuality and established renown who had in a way become identified with the magazine. Dwellers, in great part, of

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other regions, on coming to New York they always directed their steps to our editorial rooms as to a second home, sure of a warm welcome. Many of them being elderly men or men who had lived much in the open, they kept early hours, and would often appear long before city editors were astir. At my desk near the entrance-door of the main editorial room I was in a way to meet them all. Finding me there alone, they would sit down and chat. Thus I caught all the overflow of a leisurely, unhurried intercourse.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the author of "Dukesborough Tales," "Old Times in Middle Georgia," and other stories, was one in whose coming I took extraordinary delight. He had been a planter in Georgia, an officer in the Southern Confederacy, but the war had ruined him, and at the time I knew him he was the master of a boys' school in Baltimore; yet no change of fortune could apparently sour the sweetness of his nature or lessen his personal charm. His many short stories, simple and naïve in their quaint humor and unstudied literosity, were as typical of the soil of his mind as the tansy was of old New-England door-yards.

Tall, slender, and slightly stooped, with white hair and mustache, he was one of the elderly men who usually made their appearance at an early hour. At such times he never failed to express his surprise that work had not long since begun in the editorial rooms, or to be shyly apologetic lest his coming had interrupted some specially pressing task that had brought me to my desk at what, in view of the deserted aspect of the room, appeared an unseasonable hour. One visit I remember with unusual clearness. He had just reached the city, coming up from the South, and his face was freshly shaved, though marked with numerous slashes that his uncertain hand or his carelessness had made. He wore a roomy, long, black overcoat, for it was winter, but roomy as it was, its many pockets bulged in a discomforting manner; and when he took the chair by my side that I offered him, the skirt of his overcoat caught over the arm, and a whisk-broom dropped to the floor. As I picked it up and gave it to him, he placidly stuffed it back into a pocket already crowded.

"I always travel in light-marching order," he explained in his soft Southern drawl; "like a turtle, you know—everything on my back. Then I don't leave things all about."

He explained his protuberant pockets with the artlessness of a child. Everything he needed while away was in them, he said—shaving-things, brushes, and underwear. An extra stiff-bosomed white shirt was worn under the one that showed to the public, and his roomy trousers and long frock-coat had been pulled on over his "dress-suit." One waistcoat served both day and night.

But presently, no one else appearing, apologizing for keeping me from my work,—Heaven knows I had no work so delightful as listening to him,—he said he thought he would go in and visit with Mr. Crane for a while.

"You mean Mr. Drake," I said.

Chuckling, he tapped me on the knee as he rose to his feet.

"Ah, I knew he was some sort of bird," he replied.

§ 3

In autumn, as soon as his work for the season was over, and in spring,

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before it had yet begun, as regularly as the flight of his own bluebirds or robins, we always looked for the coming of John Burroughs. After six months or more of absence, his entrance would be as casual and unemotional as that of a fellow-worker wandering about the offices with nothing to do. He would come slowly into the rooms in much the manner of a farmer walking with observing eyes through his fields on a Sunday morning, and he looked and dressed like a farmer. But he noted everything with the keen eyes that one might expect from his books, and I fancy that he might have written as accurately about the poses of editorial people at work as he did of chipmunks and bluebirds. Apparently he never forgot a name or a face. I had met him on his annual autumn visit to the office in the first year I entered it, and in the following spring I one day caught sight of him walking leisurely along crowded Broadway as I approached him from the opposite side of the street. I surmised that he had come down for his spring holiday and even then was directing his steps toward the office of THE CENTURY; but fearing that he would not remember me, I hesitated, in my diffidence, to greet him in that crowded spot. His eyes had been roving, though I had not noticed that they had fallen on me; but as I stepped over the curb almost at his side, he paused and, extending his hand, said, "Well, Frank," with a smile, as if he had noted my hesitation and, guessing the cause, had used the familiar form of greeting to surprise me.

On these semiannual visits he would linger about the office for days, receiving his mail there, and coming and going as he pleased. He clearly enjoyed the feeling of being thoroughly at home and the loving deference that was paid to him. But his nature was in a way a curious mixture of contradictory elements: he was both gregarious and aloof. I think he yearned for human intercourse, while some lingering trace of rustic distrust of society and strange and unfamiliar ways held him back. The latter feeling lessened near the close of his life; no shy distrust of the world could fail to vanish before its reverent affection. In the spring of his seventy-fifth birthday, at the plea of my wife, he came down to the Woman's Club of Brooklyn. He would make no special address, as he was not in good health, but he was willing to answer all queries. I am sure that he enjoyed the eager shower of questions that fell upon him as he sat on the platform of the audience-room, and at the reception that followed he was more animated than I had ever before seen him. I met him again the next afternoon at a reception in his honor at the Museum of Natural History, New York. As we moved toward him through the crowd, I thought he looked tired, but happy; and as he saw me approaching, he stepped smilingly forward and thrust out his hand, with the old casual greeting of nearly a generation before, "Well, Frank."

Curiously enough, though in years there grew up in my heart a deep affection for him, and a great admiration, I can recall little that passed between us beyond those two characteristic greetings. I know we talked of books and woods and the sea; of Emerson, of whom we thought much alike, and of Whitman, about whom we differed: but nothing struck fire and left a memory. We met and we

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talked, but the pools of our minds were unrippled. I suppose we were mentally too much alike, both social ruminants, who needed contact with a keener, more antagonistic mind to be awakened, as tow needs flint and steel.

Wholly different in character was his great friend and equally exact observer of nature, John Muir. He was outwardly a lonely soul. Perhaps to those who knew him better than I there may have been somewhere a break in his shell of aloofness, but away from his devotion to wild nature and certain theories of life, about which his conversation could at times be as eloquent as his books, he appeared lost and inaccessible. Yet even out of his taciturnity one caught sparks. Mr. Hamlin Garland has recorded a conversation with John Burroughs in which the latter had declared that Muir was a great man, but could at times be wearisome, adding: "'If you say "two and two make four," he is sure to retort: "Aye, Johnny, but two and three make five. Now, how is that, Johnny?" He always has something of his own to offer.'" I had found that true. He rarely came to the East, but when he did, he made our office his headquarters, and he was one of the elderly men who frequently made his appearance at an early hour. At one such time he nodded to me as he entered, then paused uncertainly, looking about. We had published in the magazine Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," and in my great interest in that recital I found an opening wedge to draw him into talk by comparing the captain's voyage with his own lonely wandering in the Sierras. I said I much preferred the solitude of the sea; I thought, too, it easier and more comfortable. Instantly he matched my "two and two make four" with his "two and three make five."

Certainly it was easier, he declared. With the aid of his little mechanical toys the sailor found his way after a fashion, but for what good? He had not exercised his wits in finding his road, and a dull road, too: and all that he came to in the end was another land about which he cared nothing. He might as well have stayed at home, for neither coast meant anything to him. It was just nosing about the foundations of the world like a fish. "No, man," he said; "go to the hills! Go to the hills!"

Muir had begun to write for the magazine in 1878, and its editorial rooms must have appeared as much like home to him as any place other than a vast mountain forest or his hushed, loved valleys. He would wander into our rooms "as lonely as a cloud," a tall, apparently unemotiona man, with head always bowed, as though he were searching underfoot for those unmistakable signs that clearly marked for him his progress through a vast forest, but never appeared to him in cities. It was an extraordinary eccentricity in the inequality of gifts that nature bestows that Muir, who roamed for months alone through the wilds of remote Sierras and across the remoter and wilder glaciers of British Columbia with an unerring instinct for direction, could not go half a score of blocks in New York City, or any city, without becoming hopelessly lost. I suppose he missed the moss on the trees of lonely mountains or the trend of rocky ledges, or whatever other signs

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made up his compass in uninhabited regions. Perhaps the hurrying crowds confused and puzzled him: they had no fixity or foreordained courses.

§ 4

Often we have been at a loss for a serial we thought worthy of a place in the magazine, and I recall the time when one of the most successful lay right under our noses, and through inexplicable carelessness almost escaped us. In the spring of 1896 Mr. Gilder had already engaged a serial for the coming autumn when he received from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell a synopsis of "Hugh Wynne." He had published Dr. Mitchell's leisurely novel "Characteristics" in the magazine five years earlier, but neither its popular interest nor his own enthusiasm for the rising vogue of the historical novel was great enough to cause him to change his plans through reading a bare résumé of a story. He therefore merely advised the publishers to accept the novel as a book. Two other editors having declined it, Dr. Mitchell in due time sent the completed manuscript to the company for book publication. No one in the office read it until Mr. W. W. Ellsworth by chance took the printed sheets into the country to read over the week-end.

Early on Monday morning he returned to the office in wild and enthusiastic excitement. I think I can see him pushing the editors into their chairs, thrusting the sheets into their hands, and exhorting them to read—read at once. Before the morning was over, the manuscript itself was dropped on my desk and my old work pushed aside, and I was told to rush the first instalment to the printer. It was to be used in November.

I think I have never known a writer whose literary work was in a way more casual than Dr. Mitchell's; not casual in its knowledge of life or in its artistic worth, but casual in the unique and uncertain periodicity of its flowering. He would be busily engaged for months or a year with the exhausting duties of his profession, when suddenly out of the rich soil of his mind would spring, as a mere vacation relaxation, a novel, a dramatic poem, a series of short poems, a short story. There was no haste or weariness: the planted seed of years of thought and experience merely flowered in the written word, easily, naturally.

He came to the office frequently, a distinguished figure. Distinction was in the furrowed lines of his face, in his carriage, his manner, his oddly quavering, but resonant, voice; but it was a distinction that had no forbidding barriers. Standing by the desk of an awe-struck youth, in a five-minutes' talk he created an atmosphere of confidence and personal interest; one gave him confidence in return. Though popularly known by his novels alone, to him his poetry stood first, and to learn, as I did at our first meeting, that he knew what I had attempted to do of the same sort astonished and pleased me. His sympathetic questings made it impossible to be diffident or mute. When my modest book of verse was published, he wrote me a kindly and appreciative letter that was more than a perfunctory note, and when, months later, I again met him, he spoke of the book in a way that showed his reading of it had been thorough. I had grouped the poems together with a thought only of their character, but he

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declared the arrangement a faulty one. A book of poems, he said, should be arranged chronologically.

"I want to see at a glance," he said in effect, "what a poet thought of life when he began to write, what yesterday, and what to-day. Even your sea-poems need that sort of order. Indeed, they need it more than transitory emotions; for the sea is eternal and unchanging, and the manner in which it reacted upon you at different periods of your life discloses more clearly the quality of your poetic growth or stagnation. It vexes me when I cannot disentangle a poet's later work from his earlier."

I said that I thought few would read with that care.

"Write only for the true lovers of poetry," he replied. "The others do not matter."

When, after his death, Dr. Mitchell's collected poems were published, in 1914, I was interested to see that though they had not been arranged chronologically, the year in which it had been written or completed, and sometimes even the exact date and locality, was, with one exception, placed at the end of each poem.

His manuscripts usually came to us carefully type-written on a thick paper of high quality, with extremely wide spaces between the lines. But these spaces he would often fill with emendations written in his own hand, with, occasionally, whole added pages. Such interpolations were rarely changes in the matter already written, but additions that made more definite or clear the description or thought already set down. They were interesting, therefore, as characteristics of his thoroughness or his desire to present to the reader with absolute clarity the thought that he wished to express, though they were always a sore trial to one editing his copy; for he was afflicted with palsy, and the traceries made by his shaking hand were often mere impressionistic suggestions of words, to the meaning of which the context gave the only clue.

His "The Adventures of François" was used by the magazine as a serial, and in preparing it for the press I came upon what I have always considered a striking example of his care in securing the exactness of his local color. The event was in Paris, in the year 1787, and François, then a runaway from a Benedictine school for orphans, seated on a bench in the garden of the Luxembourg, found by his side a copy of Horace. Pleased with the beauty of the rhythmic measure, he read aloud this passage:

"Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures: age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen."

When I verified the passage by a copy of Horace obtained from the Mercantile Library, I found certain minor, though significant, changes. Now, few of the ancients have been more variously edited than Horace, and happening to remember that I had an old copy, I took the proof home that night. My copy, I found, was published in 1744, and the reading was in every way that of Dr. Mitchell's quotation. It was a detail that few novelists would have taken the trouble to follow up, if they had by any possibility thought of the matter at all.

Hardly would F. Hopkinson Smith —one feels pedantic in not writing "Hop"—have done so. In him abided

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the spirit and vitality of the perpetual boy who played all games with facile ease and delight—the game of the novelist, the lecturer, the engineer, the painter. Of his engineering work, of course, I know nothing, but no one can think of him as taking serious pains with his writing. "Caleb West" glosses over with an easy hand certain technical difficulties and has no form, and "Colonel Carter of Carterville" is not to be taken seriously as an actual study of life. It was Mr. Gilder, by the way, who really brought that interesting character to book form. Amused by Mr. Smith's stories, he had asked for a record of them for THE CENTURY, and thus "Colonel Carter" was written.

I had seen the author for the first time in the late summer of 1881, when as a member of the Tile Club he came with that joyous company to my native little seaport for a sketching holiday, the record of which subsequently appeared in THE CENTURY. I had read with great interest the preceding articles in the series, and moved by a vast curiosity to view in the flesh the interesting men who had disported themselves through the pages of the magazine to which, as already a modest contributor, I felt in a way to belong, I one night went up to the village hotel to see them at play. They had seated themselves about the little office and were busily engaged in sketching with pencil or crayon one of their number whom they called the "Owl," while I, with half a dozen or more curious villagers, sat about and watched them. At the close of the sitting the sketches were passed around. That of Alfred Parsons, a small pencil sketch, was generally pronounced the best, though a large and swiftly executed crayon by Napoleon Sarony received much praise. It was not until I met him at the office half a dozen years later that I recognized the "Owl" as F. Hopkinson Smith. He was the same youthfully buoyant figure that he was on that first view of him,—in reality he was forty-three at the earlier time,—and though before he died at seventy-eight he had lost some of his youthful freshness, his step, his voice, and his spirit remained young whenever he faced the world. In that youthfulness he remains in my mind a most extraordinary personage.

(The end of the seventh part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

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Does It Pay to Advertise?

By Winifred Kirkland

One day several weeks ago the morning mail brought this amusing, fantastic, satiric picture of a world in which for thirty years there had been no advertising. We sent this paper forthwith to Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins, distinguished advertising expert, and asked him whether he did not want to complete the picture by telling us what happened during the next fifty years. His reply was a paper in the same fantastic vein, which states, perhaps better than it has ever before been stated, the social benefits of advertising. We are sure that every advertiser and every reader of advertisements will chuckle often and think much while reading these two papers. Miss Kirkland manages, while sketching her ironic indictment of advertising, to pass many incisive criticisms upon American life, and incidentally gives Mr. Calkins an ideal background for his spirited analysis of the way in which civilization itself rests upon advertising. Mr. Calkins's paper will appear next month.—The Editor.

As every school-child knows, it was on October 15, 1924, that the entire population of the United States woke up, to find that during the night, mysteriously, every advertisement had been erased from everywhere. It has become the annual custom of all newspapers to review briefly, on October 15, this stupendous event of thirty years ago. The present writer was at that time a young man, and already chained to psychology as a life interest, so that he hopes he is equipped for the task he sets himself in this paper; namely, to write a chronicle of the era that was thrust upon us thirty years ago to-day.

In the three decades ensuing we have become accustomed to the new manner of existence, but that first day was for the average American one of successive and paralyzing shocks. The first of these came from the daily paper at his breakfast plate. He opened it, to find half of the customary printed space as white as virgin snow. He turned page after page, but, search as he would, he could discover absolutely nothing in the newspaper except news. Where there had been full-page appeals from georgette blouses and bungalow aprons, or moving passages from the personal history of Mrs. Sumatra Jenkins of Currantville before she took Lumbago Liniment, Mr. Smith Jones, who was my honored father, now found columns blank, white, and disquieting. Although Smith Jones had never read all this poetry about blouses and liniments, still, he had liked to see it there. He felt that the sudden disappearance of underwear from the newspaper savored of socialism, and he was fearful that the vacant white columns under his fingers

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might at any moment turn crimson with Russian propaganda.

The emptiness of the newspaper allowed time enough between breakfast and business to go to the living-room table and look over the home magazines, both male and female. The first one Jones took up dropped from his startled fingers. He shuffled the rest feverishly, one after another. They had all been mutilated in precisely the same way. Every advertisement had been cut out as if with scissors, and there remained only what was in those days facetiously called "the body of the magazine." This body now hung in flapping strips, resembling the fly-brush once used by prehistoric inhabitants of this continent. Each of these printed streamers concluded with words which were then familiar to every reader, but which were soon to vanish from all columns, "Continued on page 37, 202, etc." In those earlier times readers were accustomed to follow the tail of a story as it whisked around the edge of a giant tire, or wriggled through an army of men in shaving-soap. In this pursuit a great deal of attention was dissipated, and it is to the complete disappearance of the words "Continued on page 37" that our observant British critics attribute the new concentration of the American mind conspicuous during the last thirty years.

In a trance of bewilderment Smith Jones went from his house to the trolley, only to find that whatever had happened to the world that morning had happened also to the street car. Men were holding limp newspapers in limper hands, all still too flabbergasted for speech. Smith Jones felt his new, nameless apprehension increasing as he raised his eyes to the spaces over the windows. There were no fairy flakes of soap or of cereals. There were no red devils feeding furnaces. There were no grinning imps chewing gum or trundling canned soup. On that historic morning passengers on surface cars and subways were rubbing puzzled eyes. From that day to this there has been nothing for people on street-cars to study except the faces of their fellow-beings, or the sun and sky beyond the window.

As Smith Jones passed the post-office he observed the mail trucks and postmen starting out two hours before schedule because the incoming mail was so light, a fact sharply brought home to every Smith Jones throughout the country as he sat down to his office desk, for nobody had a single advertising circular to receive or to send out. For hours on that epochal day astonishment paralyzed not only action, but conversation. Toward afternoon people began to come to, and made a rush for the evening papers, only to discover newsboys gazing up in mute appeal, unable even to whisper, "Extry!" The mysterious ban on all advertising was then perceived to extend even to the vocal cords. From that date to this, throughout all the United States, neither by tongue nor pen, neither by painted sign nor gesture, has anybody been able to invite anybody to buy anything.

On that first day of the great deprivation, business in all offices was at a halt, but in shops and in markets it was even on that first day brisker than before. Buyers were immensely stimulated, first by having to discover in their own minds what they wanted to buy, and then by having to go and hunt for it. The stores stood there just as usual, but then and ever after

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they have had no way to sell goods except by having goods good enough to sell. In fact, even on that first day, so steady was the influx of shoppers that many merchants were unaware that there had been no advertising that morning until the evening papers published the catastrophe. The newspaper files throughout that first week are an interesting study for the antiquarian. At first they are seen to devote all the space formerly used for advertisement to apologizing to their advertisers for inability to fulfil their contracts. Then the correspondence columns begin to be filled with letters from the merchants. All over the country these letters are the same. With one voice the storekeepers reassure the newspapers, "We are getting along very nicely without you, thank you; but how are you getting along without us?" This last, as time went on, proved to be a bitter question for both the newspapers and the magazines. Deprived of advertisements, nine tenths of all the periodicals went into bankruptcy. The successful residue made the same discovery that the stores had made, only more gradually; namely, that the only way to sell a magazine was to have a magazine good enough to sell.

Perhaps it was not until evening that full realization of the cataclysm came to Smith Jones or his wife and children. The strangest thing about that day for all of us was that it ended in darkness. There were no electric pictures in the sky, no flashing, rippling, whirling lights, red and azure and green and white, displaying every commodity in the world by means of regulated flame that placarded the black dome of heaven to the zenith. People looked up into the blackness and saw—the stars!

The sensations of that first week were mainly blank astonishment and increasing alarm, followed by a surging reassurance. Men began to guffaw at their fear and slap one another on the back, for of course this utter withdrawal of all advertising matter could only be a preparation for the greatest advertising scheme ever conceived. This abrupt, but prolonged, blankness would be followed by such brilliance of word and picture and sign as had never before been known. People now waited happily for this event, and in the interval went fishing and picnicking. There was a fortnight of gaiety, slowly fading out into an apprehension more terrifying than before, for the unprecedented condition continued. Another week, and all fishermen and picknickers were back at their desks, their faces set.

However, the next phase was a frenzy of effort and resistance. The thing was not to be borne; American energy had never before been balked. Artists and writers buckled to their canvases and their type-writers, only to turn away after two hours, white with the struggle against some grim, invisible opponent. They all had the same experience. Never had their minds been so full of alluring fancies, ideas worth a million each; never had their fingers been so nimble on the keys, or had the type-machines moved with such speed and precision: but not one word was permitted to appear on the white sheet! The same phenomenon occurred with printers, with press agents, with organizers of whirlwind philanthropy, with the advance heralds of great actors and great preachers. Everybody had inspired

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ideas for publicity campaigns, and yet no one could speak or print one syllable of this inspiration. Even the correspondence schools suffered. A few of them managed to send out salesmen, but these were only able to whisper huskily, "Friendship taught here," the irony of which utterance was patent to anybody; for what was the use of learning friendship if you could n't employ it to sell something?

But no matter what people attempted to say or do or print, the emptiness of wall space and sky and page continued, until even the most reluctant were forced to admit that for the United States the golden age of advertising was over. There now occurred a brief interval of vituperation. The invisible foe to prosperity was attacked in every form of anathema. The press blared denunciation of the Department of Justice, which could not apprehend the offender. Even the radicals, who depended for their very existence on self-advertisement, joined in the popular outburst. But nothing happened; everything continued as on the first day. Nobody was able to advertise anything. At last the full realization came to all that for the first time in its history the great American nation was face to face with the supernatural. What the unearthly agency was, or who he was, or why he was, are questions that the present writer frankly confesses he has never for his part been able to answer. Giving up the enigma of what or who or why as too baffling for human comprehension, he has devoted himself not to the cause, but to the effects, of the great embargo. During the first month, however, there were few people who did not hold one or the other of two opinions about the mysterious originator of the catastrophe. Fulminations from the press were succeeded by explanations from the pulpit. We were being punished for prohibition, for divorce, for flapperism, for having once been monkeys. Churchmen and other men were for once agreed on one point—the arch offender who had wiped all advertisements from the world was a demon. There were just a few people who in the recesses of their backwoods mentality held the contrary view and dared to whisper, "Angel!"

Being always a practical people, however, we could not waste more than a few months in swearing at any fate, however mysterious and disconcerting; thus presently we set to work to make the best of the little that was left to us in life. An existence in which every invitation to buy was totally prohibited was an unparalleled condition, and efforts to adjust itself to it occasioned some curious phenomena. "It pays to advertise" had become so unquestioned an axiom that American manufacturers of philosophy and literature, of Americanization and evangelization, were as badly off as the makers of butter or of shoe polish at having their supply of raw material cut short. Every kind of enterprise was so deeply affected that the reshaping of American life was nothing short of a revolution. It is to our credit that this revolution was entirely bloodless except for a single regrettable incident at Washington—the flaying alive of the attorney-general, with resultant souvenirs. The reconstruction after the war was not a circumstance compared with the reconstruction of American living and thinking now undertaken. Keen observers noted even physical disturbances of

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the atmosphere. Backwoods people, whose ears were trained to a nicety in distinguishing the calls of birds and of insects, were aware of a curious sound, seeming to come out of the air—a sound like the far-away escape of steam from many engines, indefinitely prolonged. The same backwoodsmen who had whispered "Angel" diagnosed this sound as the release of energy.

§ 2

Before passing to more detailed analysis of the changes in activity and in point of view, one may point out some of the more obvious difficulties that faced the nation in those first days. For a while the drop in the price of paper brought all business almost to a standstill. What conditions had been previous to October 15, 1924, may be seen from the following paragraph taken from the issue of "The Literary Review" of the "New York Evening Post" for November 20, 1920.

"Out of about two and a half million tons of printing paper which this country uses yearly, more than half of the surface is used for advertising and most of the balance by reading matter, whose printing cost is partly paid for by the advertiser. Less than two per cent. of this great tonnage is used for books; yet we sometimes talk as though the whole progress of writing and printing had been dedicated to the production of books in order that the best thought of one age can be transmitted to the next."

When paper could no longer be used for advertising, the oversupply in the warehouses became a menace to the fire insurance companies. American resourcefulness came to the rescue, and the present thriving trade in paper clothes dates from this period. The drop in the price of paper was accompanied by a drop in office boys. Previously whole regiments of likely lads had been employed to open the envelops containing advertising matter and convey it to the waste-basket. A great many office boys had to go back to hoeing potatoes.

Another trouble during that first winter was the wind. No one had supposed there was so much wind in all the world. It never at any time blew with great velocity, but it blew ceaselessly. It was slightly tainted with gas of a vaguely unwelcome, but quite innocuous, kind. The real discomfort, however, was the steadiness. This wind continued without stopping for six months, and then only gradually sighed itself away. It turned out to be the wind previously used in the oratory of salesmen and agents. A severe economic jolt was occasioned by the disappearance of all members of this class. Commercial travelers had to follow the office boys, and many persons remember the congestion of trains on all lines during that time when all agents and publicity men were making their famous trek back to the farm.

The agricultural problem, which had up to this time threatened to disrupt the country, was now solved as if by magic. Not only the quantity of farm labor, but the quality, was enormously improved. The intellectual acumen previously put into selling a pair of shoes was now put into planting corn. The potentialities of the soil, the immense possibilities for development dormant within a potato or a cabbage, were now for the first time revealed to minds sharpened through the sale of safety-razors, and scoured by contact with every kind of tooth-paste. As a consequence of this re-

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direction of intellectual energy, where there had been before 1924 only one Luther Burbank, there is now a special edition of Who's Who devoted solely to burbankers. The new impulse given to agriculture was not confined to mere crop-raising; it extended to difficulties of irrigation and of marketing and legislation. Master minds trained to coerce a whole continent to the purchase of a washing-powder, found it mere child's play to subdue a desert, to create and supply markets, or to wheedle a refractory Congress. The present abounding prosperity of the American farmer makes it difficult for any one to understand the meaning of the obsolete term, "farm bloc." This entire change in agricultural conditions was due to the discovery that one dumb apple can sell more apples than twenty men talking and writing about apples.

Agriculture is only one instance of the marvelous impetus given to all forms of activity by the diversion of energy from words to work. The cost of living went down three steps at a time because nobody was lured into buying anything he did n't need. The five-hour day came into being automatically, and with it the menace of communism faded away; for when everybody had time to play, nobody remembered to grumble at the Government. When the labor necessary for self-support took only five hours, men very naturally spent the rest of their time in all sorts of delightful occupations. Previously no one had ever dreamed of producing anything that was not fitted to be advertised and sold. Now every Smith Jones on the place found he had within himself some long-neglected fad. Men who all their lives had talked tires to possible buyers now found themselves actually interested in rubber, and the interest carried some of them as far as Africa, with ultimate benefit to geography. Men who had been too busy advertising stained-glass windows to learn anything about the subject now turned unexpectedly into experimenters and artists as free to adventure and to improvise as were the great unknown of the Middle Ages, and for the same reason. Men who for years had been painting pictures of chefs to adorn packages of cereals discovered that they themselves had been longing to invent new receipts, and these became most accomplished cooks. Illustrators whose whole time had been given to home interiors pictured in the interests of a reading-lamp often themselves became domesticated daddies reading to little sons by library tables. The ramifications of the change spread into every department of life.

When people at last had leisure to make and to do things to please themselves rather than a customer, art promptly popped into the place vacated by advertising. Every one has observed how during the last thirty years the United States has by successive strides attained world leadership in all the arts and sciences. It is significant that most of this achievement has come from the Jones element of American society. Before October 15, 1924, Jones had a good eye, but it was blurred. He had a good ear, but it was deafened. He had a good mind, but it was obsessed. That Smith Jones is at last becoming better known abroad as an astronomer than as an advertiser is due to the fact that thirty years ago to-day all advertisement was wiped from his perspective, and he could look up and see the stars.

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The profound improvement in Smith Jones's mentality is perhaps explained not so much by his not having to advertise, as by his not having to be advertised *to*. Within each of us there had come to be not only the uneasy bluff of the salesman, but also the complacency of the prospective buyer. In the universal advertising system everybody was both the doer and the done. It was all at bottom rather naïve. I can well remember even the sensations of a young boy during the advertising era of American history. Long before I could read I enjoyed the magazines, turning over page after page of delightful pictures, although often irritated by the intrusion of a column of close-typed, alien print, set between alluring photographs of Western cañons and African jungle, or thrusting for attention among spinning motor-trucks, grinning babes in bath-tubs, and joyous family groups capering in underwear. As I grew in years, I continued to recognize the advertising sections as the really valuable part of my daily reading matter, and at fourteen I was quite old enough to resent my deprivation when I was suddenly confined to the so-called literary portion of the denuded periodicals. It was, in fact, a work of many years before the body of any magazine could equal the captivating style, the vigorous illustration, the artistic fancy, or the inspirational appeal previously attained by its advertising columns.

Even for a child there was, in looking at an advertisement, a peculiar unction which subtly affected all the brain-cells. An advertisement was a frank intimation that the reader was a person worthy a salesman's regard. No one is so humble as not to purr with pride when he is asked to buy something. Prior to October 15, 1924, the entire American public might be conceived of as if it had been some Eastern raja lolling back in a bazaar while merchants held out to him glistening silks from Scranton and sturdy socks from Germantown and flowered porcelain from Trenton and golden fruits from California and translucent calf's-foot jellies from the Chicago stock-yards. The less money the old raja had in his pocket, the more time he spent in looking at all the fine things he was being asked to buy, until, what with making advertisements and reading them, the average citizen had very little brain left for anything else. Biologists of the period were beginning to note that the American was becoming exclusively an advertising animal, less and less able to perform any other functions. How far this wide-spread mental deterioration had progressed in the species may be inferred from the following quotation taken from a volume, written in November, 1922, entitled, "First Principles of Advertising":

"If all advertising were ended at this moment, within a month we would be wondering what to eat, what to wear, where to go, and almost what to do. Our lives would be monotonous. We do not realize how greatly we depend on advertising."

This complete dependence on advertising to tell him what he wanted and where to get it was rapidly extending in the childlike mind of Jones from mere commodities to thought processes. He became so used to having some one tell him what to eat and where to get it that he expected some one to tell him what to think and where to get it. There were few per-

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sons who could any longer distinguish between a means and an end, so that publicity had become a necromatic term having all sorts of powers quite apart from what the specific publicity happened to be about. We even find in some writings of the time publicity described as "pitiless," as if publicity were a person, capable of having emotions of its own. There was a widespread superstition that any abuse, if only it could receive enough publicity, would automatically disappear. "Propaganda" is another term frequently used during the advertising epoch. The man in the street was coming to believe himself curiously susceptible to propaganda, any and all propaganda, without distinction of persons or aims. The historian will find many Americans of this time barricading themselves against propaganda, just as some of their contemporaries used to barricade themselves against a book agent, not so much afraid of him as of themselves. In this panic before a mere word Smith Jones must have been subconsciously aware that his intellect was debilitated by over-indulgence in advertising. It is significant that the minute all advertising matter was removed from the emergent mind of Jones, propaganda, as proved by newspaper files, ceased to be a word to conjure with.

§ 3

The psychologist lingers a moment here, scrutinizing the course of the Smith Jones mentality as it passes from the era of advertising into the era of achievement. The present writer attributes all this progress to the stars, perhaps because I myself shall never forget the shock of my first vision of them, on that memorable night of October, 1924. I had never before seen anything but advertisements in the heavens. I conceived of the eternal sky itself as a convenient background for schemes of buying and selling. Possibly, watching the stars doing unhurriedly the business of eternity has inspired our new America to make its own work less ephemeral. At any rate, I myself shall always remember my irritation, at fourteen, when I looked up expecting the palpitant fires of advertising, and saw instead stars. I wondered what in the world they were doing up there, so obviously serene and without any commercial intentions.

The acceptance of uncommercial standards came, of course, much more easily to the Smith-Jones classes than it did to the intelligentsia. The intellectuals were impregnated with the advertising spirit much more deeply and subtly than were the bourgeois. The value of the dollar was particularly important among the highly educated, especially in the matter of education itself, so that a college president was expected to spend his entire time in chasing down benefactions. Nobody conceived that there was any way of getting a living wage for professors except by advertising the college to wealthy philanthropists. The colleges and universities were therefore hard hit by the universal ban on advertising. Yet the result was almost at once beneficial. Many heads of colleges who had formerly been compelled to do nothing but run about the country talking up their institutions and holding out their hats discovered within themselves, now that they were confined to bounds, a real flair for teaching the young. It was amazing how joyously and suc-

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cessfully many college presidents embraced education as a life-work. Money soon poured into college treasuries, so that now, in this year 1954, it would be hard to find a college professor who cannot buy two pairs of shoes a year and send his children to the movies once a month. Millionaires are so pleased with the boys and girls now being turned out by the colleges that a special secretary has to be employed to acknowledge gifts. Sometimes merely one manly and well-educated college senior produces such an effect on some philanthropist that a ten-thousand-dollar check is mailed to the secretary that very night. Alumni and alumnæ are to-day spared the nervous breakdowns once prevalent among their ranks, because they no longer have to carry on whirlwind campaigns to raise two million dollars before one A.M. on Saturday. All that college graduates now need to do for their colleges is to be the kind of men and women whose numbers millionaires are glad to see increased.

Education was not the only intellectual activity improved by not being advertised; literature and politics were also affected. To understand the reason for this it is necessary to look rather closely at the nature of advertising as it existed prior to its abrupt disappearance. As advertisers endeavored to become always more eloquent and more arresting, they found it harder and harder to substantiate their own oratory. Borne off and away by enthusiasm for his product, an advertiser had oftentimes afterward to walk the floor wondering how on earth he was going to deliver the goods. Advertising thus tended to run away with itself, and the result was that all people could be sharply divided into two classes, those who devoted their whole energy to living up to their promises and those who did n't give a mill-race whether they lived up to their promises or not, so long as they attracted the customer's notice. The most conspicuous members of the first class were our writers, the most conspicuous members of the second were our politicians.

Our conviction that everything we manufactured must be of a kind to be advertised as loudly as possible and sold as quickly as possible had deeply affected our literature and the makers of it. Young writers measured themselves by the efficiency tests used in factories; namely, the speed and excellence of a standardized product. Advertising consists in first getting the customer's attention and then getting his cash. Our young novelists and poets had attained both these ends with conspicuous success. They had become such adepts in attracting notice that there were few of them who could not startle the public into looking at the products they offered. As a means to this end, a first novel had no purpose except to astound; yet, from this very necessity of hitting its mark, the book was likely to show some individuality. But when once the popularity of his individual output was established, a writer gave his entire time ever after to producing what he had led his audience to expect. Authors became so engrossed in living up to specifications that they failed to notice that the public tires of monotony even in automobiles, and that its catholicity of taste had been proved by its reception of books as different from each other, and as different from all other books, as "The Education of Henry Adams" and "Miss Lulu Bett."

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The sensitive conscience of our young authors was obsessed by giving the public what advertisements had led that public to expect. Since it was only a stern sense of duty to the customer that kept many a young poet from prancing off into new pastures, the explosion of a certain critic, writing in February, 1921, is inexcusable:

"One thing I wish our present laureled big six in poetry would do, as well as a number of other sufficiently eloquent poets—stop crystallizing quite so obviously into their own particular styles."

What the "laureled big six" and all the rest did do when in October, 1924, the handicap of advertisement was forever lifted from their imaginations is sufficient rebuttal of this critic's faultfinding.

§ 4

This vigorous sense of duty toward their ads made the writers of the period not only monotonous; it also made them pathetically self-conscious. They were so afraid that they might do or say something different from what they had led the public to look for that they were continually glancing over their shoulders to watch their effect. This is essentially an advertising attitude of mind, and when advertisements went, the attitude went along with them. This happy result was in itself worth all the distress occasioned by the event of 1924, as can be seen by a single instance. In the years preceding, a certain writer of genius, but of comparative obscurity, once announced to a friend that he had written a novel after his own heart, cost what it might. He expected it to cost him years of poverty. Instead it brought him, though at first it was its own sole advertisement, an immense renown. Then came the penalty. An excess both of conscience and of consciousness made this writer feel himself doomed ever after to deliver the same goods to the same public. In order to assure his readers of this honorable intention, he even went so far as to have a photograph of himself taken in the act of writing a worthy imitation of his first success. The existence of this photograph is sufficient proof how seriously the devotion to advertising had affected the American sense of humor.

There is, indeed, in the decade preceding 1924 very little humor to be found in the literary output of the United States. Even fun had its blue label and had to live up to the formula on the bottle, proprietory rights to the patent being owned by sundry columnists. There was much heavy, earnest cleverness, but true sportiveness was impossible as long as everybody had to gambol according to schedule as per advertisement. Both the present spontaneity of our humor and the present power and originality of our more serious literature may be traced back to that momentous date when personality as well as all other commodities ceased to be advertised. In the new epoch in which we now live all the world is a stage, without pit or gallery—a stage on which every actor is absorbed in his part because he no longer has to run out on the street and drum up an audience.

While our writers as a class had been profoundly influenced by living up to their advertisements, so had our politicians as a class been profoundly influenced by *not* living up to them. Right here it is again necessary to remember the underlying theory of ad-

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vertisement; namely, that the agent must first startle the recipient into attention to his wares, and must then as a matter of professional honor deliver those wares when called for. Now, while our writers did nothing but deliver the goods, our politicians did nothing but avoid doing that same. A specific form of this political manœuver was known as an election promise. This consisted in telling a voter what you 'd give him if you got in, and then forgetting all about it when you did get in. Every candidate for office was expected to advertise his noble purposes by means of pre-election speeches and posters, but nobody dreamed of calling him to account if afterward he failed to live up to his advertisements. The reason for this *laissez-faire* on the part of voters was that each voter expected some day to be a candidate, and forgave as he himself hoped to be forgiven.

This happy irresponsibility was a safe enough political practice so long as we kept it at home, where everybody was used to it; but when we carried it across the water, the beans began to spill. At home there was nothing we advertised to ourselves so loudly as American ideals. We loved the sound of the words and had become such impassioned advertisers that we entirely forgot that show implies substance. We placarded our ideals all over Europe, and Europe stopped fighting and looked and listened. But, sadly enough, the advertising and the listening were all that happened on either side of the Atlantic. It is just possible that in the light of the Europe which resulted from our not delivering the goods we might, even without the great event of October, 1924, have come to some sad and wise conclusions about the two-edged nature of all advertising. At all events, American ideals have improved enormously since it has become impossible to talk about them. Yet the honest historian acknowledges that with the removal of all advertisement from our tongues and pens there passed away also much romantic oratory and many picturesque figures from the stage.

The present reviewer must admit that not every one has profited by the great emancipation. Many a time in the course of history when a millennium has occurred there have been people who did not see it. So there are to-day among us a small number of benighted persons hanging on from before 1924. We have, however, psychology tests for these as a safeguard for the public welfare. We are able to label this small minority as being still in the advertising stage of mental development. One of the symptoms is that they still talk of the supernatural agency that removed all advertising from our lives as a demon. Some of them say that if he was n't a devil, at least he had no originality. He got his whole idea, they maintain, from bootlegging. He observed how one business could flourish when it was n't advertised, and merely applied the same principle to all others.

The great majority of people, however, vigorous with the energy restored to exhausted minds in 1924, argue that lack of originality does not make anybody a devil; that whoever or whatever the fateful agency was, his act was that of an angel. He saved the country, these insist, from a hideous fate, for while we jeered at our cousins for being a nation of shopkeepers, we ourselves had become a nation of sign-painters.

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The Deadly Parallel

By Lee Wilson Dodd

When, less than a month ago, our American newspapers ran brief accounts of the accidental death by drowning of Carter Deane and his wife (they were caught in a sudden squall on the Lake of Como, you may remember, and their rowboat was overturned), I confess I was surprised that this double tragedy should lead to so little supplementary comment upon the career of a man who was once a person of some importance.

During the first two or three years of the present century Carter Deane published two novels and a collection of short stories. No one of these three books became what is still known as a "best-seller"; on the other hand, no one of them was ignored by the general public. His stories had a vogue, if perhaps a rather mild vogue, among readers of ephemeral fiction. In fact, it was the salability of his books, I think, which then most perturbed those of us who were pleased to discern in him "the coming man." We, the true Deane enthusiasts of those far-off days, believed ourselves an inner circle of the critical elect, and it troubled us that there should be a wider appeal in his work than we felt the exquisiteness of its texture justified. It was his "style," of course, over which we pontificated; for in those days it was still considered necessary to analyze and, if possible, appreciate an author's "style." Now a scribbler with a studied, individual manner is publicly ridiculed; he is called "literary," an epithet of disdain. So be it. But in 1901 we still, so lately emerged from the "naughty nineties," liked to be called "literary." We worshiped style, and Carter Deane, we maintained, had whatever it was we meant by style. Therefore we of the inner circle were backing him, briefly, against posterity.

Inner circles, however, have an uncanny knack for errors in judgment, and we were destined to lose our bet. I have lately convinced myself that Carter Deane's three books, his only books, are unknown to the present post-war generation.

True, in the reports of his death, their titles were mentioned, not always correctly, by our omniscient press. But they were merely mentioned. No journalist, it seems, even took so much trouble as to add that they had once been celebrated. For they were celebrated; I insist upon that. I assert with confidence that throughout a full year's span the work of Carter Deane, his "new note" in fiction, was an inevitable topic; that is to say, among all of us who were then sufficiently young and suggestible to be sensitive to the current contagions of culture. Yes, we young-

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sters were all immensely certain of Carter Deane. I am still quite certain that we were certain.

And perhaps we should have continued to be Deane enthusiasts for some added years if Carter Deane himself had not wholly deserted us. It was a singular and piquant thing that at the very top of his vogue no one of us had set eyes on him. No photograph of him was published; we did not even know where he lived; and no member of the firm of Garnett & Co., who brought out his books, would divulge the secret. It was obvious they had been pledged to silence. But gossip had it that Deane, who had married, it was said, an unnamed and, doubtless, unpresentable nobody from Iowa, was a shy, nervous little man of almost furtive habits who spent much of his time slipping about the world and successfully avoiding any contact with his admirers. Well, this was different; even while we pitied him, we rather liked this in Deane: it was a stimulus to our faith.

Nevertheless, we had naturally expected another novel from his pen throughout the spring and fall seasons of 1903. It did not appear.

There were rumors, however, that he was engaged upon a masterpiece which would triumphantly establish his fame. The inner circle spent a good deal of time, I remember, in speculating as to the probable nature of that masterpiece. It was whispered that he had already rewritten it seven times, and was not yet satisfied that he had finally stamped it with immortality. Then 1904 passed without even a preliminary announcement, and by 1905 a straggling few of us who still cherished the fading ethos of Deane learned somehow, to our dismay, that he had gone abroad in 1903, carrying with him his impossible wife, and that since his departure Mr. Sampson of Garnett & Co. had not so much as heard from him, although he had written him both business letters and friendly inquiries, requiring acknowledgment, on several occasions.

So much for Deane; for you may take it as granted that by 1907 we of the inner circle were all busy discovering "the coming man." But for the life of me I cannot remember who the coming man of 1907 was so very unfortunate as to be!

§ 2

I presume that in me, as in the rest of mankind, the unhappy death of Deane and his wife would have stirred only the faintest of passing curiosities if it had not been for an odd experience which befell me in the summer of 1910. It so happens that while I was not, luckily, the coming man of 1910, I had had some little success with a novel published that spring, and I had decided that my accruing royalties justified a temporary loan to cover a modest sojourn in France. Late July, then, found me on a bicycle in Normandy, and on the first of August, pushing my wheel before me up an interminable hill, I entered the grimly reticent *Grande-Rue* of the small, ancient town of Mortain—*"lieu de villégiature,"* says the concise Joanne, *"dans une contrée pittoresque nommée, toutes proportions gardées, 'la Suisse de la Normandie.'"*

Though, despite Joanne, and with every proportion guarded, the surroundings of Mortain do not resemble Switzerland, they are picturesque enough and have a meager charm of their own. A tiny river, the Cance,

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breaks through a ravine-like valley below the town in a series of miniature cascades, and above the town rises a rough, sharply spined ridge crowned by a grove of pines and by the toy-like chapel of St.-Michel. As for the town itself, its single street, built of some black-brown native rock, lies like a frowning wrinkle along the brow of the hill; and its thirteenth-century church, St.-Evroult, is perhaps the darkest, the austerest temple in all France. It is really sinister. One feels at once that if John Calvin had been an architect, his stern imagination must have devised just such another shrine for Jehovah; but that humaner rites should find a home there one cannot easily conceive.

Just opposite to this forbidding church stands the far less forbidding Hôtel de la Poste, a small, clean inn where good food was served of amazing cheapness—in those days of our unappreciated prosperity. Indeed, so pleasant a room did I find there, after a hot, fatiguing day, so succulent a meal, and so gentle a welcome, that I decided to stay on a day or so for a somewhat needed rest.

On coming down belatedly the next morning, for my chicory and roll, to the scrubbed, spruce little café of the Poste, I was preceded on the stair by a young woman who walked on rather slowly before me into the café. Besides this young woman, there was but one other person in the café as I entered it, a tall, slender, gentle-looking American of perhaps thirty-five, with vague, dark eyes (romantic eyes) lending an outmoded melancholy to his sensitive, abstracted face. He was seated on the *banquette* along the wall opposite to me as I came in, and was leaning forward across a table on one elbow, his chin in his hand. Without audibly greeting him, the young woman walked over to him unhastily, stroked his dark hair once, as one might give a casual pat to a dog, then seated herself on the *banquette* close beside him.

"Have n't you *had* anything yet?" she asked.

"I was waiting for you." And his quiet, rather flat-toned voice lingered on the "you" almost wistfully, or so I fancied.

"Not a whole hour? How foolish!"

"Oh, I walked around for a while, of course."

I have a quick ear, and I felt that their respective accents, although they were not heavily marked, had placed them for me. "Ohio—and, quite probably, Missouri," was the mental note recorded as I placed myself across the room from them. It was then that I first clearly saw the young woman's face. I have never forgotten it.

"Spiritual" is a dangerous adjective which I hesitate to use; it may have so many unfortunate connotations. But unless I may use it now I shall never be able to suggest a beauty triumphing from within over features of no special distinction. It was a loveliness of the *mind* visibly impressed upon and refining a face not otherwise remarkable. And there was sadness there, too, a deep and controlled sadness. Neither fair nor dark, she inclined rather to be fair; "fawn-colored" was the hackneyed word for her which first came to me; perhaps because she was wearing a fawn-colored suit of some rough-textured silk—that kind of silk fabric (for I speak from profound ignorance) which suggests an Oriental homespun. That she had a dainty care for such matters was evident, too,

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from her trimly shod feet, her tended hands, her hair arranged simply, but with a studied taste. She did not neglect herself; yet here, too, one felt the unforced expression of an inward propriety and charm. She wore no jewelry save her engagement-ring and wedding-ring. The engagement-ring was a single emerald, a large one, the only conspicuous object about her.

I liked these fellow-Americans at first glance; I more than liked them. But they puzzled me. That they were devoted to each other was apparent; that they were not newly married was also, more subtly, apparent. And yet there was in their conduct, each to each, a sort of restrained watchfulness, a note of hidden, thoughtfully hidden, mutual discomfort and forbearance which did not explain itself to me; which ended, indeed, in giving me the sense of a secret drama playing itself out below the surface and far removed from my casual comprehension.

If you have personal secrets to guard, never pique the curiosity of an itinerant novelist. A private detective on your trail will discover far less.

After "*madame*" had brought us what passes in provincial France for coffee,—a disappointment almost always modified, however, by delicious rolls,—I deliberately broke in to the quiet tête-à-tête across from me (first catching the man's attention and bowing slightly) with a random question.

"May I ask," I inquired, "whether you are familiar with this so called 'little Switzerland,'"—and I smiled,—"or are you just passing through, as I am, for the first time? I hope you will forgive the question, but I find myself so comfortable here that I'm almost tempted to stay on a few days and do some walking in the neighborhood. Would you advise it?"

"I should n't presume to advise you," the man rebuked me, gravely, "not knowing your tastes as a pedestrian."

"They are not exigent," I replied.

"We are very fond of this country," said the young woman.

And there our labored conversation seemed likely at once to drop, perhaps would have done so, since I had no mind for the present to force matters further, had not the man unexpectedly added:

"After all, what a place holds for us is what we bring to it, I suppose."

And I laughed.

"Evidently," I said, "you 're unable to suppose my bringing to *this* place quite the qualities of appreciation it needs."

"Oh, it does n't need appreciation," said the man. "On the contrary. It suffers from it."

But the young woman seemed to feel that I had now been snubbed quite enough. She gave me the first of her always rare smiles.

"My husband means," she explained gently, "that some places are like some people—gathered into themselves, lonely—and shy." And she laid a hand on her husband's. "Really, Carter, you are rather cryptic at times."

"But you 're both cryptic," I exclaimed audaciously, deciding for an immediate frontal attack. "You 'll forgive my impertinence, I hope; but being a writer myself, I 've sensed the fact that one of you writes—or perhaps *both* of you. I 'll wager at least that you are engaged in some form of creative work. Among fellow-

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criminals, you know, there are signs and tokens—"

The effect of this lightly loosed *ballon d'essai* was extraordinary. The man flushed, frowned, and shot across at me a concentrated glance which I took to be a glance of warning. Meanwhile every drop of blood had left the young woman's face; she sank back huddled against the wall-cushion as if shrinking from my words, and for an instant I thought she had fainted. My own embarrassment was complete. I muttered a confused syllable or two of entirely meaningless apology, and rose to withdraw at once from the room. What covert wound I had probed I could not know, and did not even guess at. Curiosity was momentarily dead in me. We can feel but one strong emotion at a time, and my unique emotion just then was shame. I had selfishly intruded upon strangers, and with this result! Now I desired only to spare them my presence. I would pay my bill, mount my bicycle, pedal furiously away. It was the one possible attempt at reparation.

§ 3

I went at once to my room to throw my small traveling-kit together. But on reaching this room, which was at the back of the inn, looking down over broken ground into the rough little valley of the Cance, I lighted a cigarette and stopped by the window to finish it and coax back something of my lost tranquillity and self-esteem. "After all," I tried to reassure myself, "you were perhaps rather bumptious, but there was nothing openly offensive in your remarks." Whereupon Curiosity, so suddenly thrust aside, tiptoed mincingly into view again. "It 's a fascinating human problem, all the same," she insinuated, the minx, in her wheedling whisper. "What in the world can be the meaning of it all?"

It was a hot, clear, breathless day; the window at which I stood was open; I became aware of voices rising to me from the narrow cobbled lane which ran irregularly along the backs of the houses on this side of the Grande-Rue. A man's voice and a woman's; though, had I not recognized them, I might easily have mistaken the man's voice for a woman's, and the woman's voice for a man's. The deep masculine tones were those of my hearty hostess, Mme. Dufour; the shrill treble belonged to her aged man-chambermaid, Pierre. I translate the clipped phrase or so that had caught and startled my attention.

"But Mme. Cartair-Din, I tell you, had a real seizure (*une veritable crise des nerfs*)!"

"Ta, ta, ta, ta!" came the shrill treble of the man-chambermaid, "These rich American ladies, look you, without children, who never occupy themselves! They can afford these aristocratic tricks."

"All the same, Pierre, the American gentleman who arrived yesterday knows more of Mme. Cartair-Din than he 'll ever be likely to tell us. For, note well, he was in the café when madame was overcome. Perhaps he even knows why two rich Americans should bury themselves in this little provincial hole and spend almost a year with me—*hein?* I keep a good table, praise God, but Mortain is n't Paris, and never will be."

"Oh, as for Paris—that—truly. *But*—" commented unintelligibly Pierre. Whereupon a bell sounded, and Mme. Dufour sent Pierre scurrying within to respond to it; herself, I

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assumed, trundling after him, for I heard no more.

Already I had heard quite enough to alter my plans. The name "Cartair-Din" had awakened echoes. "*Carter Deane*, yes—by all that 's extraordinary!" I found myself exclaiming, and you could not just then, I think, have driven me out of Mortain with a phalanx of spears.

Even after a careful inspection of the register of the Poste had satisfied me that my victims were indeed a "Mr. and Mrs. Carter Deane," citizens of the U. S. A. temporarily residing in France, I still recognized that the identification was not complete. Carter Deane was not so odd a name that chance might not have duplicated it; moreover, the only personal description I recalled of Carter Deane, the writer, "a shy, nervous little man," did not tally with my tall, dark, dignified, and gravely wistful American of the café; nor did my impression of his wife in any way suggest the remembered term for her—"impossible." Nevertheless, I was convinced that this Carter Deane was *the* Carter Deane, and with the excitement of this conviction strong upon me I retired again to my bedroom and summoned Pierre.

From Pierre, by the usual means, I gained easily all that he knew, which was, frankly, little. Mr. and Mrs. Carter Deane had arrived in Mortain by train the previous November, carrying hand-luggage only. After spending a week at the Poste, they had unexpectedly arranged with madame to stay on indefinitely, taking four rooms which could be combined as a little suite on the top floor of the inn. These rooms they had had freshly papered and refurnished by a Parisian decorator at their own charge; and one of the rooms had been converted into a *salle des bains*, at, as Pierre assured me, an expense fantastic. They were evidently millionaires, for example! Also, four American trunks, veritably enormous, had been forwarded to them from Paris; and Pierre, even when assisted, had had the greatest difficulty in mounting them, "because, *m'sieu'*, of the regrettable sinuosity of the stairs." They lived very quietly, entirely to themselves. They walked much, having, Pierre opined, nothing better to do. They read much, as well; their rooms were crowded with books—yes, with books, see you, in all the languages! It was a difficulty always not to derange them, the books, yet to keep them clean!

"And M. Deane is always writing, too, I suppose?" was my guileless question.

"On the contrary. His correspondence is small, *m'sieu'*. Perhaps one letter in a week. It often surprises me."

"But I don't mean letters, Pierre. He 's an author, is he not? Always at work on some story or other—*hein?*"

Pierre stared at me, comically puzzled by my insistence.

"But no, *m'sieu'!* I can assure you that M. Deane is entirely without occupation. I am so often in his rooms on some service; he 's very generous—it 's a pleasure always to serve him; that 's understood. But he never sets pen to paper in that way; no. Why should he, after all? He has the purse of Fortunatus, it seems."

"And Mme. Cartair-Din, Pierre?"

"Ah, madame is a charming lady indeed, but she is often unwell. She has headaches, *m'sieu'*. But if you

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ask me, I say I do not wonder at that!

"Why not, Pierre?"

"She is without society, *m'sieu'*. Surely a husband is not everything! And she has no duties, no distractions. How can one live so when one is rich!" And Pierre edged nearer to me, lowered his voice: "Do you know what I have even sometimes suspected, *m'sieu'?* I have suspected that Mme. Deane is in hiding here with M. Deane, who is not truly her husband? That would explain much—"

"Far too much, Pierre! At your age"—I laughed—"you should be able to check these romantic fancies." And with that I dismissed him, for Pierre, though his given facts were few, had provided me with more puzzling matter to analyze and reflect upon than he could possibly know.

However, half an hour's reflection convinced me that I could as yet make nothing of the enigma of Mr. and Mrs. Carter Deane. Why, in view of their so evidently shared and unforced affection, had they given me from the first a sense of underlying strain, of their being somehow on guard both for and against each other; obviously saddened and ill at ease? Why, above all, were they living in foreign and provincial exile almost as fugitives? Which was but to put to oneself the central and wholly baffling problem: Why, in the name of wonder, had Carter Deane abandoned his promising career? Why, suddenly, had he ceased to write?

It was possible, of course, that he or his wife had come into money, and that Deane, being naturally indolent, had felt no further impulse to work. A simple explanation, but far too simple. A born artist, though often lazy, is never I think quite so lazy as that. The creative passion is fully as compulsive as our other passions; it is not thus easily put to sleep. And then, too, that little scene in the café! What, in the light of so bland a theory, was I to make of Carter Deane's warning glance, and of Mrs. Deane's singular reaction to my uncalled-for, but, after all, quite harmless remarks? No, there was a deeper, a far deeper, mystery here. It intrigued me strangely. But how, within the limits of social decency, to set about solving it was also a question to which I could find no immediate answer; and it soon became clear to me that I must cultivate patience, move, if at all, discreetly, and hope for the unexpected. And on this decision I went forth for a turn about the town; and having found it, except for its forbidding church, rather lacking in the salient picturesque, I presently extended my walk beyond the outskirts in the general upward direction of the little chapel of St.-Michel.

It proved a pleasant enough twenty-minutes' climb to the spine of the ridge overhanging the town, along which my path now led straight through a grove of admirable pines, warmed to a special fragrance by the August sun. The floor of the grove, much broken by molar-shaped hummocks of rock, was deep in bronzy pine-needles which offered themselves as a tempting mattress in the deeper patches of shade. It was not long until I was extended full length for a moment's relaxation, as I supposed; nor was it much longer until I had fallen fast asleep.

§ 4

I waked with a start, confusedly aware that something was prodding me in the shoulder. It proved to be

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the ferule of a vivid-green silk parasol, which, to my amazement, was being held and manipulated by Mrs. Carter Deane. She was standing just beside me, looking down into my face with a little worried, almost shamefaced frown between her eyes.

"Oh," she said as I sat sharply up, "I 'm sorry! I felt I had to disturb you, happening on you like this, I mean. It seemed too good an opportunity to lose."

"Not at all," I muttered stupidly; "not at all!" And then, with a supreme effort, I gathered my straggling wits together and smiled. "As I had n't the least intention of taking a nap when I threw myself down here, I 'm really grateful to you for waking me, Mrs. Deane."

"You know my name, then. I presume you learned it as I learned yours —from Mme. Dufour." She seated herself, still with the little deprecating frown between her eyes, on one of the molar-like rocks pushing out from the forest floor a yard or so from me. "Mr. Stanwick," she said, "I 'm going to beg you, please, to get on your bicycle this afternoon and continue your tour. If you should stay on for a time, as you suggested, it would make my husband exceedingly unhappy. Will you be generous enough to ask no explanation, and simply— to go?"

I was frankly incredulous; I stared at her. Was the woman mad?

No, that was impossible. Her face was troubled, sorrowful, but lighted from within by that radiance of the mind which we call "intelligence." There was not even a hint in that clear, contained, yet unhappy, presence of anything morbid or distraught. Was it her husband, then, who was unbalanced and whom she watched over and guarded from any suspected source of excitement or mental strain, acting promptly, directly, with the entire lack of self-consciousness that makes an apprehensive mother so swift and effective in defense of her child? This conjecture seemed at once to throw a strong ray back upon the earlier incidents of the day, setting them before me again in new relations and in the highest relief. If Carter Deane's mind was affected in some way which had caused him to abandon his career, what more likely than that any reference to his past ambitions might prove emotionally disturbing, a menace to his unstable brain? What more likely than that such chance phrases as I had been guilty of in the café might upset a hard-won equilibrium, or that the shock of realizing this unlooked-for danger to her husband might account for the sudden faintness of Mrs. Deane? The intricate fragments of a picture-puzzle seemed to fall together before my inner eye, revealing a sombre design. Yet there was one gap in the picture, one segment of the puzzle which could not be made to fit itself into that gap—Carter Deane's sharp, concentrated glance of warning, shot straight and deep to me as his wife had paled and faltered back from my words! The reaction of a maimed spirit to its special danger is not such a focused warning, but, rather, a helpless bewilderment. Now there had been no confusion, no weakness, in that unmistakable warning glance from Carter Deane.

Mrs. Deane, I found, was speaking again after the brief pause which had followed upon her extraordinary request.

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"I don't wonder you are astonished," she said quietly. "I know I'm doing an impossibly naïve, awkward thing. But I 've lately read your last book, Mr. Stanwick, and I 'm relying upon the impression it gave me, relying upon you to feel I would n't act in this way if I could avoid it. And I beg you to believe it is n't because Mr. Stanwick is *you*, but merely because Mr. Stanwick is a successful writer, that your staying on here might cause unhappiness to my husband. I 'm certain you would not willingly cause him needless distress; and, after all, there are several towns in southern Normandy far more attractive than Mortain. May I count on you, please, Mr. Stanwick, not to take offense—and to go?"

There was no misreading the sincere emotion behind her words, or the tortured candor of her eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Deane," I answered, getting to my feet, "you may count on me absolutely, in every way. I shall leave Mortain as soon as possible. My old admiration for your husband's work has never wavered during his long silence. I hope that silence may some day be broken."

The corners of her mouth quivered; tears came into her eyes. She lowered her head a little, so that the soft, wide brim of her outing-hat might hide her face from me.

"No," she said, "it will never be broken."

I felt now it was her wish I should leave her; but I could not refrain from a further question.

"Are you certain," I asked, "that this is the only way I can help you?"

"Quite." Her eyes were still fixed on the matted bronze of the needles beneath her feet.

Then, as I was about to turn away, she looked up and very faintly smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Stanwick—*bless* you. And there is one other thing you can do for—for my husband."

"I understand. I shall mention meeting him to no one."

"Yes," she responded, and so with her gentleness dismissed me, "I felt you would understand."

And that, so far as I was concerned, might easily have been the end of this matter—an ending as blindly exasperating as most of the "provisional finalities" of human life. But had it proved so, I should hardly now have been moved to recount an experience so wholly unsatisfying, so veiled, so dim.

Just as I regained the straight, broad path leading through the grove to the distant door of the tiny chapel, I met Carter Deane face to face. He bowed without embarrassment, greeting me pleasantly enough, with his dignified gravity, and at once asked me whether I had happened to encounter his wife. As she was still seated not more than ten yards from us, I knew she must have heard his question. I could see no reason why I should not answer it frankly.

"Yes," I replied, "I 've just been talking to Mrs. Deane. She 's right over there, you see—waiting for you."

"Thank you. The view from the chapel is very fine, is n't it?"

I smiled.

"The fact is, I have n't seen it yet. I had climbed this far and was resting here under the trees when Mrs. Deane discovered me, and was kind enough to stop for a little chat."

"About your book?" It amused me that we were now taking our several identities as established. "Alice

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thinks very highly of it,"—but had I detected a hesitation?—"as I do." Mrs. Deane had come light-footedly up to us while he spoke, and her husband turned to her with an almost pleading deference, but also, I felt, with a certain constraint. "I was just saying to Mr. Stanwick, Alice, that we 're in entire agreement as to the artistic value of his novel. You do agree with me, don't you?" he added, oddly and, as it seemed to me, with an unmistakable trace of some underlying irritation. I could easily have suspected that they had quarreled over my innocent book. And yet the eyes of these married lovers could not meet without revealing the depth of their feeling!

"Why, of course, dear, I agree with you!" Mrs. Deane responded. "I 've just had the pleasure of telling Mr. Stanwick how much I enjoyed his story. But is n't it too bad of him," she went on. "Mr. Stanwick has decided, in spite of all this admiration, not to stay over in Mortain, after all!"

"Ah, but perhaps that 's because he has n't yet seen our view!" And Carter Deane returned to me with a slightly formal half-bow. "May we not at least show you that?" he asked.

"With pleasure."

I was aware, I 'm afraid, that this was not quite living up to the spirit of my agreement with Mrs. Deane, though I had no intention of breaking the letter of it. However, she did nothing to indicate to me her sense of a possible lapse on my part. She smiled to me, slipped her arm confidingly into her husband's, and we strolled on together, the three of us, down the broad, straight path toward the chapel.

"You are very fortunate in your day here," said Carter Deane to me, easily. "On a day like this, from our little aery of St.-Michel—Alice and I call it ours, you see. I suppose we 're beginning to feel a prescriptive right to it. Well, on a really clear day like this you 'll find you can just catch a glimpse of the good saint's much nobler habitation, the famous mount. Are you thinking of going on there?"

"Yes," I answered; "since I 've never seen it. It 's really the goal of my pilgrimage. So I 'll be glad to get my bearings now—and be able to ride straight away for the mount this afternoon."

"It 's more than an afternoon's ride; but you can perhaps make Avranches for the night, if you take the prettier route through Juvigny," suggested Alice Deane.

The grove thinned gradually, and we passed out from it to bare rock as we approached the chapel, an unpretentious morsel of Gothic perched on a scrag of cliff and overhanging a wide, verdurous prospect. We seated ourselves, as by common impulse, on a little stepped ledge at the very rim of the cliff. Wave after wave of tree-top greenness receded from our outpost into the opalescent blues and pearls of the horizon, and at one point on the horizon there was a sheen of silver against which was silhouetted a minute wedge of shade—the pygmy pyramid of some pygmy Pharaoh.

"No," I said, rather to myself, I hope, than to them, "I shall not go on there, after all—to be disappointed. I 've now worshiped the mount. My pilgrimage is accomplished." And then, unsummoned, a purple phrase from Carter Deane's first novel, "The Brazen Shield,"—a phrase which I had once too youthfully admired,—

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came back and home to me; and before I could check myself by taking thought I had repeated it word for word;

"*'Tourists scamper through foregrounds; but poets dwell ever in far horizons.'*"

"*Rubbish!*"

The harsh word had leaped from Carter Deane as a throaty, contemptuous snarl, and, fearful that I had again been indiscreet, staring straight out before me, I was stricken, yet thrilled, by a silence which grew curiously, increasingly tense, charged with electric and dangerous currents. No, I could not be mistaken; a bolt seemed imminent. Yet when Alice Deane spoke, though her strained, sharpened voice amazed me, I did not at first realize that the bolt had fallen.

"Hardly rubbish, I think, since Mr. Stanwick remembers it word for word!" said Alice Deane, with an acid irony. "However, the *original* phrase was better, no doubt?"

"It was less striking, perhaps," said Carter Deane, his deep voice vibrant against some snapping leash of the will; "but it was n't, thank God! so *cheap*."

That, for the instant, was all, and to me, I confess, it meant nothing. I turned my eyes questioningly toward my companions. Then I knew that I sat in the midst of desolation. Alice Deane's face was three quarters averted, but her hands were knotted in her lap, and her whole body, I saw, was rigid, yet quivering with a soundless, terrible emotion. As for Carter Deane, his eyes were fixed on his wife, and the *look* in them—well, it was not good to have seen it. I can say no more than that. I can say no less.

They were hating each other. It was a spiritual duel not to the death of the body, but to the death of comradeship and love. And I, now, was forgotten, blotted out. They were alone at the heart of storm; cut off from all outer contacts by the suddenly loosened whirlwind of their mutual and raging jealousy; that brooding, rancorous jealousy of rival artists which they had too long denied, pent in, suppressed.

§ 5

The scene that followed between them was shameful. I shall not attempt to reproduce it. Even in this modern world of no reticence there are certain decencies, one hopes, which one may be pardoned for preserving toward the dead. But I may at least indicate the source, guessed at even then, and later, after diligent research on my return to America, confirmed —the source of this hysterical uprush of conflict from two passionate and defeated hearts.

Imagine yourself a young, penniless, and entirely unsuccessful writer named Stanley Deane. You meet at some boarding-house in New York a girl from the Middle West named Alice Carter. She is an orphan with independent means; she, too, has come on because she longs to write, to make a name for herself. You fall in love with her; you find yourself beloved; you marry. And since you have both been laboring in the same field without success, you pool your interests here as well; you begin to work together.

This collaboration prospers from the first. The qualities of her mind supplement certain of your defects as an artist; the qualities of your mind supplement hers. The tales you are thus

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in unison able to create no longer go begging; they are accepted, printed, read, enjoyed, and praised. You have signed these tales "Carter Deane," and the name begins to be remembered. It is acquiring "commercial value." And it is all great fun!

You grow fonder of each other day by day. To live apart would be inconceivable. Nevertheless—

Nevertheless, each of you is secretly convinced that the special quality which stamps these short stories you are writing together is due to you and to you alone. As the praise for your work increases, a latent soreness develops, a sense of personal loss, which you hide from each other, blindly; which you strive to hide from your very selves. You are working now on a novel, a first novel. But whose, really, was the initial idea for its central theme? Whose, chiefly, was the skilful shaping hand? Was it not *yours*, sir? *Yours*, madame? And, unfortunately, this novel does not fail. It establishes the reputation of Carter Deane.

By the time you have finished a second novel, then, you have prepared for an explosion. Long before the third is completed the explosion occurs. You must either separate, or —yes! To separate is impossible, for do you not love each other? You will renounce ambition for love. The third novel is destroyed. You will write no more.

Such, in meagerest outline, were the underlying causes for the terrible scene which played itself out before me there on that high-hung platform, beside the tiny chapel of St.-Michel. Through every shade of wounding sarcasm and hatred it reached its climax swiftly. And, "O good God!" the man groaned at last, "what I might have made of my life, if only—"

But the woman then flung out her hands to him despairingly.

"No! no! *no!*" she cried at him, seeming to tear the words from her very flesh; "Don't—don't say it! We are mad, I tell you! We 're mad—to torture each other! To begin again like this after these last good years! Don't look at me as if you hated me! I can't bear it! I love you. I know you love me. We 've been so happy! Oh, my dearest, what does it matter *which* of us said or thought this thing or that thing first, or gave it the final form? The books were *ours*. They were our children—our only children." Her voice broke. It was as if she already knew them, those hapless children, to be dead.

And she was on her knees now beside her husband; her hands slipping along his shoulders to clasp themselves, if only he a little relented, about his neck.

Though in the shock and crisis of their anger I did not exist for them, I had not dared to leave them. Now I rose to slink away from them into the grove, casting not one look behind.

And less than an hour later I was slipping down the long white road toward Domfront, toward Paris. For I was tired, I told myself, of Gothic and pre-Gothic, of country scenes, of lonely quaintness, of the general Norman picturesque. A longing had seized me for the restless oblivion of crowds. I wanted to forget something—which, as you see, I have never forgotten.

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The Life and Death of a Dilemma

By Carl Van Doren

I met Rose Winton one summer a good many years ago when I was spending a vacation in an Illinois town of which I remember nothing so well as the fact that this troubled woman lived there. What brought us together, it happens, was a taste for Bernard Shaw, which we had in common at a time when such a taste was less common than it is now. Hearing that I had his books, Mrs. Winton asked me to lend her one of them which she had not read, and we fell into a long talk which led to tea, dinner at her house a few days later, and eventually to her telling me of the secret dilemma which dominated her whole life. That she told me the secret at all may seem to some persons the strangest thing about it; to me that now seems less strange than it did then, when, indeed, almost everything about her was surprising to a youth of twenty.

Our talk on this particular occasion, I remember, had been running upon the mood which beauty sometimes induces in its lovers, who become so avid to catch and possess it that they destroy it by the ardor with which they spring. Possibly I had already bored her with my esthetics when I became aware, with considerable discomfort, that if she was hearing the words I uttered, she was hardly making out the sense, such as there was, behind them. Her dark eyes had deepened until I could perceive in them new depths and a new confusion. Something very remote from my speculations held her, as if she were listening to tantalizing, yet imperative, ghosts of sounds from other quarters. Her hands, which I thought morbid, with their bitten nails, kept moving to some rhythm assuredly not suggested by anything we had said.

I hesitated, but I think she did not notice it. She was taking me as her hearer very little into account. I was there, and by that accident I learned her story.

"What if these things are true about beauty, or any other things? It does n't matter. There is more ugliness in the world than beauty. It 's like the devil, who is so much busier than God. You believe in the devil, I hope."

I tried to laugh with the air of one who regarded all superstitions lightly, but under her bitter gaze I could not help feeling that my native skepticism was, somehow, raw and shallow.

"I know there is a devil. I know he is busy. I know he has got me beaten. I have loved beauty all my life, and ugliness is all I have ever got out of it."

I tried to protest, indicating her pleasant house, the full life she seemed to me to lead. She brushed my protest aside.

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"You don't know. All this is on the surface. Underneath I am in a trap that I never can get out of. I never can. I never can."

I was both frightened and curious, unable to decide whether I should ask her about the cause of her distress or try to lead her away from it. But she, with no notice of my concern, went on as if driven by the irresistible egotism of a passion too long concealed.

"I can prove there is a devil, for I have seen his work, and felt it. Before I was married I had a lover. I don't blame him. He did n't know how ignorant I was. I gave him everything I could give him, because I thought it was so wonderful that he wanted me so much. Then I found I was going to have a child. For some reason which I can't understand now, I did n't want my lover to know. Perhaps I hated him; perhaps I was too proud to ask him to help me. Anyway, I managed to get away before any one suspected, even my mother, and had my baby in New York. What was I to do with him? I imagined how it would be if I brought him back here. To say nothing of myself, he would be under a handicap which, I thought, I had no right to bring upon him, after what I had already done. So finally I told my brother, who was married and childless, and asked him to help me.

"He and his wife were wonderful then. They agreed to adopt my baby and to take care of it. They had meant to adopt one some time, for they had given up hope that they might have a child of their own. Of course it was like tearing my heart out, but I thought it was the best thing for my baby, and so I agreed. But I was wrong, absolutely wrong. I ought to have foreseen what would happen. Every month he looked more and more like me. I could n't keep away from my brother's house and my baby. And of course my sister-in-law began finally to be jealous. That was only natural. As she said, I had let her take the child. She had had the responsibility for him. She had come to love him as if he were really hers. Even then it might not have been so bad, but he loved me more than he loved her. I felt that she was justified in the stand she took, so I decided to give him up again. It hurt me worse than ever, this time, but I did it."

How heavily her deliberate words fell upon the quietness of the room!

"I argued myself into the notion that it was right for me to be married without telling my husband. As I saw it, my secret was n't merely my secret; it was my brother's and his wife's. I had no right to give away their secret. So I did n't tell. I supposed I could have another child, and I thought that if I did, I might not be so miserable about my boy. But I have never had another. I never shall. You see where it leaves me. I can't go forward and I can't go back. If I had only myself to consider, I would claim my child again, and let the whole world know the secret. But I must, I must, think of him, and of my brother and sister, and now of my husband. My husband has been very good to me. He loves me, and I think I love him. And yet I can't ask him to accept the burden which belongs to me alone.

"No, I tell you, it is a dilemma without a solution. If you only knew how it breaks me to pieces day after day. Here is the strongest passion in me fighting with all its strength

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against a host of little passions which all together are just equal to it. I despise them. They are only conventions, or only sympathies at the best. My passion for my child ought to overpower them in a moment, I tell myself. But I can't let it. I am so bound that I have to put my will on the side of all these miserable little conventions and sympathies. You can imagine the war that is going on inside me all the time. I can't stop it. I can't take the side I should like to take. I can't get away from it. I can't act at all. I am tied fast. I am on fire, and yet I am frozen.

"Do you wonder, then, that I believe in the devil? Do you wonder that I know he is busier than God? The world is ugly, and the devil runs it to suit himself."

§ 2

I remember the dreadful sickness which came over me as I listened to her story. With it came the sense of a pitiful impotence which I shared with her in this dilemma. There was nothing that I could do, nothing that I could say. I must have stared at her, expecting, I know, to see something more theatrical than I saw. Despite her desperate mood, however, she was still outwardly very much the same. I have still the most vivid image of her deep eyes, barely reddened by her distress, her black hair brushed straight back, her full throat, in which I could see her pulse, the outlines of her arms and bosom, which by their softness now seemed in such ironical contrast to the stern battle going on within her, her restless hands, with their bitten nails.

Thus at my first look into the dark cavern of a human life I discovered a problem which seemed to me to have no answer whatsoever.

Then, suddenly, she laughed, as if she were jangling a chime of bells.

"Come, I must n't pester you with my troubles. You probably have enough of your own. Don't worry about me. I shall get along very likely, and be a wise woman when I am old. If I were wiser now, I should n't have bothered you with my secret."

But the matter, of course, was not to be dismissed so lightly. When I showed the emotion which I felt over her plight, and doubtless the pride which I felt in her confidence, I gave her the excuse, of which, I now see, she had little need, to talk further about the dilemma, which was the daily subject of her thoughts. With that conversation began the series of conversations which I had with her that summer and in which I learned more about her than I had yet learned about any woman.

She never returned to the details of her past, but talked always of her dilemma, analyzing it with a subtlety which I thought as great as her distress. Convinced as she was that there was no way out, she could not give up searching for one. Formerly, she told me, she had kept hoping for some miracle which would help her; but she claimed she no longer believed in any such possibility, though I wonder now if that was not the thing she was looking for all along. In any case, she was forever weighing the possible consequences of any action she might take. Would her child be better off with her or with its foster-mother? Might not her brother sometime feel that he had been unjustified in separating mother and son in this fashion and wish that she had

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demanded him with more vigor while there was yet opportunity? Could she expect to keep the secret permanently from her husband, and would the effect not be far more painful upon him if he learned the truth from any one besides his wife or from her too late? What if the true state of affairs should eventually be at once more difficult and more necessary to reveal? I had not dreamed that a mind could so persist as Rose Winton's did in studying the labyrinth of its fate without finding some kind of key.

Her dilemma had become the center of her existence. I do not mean, of course, that she had no other concerns. It was a perpetual wonder to me that now and then she could be so gay about trivial matters. Her curiosity moved among a hundred topics which mine had barely touched. She teased me, as she teased her husband, about our slower intellects. When she was merry, as indeed she often was, it seemed to me that her merriment went through and through her. Watching her dance, or dancing with her, I was struck always with the apparently happy abandon of her body, as if a point of flame, rather than flesh and blood, fluttered there. And yet in an instant she would lose these outward qualities and be plunged, without an interval that I could measure, into the pit of her misery. If she was eager for pleasure, I perceived, it was because she found in it an escape from that deeper self in which joy normally resides, but which, with her, was poisoned by her stubborn sense of desperation. Since her period of escape could not be indefinite, she would sooner or later have to come back to her joyless self, and then it would exact the harshest penalties.

"Surely there must be some end to such torture!" she cried once when our talk had come round, as it so regularly did, to her tragedy. "I can't see why it does n't wear me out and make me numb. I hate this fearful strength of mine that keeps me able to endure so much. With most pain people faint after a while, but I only grow more capable of pain. If there were anything to do! If I could act, no matter how, instead of always standing still and trying to figure out what would be least bad for everybody who is concerned! I don't see why I don't go mad. I don't see why I should n't wish I could."

Once or twice I tried to hint that she had possibly hugged her grief too close and that by some more steady exercise of the will she might lift herself above it, but to go further with such hints seemed to me a sort of irreverence toward her unmistakable agony. She had communicated to me her sense of helplessness. At a moment when I had been full of hope and courage she had, involuntarily enough, enlisted my sympathies in a cause which, so far as I could see, could have no victory. This stalemate would continue for Rose Winton till death should sweep the board, I then told myself. I was full of bitterness at a universe which had such dilemmas in it. Like her, I could find no course of action. At least, however, I determined that I could and would give her the poor comfort of a friend always ready to listen to her.

With what horror, then, I began to see that even in this aim I was doomed to fail. As her habit of confiding in me grew, I could not misunderstand, inexperienced as I was, the change that came over her. Gradually she

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recovered a certain buoyancy which I guessed must once have been frequent in her moods. Her hours of gloom were shorter, her intervals of pleasure richer than they had been during the first weeks of our acquaintance. Telling her secret had furnished her a partial outlet for the pain which had filled her too full to be endured. But, and here were the roots of my horror at the situation, this pain was being poured into me, who had no confidant. My nerves, things I had hitherto known only by hearsay that I had, were habitually unstrung. Her recurrent moods ceased to interest me, and, as I had to pretend to be interested long after I actually was, they came before long to irritate me. From marveling at the passion of her distress I turned to resenting it, since it pressed upon me with such an incessant weight. From rejoicing at the signs of her recovery I turned to hating them because of the tax which had been, no matter how innocently, levied upon me. Worst of all, of course, I had to contend with the horrible sense within me that I had fallen short of even a decent patience. Surely a generous spirit could endure this, which was so much less than Mrs. Winton had to endure. I spurred myself to fresh resolutions each time I left her, and yet I saw her each next time with positive antipathy, not precisely for her, but for the task I had chivalrously assumed.

In the end, for all my resolutions, I left the town with a savage abruptness, taking pains to bid her farewell in the presence of several friends. I have never seen her since that day and know from her letters little about her, but I know she has done nothing to resolve her dilemma.

Incredible as the whole affair seems now, it haunted me for years. The world in which I lived during most of my twenties was a world which I saw, because of that summer, peopled with dilemmas. Long after I had ceased to think often of this particular case, I still thought of fate as some exterior thing, organized to tempt and trap its victims. It was more than a decade before a chance meeting with another woman threw a long light back over Mrs. Winton and did as much to make her circumstances clear to me as anything ever will.

§ 3

This other woman, whose very name I do not know, came to consult me about a novel which she said she was writing. The plot, she explained, had stopped in mid-career despite anything she could do with it. I had not listened long when I guessed that she was more intimately involved in this material than she would have been in any imagined plot. It was almost certainly her own story that she was telling me, hoping under this disguise to get some more impartial counsel than she could presumably have got from any one nearer to her.

It seems that her heroine, to give my caller the benefit of the doubt, was married to one man and in love with another. She was willing to leave her husband, with or without a divorce, no matter what the consequences. But her lover was so placed that this simple solution seemed impossible. By reason of his public station, which I suspect was that of a clergyman, he believed that he would lose all his usefulness if he obtained a wife on these terms, while any more informal arrangement was quite out of the

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question. He was thus faced with a dilemma, divided between a love which he could not do without and a duty which would not let him have his love. What, the baffled novelist asked me, could be done with a plot which thus so obstinately resisted all her ingenuity?

I found it difficult to advise her, guessing as I did that she would take any conceivable advice to herself, but I did the best I could. There was, I told her, in such a case no solution except what had to be provided by the character of the lover. If he wanted the woman powerfully enough, he would take her even at the gravest cost; if he cared more for his duty than for her, he would be loyal to his duty. She would have, in creating her lover, to endow him with such qualities as would prepare him for one outcome or the other.

Though I had tried hard to maintain the fiction that we were discussing the plot of her novel, not of her life, she winced with a pain which I tried even harder not to seem to notice. She had obviously never admitted to herself that the cause of her distress lay in her lover, possibly in some laggard or pedantic disposition which her pride would long make her hesitate to acknowledge. She had regarded the state of their affairs as a mere tangle brought upon them from without, and she had clung to the hope that she could, with a little help, find some dexterous solution.

"But there are so many possibilities of action in any life," she protested. "Surely I can hit on a fresh one for my plot."

Doubtless she did not take my comment as final in any way, but I do not like to remember the look of despair which was on her face when she left me.

Not unnaturally, the incident brought Rose Winton back to my mind. To my surprise, the sense of a malevolent dilemma which I had long felt in connection with her had utterly disappeared from my mind. It had, I realized, been gone so long that I found it difficult to recall, at least its former poignancy. Her tragedy had begun at home, in her own character. A different woman would never have given up her child; a different woman would have acknowledged and recovered it though she disturbed a hundred lives; a different woman would have refused to accept a dilemma for her destiny. I do not know that Mrs. Winton's fate was necessarily any the less tragic, or less agonizing to her, than if it had been spun and measured for her by the devil in whom she believed. For that matter, she might argue that the devil had shaped her character for this purpose. But I know that if, in that summer long ago, she had been able to fix her scrutiny upon the quarter from which her predicament truly came, she would have had a better chance to escape from it.

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Mr. Bok and World Peace

By Glenn Frank

THANKS to Edward W. Bok, we are again engaged in a nation-wide discussion of American foreign policy. There are still a few Americans, inside and outside the United States Senate and in both the Republican and Democratic parties, who cannot distinguish between ward politics and world politics; but millions of us are sick and tired of seeing America's potential power for peace and reconstruction kicked about as the battered foot-ball of partizan politics.

If it is important that politics stop at the water's-edge in time of war, it is even more important that politics stop at the water's-edge in time of peace. In Europe, as in the United States, foreign policy is being dictated by domestic politics, with the result that international statesmanship the world over is at a standstill. World problems can be solved only by world statesmanship. The world will inevitably drift into war and bankruptcy unless in both Europe and the United States politicians divorce foreign policy from the conflicts of domestic party politics.

Unless I utterly misread the mood of America, the party that succeeds in nominating a Presidential candidate who is intellectually and morally big enough to lift the issue of foreign policy above the battle of party politics will have a decided advantage in the 1924 election.

Meanwhile the Bok plan is before us. Millions of us have said a formal "yes" or "no" to what the plan *in substance* means. But if we are to achieve a creative and comprehensive American foreign policy, merely nodding our heads in approval or shaking our heads in disapproval of this particular plan is not enough. We must make this referendum the starting-point of a national discussion of the whole problem of America's relation to world peace and world reconstruction. The American Peace Award is a new experiment in the democratic control of foreign policy. When the masses begin to take part in the formulation of policies, they must study and discuss their way into a real understanding of the whole round of problems the policies are to meet.

Without attempting to pass judgment on the details of the Bok plan, I want, if I can, to make a contribution to the national discussion of what America can and should do toward promoting the peace and the reconstruction of the post-war world.

§ 2

When human affairs are the most complicated, practical statesmen search for the simplest possible basis for action. The present critical situation in

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world affairs does not call for the announcement, by the United States or any other nation, of an elaborately detailed plan of world administration for an indefinite future. It calls for something far simpler and something far more difficult to determine.

A combination of circumstances has brought statesmanship, the world over, to a virtual standstill. The primary need is for the simplest possible formula that will break this paralysis. Until this is done, peace cannot be achieved. Until this is done, even the soundest plans of international coöperation to preserve peace will be so much waste paper. Any attempt, at this time, to devise a brand-new international order to be handed ready-made to the nations is foredoomed to failure.

A practicable plan for American action in the interest of world peace should restrict itself to two objectives:

First, a workable formula for the first steps in straightening out the muddled and menacing condition of European affairs.

Second, the minimum necessary agreements upon the basis of which the nations may proceed slowly, sanely, and experimentally to work out the terms and technic of a continuous coöperation without which lasting peace will be impossible.

If we should go beyond this and launch a nation-wide agitation for a mass of international machinery and for a prompt crystallization of American foreign policy on a long list of the political and economic problems of international relations, we should run the risk of again splitting American opinion into warring camps and precipitating a domestic political conflict that might for years to come paralyze the power of the United States as a force for world peace.

§ 3

An important preliminary to American action for world peace must be the clarification of American opinion on what *is* and what is *not* involved in such action. As long as the impression prevails that coöperation with other nations to achieve and preserve peace means surrendering American sovereignty, turning over to a super-state the right to order us into war, or imposing upon us the obligation to send our sons abroad to fight in every war that may occur in Europe, any plan for coöperation, however sound, will fall on deaf ears.

The catchwords of a long political conflict over our foreign policy have confused the American mind. The situation is too critical for the country to waste any time on post-mortem attempts to assess the blame for this confusion, but to try to reach agreement upon any plan without first dissipating the fog that has settled down over American discussion of foreign policy is running an unnecessary risk of failure.

An essential part of any practicable plan for American action for world peace is a clear statement to the country of what *is* and what is *not* involved in such action. Only by the issuance of such a statement, by our political leadership or by some unofficial group to which the nation will listen, can the American mind be extricated from the confusion into which it has fallen in its consideration of world affairs.

In the following section of this paper I want to suggest three considerations which, it seems to me, the majority of Americans, irrespective of

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party affiliations, might be expected to agree upon as essential to any practicable plan for American action in the interest of world peace that is to achieve its purpose of peace without sacrificing legitimate American interests.

§ 4

First, any practicable plan for world peace must be adjusted to the stage the race has actually reached in its moral development. It must be a plan that can succeed by virtue of the present, not the wished-for ability of mankind to think realistically, objectively, and impartially; a plan that can succeed by virtue of the present, not the wished-for willingness of mankind to act from large and long-range motives. The cause of peace can be seriously hurt by the propagation of a too ambitious plan that will break down because it calls for an impartiality and vision possessed by a few idealists only. A practicable plan for world peace must not require for its operation more than the average nation will actually and consistently do.

Second, any practicable plan for American action in the interest of world peace must take into full account the fact that the world is now a unity in a sense it was not a hundred or even fifty years ago. The world has been bound together into very intimate relationships by rapid transportation and quick communication and by the frontier-crossing agencies of credit, contract, capital, and corporate organization. In such an interdependent world all the nations must suffer in unity whether they act in unity or not. Any practicable plan for American action for world peace must recognize that America can no longer exempt herself from the effects of world conditions even though she isolate herself from the administration of world affairs.

Third, any practicable plan for American action in the interest of world peace must, while it recognizes fully this new unity and new interdependence of the world, recognize that America nevertheless occupies a unique geographical position that makes her interests in many ways different from the interests of the European nations.

America is three thousand miles away from Europe. These three thousand miles are a much shorter distance than they were in Washington's time, but, nevertheless, America is not next door to European troubles in the same way that France is next door to Germany. The emotionalists are wrong when they say that the Atlantic has shrunk to a creek. For all that rapid transportation has done, the Atlantic is still wider than the Rhine or the English Channel. We are still outside the immediate danger zone. And any plan that ignores the advantages of our geographical position is as inadequate as a plan that ignores the new interdependence of the modern world. America has every reason to become a partner in the larger aspects of world affairs, but she also has every reason to avoid entanglement in the distinctly European political and economic system.

Not only our own interests, but the interests of world peace as well, require that we consider our unique geographical position. Our geographical location has given us a heritage and a psychology that differ from the heritage and psychology of Europe. We started over here with a clean slate, and have grown up without a

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heritage of racial hatreds and memories of wars that run back into centuries. We have all the races of the world here, but they are not parked off behind frontiers developing national minds and organized purposes. We are congenial with Canada and not afraid of Mexico. We live on a continent that simply does not know the fears and conflicts that dominate the psychology of European politics.

Thus our geographical distance from the ancient and constant conflicts of Europe gives us the chance to think more objectively and more impartially on world affairs, provided we assume the responsibility and prepare ourselves for such consideration. We cannot claim any inherent moral superiority for this. It is due solely to our saving distance from the seat of age-old troubles. The world needs to have this freedom to think objectively fully safeguarded. It is one of the things that world politics sorely needs.

The selfish interests of Americans, therefore, join with the general interests of the world in counseling against any plan that would drag the United States into every quarrel that comes into the life of Europe. America can neither be true to her own interests nor useful to the interests of world peace if she becomes merely another partizan in the month-by-month politics of Europe.

Any practicable plan for world peace must, therefore, take into full account *both* America's unique geographical position and the admitted interdependence of the modern world.

These three considerations obviously cross and re-cross the line between pro-league and isolationist groups. They embody the sound contentions of both groups and discard the debatable contentions of each. In America, as elsewhere, a combination of circumstances has paralyzed our power to act in world affairs. The first task is to break this paralysis. This can probably be done only by a plan that contains only those few obvious things upon which the majority of Americans can agree, leaving to time, experience, and education the task of bringing us to final agreement or disagreement on those points that now divide our people and our parties.

§ 5

When we have found the common ground on which the majority of Americans can stand in thinking about world affairs, the second step, it seems to me, consists in finding the simplest possible formula that will get the nations of Europe out of the impasse they have reached, and make possible the beginnings of European reconstruction, upon the rapidity and success of which so many American interests depend.

The first thing that must be done in order to get a reconstruction program under way in Europe is to make and publish to the world an impartial estimate of what Germany can and cannot do toward discharging her obligations as the defeated nation. Until this is done, no clear and constructive action seems possible. Until this is done, every nation involved will have an alibi for any policy it desires to follow, whether it be the evasion of just obligations, the imposition of obligations that cannot be met, the prosecution of imperialistic and militaristic policies that will threaten the peace of the world, or a sterile aloofness to the whole situation. But the moment the whole world gets an impartial report

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on the real facts of Germany's capacity to pay, the motives of every government concerned in the European situation will be driven into the daylight, and the way cleared for just and constructive action.

I have nothing to say of the actual procedure by which this is to be achieved. That will have to be determined in the light of constantly changing factors and situations which no one outside the President and the secretary of state can with certainty know. I am concerned only that American opinion support an insistent demand that our Government continue to keep the door open to any and every workable method that will attain the result of an impartial determination of Germany's capacity to pay. Unless it is clear that a wide-spread public opinion earnestly wishes the Government to do this, even the most statesmanlike government, confronted with so many insistent domestic issues, might relax its efforts if its first few manœuvers come to nothing.

§ 6

When American opinion has been clarified and unified on what is and what is not involved in American action for world peace, when the capacity of Germany to pay has been lifted out of the field of charge and countercharge into the field of fact, the way will be open for the next step toward the achievement of peace and the reconstruction of Europe.

That next step is, obviously, the calling of a world economic conference for the purpose of working out a coherent world plan for the economic and financial reconstruction of the life and relations of Europe, and through such reconstruction the creation of a sound basis for world trade in which the interests of America are involved.

Such a conference should include representatives of all the nations whose policies directly or indirectly determine world conditions. It should take a broad view of the implications of economic reconstruction. Without turning itself into a new peace conference and reopening all the racial, political, and territorial questions that were, wisely or unwisely, dealt with at Paris, it should, nevertheless, frankly take into account any extra-economic factor that threatens to delay or defeat peace and economic reconstruction.

Only through such a conference can the way be cleared for the stabilization of Germany, the satisfaction and security of France, the freeing of the "succession states" of central Europe from the necessity of committing themselves to military alliances that will in time be a menacing factor in world affairs, the creation of a basis upon which governments and private financial and industrial interests can without undue risk extend credit to those parts of the world most in need instead of to the areas least in need of credit, the readjustment of Russia to the common economic life of Europe and the world, and the general shifting of the world back to a basis of peace and productivity.

Our Government should enter such a conference prepared to go as far as necessary in adjusting our relation to inter-allied debts if such adjustment of our claims can be made a decisive factor in turning Europe again into a going economic concern, if such adjustment can make possible more pacific policies throughout Europe.

Manifestly it would be unwise for

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our Government to say in advance too specifically what the United States would do regarding inter-allied debts. But it is essential that our Government be able to enter a world economic conference without feeling its hands tied by a public opinion unalterably opposed to any concession from a rigid exaction of our full legal interest in inter-allied debts. To-day this is a serious psychological handicap to clear, courageous, and constructive action by our Government.

Our Government, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, has wisely refused to entertain discussion of the cancelation of Allied debts to us, because to date such cancelation would have been made in a blind hope that it would ease the situation and give Europe freedom and funds for a quicker reconstruction. With the European situation what it has been, such action would probably have done no more than subsidize a dangerous situation. We should not and will not indulge in an uncritical generosity that might merely finance tendencies leading straight to another war.

But it would be the soundest business policy for us to agree to a plan ranging anywhere from a generously easy long-term schedule for the full payment of our claims to partial or even complete cancelation, provided such action on our part would result in a new deal in European affairs that would give a reasonable guaranty against another war and make the economic reconstruction of world conditions possible. For without such result our trade future is highly problematic.

But in the absence of a clear mandate from the American people on this specific issue, any administration will feel hesitant about taking the courageous step the situation demands. If it could be made clear to any administration that a perfectly frank consideration of interallied debts in their relation to a workable reconstruction program would not mean political suicide to the party undertaking it, an important step would be taken toward freeing the hands of the American Government for constructive action for world peace.

I suggest, therefore, that a nation-wide referendum should be taken on this simple proposition addressed to every American citizen:

Are you willing to have your Government consider with an open mind any necessary adjustment of our claims on the Allied nations that will make possible such a reconstruction of Europe that will reasonably guarantee the world against another war, restore world trade, and give an impetus to world prosperity that will in the end mean more to the business men, workmen, farmers, and other citizens of the United States than could possibly result from either the early or full payments of all debts to us, even if such payment were possible?

If, as is likely, an overwhelming majority of Americans voted "Yes" on this referendum, the hands of the party in power would be freed for a scientific approach to the problem of achieving peace, unhampered by any political considerations.

§ 7

The next step in a practicable plan for American action for world peace is obviously the determination of those agreements upon which the nations can establish continuous coöperation to

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preserve peace, and in which the United States can wisely and safely join. Manifestly, it is better to restrict a plan to the minimum agreements upon which there is chance of our acting than to plot out a more ambitious list of agreements about which we should only debate. The agreements necessary for international coöperation to preserve peace would seem to be three in number. Many others are desirable; these three are essential.

First, it is necessary that the nations generally agree upon and join a world court. A world court is simply the tardy extension to international affairs of one of the instruments of civilization humanity has long used in its smaller units from villages to nations. A world court will not alone guarantee lasting peace. It will solve few, if any, of the problems that cause war. But neither in villages nor in nations do courts alone maintain order and hold the community together in amicable coöperation. There are other agencies and functions even more indispensable in safeguarding the community. Communities are held together in harmony primarily by the wise administration of health, education, trade, and other common interests, the law-abiding spirit of the majority, and the power of social condemnation that falls upon the one who defies the accepted standards of conduct. But courts are nevertheless part of the technic of civilization, the agency civilized society has developed for the orderly handling of those disputes that arise despite all the other agencies making for harmony and coöperation. The United States, over many years and under changing administrations, has done much of the pioneering agitation for a world court. Agreement upon its value and the acceptance of membership in it should not be impossible now.

Second, the world obviously needs something in the nature of an international forum, more or less continuously in session, in which representatives of all nations have the right and the obligation to drag into the spot-light of world discussion and world opinion any action of any nation that threatens the peace of the world. Such a body need not be invested with much power beyond the right of discussion and the weapon of publicity. If nations are fearful of a super-government, such a forum needs no super-powers to be effective. Experience may lead the nations to use such an assembly for more varied duties, but it will be enough to begin with if such a forum insures the prompt public discussion by the whole world of every threat against the world's peace. It is easy to sneer at such a forum as "merely a debating society," but it may develop that such an agency for mere discussion exerts a power greater than its apparent impotence might suggest. It may not be armed with a sword of steel, and yet apply the sword of blame with telling effect. It would be possible to dispense with this forum in a practicable plan for peace if it were possible always to assemble international conferences quickly enough when critical situations arise. But the time necessary to create and assemble a special conference may often mean the difference between peace and war. Promptness of discussion is imperative, and that can be assured only by a permanent international forum.

Third, after courts, assemblies, councils, forums, and conferences have been provided for dealing with dis-

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putes after they arise, there remains the necessity of a growing number of international agencies for the continuous study and, where agreed upon, the administration of those admittedly common interests of the nations which, just because they are points where the interests of all nations converge, are often the breeding-grounds of war. The necessity for an increasingly international consideration of matters of disease and other humanitarian interests is nowhere disputed. But it is essential that the nations coöperate in a continuous study and common handling of the problems that arise in connection with those four fundamental economic rights desired and demanded by all nations: the right of *transit*, the right of *trade*, the right of *investment*, and the right of *migration*. Around these four rights cluster all the vexed issues of raw materials, foreign markets, international credit, the development of backward territories, access to the sea, access to adequate shipping facilities, migration of surplus populations, and so on. In an interdependent world, if all these problems are left to the clash of competitive policies, unmitigated by organized international consideration, lasting peace is impossible.

§ 8

Now, it is apparent that the three agencies just suggested as essential to any practicable plan for peace are already in existence in the League of Nations, which fifty-two nations have already joined, and in the Permanent Court of International Justice, already established, to which forty-seven nations have already signified allegiance.

Of course the League of Nations has aspects and functions beyond the minimum functions this paper suggests as being the three broad functions which are both essential to the preservation of peace and of a nature that the United States could coöperate in carrying on without sacrificing any of its distinctive interests. It is some of these additional aspects that have been advanced as reasons against American coöperation in the league. Since American coöperation with other nations for world peace must, in the nature of things, mean coöperation with the League of Nations, which is the nearest thing we have to an organized world, it would seem that we must find a method for such coöperation that will commit the United States to the sort of "limited liability" that will keep it free from what it regards as unwise entanglements.

It is suggested that this can be done by our Government proposing to the nations of Europe and the rest of the world that we are willing to accept an associate membership in the League of Nations, coöperating in the deliberations of council and assembly and in the study and action of the various international boards and commissions dealing with matters of common concern, but withholding ourselves from any agreement to join in military action or economic boycott provisions of the covenant. That is, to say that we are willing, through such relation to the league, to pool our moral force, counsel, and administrative abilities with those of other nations in a joint effort to achieve and preserve peace and to formulate and execute a program of world reconstruction. And we should say frankly that we withhold ourselves from obligation to join in military or economic police measures in Europe because we believe such reservation to be consistent with the

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fact of our geographical location *and* the admitted interdependence of all nations, as this dual problem is discussed earlier in this paper.

The fact that our one vote in the council of the league gives us a veto power removes any fear of entanglement in that body. Such associate membership, added to our joining the world court, would give us a practicable basis for coöperation with other nations for peace.

§ 9

The final step in a practicable plan for American action in the interest of world peace must be the creation of agencies for the progressive education of Americans in world affairs. Our geographical isolation from European affairs has meant, for the masses of Americans, an intellectual isolation as well. That is to say, the rank and file of Americans do not keep in touch with world affairs. The Missourian knows what is going on in Iowa, but he is not likely to be as well informed on what is going on in Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria, although what is happening there may more decisively affect his future than what is going on in Iowa. For the average Frenchman to have a keen interest in German politics is as easy as for the Missourian to know what is happening in Iowa.

No plan can, in the long run, be effective unless it has back of it an informed, interested, and determined public opinion. And, in view of the difficulty the average American has in keeping in touch with what is happening on the other side of the world, there can be no continuous and intelligent support of a far-sighted American foreign policy unless ways and means are devised for a continuous education of the American people in world affairs. The mind of the masses of Americans is the soil of effective foreign policy. A practicable plan for world peace must provide for the cultivation of that soil. It is one thing to provide the machinery of world peace; it is another thing to provide the mind of world peace. The mind of peace is to the machinery of peace what steam is to the engine. Without it the machinery will stall. Three proposals may be suggested:

First, it might be wise to increase the membership of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, and provide that while half of the group is in session in Washington, the other half be abroad studying at first hand the problems of our foreign relations, thus providing a first-hand knowledge for our leadership, which has hitherto been achieved only intermittently.

Second, it would be helpful to have organized unofficially a foundation, under liberal and stringless endowment, for research in foreign affairs, placing its results at the service of our diplomatists, politicians, and writers.

Third, the study of foreign relations should be introduced in a comprehensive way into our high schools and colleges of liberal arts not in the ordinary sense of a course to be taken by small classes in some one term, but by some method that would reach all students during all the years of their schooling. A new school of peripatetic professors might well be created to carry on this task. But these are matters which I hope to discuss more fully in a later paper.

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Books and Affairs

By the Editors

As might have been expected, Greek and Latin, lately so much curtailed in the English-speaking universities, have ceased to regard themselves as a sort of vested interest, and are turning to the public with certain delightful consequences. Expert, but simple, manuals of ancient life, letters, art, science, philosophy, and politics, appear on the lists of many publishers; spirited and readable translations multiply. With romantic sentimentalism at the moment on the decline, and with satire and reason in the ascendant, authors who during the nineteenth century tended to cling too close to learned alcoves challenge the best-sellers. Side by side with the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam), with its semi-professional air, come now the Broadway Translations (Dutton), frankly popular. Without doubt the series, which contains translations from modern as well as from ancient literatures, has been called for partly by a natural resentment directed toward the various censorships, but the result has been to draw fresh attention to authors who, though free, are no less pleasing to the age on other counts. In "The Girdle of Aphrodite" certain of the poems of the Greek Anthology take on, with considerable success, a contemporary idiom. Alciphron and Petronius, in two other volumes, come interestingly down to date. The most extraordinary title in the series, however, is F. A. Wright's version of Ovid's "Ars Amatoria" under the title "The Lover's Handbook." Hardly touched by English and American translators since the eighteenth century, this beguiling, if wayward, treatise here springs into life with a lightness and smoothness worthy of the original and with a freshness worthy of the most topical versifiers. Not F. P. A. himself could have bettered these lines in which Ovid protests against being thought an advocate of the past:

"Let others praise our ancient men,
Like Cincinnatus all unshorn,
I should not have been happy then,
I 'm glad indeed I was not born;
I want no other times to praise,
This age exactly suits my ways."

Then there are monographs of all degrees, ranging from the erudite "Poine: A Study in Ancient Greek Blood-Vengeance" (Longmans, Green), by Hubert J. Treston, to Samuel Butler's cantankerous argument, "The Authoress of the Odyssey" (Dutton), now reprinted along with Butler's translation of "The Iliad of Homer" (Dutton). Somewhere between these stand La Rue Van Hook's sensible and solid "Greek Life and Thought" (Columbia University) and William Chase Green's mellower and suaver "The Achievement of Greece" (Harvard

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University). Even more representative are certain undertakings by groups of scholars to weigh and assess the value of the ancient heritage. To the earlier collection of essays by several hands called "The Legacy of Greece" (Oxford University) has now been added a new and similar one called "The Legacy of Rome" (Oxford). Though the essays vary in importance, the average is high. Most conspicuous of all such ventures is the series known as "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" (Marshall Jones), which is eventually to run to fifty titles, of which about one fourth are published and of which five have just appeared. Lane Cooper's "The Poetics of Aristotle" is an admirable commentary upon what is still the most fundamental discussion of poetry in existence. Karl Pomeroy Harrington in his "Catullus" is informed and appreciative, but extremely prim. F. L. Lucas's "Euripides" helps to offset the excessive reputation for humanitarianism which has recently gathered around this greatest of tragic dramatists by reason of the work of Gilbert Murray in making him an English classic as no other Greek dramatist has been made. Roland G. Kent in "Language and Philology" goes competently over the familiar ground of English indebtedness to Greek and Latin in the matter of vocabulary and grammar. Walter Woodburn Hyde's "Greek Religion" undertakes to disentangle, in a learned and liberal spirit, the pagan strands in Christianity. Mr. Hyde has, perhaps wisely, not regarded it as a part of his task to touch upon the tendency of certain recent students to prefer Greek religion to Christian and to feel that the world chose unwisely in turning from Athens to Judæa. C. V. D.

§ 2

The mode in landscape-gardening, like fashion in general, is always changing, taking new forms and elaborating or discarding old ones. Certain varieties of plant life, however, because of the perennial beauty of their foliage and the grace and adaptability for training of their forms, will never lose their attractiveness either as features of large landscapes and park-like spaces or merely as striking notes for limited areas. Such are the evergreens. Indeed, the vogue of the evergreen at present is greater than at any other period in the history of the planting of trees for artistic effect. That new building, private or public, is humble indeed that does not rise to-day out of a close border of evergreens as an effective means of tying the structure to the earth and making it a part of the natural landscape.

As a guide for the followers of the fashion of the hour, therefore, as well as for the true lover and student of the evergreen, no book more opportune could come to the public than L. H. Bailey's "Cultivated Evergreens" (Macmillan). Its great value lies in the fact that it is a carefully edited compilation of the knowledge of many experts (scientists, landscape-gardeners, and practical handlers of the evergreen from the nursery to its intended setting), and all the details that the intelligent amateur needs as to care, food, and protection are given with a comprehensiveness rarely found in hand-books. The scientist and landscape-gardener will also find it invaluable.

The illustrations are many and are beautifully printed, the texture of the foliage being admirably reproduced.

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They are from photographs of groups and specimens in the Arnold Arboretum, on the Hunnewell estate, the estate of George Platt Brett, and a few others, and have been carefully selected with a view to their artistic possibilities, as well as to their special or peculiar material characteristics.

One who has ever had doubts about the treatment of certain evergreens on occasion needs only to turn to the book to learn how complete and satisfying it is in such crises. L. F. T.

§ 3

Max Beerbohm's newest collection of cartoons, "Things New and Old," (Doubleday, Page) brings to bear on our post-war crudities the flashing delicacy of eighteen-ninety wit, and at the same time serves as a reminder that beautiful drawing, no matter what its label, is timeless. "Don Quixote" (Doran) is an old edition in a new dress. Jean de Bosschère is not a notable artist, but the decorative arrangement of his small pen-and-ink drawings throughout the text, and the printing of some on colored paper, make a delightful reissue of a fine old tale. Still a third picture-book, if one counts as such books wherein the drawings are more important than the text, is Haldane McFall's "Book of Lovat" (Dent & Sons, London). Picture-book indeed is this, for while Lovat Fraser's water-colors and reed-pen drawings are gay and delicious creations, the text does the artist an injustice by its exuberant claim that these charming trifles are important events in the history of Anglo-Saxon art. Then in frank imitation of Die Junge Kunst series is The Younger American Artists Series (William M. Fisher). To the four volumes already published are now added two even fuller and more complete than the first: "Elie Nadelman" and "Gus Mager." Finally we have the four small books already issued by Stokes in The Distinguished American Artists series on Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, Childe Hassam, and Robert Henri. Excellent little books like these, printed commonly throughout Europe, offer an introduction to the art of the several nations such as we have never had and should be glad to welcome now.

The relation between primitive religion and the modern theater would seem at first glance to be buried in the mists of the dim past, but in "Masks and Demons" (Harcourt, Brace) Kenneth Macgowan has managed to make it beautifully clear that the kinship is not so remote as one might suppose. It is a tenuous thread that reaches back through the ages from "The Hairy Ape" to the mummy masks of Egypt, from "The Importance of Being Ernest" to the false-faces of the Seneca Indians. But however far into the ragged edges of the past Mr. Macgowan may lead us, he always brings us swiftly back into the familiar part of the pattern known as modern life. "The first mask and the last—the mask of the aborigine and the mask of the débutante—is face paint"; "In the Congo justice masquerades Ku Klux fashion"; "Primitive man is wise enough not to depend on spirit photographs for evidence of the return of the dead." Religion, medicine, morality, spiritualism, law, social distinctions—all can be related to the use of masks by primitive society. "The crested lion on the notepaper of the marquis, and this mask from New Guinea are sisters under the skin." The interest-

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ing part of Mr. Macgowan's performance is that he traces the descent of the modern theater, as well as many of its social ramifications, from the mask not in a dry and ponderous tome, but in a pleasant little book half of which is given over to photographs of masks—masks grotesque or ugly, beautiful or gracious, calm or startling. His text is merely in the form of captions to the pictures. Yet in this brief space he has managed to stimulate our imaginations to a sense of the continuity of art and human life. E. B. K.

§ 4

How much do brains count in fiction? Booth Tarkington has never seemed to value that element highly, though there can be small question as to his own natural intelligence. In "The Midlander" (Doubleday, Page), which is one of his minor efforts, his mind keeps peeping out from behind a characteristic plot. There are two brothers, Dan and Harlan, in their Hoosier city, of whom Dan is Midland to the center, a boosting realtor, while Harlan is an alien and a dilettante. Yet it is Dan who marries the pretty fool from Manhattan and leads a life which comes to terribly little in the end; Harlan who looks out for himself at every turn, marries, after Dan's death, the hearty Midland girl who had loved Dan so long, and inherits the benefit of Dan's struggle to build a suburb where none had been before. The irony of such a theme could have been perceived only by a detached intelligence. The sense of its irony, however, is never emphatic and rarely clear. The pretty fool from Manhattan and the hearty Midland girl are not much better than puppets, the one a straw woman to be demolished with honest Indiana scorn and the other a foil for her rival at every step. Dan himself, though the supposed protagonist, remains dim throughout the story. Harlan, the most interesting character in the book, is interesting despite his creator's apparent prejudice and undeniable neglect. Thus the intellectual bearing of "The Midlander" is left to the accident of discovery here or there among its readers; the rest of the world will have to get along with the more primitive pleasures to be derived from watching Mr. Tarkington's sharp observation and shrewd expression of surface commonplaces.

By comparison Heywood Broun's "The Sun Field" (Putnam) seems almost wholly mind, with little of the body which Mr. Tarkington never lacks. It is the story of an ill assorted marriage between Judith Winthrop, who is aggressively modern and allows no one to forget it, and Tiny Tim, a baseball player who has a heart of oak and a head of about the same material. The situation might have been expected to lead either to tragedy or to farce with equal likelihood, and it is indeed kept from leading to one or to the other by the superior intelligence of Judith. But the pertinence of the book and its entertaining quality come less from the implication of the action than from the running commentary which goes with it. If Mr. Broun is too intelligent to lose sight of his plot, he is also too intelligent to let himself become dull in his details. He plays with all the ideas now current in the set to which Judith would belong if she had been born in the flesh. Without the cutting edge of intense satirists, he has an unusual range through the fashions of opinion. Judith is an epitome, comically, yet not unsympathetically,

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set forth, of the advance guard of her generation. The hand, however, with which Mr. Broun holds the balance of good sense is very steady.

Compared with either "The Midlander" or "The Sun Field," Aldous Huxley's "Antic Hay" (Doran) is a blaze of passionate wit and darting thought. The scene is London since the war, a cockpit of desires warring with one another and with disillusion. All the characters are partly mad if they are not wholly cynical. Nerves twitch and burn. Old men see visions and young men dream dreams. Love oscillates between promiscuity and perversity. Business does nothing but dabble in wild schemes to advertise its trivial wares. Gumbril, the leading figure in the story, gives the world his Patent Small Clothes, equipped with pneumatic cushions to protect bony men from the discomforts of sitting down. Shearwater in his laboratory experiments upon his mimic world as if he were an inquisitive god tinkering with his universe to see what novelties might be produced. Rosie is an affected chit who drifts from lover to lover, Mrs. Viveash a bored beauty barely able to lift her head above the waves of ennui upon which she floats. Almost no one has a solid occupation. The persons of the drama meet by accident and part generally with relief. They live by words and for them, and they say the most outrageous things with a deft felicity. Parody hovers just above half the chapters. The whole performance is a phantasmagoria, a *Walpurgisnacht* in a capital. Yet Mr. Huxley never once loses ironical control of the tangled threads and whirling elements of his crazy pageant. His mind seems to probe through every smooth appearance to the disturbing reality behind it. Both a dandy and a scientist, he both savors all the outward modes and challenges all the grounds of custom. The consequence is something very thrilling to the free intellect, if often frightening to others. Will the world ever settle down again to its simple Augustan or Victorian march, virtues and vices nicely accepted and opposed, orders and hierarchies accurately adjusted, conduct and orthodoxy reëstablished? Possibly. In the meantime strange ideas boil and bubble, and Mr. Huxley studies them with his bright, amused, scientific eyes. C. V. D.

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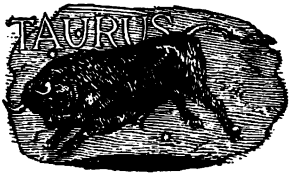

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The Comedy of Coal

By Robert W. Bruère

Capricious fate had transferred me abruptly from a university instructorship in literature to the management of the largest charitable relief agency in America. The points of the compass in this realm of benevolence were not so clear to me as I could have wished. In those days a group of ardent young reformers were energetically trying to convert the ladies bountiful of philanthropic tradition into scientific social workers, to transform "friendly visitors" into human engineers. They were recognized leaders in the social-service profession, the men to whom new-comers like myself naturally looked for guidance. Most of them had been students under that inspiring teacher Simon Nelson Patten, professor of political economy in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in the University of Pennsylvania. He was their prophet of the new basis of civilization. Their enthusiastic devotion made me eager to meet him. When the opportunity came, he had just returned from a tour of the globe.

Feeling diffident in his presence, I began by asking him the crudest of conventional questions.

"What were the most impressive things you saw in Asia and Europe?" I asked. I confess that I was thinking of magnificent temples, ancient cathedrals, and the ruins of vanished civilizations.

"Well," he said, "I think the most significant things I came across were two new words. You know, words are not made by scholars; they grow out of the soil of a people's life. A new word is likely to be the sign of something that is brewing in the soul or the society of a people. In India I heard men using a word meaning not only political liberty in our sense, but emancipation into liberty. There was no such word in the old Indian vocabulary. The birth of the new idea which that word expresses seems to me to foreshadow the political awakening of India."

Within less than a decade his prophecy was fulfilled.

"In Turkey," he went on, "I heard men using a word meaning *person*, neither orthodox Moslem nor gentile—just plain man. Formerly the Mohammedan divided the world into two groups, those of the faith and the heathen. The new idea which this

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word expresses seems to me to foreshadow the modernization of Turkey, the passing of the old taboos and sectarian barriers, the Europeanization of Islam."

To-day this process is under way, even if the news may from time to time record set-backs.

An interesting anecdote, it will be allowed; but what has it to do with coal?

"The most comical thing I have seen in America," an acute Chinese student observed, "is the way you Americans are like the *Ancient Mariner*. Coal, coal everywhere, and yet so often you are without coal to burn! You are a good deal like my people. There is much ancestor-worship among you. You may not worship your ancestors, but you bow much to ancestor ideas. When your coal supply fails, when there are strikes or your railroads break down, you make a terrible fuss, like crows in a corn-field. Then you hold investigations, call everybody bad names, your States and your Washington appoint commissions. The commissions tell you that coal is a public utility like water and gas; that you have a right to have it, a right to regulate it, to fix prices, and demand continuous service on pain of public intervention. Then your courts tell your commissions they are wrong, that they do not know the law, that no franchise is required to run coal-mines, that there are more than three thousand coal companies, that competition for the fuel market is intense, that there is no coal monopoly. You see, the ancestor idea about coal as not being a public utility is so strong with you that you can't get the new idea of coal as a public utility born. You need a new idea about coal, a new word, but your ancestor ideas are very powerful. You call anthracite a monopoly, but anthracite, the courts say, is a luxury fuel. You need not freeze without it. There are substitutes, wood and coke and soft coal. And so like the dog with the flea you race yourself around in a circle. To an outsider like me this predicament of a so practical people seems very comical."

§ 2

The director of the board recently appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to survey the fuel and power resources of that first among our coal-producing States makes a similar diagnosis. They have wrestled with coal problems in Pennsylvania, lo! these many years. Because Pennsylvania contains all the marketable anthracite in the country, because throughout the more populous portions of the country anthracite is the customary domestic fuel, and because the price of anthracite goes higher year after year, Pennsylvania is held peculiarly responsible for our fuel troubles. Since Pennsylvania gives us more coal than any other State, this situation contains an added touch of comedy. Under the leadership of the nation's foremost conservationist, Pennsylvania is tackling the coal problem in good earnest. So long as her public servants dealt with coal as merely coal, the problem was a Gordian knot. They think they have found the sword that will cut it. For they have coined a new word to embody the meaning of coal as engineers understand it—giant-power, which signifies that coal is not a refractory mineral to be mined and hauled hither and yon across the country, but is electricity, gas, benzol, tar, and a thousand useful things in a

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lump. Above all, that it is stored electricity. The moment we are able to think of coal as a vast battery of stored electrical energy, the moment we associate its use not with the coal-car, the scuttle, and the shovel, but with the electrical generator, the high-tension transmission line, the electric switch, the solution of the coal problem as we know it to-day will be in sight. We shall enter an era of social and technical changes as far-reaching as those which followed in the wake of the new words Simon Patten heard in India and Turkey.

Our idea of coal is in much the same state of arrested development that our idea of water-power was a generation ago. Within a few years I have seen mills driven by water flowing over wheels whose essential design was thousands of years old. Then came the hydroelectric turbine generators, single machines capable of generating from fifty to sixty thousand horse-power of energy, convertible into mechanical motion, light, heat. In Ontario the application of the new idea of water as electricity as against the traditional idea of water as mere weight has transformed a sprawling frontier province into a flourishing commonwealth of closely knit coöperating municipalities. The lowest net rate for electricity in Toronto is nine tenths of a cent. The little town of Windsor, two hundred and forty-eight miles from the power-stations at Niagara, gets its electricity both for residence and commercial uses at about three cents a kilowatt hour. The community in which I live within the metropolitan district of New York, one hundred miles from the anthracite coal-fields and about the same distance from the rich bituminous fields of Pennsylvania that Windsor is from Niagara, pays fourteen cents a kilowatt hour for its electricity. A friend living in Washington, District of Columbia, recently visited the little city of Niagara Falls, Ontario. He visited a home in which he saw the electricity of Niagara doing the cooking, washing the clothes, and ironing them, running the vacuum-cleaner, the coffee-percolator, heating the water for all household purposes, lighting eight rooms with thirty-five Mazda lamps. His hostess kept accounts. During the month of July she had used 334 kilowatt hours, which cost her $3.55. By happy coincidence, he found when he returned home that he himself had used exactly 334 kilowatt hours in December. His bill in Washington had been $23.18. The difference means that in Ontario most of the population can afford to use electricity for all manner of household purposes, including heating in all but the coldest winter months. In the relatively mild climate of the Pacific coast communities that have water-power and have caught the new idea are building houses without chimneys. In my community, which is almost entirely dependent upon coal, we count ourselves fortunate to be able to have electricity for lighting only. And yet, with the full development of the giant-power idea, there is no reason why electricity from coal should not be as cheap as hydroelectricity and far more abundant. Our coal-fields are a black Niagara capable of yielding a steady flow of electricity many times greater than all our water-powers combined.

By burning raw coal in our thousands of scattered little furnaces instead of converting it into electricity at or near the mines and salvaging the

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commodity values that now go up in smoke, we are guilty of waste which experts figure at from two to four billions of dollars a year. This waste is largely responsible for high freight and passenger rates and the persistent floundering of our railroads. It is a large element in our high-fuel and power costs. It has a fundamental bearing upon industrial unrest in the coal-fields, upon coal shortages and strikes. For waste breeds war.

The reason for the publication of this article at this time is that the editor of THE CENTURY shares the general apprehension that there may be a nation-wide lockout or strike, or at least a disconcerting period of uncertainty and unsettlement, in the bituminous coal industry when the present collective agreement between the United Mine Workers of America and the organized bituminous coal operators expires at midnight of March 31. A strike may be averted, but there will inevitably be a period of uncertainty during which the railroads and the industries, which depend very largely upon the soft-coal supply for power, will not know how soon they may have to curtail operation or shut down altogether. If a strike should develop, coal will leap back into the newspaper headlines.

For my part, I shall have a fellow-feeling for both operators and miners, because, like the rest of us, they are the victims of our ancestral idea of coal. I know that under our present wasteful method of burning raw coal in steam locomotives and under hundreds of thousands of isolated individualistic factory boilers, the coal industry is perpetually struggling to make ends meet. Some operators and some miners make good money, but with ten thousand mines competing for an ill defined and uncertain market, with thousands of mines unable to keep their machinery and men busy for more than two hundred and fifteen days in the year, with half of their output wasted in smoke, life is an endless, harassing gamble. Inevitably, when the two sides come together to negotiate a wage agreement, each is keyed up to a sullen desperate determination to have and hold as large a share of the industry's gross income as it can compel the other to yield. Last year the miners struck when the operators demanded a reduction in wages. They won their strike. There is no likelihood that they will agree to a reduction now. The operators will probably protest that they cannot pay the present rate without going bankrupt. For most of them this will be approximately true. Already an increasing number of them are taking refuge in the non-union fields, where they can make up for the wastefulness of our use of coal by getting cheap labor and recovering much of the wages they pay by operating company stores. Both sides organize for war rather than for stable industrial government and co-operation in the development of their industry as an essential public service. This long contest between the coal operators and miners will continue and the coal problem will remain with us until through the development of the giant-power idea we conserve the full economic values of coal.

Giant-power means the conversion of coal into electricity at or near the mines; but it means more than that. It contemplates, as an integral part of coal electric plants, the construction of coal by-product ovens for the recovery of the tar, ammonium sulphate—a

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valuable fertilizer—and the oils that are lost when we burn raw coal. It contemplates the interconnection of carboelectric and hydroelectric power plants and systems into regional reservoirs of power and the ultimate interconnection of these reservoirs into a vast nation-wide giant-power system. Moreover giant-power, as distinguished from what is popularly known as superpower, places the service of the home on the farm and in the small community ahead of, or at least on a parity with, the service of the railroads and manufacturing establishments. It aims to encourage the decentralization of population by making all the conveniences of electricity as readily accessible to the farm and the small town as they now are to the inhabitants of large cities, and so to temper the evils of the steam industrial revolution with its slum-breeding concentration of factory populations. It will more than double the value of our annual coal production, and so simplify the problem of earnings and wages; it will immensely increase the mechanical energy at the disposal of the individual workman, and so greatly increase the national wealth. The major technical apparatus required for the development of the giant-power idea already exists; the system itself already exists in embryo. It is now possible to relay electrical current from Oregon to the borders of Mexico; only a link or two are missing in a chain of power units that stretch from Minnesota to Alabama. The public can have electricity for manufacturing and all manner of household uses, including heating in all but the coldest months of the year, as soon as they begin to think of coal as electricity instead of something to be hauled about on the railroads and in trucks, dumped into bins, and shoveled into dirty stoves and furnaces, whose by-products are soot and ashes.

Heating during all but the coldest months of the year. But what of those coldest months? Our present answer is anthracite, and for those who can afford it that will continue to be the answer for some time to come. But our supply of anthracite is limited. Except for some low-grade deposits in Rhode Island and some inaccessible veins in Colorado, all of our anthracite coal is confined to an area less than five hundred square miles in extent in Pennsylvania. For all practical purposes all anthracite is Pennsylvania anthracite. Many of the best workings there have been exhausted; it is becoming increasingly necessary to tunnel deeper down in the earth.

§ 3

We usually speak of the "anthracite monopoly," because seventy per cent. and more of this fuel is owned or controlled by a few big financially related companies, and we therefore assume that it will be relatively simple to give the industry the legal status of a public utility, subject to regulation as to prices, like gas and electricity. But a condition of public regulation is that the price shall be such as to yield the owner a reasonable return on his investment, and as Mr. S. D. Warriner, President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and spokesman in ordinary of the anthracite operators, suggests, the price of anthracite under regulation might follow the example of railroad rates and fatten on its medicine. Moreover, as he also points out, there are substitutes for hard coal other than soft coal. Within a few months during the recent anthracite

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strike, 418,000 tons of anthracite were displaced by oil in New York City alone. The use of coke is rapidly increasing. Coke is a product of bituminous coal. When a ton of bituminous coal is put through by-product ovens, it yields, among other things, from seven to ten thousand cubic feet of gas, and also some fifteen hundred pounds of coke or smokeless fuel similar to anthracite. The United States Geological Survey has issued a pamphlet in which it demonstrates that coke is in some ways a better domestic fuel than hard coal. The editorial director of the "Gas Age Record" says: "before many years have passed, fuel consumers in great cities, getting all their heat units through pipes, will look back in horror to the day when raw coal was burned and the people submitted to the evils of smoke, ashes, unnecessary waste and needless labor. . . . It will be just as easy in the future to turn on the gas in the cellar as it is now to turn on water in the bath-tub."

The advantages of gas need not be confined to large cities. Owing to our vast inheritance of natural gas, there are already great networks of gas-pipe lines reaching into hundreds of small towns and farm-homes. "Just as whole regions will be supplied with electricity for power purposes from one great central plant, so whole regions . . . will be supplied with gas from enormous central plants. . . . No modern practice is more ridiculous or more closely linked with a primitive age than our present methods of distributing and burning coal." Like my acute Chinese student, the editor of "Gas Age Record" finds comedy in our American coal situation.

This large-scale development of coke and gas for domestic as well as industrial uses, like the large-scale development of electricity, depends upon the full application of the giant-power idea to bituminous coal, with anthracite as a minor ally. The conversion of coal into electricity at or near the mines in plants equipped with ovens for by-product recovery has a most vital bearing upon industrial relations in the coal industry, because without it the net income of the industry will be insufficient to meet the reasonable demands of owners and workers. Since the days back in the seventies when Marcus A. Hanna lead the progressive coal-operators in the recognition of the union in exchange for the pledge of John Siney, the miners' leader, that there would be no strike without previous resort to arbitration, all attempts to establish permanent peace in the industry have broken on this problem of earnings. Waste breeds war. It has a fundamental bearing upon business stability, for the stability of industry largely depends upon the stability and cost of the fuel supply. It has a profound bearing upon the convenience of domestic life and the maintenance and increase of our American standard of living. It is technically feasible and economically imperative.

§ 4

What, then, delays the coming of giant-power? Among other things, the vast investment in raw coal-burning machinery, for whose capitalized waste the public pays. Take the single case of the railroads. Competent engineers have figured that the electrification of our railroads under a giant-power system might easily save $800,000,000 a year. At least a third of our railroad mileage lies in territory of sufficient traffic density to make im-

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mediate electrification good business. But there are the thousand of steam-locomotives already in existence, together with the locomotive works that built them. Burning raw coal costs the railroads a heap of wasted money, but, then, a third of their profitable freight load is coal. For the stupidity of hauling coal up and down the country instead of sending its energy through pipes and wires, the public pays in high freight and passenger rates and in railroad inefficiency generally.

Then there are the small electric light plants whose owners prefer not to be disturbed in their present inefficient, but profitable, business. These small plants use from two to three times as much coal per unit of electricity produced as the large modern plants. But they are a vested interest, and hitherto the public, spellbound by the still novel wonder of electric light, has seemed willing to pay for their extravagance. There are the large electric light and power companies owning valuable franchises and wanting to extend their business along the established lines of least resistence. They want to enlarge their present franchises in advance of the full flowering of the giant-power idea, so that when the public awakens to the idea that coal is electricity and gas, the question of ownership will be largely an academic question. For it is obvious that a giant-power system involves the development of a giant monopoly of the nation's fuel and power resources. Owing to knowledge of this fact, the ghost of public ownership already haunts the houses of the great electric utility corporations. They are entirely certain that private ownership is better for the public as well as for themselves, but the ghost walks just the same.

But the greatest cause of delay in the coming of giant-power is the persistence of the ancestral idea of coal in the official and lay public mind. We have just had a federal coal commission whose reports, according to one of the commissioners, represent the expenditure of a million and a half dollars. These reports are bulky with facts about the coal industry as traditionally conceived. The commission plead for the recognition of the coal industry as one affected with a public interest, in the technical sense, as a public utility. For years, senators, congressmen, and governors—notably since the last anthracite strike, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania—have tried to find legal ways of bringing coal under public control as a utility. But so long as coal is treated merely as coal, the courts have held that this cannot be constitutionally done. There are thousands of coal companies, ten thousand coal-mines. Coal as such is no more a public utility than wheat. But put it on wires and into gas pipes and it becomes a recognized public utility at once. Electric transmission lines, like gas-pipe lines, are essentially monopolistic; their construction involves the use of public highways and the exercise of the sovereign power of eminent domain. Giant-power is the necessary forerunner to the solution of this quaint paradox in which common sense says coal is a public utility, but the common law says it is not.

We are like sleep-walkers in a dream. But once we awaken to the idea that coal is not merely coal, but gas and electricity, the comedy of coal will draw to a close.

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Merchants

By Konrad Bercovici

"Come to Damascus, the old city of Damascus!

"The sand-laden wind of the desert polishes the tops of the mushroom-like, flat, round towers. Patches of gold glitter in the sun, when the sirocco, the wind of the desert, has let up; glitter between the cracks of the greenish roof copper sheeting, reminding of the old glory of the city of the califs, Damascus, the key city of the world. The narrow, crooked streets upon which look small, high iron-barred windows from overleaning, heavy, white walls, the cobblestones of the pavement, the praying men wrapped in shawls and rugs at the street corners, the braying ass groaning under the load of calfskin water-bags bulging down to his hoofs—all this cries aloud that Damascus is still Damascus, as it has been a thousand, two thousand years ago, as it will be in all eternity. Bagdad has changed, Alexandria has become transformed into a modern city, Tyre and Nineveh are gone and forgotten; Damascus still remains, as Paul of Tarsus had seen it, as the califs of Ommiads have willed it.

"The small anvils, the steel of which has been half eaten away by the blasts of sand that have passed over them, spiked six feet underground, upon which twenty generations of sword-makers have hammered the thin, cold steel into famous blue blades, are still glistening in front of the bazaars. There is an old and a new minaret near the gate. Both towers are painted green. The new one is over a thousand years old. The stalls of the heavy, columnar bazaars hang with rugs, groan with brocades and embroidered shawls and engraved yataghans, razor sharp on both edges, with hilts covered with inlaid mother of pearl, 'sideef,' and poignards with silver handles made by the men of the desert under the shadows of palm-trees, while the camels sun themselves, and the tiger and the lion look at one another from behind the golden sand hillocks.

"Come to Damascus!" my father urged.

And so we went to Damascus. For generations and generations my forefathers have brought their offspring to Damascus to acquaint them with, on the outskirts of the city, a few ruined walls behind a cobblestone-paved yard, where lean goats were angrily tearing the grass and moss that grew between the cracks. It was our ancestral home. One did not belong to the family unless he had slept a night between those walls. It was home, the only home. The other place we lived in was "the abode."

And so we slept between those walls the first night of our arrival, although the wind blew the sharp sand into our

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faces, and big, cold lizards crept over and under our blankets.

In the morning, the cold blue morning of the desert, father, after having drunk deeply from the moss-covered wooden pail of the thousand-year-old well, kept fresh by neighbors who went for water to it daily, proposed that we go to town, "to see the bazaars," he said.

"And to find lodgings," I suggested.

"As you say," he answered, but his eyes dimmed. When he had visited "our home" with his father, they had made it their home while they were there, and cooked their meals in the iron kettle still hanging on the iron tripod over the stones of the deep old fireplace.

Although I was dressed in European garb, father had put on Arab pantaloons (*shalvaris*), and covered his shoulders with a grayish dolman of camel's-hair, the "sourtouk" that reached to his feet, on which he wore, stockingless, a pair of heelless, pointy *papoutchi*. The turban on his head completed the change. I hardly recognized him in that garb. His spare, wiry black beard made his face look almost wax pale. He looked taller and broader and stronger than he was, an Arab just come up out of the desert.

"We go to the bazaars," he announced curtly, having lost his loquaciousness of the day before, when he was still a European.

In the open domed curves of the bazaar sat long-bearded, turbaned men drawing from long pipes the cool smoke that passed through rose-scented water, while the thick morning coffee, as black and thick as pitch, was allowed to cool in the small, long-handled pots in which it had been brewed.

"As Mohammed is our prophet," called out one merchant at the sight of my father, "Ali, my friend Ali, come from strange lands again!" He rose to his feet. The two men embraced, patting each other's backs tenderly.

"Murad! Murad!" my father repeated, retreating and looking at the man. "I hope Allah is as good to me as he has been to you. You look not one year older than when I last saw you, fifteen years ago."

"*Allah il Allah, Mohammed Rassoul Allah* (God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet)," Murad answered, bowing low, and touching his heart and forehead with his hand.

"This is my son, come with me to see Damascus."

Murad looked at me just fleetingly; disapprovingly, I thought. Then the two men sat down to a few puffs from the narghile and a few sips of coffee.

"And you will make your abode—where?" inquired Murad.

"That I shall see."

"I am the first to have bid you welcome, Ali. Therefore you and your son are my guests. We shall be waiting for you with the evening pilaff after sundown," Murad answered, and returned to sit placidly in the doorway after rekindling the small charcoal fire in a brass bowl over the jar of the narghile.

§ 2

We tramped between the stalls in the narrow, crooked streets. At every few steps my father was recognized and greeted and offered a smoke and a sip of coffee. And every one invited us to be his guest, only to be told that Murad had seen us first; to which every one replied he wished Allah had been as good to him that morning.

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Heavily laden mules passed us, going back and forth, led by barefooted young boys. Gray camels from the deserts sprawled and kneeled, barring the way, obstructing all movement. There was a rumbling noise—calls, disputes, between merchants and customers. Children ate *barbuzes* (watermelons), squatting on the cobblestones, and heavily veiled women glided like shadows along the walls, stopping here and there to finger a piece of yellow silk, a bit of heavy green *atlass* (satin), or to have a few words with the jeweler or the goat-bearded, squatting silversmith, who answered without raising his eyes from the small anvil spiked in the ground. But in all this bustle I saw no money, no actual buying or selling. It seemed like a make-believe, yet fundamentally more real than the manner of buying and selling in civilized cities.

Toward sundown, with feet blistered and aching, we made our way to Murad's house, a sprawling stone mansion set back of a well paved yard not far from the "New" Giamie. Murad showed us our room, with two low divans. The walls were hung with three thicknesses of rugs. There were no chairs; only a round table with legs not a foot high. And cushions, cushions, cushions, and rugs in the hundreds. Never had I seen so many cushions in one room.

A while later a girl, with uncovered face, came to serve us the evening meal. I had never before been as awkward with the two-pronged wooden fork. It seemed to go everywhere but my mouth, for the girl, the servant girl, "Jusuph's daughter," Murad informed my father, was beautiful.

"Jusuph's daughter a servant!" my father exclaimed. "He was a rich merchant, the richest!"

"He has come upon evil days. He had to pay blood-money to save his son from the hangman. His son Mustapha having killed a man, he had to pay blood-money to his widow or see the boy die. And so he paid. May the sun again shine on his house!"

"I had heard about that," my father answered.

Thereafter they sat silent. The two men looked at each other and smoked while I had my eyes on the rug that served as a door and through which Hazi flitted back and forth, bringing and taking the dishes, serving the coffee, blowing the charcoals of the smoking narghile, arranging the cushions, smoothing out the blankets on the divans. She was tall and lean and hard. Her bare arms and legs were sinewy, and the long muscles rose and fell and swelled with every movement. Her face was a perfect oval. Her firm, full lips smiled. Her long eyelashes lowered themselves when I looked at her, surprising her looking at me. During the meal-time she had not said a single word. She served noiselessly, walking to and fro in her bare feet; then, while the men smoked, she sat down in a corner and waited. From the harem, at the other end of the house, came the sound of a well played *tchiulea*, a sort of mandolin, accompanied by a strongly rhythmed tambourine.

"The women of the harem. They know I have guests to-night. My wife will soon come to greet us."

Murad had hardly finished the words when a rather stout woman, her face veiled, but her fat arms and shoulders bare, came in to bid us welcome. She remained only a minute

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in the room, then she withdrew, walking backward slowly. At the doorway she raised her finger. Jusuph's daughter, after having looked at her master and received a nod from him, followed her mistress. Shortly afterward Murad withdrew, after bidding us happy dreams.

The music ceased. The house became as still as a tomb. Father blew out the candle that was stuck in an earthen jar.

"Sleep well, son. Sleep well, son. You are in Damascus."

§ 3

Jusuph was too old a man to have known my father as well as Murad, but when we approached his stall, and my father had introduced himself as Ali ben Abner, ben Khadir of the "Chalfan" money-changers' branch of the Schinazi family, he greeted us effusively. He was a man in the seventies, beak-nosed and very lean. His thin lips, under a very spare mustache, moved nervously. His forehead was very high. His thin, straggling white beard reached to his belt. He was carefully, meticulously dressed. The dark-blue pantaloons, with brown cuffs at the ankles, fell in neat folds. The fez seemed to have just come out of the *calapod* (the brass press) in which it had been steamed into shape, and his burnoose of heavy velvet, with two rows of copper buttons, fitted him perfectly. He had the grand manner of a merchant prince, yet his bazaar was absolutely empty. The only thing he had for sale on the *theshgea* (the counter) was an assortment of magnificent pistols, six in number, the like of which I had never seen. The silver inlaid work of those handles, the filigree work in gold, the *smaragds* and rubies sunk into the blue steel of the long barrels, were marvels of the goldsmiths' and jewelers' handicraft. Father looked at them carefully, appraisingly, examining them minutely while Jusuph followed his every movement with glistening eyes. Then he asked as he laid the last weapon down:

"How much for the six of them?"

"It is well you ask how much for the six of them, for I could not offer them singly," Jusuph answered calmly. "But, tell me, have you grown so rich in the land beyond the Black Sea that you can own things just for the sake of their beauty? Or do you want to offer them to your king? Or do you think of profit in reselling?"

"I want to own them," father answered, "if I can get them for a reasonable price." He stressed the last words.

"Six hundred gold pieces," named Jusuph; and as if he did not care whether he sold them or not, he began blowing the coals of his narghile.

"You evidently mean silver pieces," father said sarcastically.

"What!" cried out Jusuph, stretching out to his full length, his eyes ablaze, "you Chalfan money-changer's son! You are like your father Abner, like your grandfather Khadir, profiting from other people's plights. You, you—how dare you even speak of silver at the sight of such marvels! Ah, because you have heard of my misfortune! So you too have come, come across the seas. You have come to get a share of blood-money. I know you; I know you 'Chalfan Kepeks'—dogs of money-changers."

Father listened calmly to the old man's insults. The least I expected was to see him leave Jusuph's place.

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Instead of that, he sat down on a rug and lit a cigarette.

When Jusuph had overcome his rage, he went to sit near father and puffed distractedly from the smoking pipe, looking straight ahead. After a while he asked in a soft voice:

"Where are you staying, my friend?"

"With Murad, my boyhood friend and your neighbor."

"Even have you seen my daughter in his house?"

"Yes; and a beautiful girl she is, Effendi Jusuph."

"Has Murad told you of the evil days that have come on my house?"

"May Allah be merciful, I have known your bazaar when it groaned with merchandise. On my last trip I have bought good silverware from you, Effendi Jusuph."

"Indeed. Then why and how do you dare to offer me silver for yonder priceless things when gold could not pay their value?" the merchant queried, shaking his head reprovingly.

"Because you have asked six hundred gold pieces," father answered querulously. "Am I an Inglese or giaour infidel to be asked such a price?"

"What is your offer in gold?"

"One hundred and five gold pieces."

For two hours they quarreled, mentioning each other's fathers and grandfathers in praise and derision. When father offered another five gold pieces, Jusuph, being the older and therefore privileged, abused the memory of my grandfather. But when he came down twenty gold pieces from his price he assured his customer that he did so only because he had known Khadir, my great-grandfather. "He had once done me a favor, which I want to repay to the great-grandson, as all good deeds should be repaid, according to the Koran."

At the end of two hours father had raised his bid to one hundred and fifty, and Jusuph had come down to five hundred gold pieces, and we left the bazaar of Jusuph.

We remained standing in the white sunlight that was beating down in vertical rays.

"Here are two gold pieces," father told me. "Damascus should be discovered and not shown. Go where you desire, but be home after sundown."

He had hardly disappeared around the corner when I turned homeward, to Murad's house. On the way I bought scented tobacco from the Greek venders and flat, three-cornered sweet paste made of almonds and honey. I was mobbed, waylaid by a host of street-venders, who barred my way when they had seen me change a gold piece. They fell upon me like gay crows upon carrion. "Buy from me! Buy from me! My paste is better than his. His honey is of yesteryear."

At the end of an hour, with pockets full of things and relieved of all the change of the first gold piece, I reached home. Hazi was lying face downward on a pile of cushions and was smoking a cigarette. She turned on the side cautiously, lazily, when she heard me come, and looked on quietly with just a flicker of a smile on her lips. I looked at her and smiled sheepishly.

"Do you like sweets?" I asked, approaching her, and beginning to empty my pockets on one of the cushions near her.

"Sweets!" she cried out, jumping to her feet. "Sweets—*halvitza* and *baklava* and *rahat* and *peltea*—oh, look what he has brought!" She threw her

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cigarette away, and began to bite into one of the hard almond pastes.

"It is not so sweet as you are, although you may be as hard," I said, and I seized her hand. Before I had time to say another word the women of the harem, five of them, in their bare feet, headed by Murad's wife, unveiled, had skipped into the room.

"Sweets! sweets!" they cried out, grabbing at the things on the cushions. "A gold piece of sweets he has brought us, Ali's son." And they sat down in a circle, looking at me while they munched and nibbled at the sweets before them. Meanwhile Hazi had left the room. She returned a few minutes later, bringing on a tray small cups of coffee and a pitcher of water for all of us.

Then they danced, one after the other they danced, while one of the women beat the tambourine, and we all clapped our hands.

"And why don't you dance?" I asked Hazi, quietly. But she repeated my words loudly, looking to Murad's wife for permission.

"He asked me why *I* don't dance."

Murad's wife nodded her head, and forthwith Hazi began to dance. She danced so close to me, I felt the warmth from her bare brown legs and saw the glistening smoothness of her soft, well grained arms and heard her deep intaking of breath. I sat down near her when she bowed low as a sign that she had finished dancing. The other women filed out of the room, smiling, laughing, joking, still biting into the hard, sweet pastes.

"Why have you done that?" Hazi asked. "Why have you left the circle and come to sit near me?"

"Because the others are fat and old," I answered.

"But you have offended them. You should not have come back in the middle of the day. Is Damascus a dog-ridden village that you should come back to the host's house before sundown?"

"No, but you are not where I can see you there. You are here."

She resisted only feebly my attempt to kiss her.

"Now go, and don't come back before sundown!" she pushed my head down on a cushion, looked into my eyes, and darted away.

I went out again. When I passed Jusuph's stall, my father was there again, still bargaining for the pistols. Jusuph had gone down to four hundred and ninety-eight gold pieces, and father had gone up to one hundred and eighty. I was wondering about father. He hated long haggling. He always offered the price that was either accepted or rejected, never offering more than his first and only bid.

During the evening meal Murad said to father:

"I hear you are bargaining with Jusuph for the six pistols on his counter."

"I am. His price is exorbitant."

Hazi had meanwhile come in. She showed great interest in the discussions between the men. Later on in the evening she gave me to understand by the way she looked at me that she wanted to see me alone.

Murad was showing father some yataghans of great value when Hazi turned back from behind the rug of the doorway and looked at me.

I waited a few minutes, showing interest in this and that, thinking what excuse to offer for going out when Murad came to my rescue.

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"Young people love to look at the moon. Art thou different?" he addressed me.

"Not at all," I answered, and was out before they had begun to laugh.

Hazi was at the gate, crouching behind a wooden post.

I caught her by the shoulders.

"Hazi," I whispered, "you have called me."

"You only listen with your ears in the strange lands whence you came; for otherwise you would have known that I called you last night. You make so much noise calling and want to be called so loudly! It 's as if you desired the whole world to hear you being called. Have you no eyes?" she remonstrated when we had gone a stretch from the house. Suddenly, when I had leaned on her arm, she asked, "Is your father going to buy the pistols?"

"He wants to."

"Make him offer two hundred gold pieces to-morrow," she begged. "Can you do that?"

"He will offer that and more," I assured her.

"No, not more. He should offer two hundred and no more."

"Are you not wishing your father well?" I asked.

"You don't understand," she answered impatiently. "Just have your father do as I ask you to."

I promised. It made her very happy. She clapped her hands and laughed and jumped, hardly able to contain herself in her great joy. We walked on and on. She was telling me of her last visit to Deir al Zor. "From there we went to Baalbek, where my married sister lives, and she took me down the Euphrates River, and we descended in a raft with the whole family to the Persian Gulf." And while she told me all this she caught my hands in hers and pressed them to her hot face and covered me with her vivaciousness.

It was a very warm night. The winding, soft sand roads were deserted. From time to time the hooting of an owl or the flapping of a bat disturbed the stillness of the night. We were miles out of the gates of Damascus.

Suddenly my throat was parched. The heat was unbearable. The air was sticky.

"Allah!" Hazi cried out, panic-stricken. "It 's the Nefoud wind. We must run home. Hold on to my hand. Don't let go under any condition. Keep your eyes closed."

But before we had gone very far, mountains of sand were rising before us, rising and disappearing with the same swift undulations as of waves on the ocean. And the sand sprays that blew like rain were hot, like fried cinders. From time to time I hesitated and remained stock-still, but always Hazi's hand pulled at mine, urging me forward. She may have spoken to me, but I could not hear her. The dull tumult of the sand-storm had deafened me. I don't know how long we swam through the whirling sea of sand before Hazi had pressed me down, compelling me to lie face downward. Yet she did not let go of my hand. My body was rising and falling, as if it were on top of a wave. When the storm was over, hours later, we were but two hundred feet away from home.

When we had finally shaken off the sand from eyes and lips and ears, Hazi told me:

"It was the Nefoud storm that met the wind from the Tih Desert that comes stealing along the Jordan River.

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Allah was good to us. We were too far away from the house."

I realized we had had a narrow escape. Had I been alone, it would have been my end. I wanted to tell her so, and more, but two lanterns appeared at a distance, and I heard father's voice calling my name.

"Remember, two hundred, not more," Hazi said hastily. Then she answered, "Here we are."

Forgetting all Mohammedan reticency, the women of the harem, in different stages of undress, unveiled, came in to see us. Murad's wife called Jusuph's daughter to task. I took the blame. I explained how I had urged forward in spite of Hazi's arguments. The women began to wink at one another and look smilingly at Hazi.

She managed to turn around and look at me from the portière; but though she did not say a word, I understood the message.

It was, "Two hundred gold pieces, not more or less."

Pained, hurt, I tossed on my bed the few remaining hours before daylight. I had not mistaken the meaning in her eyes. It was not, "I love you." It was, "See that your father offers two hundred gold pieces, not less and not more."

We had been in great danger during the Nefoud sand-storm; she had held on to my hand desperately. Was it only that I should live to tell my father to offer two hundred gold pieces for the six pistols? I tossed and tossed.

I felt like a traitor when I urged my father to offer the amount Hazi had suggested. Was it possible the pistols were not worth that much and that I was being used as a tool to fool my parent? But all suspicions left me when I saw her again that morning. Her gait, her eyes, her mouth, her voice, were all true. She could not be false and walk and look and smile so.

§ 4

Father went directly to Jusuph's bazaar. After bidding one another good morning, they went at the bargaining again. Jusuph was telling the history of the weapons. A fantastic story, which father was picking to pieces without hesitation or consideration for the other man's feelings. In the heat of the argument he called Jusuph a liar and other things. I left them at their haggling. The last I heard before leaving the bazaar was the merchant's cry:

"We have been merchants all our lives for generations. Never have we had such wares to sell. And never before have I met such a customer as you are. You want to buy an Arab stallion for the price of a dead mule."

I tramped the town through, smoked narghiles, sipped the rich black coffee, joined in the street prayers of an old blind mullah who had just returned from the holy place, from Mecca, but I kept pretty close to the house of Murad. The hours slipped slowly. The shadow on the sun-dial in front of the minaret seemed fixed in one place. I longed for Hazi, for another hour with her in the desert, even if I had to go through another sand-storm. The danger was small compared to the joy, to the sensation, it gave me to hold her hand and feel her warmth.

I found father at home already. He was very tired from the day's haggling with Jusuph. He seemed spent.

"Two hundred was my last offer," he told me.

"And what is now Jusuph's price?"

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"Four hundred!" was his short reply.

Hazi took advantage of every occasion to touch my hands as she served the frugal meal to the three of us, father, Murad, and me.

At the end of the meal, unable to quiet my conscience, I asked my father:

"And are you sure they are worth two hundred gold pieces, those six pistols?"

"Of course I am. What do you say, Murad?" Murad answered with one eloquent gesture. It was as if he had said, "Five times two hundred were not too much."

Remembering what my host had said about the moon the previous evening, I stole out of the room. Hazi was at the gate again. "You could not have done better," she assured me joyously, wringing my hands.

"Why, my father would have offered more, perhaps; he wants to have those pistols."

"No, he must not," Hazi protested. "Don't let him."

"If you don't want your father to sell them, tell me. I shall ask my father not to go to your father's bazaar to-morrow."

"It is not that at all. You don't understand. Do what I ask you. Tell him not to go above two hundred and twenty to-morrow."

"Why? Why?" I asked. "I shall tell him to offer what he thinks the utmost, and be done with the deal. It worries him."

Hazi was frantic.

"You must not do that! You must not! If you—" she hesitated, but looked at me appealingly. I promised.

She was very sweet to me. She even let me kiss her, and she kissed me. Still, even while she kissed me, I felt that she did so for reasons of her own and not because of her love for me.

"Hazi," I begged, "tell me that you will come with me to the land I come from. I shall ask my father. We shall be married there or here, if you want to—"

"Will you tell your father not to go above two hundred and twenty?" she parried.

"I shall ask him to give your father the whole four hundred," I cried enthusiastically.

"Then I shall not speak another word to you," and she ran away.

I caught her as she fell face downward on a sand-dune.

I promised anything she wanted. It was a maddening, balmy summer evening. The wafted odors from the breathing gardens, as if the finest incense was being burned, the soft, muffled noises of the hills and the distant rumblings of the city, blended, with the perfect deep blue of the sky and the moon and the stars, to madden me, to send my blood to the head. And that tantalizing, mysterious, strange creature near me, cold and passionate, naïve and all-knowing, penetrating, whose will I felt was stronger than mine, was telling me, "Two hundred and twenty gold pieces; not one more or less."

At the gate, on coming home, a young Arab was standing near his horse. His *bashlik* (the hood of his striped cape) was pulled over his head. He looked at me furiously when he saw me near Hazi, and his eyes looked inquiringly at the girl.

"Talk to your father. I must speak with Akaab," Hazi dismissed me. As I went toward the house, the windows of which shone dimly from the light of

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the candles burning inside, I saw Hazi and the Arab, leading his horse, walking slowly away toward the road.

§ 5

"How do you like Damascus?" father asked smilingly while he undressed for bed. "You seem to see more of that girl than of the city."

"I like Damascus, but you don't see much of the town yourself. You go to Jusuph in the morning and stay there till sundown. Why don't you buy the pistols and be done with it? Or don't buy them, if they are not worth the price."

I heard father's light laugh in the dark. In the quiet of the night I heard Hazi's voice and Akaab's remonstrances when they had returned to the gate. A little later I heard the hoof-beats getting fainter and fainter. He was going away. An outer door creaked softly. I heard a deep sigh. It was Hazi sighing. My heart shrank. Still later I heard her cry, and the women of the harem trying to comfort her, to quiet her.

I did not see her the following morning. She avoided that part of the house in which we were. Father took me with him to show me an old mosque. At about noon, while we were eating in a restaurant, Jusuph came in, all flushed.

"Where have you been? I waited for you," he asked angrily of my father.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee with me, my friend," father invited.

I was glad Jusuph had come. It gave me an excuse to leave the place. Calling a muleteer, I rode home. The house was quiet, as if dead. Where was Hazi? Was she ill? Was she still there? Had Akaab taken her away? I was insanely jealous of Akaab. Who was he? What was she to him?

After sundown father returned, accompanied by Murad. We had hardly seated ourselves on our heels about the table when Hazi appeared and began to serve us. I was happy again. But one look from her eyes made me understand that I had lost all favor, that I was in disgrace, that I was not going to like Damascus that evening.

I caught hold of her at the door. She freed herself violently:

"Your father has offered three hundred gold pieces," she whispered angrily between her teeth.

I returned to the table and mused. She wants me to stay longer here. Akaab may have been somebody in her eyes before, but now— She cried last night because of me. He may have threatened to kill me, and she had been in fear. I was not afraid of Akaab.

Yet she refused to see me. I waited at the gate one hour and another hour. Through the shutters of the windows the women were looking at me and laughing softly at my persistency and discomfiture.

Finally Murad came out and called me in.

"Akaab is one of the best shots, my son," he said as he led me by the arm into the house.

Hoof-beats resounded in the distance. Then the muezzins nasal voice called for prayers. It was Friday. Murad left the room.

Father did not let me out of his eyes the following day. He insisted that I go with him to the bazaars.

Jusuph, pale and worn, although he tried to act as imperturbable as a saint, refused to budge from his four hundred

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the whole forenoon. When we left, father cried from the door:

"You are taking advantage of my desire for these weapons. I am offering you three hundred and fifty, and not one silver piece will I give more."

"And you want to take advantage of my evil days. I shall let them go for four hundred gold pieces less ten silver pieces. And not one silver piece less will I take."

"Oh, are you at silver pieces now?" father remarked sarcastically. "When you have changed your mind, Jusuph, come to see me. Not before. I shall show my son the town. I have spent too much time in your bazaar."

"You have seen the most beautiful things in Damascus in my bazaar," Jusuph retorted.

We wandered through the town. Before sundown we were again near the ruins of the ancestral home.

Father spoke incessantly and explained and instructed, but I heard little of what he said. My mind was with Hazi. I was thinking of her and Akaab, walking hand in hand through the night. Father was telling me an amusing anecdote about his grandfather when we reached the house of Murad.

Twice that evening Jusuph came to the house to talk to his daughter, and every time father had said to her: "Ask him. Is he ready to sell for the price I have offered? No. I have no desire to see him."

When Jusuph had left for the second time, the eyes of his daughter rested again benevolently, nay, lovingly, on me.

"And Akaab?" I asked Hazi at the gate.

"He has gone to the Daal Bek. Your father is a real effendi. What he has said he has said. He is a merchant. Do you think he will bid more?"

"I don't know. But it was harsh of him to refuse to see your father." I tried to soften my parent's rudeness.

"No, it was not."

"Don't you love your father, Hazi?"

"Love him. I love him more than anything or anybody in this world or the other," she cried out passionately.

"My father has humiliated him. I am sorry, Hazi."

"Your father is a merchant. So is my father. There is no humiliation. It is buying and selling."

She did not encourage my love-making. She parried my words, my gestures. Then she suddenly changed her tactics. She pressed me close to her.

"Tell your father not to offer more, will you?" I promised, and her lips responded to mine. "Will you come with me?" I asked. As light as a gazelle she skipped away and was indoors before I had had time to recover my senses.

We spent the following day at home. Father was very tired and wanted to rest. A dozen times during the day Jusuph had come running to the house, begging to see my father, and every time his daughter was sent to ask him, "Is he ready to sell at my price?"

Jusuph came down another ten silver pieces, and then another ten and another ten. His eyes were feverish. He made several attempts to force his way into the house. He was in a state of terrible agitation. He cried, he gesticulated. The last time that day, after he had gone down fifty silver pieces, he called out aloud: "Does that man want to cut my throat? Is he not afraid Allah will punish him for his

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behavior? Am I a dog to be kept outside?" He left with the hands raised above his head, denouncing my father to the women who looked through the latticed windows. "A Chalfan's son. What better can one expect of the son of Abner and grandson of Khadir?"

Hazi was very pleased. She looked at me with her sparkling eyes. The firmer my father was, the more she hovered about him. She blew the coals of his narghile. She brought his sweets and cold water even when he did not ask her for any. Toward evening, when my father had paid her a compliment as she kneeled down to light his cigarette, she said:

"Offer him another ten gold pieces."

"I shall," father said, "for your sake." Her eyes lighted up. She kissed his hands.

Having won his favor, she no longer bothered about me. That night when I spoke to her she brushed me aside impatiently.

"Akaab is coming. It were better you remain indoors."

And he came. I saw him walk down the road beside her, leading his horse.

Jusuph was offered ten more gold pieces through his daughter the following morning. I saw him get the news. His eyes opened wide. He was as excited as a better on the last stretch in a horse-race.

He came down another ten silver pieces, and left proudly after conversing quietly with his daughter. Then Hazi came in and hovered about my father without even looking at me.

"Let us pack up and leave," I urged my father. "I have seen all I want to see of Damascus. It is a city of merchants and hagglers. I hate Damascus. Let us leave."

"As you wish. In two days we leave."

I began to pack our things. Instantly Hazi became interested. She looked at me.

"My son wishes us to go," father told her. It made me happy to see her look at me appealingly. It was well she should know my wish had weight with my father. I saw tears in her eyes when she left the room. It was my turn not to give her occasion to speak to me alone. I scarcely looked at her when she turned around at the doorway. I was busy packing.

A sand-storm was swirling over the city. It kept us indoors the whole day.

It got dark very early in the afternoon. The mules brayed loudly, and the camels coughed their shrill cries of distress. Blasts of sand were pounding at the walls and doors and windows as if thrown by invisible hands.

That night Murad asked his women to dance before us. They went through all the contortions to the sound of the tambourine while the storm raged incessantly. Hazi waited for me to ask her to dance, but I did not. The heat in the tightly closed house was unbearable. In the midst of the dance Jusuph, pale and worn, appeared, bringing the pistols under his coat. Murad looked thunderstruck. Father smiled happily. The women were asked to leave. Jusuph put the pistols before father, inviting him to look at them again. Then he proceeded to describe each one in the most eloquent way, fondling, caressing, patting the steel of the barrels as tenderly as if they were his own children he was confiding to a stranger.

"What say you now Ali, ben Abner, ben Khadir?"

"We are leaving town in two days.

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I shall give you three hundred and seventy gold pieces, and may my years be shorter with one year for every gold piece I give you more," father answered.

Murad approved. Jusuph began to lower his price by single silver pieces. He spoke in silver pieces only as a hint that there was a way to evade the oath father had taken. Till late into the night he remained. When he left the room he had come down to three hundred and seventy-five gold pieces.

Hazi was at the doorway watching the contest.

"Why do you want to leave so soon?" Hazi managed to ask me.

"Do you want me to serve for target-practice to Akaab, or do you want me to help your father in the selling of the pistols? Which of the two?" I queried sarcastically.

She put her hands on my mouth.

"Say not another word. You know not the truth." She went to her quarters. She returned soon under some pretext. "My heart bleeds to have hurt you, son of Ali." But when she saw me relenting she asked rapidly, "Do you think your father will reconsider and offer more?"

"Not if I know my father," I answered. She skipped away.

§ 6

"Where is Hazi?" I asked one of the women the following day.

"She wants to be near her father to-day."

I did not see her that evening. We were to leave the following afternoon. Before sunrise Jusuph was at the door. He carried the pistols with him. He talked again and showed them.

"Only five more gold pieces and they are yours."

"I have no desire to shorten my life for a piece of steel, Jusuph."

"What is life without what one desires?" the merchant countered.

"Were I to want them, were I the buyer, of a certainty words I had uttered in barter would not stand between me and what I desired."

Father was adamant. His eyes glistened with desire as he looked at the pistols. His hands pressed passionately on them, and his fingers caressed fondly the curves of the handles.

"What I have said, I have said."

Jusuph talked eloquently. He brought examples from the Koran, from the holy book, the holiest, that such an oath as father had taken was worthless. When he had failed to break down father's resolution on that ground he spoke sophistically of the voluptuousness of pain and fear.

"Great passions are always forbidden passions. What is allowed and good may be right, but it offers no great joy. Why, Ali ben Abner, ben Khadir, think of the sensation at the sight and feel of these weapons! You will know that they cost you not only three hundred and seventy-five gold pieces, but also five years of your own life. And they will be far more precious to you because of that. I envy your pleasure in them. You will love them with the pain of great love; as loves one who has fallen wounded battling for the conquest of his beloved one. As a voluptuary you could not have done better than taking that oath and breaking it afterward."

Never had I heard more eloquent, more convincing talk. He looked like an inspired man. Murad and I and father and Hazi literally hung on his lips. He spoke profoundly, wisely. As if waiting to hear great words that

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were to convert us to some new belief, to some new religion, we listened intently, awestruck with expectation.

"What I have said, I have said." He would not be convinced.

Jusuph left the house like a martyr, a saint, that had cried in the wilderness.

Father was pale and unsteady on his feet. It was clear he regretted the oath he had taken not to offer more than that sum of gold pieces. The hour of our departure approached. Suddenly I had an idea.

"I have five gold pieces of my own. I can give them to him, and so what you have said is said, and you will have the pistols," I cried, hugging myself to father's breast.

"You are as good a son as Hazi is a daughter," my father answered, "but it cannot be. We must leave instantly."

"Hazi!" I called.

She appeared.

"Take these five gold pieces to your father as a present from me and let him come immediately."

She trembled. Father put his hand on my shoulders.

"Put your gold pieces in your pocket. The mules are here. Come," he urged.

"But, Father, Father," I begged, "let me do that for you!"

"Come; we leave."

Murad and his wives had bidden us godspeed earlier in the day. My pain for my father's anguish was stronger than my love for Hazi. I was hardly thinking of her when we left.

When we had passed the gates of Damascus astride our mules, I asked father:

"Why have you not allowed me to help you? Should five pieces of gold stand between you and your desire?"

"Now I will tell you," father answered. "These pistols don't belong to Jusuph. They are Murad's heirlooms, and are not for sale at any price; but as Jusuph is a merchant by nature, he pays rent to keep them in his bazaar, just so as to have something to haggle about, to keep alive. His daughter Hazi serves Murad for the rent of those pistols. I have given Jusuph a fine battle. Fancy how dangerously near I was to accede to his price!"

"And you have known it all the time?"

"I had heard about it through a friend of mine five years ago. It was why I wanted to come to Damascus. Too bad he has fallen on such evil days! He is a great merchant."

"And, Hazi, Father? Hazi?"

"She will serve Murad for the rent of those pistols as long as her father lives. She loves her father."

I returned to Damascus five years later. Jusuph was still selling those six pistols. Hazi served Murad for them. Then Akaab died. Hazi shot him while he was attempting to stab me, treacherously coming up from behind.

The other day I heard myself saying to our son:

"Come to Damascus. Come to Damascus, the old city of Damascus."

Come to Damascus, the old city of Damascus!

The sand-laden wind of the desert polishes the tops of the mushroom-like, flat, round towers. Patches of gold glitter in the sun, when the sirocco, the wind of the desert, has let up. Come to the city of the califs, Damascus, the most beautiful city of the world.

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A Catholic View of Religious America

By Hilaire Belloc

The contrast in religion between the New World and the Old is a difficult point to emphasize, and that for three reasons.

First, that modern men have forgotten the social effect of religion, ascribing to almost any other cause, economic or physical, what is in truth the result of men's doctrines.

Secondly, that modern men hold doctrines without defining them; therefore without knowing they hold them.

Thirdly, that, after language, the one point in which a false similarity most masks the essential difference between America and England is the point of religion.

Religion is at the root of all culture, and societies differ more from difference in religion than from difference in any other factor. It is more powerful than race, far more powerful than physical environment. If any one doubts this, let him consider the example of Islam. One culture covering such races as negroes on the one hand, Berbers (who in feature are indistinguishable from Europeans) on the other hand, and every sort of type intermediary between, or external to, these, cuts off a whole section of humanity from the rest of the race and stamps it with a particular mark never to be mistaken.

Now, as I have said, in religion the United States would seem to offer less contrast to Europe, and especially to England, than in any other social factor, with the exception of language. They form part of the general culture of Christendom, but they have also in particular the same essential of varying, independent Protestant religious bodies which are the special mark of England. In the United States, as in England, you find great Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other communities; you find the small, wealthy, highly cultivated Unitarian body centered there in Massachusetts, as you find it centered upon Birmingham and the Midlands in England. You find what is essentially the same communion as the Church of England under the title of Episcopalian; a similar congeries is not to be found in any European country besides England.

The similarity is striking, and might be thought conclusive against the thesis I have elsewhere maintained; for while we know that similarity in language has no necessary correspondence with similarity in social structure and spirit, with religion it is powerfully otherwise, and a similar religious system should, it would seem, produce a similar society.

And so it would were that similarity exact; but, as in the case of language, it acts rather as a mask for what is at the root a profound, increasing, and

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operative contrast which is driving the two worlds apart. And the contrast lies in these two things: first, that the balance of religious communities is very different in one case from what it is in the other; secondly, that America stands apart from the interactions of European thought.

These two characteristics in the religious situation of the New World develop a continually widening divergence from that of the Old, and are overshadowed, like everything making up American society, by that mysterious, but undeniable and potent, influence which is the genius of the place, and which gives it, in our European eyes, a wholly foreign tone.

The balance of various religious bodies is the first point of difference I have noted, and it is capital. By the proportion of the ingredients it is that bodies in the physical world differ. The same ultimate constituents combined in one fashion produce coal and in another the diamond: in the one case the Roman cement of three thousand years, in another crumbling rubbish. So it is in the spiritual world, in the ultimate forces which make mankind and produce a state. Proportion determines; number rules.

In Europe as a whole religion is today marshaled in two camps, mainly regional. The one is that which has kept in continuity with tradition, and comprises France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube, and Ireland. Throughout that region there is a minority, always very small (insignificant in Italy and Belgium and Spain, less than three per cent. in France, much more intermixed upon the Rhine and the Danube), which takes its character from the Reformation, and is, in ethics, if no longer in doctrine, Protestant; but the tone of all that region is traditional and Catholic; nor is this truth affected by that by-product of Catholicism which we call "anti-clericalism." A man of this culture may most sincerely hate the organization and power of the Catholic Church, he may combat it to the full as a tyrannical and degrading falsehood, yet will he show in all his manner of speech and in all the fundamental social ideas which he takes for granted that he is of the traditional culture and alien to the Protestant North. M. Clemenceau is an excellent example of what I mean by this. Further, the small Protestant bodies within the Catholic culture of Europe, even where they have great power through their wealth, as in France, are strongly affected by the social atmosphere about them. In general you may say (under all those qualifications which are necessary to any simple statement of a complicated organic thing) that Europe south and west of a certain line is Catholic. Similarly you may say that Europe north and west of a certain line is Protestant.

That line is accurately traced on the very excellent German modern atlases, where difference of religion and every other point on which statistical information is available are set forth. It is a line running first west of old Serbia, then following the Danube and, roughly speaking, the Carpathians, cutting across Galicia, and going nearly straight northward to within a day's journey of the Baltic; thence it runs westward through the mountains which frame the Bohemian plain, then turns north again toward the mouths of the Rhine, passes down the English Channel, and rises northward again to include Ireland, with the exception of

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the planted northeast corner of that island.

The Protestant religion gives you England and Scotland, the northern Netherlands (that is, Holland), north Germany, Scandinavia, Finland, and land south of the Gulf of Finland.

§ 2

The characteristics of this culture as a whole are its high proportion of industrialism. In its agricultural part, under suitable conditions, such as Norway and most of the Protestant Swiss district, a highly democratic organization of peasant owners; but under the more complicated conditions, which are the rule, an aristocratic organization, the land held by a wealthy governing class, and the mass of the people working under them as dependents. Further, during the last century the center of gravity of Europe in wealth, and in other social factors more and more until the Great War, lay within the Protestant North. The Catholic South, even with the inclusion of France, became more and more imitative of the Protestant North. The latter affirmed its own superiority and believed in it, while the former was subject to violent internal strain through the great quarrel everywhere at work, but first of all in France, between the organization of the Catholic Church and the civil power. Moreover, the two typical instances of Ireland and Poland up to the Great War affected the mind of Europe. Both were subject Catholic nations, controlled against their wills by powers alien to and inimical to the Catholic Church. Many of the Poles, of course, had the privilege of a milder subjection within the Austrian Empire, where they exercised considerable power. But the intensely Catholic western section of Poland was under the heel of Berlin, and the no less intensely Catholic Irish were under the foreign government of London. No corresponding subjection of a Protestant society to one of Catholic culture existed, and such a picture affected the general judgment, tending to persuade it that the one culture, the Catholic, was declining, the other, the Protestant, advancing.

Now, in the United States there was no such regional division. That continent (it is no less) presented a totally different arrangement of spiritual forces. The main of the country's tradition was Protestant, and even Puritan. The spiritual forces opposed to this tradition, active skepticism upon the part of an important few, the Catholic organization of many millions, were scattered, interpenetrating the whole body; regional indeed to this extent, that the Catholic forces, weak or almost unknown in vast agricultural districts, were always powerful and sometimes overwhelming in the great towns. But there was, and is, in the United States no distinction by district between a Catholic and a Protestant culture. The culture of the whole was Protestant; the Catholic element, comparatively recent as a weighty factor, was a dispersed minority controlling far less than its numerical share of wealth and influence.

Here, then, was a balance in proportion, a setting together of elements quite different in pattern from what ruled in Europe; a system which you may find in certain small districts of Europe, but not in Europe as a whole. The Protestant capitals of Europe are aware of the Catholic capitals; the two spiritual forces in Europe are polar-

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ized, and reactions between the two camps are continual and active. There are no Catholic capitals in the United States.

When we turn to the special contrast between the United States and England, we have another set of arrangements to consider. England has been from the Reformation until very recent times an essentially aristocratic state. It is still aristocratic in all its traditions and structure, and it is even possible that, despite the growth of the great towns and the present decline of the aristocratic spirit, its degradation into mere plutocracy and the forgetfulness of old relations between the governing and governed, the aristocratic spirit will return. It is not perhaps probable, but it is possible; and at any rate the old aristocratic framework of England is still everywhere apparent.

This historical process is expressed in England by the institution of the Church of England. Establishment and endowment are not the chief marks of this institution, which has not its like in the world. Its chief mark is the way in which this organization is coincident with what was until recently, and still largely is, the governing part of the nation.

No doctrines define the Church of England. Its ministers may and do define doctrine as each wills, save, of course, the anti-national doctrine of papal supremacy. What all agree in is the *national* function of the establishment.

Official ceremony, great national functions, the villages and country towns from which all England sprang, and which are still the preservers of the English soul, have the Church of England for a medium. More important still, the great "public schools," as they are called, wherein the wealthier class is trained in a fashion so sharply different from the education of the mass of the people in the elementary schools—these are almost universally within the organization of the Church of England. The independent, or free Protestant bodies, what are commonly called in England the "Nonconformist bodies," arose in protest against the existence of a state church, not nearly so much in protest against doctrine as in protest against an alliance between the civil state and the church. These great communities were at their origin in conflict with the state church, and later, when the conflict had ceased, were still in a lesser social position; the nation was not officially expressed through their action.

With all this there went a highly concentrated unity of national type, produced by what was, despite domestic differences which loomed very large at home, an essentially united national religion. The English character and ethics were and are everywhere unmistakable, and are the fruit of a common religious experience.

Now, of this arrangement the United States not only bears no trace, but has even no comprehension. Very few indeed are those American citizens who have lived so long in England, or have become in any other fashion so familiar with the English spirit, that they can even recognize the point I am making. Such a thing as a governing class, as the training of that class in special schools, as its connection with the state through a religious organization not of doctrine, but of practice and habit, is not only unknown to the average American, but fairly inconceivable to him. It means a different world. The Free Churches

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are not, in the American mind, connected in any way with the idea of protest against the state or against any form of social or political power or superiority. Springing from various equally free sources, the various Protestant bodies in America have united, or, rather, are already in fusion. On our side of the Atlantic they have sprung from different levels, and were, and still are in great part, stratified.

Lastly, there is this profound historical difference in the religious development of the two societies. In England a great mass of the populace, to-day the majority of the populace, was and is unaffected by the Established Church on the one hand and the Nonconformist bodies on the other. It has long been indifferent. Whereas in America the great mass of the populace, nearly all that part of the people who are settled on the land, and, until recent times, the town populace as well, were steeped in an active, accepted, and taught form of set doctrinal religion. This contrast does not appear upon the surface, because the depths of society take long to affect the surface, but it is there. The average American of pure American descent, though his people should have been poor for generations, is of the Puritan religion. Your average English working-man is not. The Puritan religion with us is middle class. In America it was, and still largely is, popular; and any one who will meditate upon that contradiction will see what effect it must have in these coming years when everything shall abide question.

One very striking effect of this contrast between the United States and England, an effect which must necessarily bear great fruit in the near future, is the corresponding contrast between the skeptical movement in America and in Great Britain.

Roughly speaking, outside the Catholic Church to-day throughout the Occidental world, throughout Christendom, skepticism is universal. *Faith* has everywhere yielded to *opinion.*

§ 3

The definition of faith is the acceptation of a truth, and the refusal to entertain the possibility of an opposite to that truth, although proof is absent. Faith must be coincident with reason, but it is not established by reason. Science is the acceptation of a truth, and the refusal to admit the possibility of an opposite, because conclusive proof has been presented, and reason has accepted that proof. Opinion is the partial acceptation of an affirmation, the opposite of which is still regarded as possible.

The modern world, I say, the modern Christian world, using the word Christian in the cultural and not in the doctrinal sense, has lapsed from faith into opinion outside the Catholic body.

So true is this that the very quality or definition of faith which I have just given appears to-day, outside the Catholic body, absurd; and though all men are making acts of faith all day long (as, for instance, the universal act of faith in the existence both of themselves and of the world outside themselves, neither of which can be proved), yet they have lost the knowledge that those acts are acts of faith at all. Science and opinion alone are conceived to cover the whole field. Faith is unexperienced.

Now, in this situation England will, and must, behave as the rest of Europe behaves; that is, the loss of faith produces rapidly in England, as in the rest

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of Europe, a revolution in ethics; and the pagan origins from which we sprang, noble and ignoble, reappear as the poor remaining fragments of Christian dogma are abandoned.

But in the United States it is not so. The modern skeptical movement, the substitution of opinion for faith, leave the ethics of the nation not unchanged indeed, but still in an unbroken tradition, and that tradition is essentially Puritan.

The second point I made at the outset of this difficult piece of analysis was, that the United States present a religious contrast to Europe, and especially to England, in the fact that their religious experience is isolated; that the reaction of Catholic culture upon Protestant is hardly felt; that certain consequences of religious difference which we in Europe had known for generations and allowed for were, in the United States, hitherto unknown, have but recently appeared, are still novel, and as yet not fully analyzed. Of these by far the most important—so much the most important that it covers all that is worth noting in the field—is *the necessary conflict between the civil state and the Catholic Church where the two are not identified.*

The Catholic Church is in its root principle at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and of authority. For the purpose of the state, religion is either a universally admitted system or a matter of individual choice. But by the definition which is the very soul of Catholicism, religion must be for the Catholic, first, a supreme authority superior to any claims of the state; secondly, a corporate thing, and not an individual thing; thirdly, a thing dependent upon authority, and not upon a personal mood; fourthly, a guaranty of individual freedom in all that is not of faith.

§ 4

Harnack uttered a profound truth, in what he intended to be a sneer, when he said that men had either their own religion or somebody else's religion. The religion of the Catholic is not a mood induced by isolated personal introspection coupled with an isolated personal attempt to discover all things and the Maker of all things. It is essentially an acceptation of the religion of others; which others are the apostolic college, the conciliar decisions, and all that proceeds from the authoritative voice of the church. For the Catholic, it is not he himself, it is the church which can alone discover, decide, and affirm. Moreover, the Catholic regards that which is so decided and affirmed as good and salutary, forming the only home of the human race, outside which are but puerilities or despairs, and he regards that which denies or combats such authority and such affirmation as evil in its consequences and destructive to the dignity and right ordering of man. Lastly, the Catholic instinctively feels his right of personal choice in all that is not defined by creed: for example, in the matter of food and drink.

Now, it is clear that between this attitude and the attitude of a non-Catholic state which proposes "tolerance" (that is, the definition of all religion as an individual concern), there is conflict. For tolerance means indifference to those acts and doctrines which the state treats as private, coupled with enforcement of certain acts and doctrines which the state insists upon treating as universal.

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I am not here concerned with the evident falsehood of this word "tolerance." I use it because it is the current word for this particular attitude which every state not identified with Catholicism must take up.

I repeat, tolerance means to-day, in the mind of the modern statesman, and particularly in the mind of the American citizen, the enforcement of certain doctrines and practices, and, side by side with these, a complete freedom in such doctrines and practices as lie outside those limits.

For instance, the American state enforces the doctrine of private property; the doctrine and practice of monogamy; not of monogamy in the sense of tolerating only one living wife, but in the sense of not tolerating two legal marriages with one person at the same time. It also forbids the purchase and transport of wine, but not those of Mrs. Stopes's books, etc.

Up to the present day the position of the Catholic in the United States has insecurely fitted in with this modern conception of tolerance, through the fact that the dogmas taken for granted by the state, and enforced in practice, were mainly Catholic dogmas; and that the action of the state, where its dogmas differed from Catholic dogma, was mainly negative and permissive.

But such a state of affairs cannot be permanent, and to prove that it cannot be permanent I will give two examples.

It may well come about at any moment that the state may pass a law compelling those who have the guardianship of human beings incapable beyond a certain degree to see to the removal of those human beings. The state may take it for granted as a universal doctrine, to be held and enforced upon all citizens, that the preservation of imbecile or imperfect life, much more its continuance from one generation to another by the propagation of children, is destructive of society; and it may order that these unfortunate beings be placed in what is called, in our modern scientific jargon, the lethal chamber.

Now, for a Catholic to act in this fashion is, by Catholic definition, murder; and, what is more, any action supporting or even permitting this thing is also from the Catholic point of view murder. If A is a Catholic receiving an order to put out of life the imbecile B, he not only commits murder if he obeys, but he commits murder if he hands over the imbecile B to the state official C, who he knows will so act. More, he will be committing murder if he does not do everything in his power to prevent the official C from carrying out the law.

I have chosen this extreme and violent example because it is particularly illuminating; nor can any one say that it is fantastic, seeing what things are proposed to-day and what ideas are becoming familiar.

But I can give much nearer instances. A law forbidding a minister of religion to marry two people unless they were certificated by medical or other authority would not, and could not, be obeyed in the Catholic community; nor a law in any way artificially restricting the birth of children.

If an actual example be demanded, we have one before our eyes in a proposal which has already arisen in the matter of education in the United States. It has already been proposed, and may at any time become law in certain parts of the United States, that a parent should be forbidden to send his child to any but one particular type

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of school agreeable to the state, and shall be compelled to send his child to that school. The state here affirms the doctrine and practice that a certain religious atmosphere is, or should be, universal to the human race; or, at any rate, to all its citizens; which religious atmosphere is other than the Catholic. Such a law no Catholic would obey; for, by Catholic definition, it is the parent who should decide upon the education of the child, not the state.

In general, that conflict with which Europe is acquainted to the full, and which has filled the history of two thousand years from the time of Nero to our own, is inevitable.

Now, we in Europe, being so familiar with this, taking it for granted, and knowing that the conflict is always potentially present, arrange for it in various ways: by certain compromises and anomalies in one time; by vigorous persecution in other times; by accepting corporate union between the faith and the civil power. In all these ways the strain is resolved or postponed, and an equilibrium, stable or unstable, preserved. But no one can know the United States without admitting that when the conflict shall there arise, an equilibrium will not be established or preserved, for the conflict will be novel and will seem monstrous. On the one side you have a plain affirmation that the law is the law and must be obeyed, and indignant surprise on the rejection of what seems so obvious and universal a rule. On the other you will have, as you have had throughout history, resistance to and denial of that rule.

The chief political problem presented by religion has, then, still to be solved in the New World. What the result will be certainly no foreigner could attempt to predict, and probably no American citizen who has recognized that problem from his reading of history, or from his instinctive reaction against the presence of the Catholic Church, can foretell one, either. But presented the problem certainly will be, and in one or other of the many fashions, stable or unstable, more or less tragic, it will have to be solved.

I must close with this suggestion, putting it so that it shall be as inoffensive as possible, though I fear there must always be some note of offense in it. The new and separate spirit which has made America, which creates a spiritual condition peculiar to that continent, may produce, perhaps will soon produce, at any rate *tends* to produce, some quite unique experiment in the field of religion.

We have had islands, as it were, of such experiment in more than one case; but seeing the way in which great waves spread suddenly over that field of a six score millions, seeing the rapid intensity and unity of their action, I cannot but think that the future holds some rapid and, to us of Europe startlingly new, American growth—a new body and organization in the domain of religion. Not an isolated, fractional experiment, but a great national or cultural invention. A new religion. Should such a transformation come, then the conflict with Catholicism of which I have spoken must arise immediately and in its severest form.

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A Maya Idyl

A Study of Felipe Carrillo, Late Governor of Yucatan

By Ernest Gruening

In the person of Felipe Carrillo the epic of a race was strangely incarnate. Like their ancestral monuments, his people remained in the land of their ancient glories, but neglected, disintegrating, and forgotten. Around the Maya temples the jungle wrapped its destroying coils and blurred the exuberantly chiseled exploits of a great age with the lichen of decay. Upon the Maya the conquistadores fastened the shackles of servitude and stifled his native culture. The life of this unique people combines two of the strangest anachronisms in history. When Europe was still in its dark ages the Mayas had built great stone cities and had forged at least a thousand years ahead in astronomical science. Yet into the twentieth century of the Christian era the serfdom imposed upon them by the Europeans continued, the last survival of chattel slavery in the western hemisphere.

Toward the end of this epoch emerged the figure of Felipe Carrillo. He was born one hundred years after the first American Declaration of Independence. Of a middle-class family, supposedly of Spanish descent, he received from the lips of his father a closely guarded family secret. Five generations back an orphan adopted by one Carrillo learned from his foster-parent that the boy's real name was Cocóm, and that the boy was a direct descendant of one of the kings of Mayapan, Natchi-Cocóm. A myth, perhaps, but in young Felipe Carrillo's heart it kindled a spark that blazed into a passionate love for his people.

Archæologists saw in Yucatan the "Egypt of America." But there was another Egypt, with the living and bleeding Maya as the base of its pyramid of economic splendor, which they did not see. Carrillo became its Moses. Like Moses, "he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens," saw the plantation taskmasters "smiting" them, and addressed himself to the divinity of self-help to "let my people go," by teaching his enslaved countrymen their rights under the constitution. Yucatan's Pharaohs, likewise, "when they heard this thing, sought to slay" him. Yet despite them he led his people out of bondage and gave them a new code of laws and commandments for their guidance. And is not Ma-yaab "the land of the chosen?"

In his view the four centuries of Hispanic overlordship had been a prison term for both the bodies of the Mayas and for the spirit of their race. The "Independence" of 1821 wrought

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no change in their status. The early bishops had burned every Maya book and document they could lay hands on, only three escaping. Considerable evidence supports the view that the greatest aboriginal race had passed the peak of achievement even before Cortés. But with the conquest its evolution stopped short. Yet nowhere in Mexico did the indigene persist more tenaciously, a suggestive paradox considering that the Maya was both the most pacific and the most persecuted of native stocks.

Despite a deep gap in the continuity of Maya tradition, as yet unexplained, a total ignorance of living Mayas of their hieroglyphs, a negligibly faint historical and racial consciousness, it was a homogeneous people that emerged just four hundred years after the conquest by Cortés's lieutenant, Montejo. The Maya type remains pure and distinctive; the Maya language is spoken uniformly outside the capital city of Merida and the port of Progreso. The melodious place-names are as of old: Motul, Ticul, Ticum, Tizimin, Izamal, Halacho, Hunucma, Maxcanu. In dress, habitations, foods, in the ceremonials and dances, in the costumes and jewelry, in music and the plastic arts, the indigenous persists, crops out with the tenacity of tropical growth. Almost instinctively, the school-child of to-day traces with his crayon a fair approximation of the rhythmically balanced and ornate compositions discovered on the ruined façades of Uxmal and Copan, examples of what Dr. Herbert Spinden calls "one of the few really great and coherent expressions of beauty so far given to the world."

But above all else it is the race's outstanding quality, its sensational cleanliness, that has been preserved under conditions wholly unfavorable. Whatever else he lost, the Maya retained his self-respect. Nowhere else in Mexico, indeed in Hispano-Indian America, from Arizona to Araucania, does one find an equal approach to godliness. In the middle of the last century one of Yucatan's governors, Santiago Mendez wrote: "Their bodily cleanliness almost borders on superstition, for they consider a person who does not wash his body every day not quite sane and reasonable." And he writes of their daily bath, which remains to-day inviolate routine in the humblest Maya home—a home almost always as tidy and immaculate as those who dwell there.

Unique is the Maya type. He is of none of the familiar Indian varieties. His slightly aquiline and delicately chiseled features convey a suggestion of the Orient. His body is not large, but lithe and graceful; his hands and feet are small. The forehead is high, the eyes large and clear brown, the teeth sparkling white. If great beauty, as we conceive it, among the women is rare, an innate dignity, a natural refinement, marks them of a race apart. Their voices are soft and mellow, and their laughter is deep and cool. A beauty-loving, a gentle, a modest, a kindly people. These no doubt are the qualities that led to their enslavement, but are they any less the attributes of nobility?

Spotless white, the women's flowing *hipiles*, richly embroidered around neck and hem with gorgeously colored flowers, hang free from their shoulders. Golden filigree chains drop from their throats, a gay flower nestles in their black hair. Thus did the bedecked and bejeweled maidens poise at dawn

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on the edge of the sacred pool at Chichen-Itzá a thousand years ago. Graceful and sinuous are their movements, languorous their dances, sweet and plaintive their music, these sensuous and wistful harmonies borne through the fragrant tropic night beneath the ancient stars.

Felipe Carrillo would have dominated his surroundings anywhere. His was a leadership almost unknown in this day and belonging rather to a legendary age. Straight, handsome, with keen, yet kindly gray eyes, clean-cut features and sparkling smile that could capture a child's faith or rivet the hearts of a vast multitude, taller by a head than most of his countrymen, he was truly a god among them. In any civilized society a high-spirited, brave, and gallant gentleman. Never was the heritage of nobility that he believed to be his more fervently held as a high obligation, more worthily executed as a sacred trust. Yet he was a democrat to the core, a leader, a teacher, a big brother rather than a ruler. He lived simply, and gave no thought to pomp, to personal power or its perquisites. A great vision, shrewd realism, intuitive sympathy, a loving sentimentality, militant idealism and extraordinary physical energy combined with a rarely winning personality—these were the qualities which enabled him, virtually single-handed, to achieve a revolution.

In Carrillo's conflagration of reform a modern outlook and racial atavism were the twin pilot flames. The somber Spanish-imposed medievalism, with its parasitic aristocracy, he rejected utterly. What could be more antithetic to the incrusted feudal-clerical alliance than "socialism?" His people had been mocked for a century by republicanism and supposedly democratic institutions. Now the red flag became the first banner to symbolize something other than oppression. Under it "Felipe," as all knew him, formed the people in the chaotic years of revolutionary ebb and flow after 1915 into "leagues of resistance." Each was a local organization responding to the community's needs: a political unit, a grange, a forum, a coöperative and educational and recreational center in one, every one of these functions a new and radical departure. Auxiliary "feminist leagues" combated illiteracy, intemperance, belief in the supernatural, and militantly inculcated hygiene, proper care of children, and "birth control" methods, all unprecedented for the Yucateca. These organizations made him governor two years ago in the first democratic and honest election ever held in Yucatan. With them he constructed a new social order of eclectic rationalism shaped to the immediate needs of the ninety-five per cent. Maya population and attuned to their racial tendencies. This he gave them:

Land. A small piece for every man who would work it, thus attacking the feudal landlordism of viceregal days aggravated under Diaz, aiming at economic independence, and "returning to you the land of which your fathers were individually and your ancestors were collectively despoiled." [It should not be forgotten that much of the land which he restored had literally been stolen from the people.]

Industry. Government control of the state's single crop, sisal: "The days of individualist exploitation at the expense of the many are past." Every man's right to land is inalienable, and the products of the soil belong to those

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who produce them. Yet despite the consequent bitterness of the land barons, it was Carrillo's state control that saved them during post-war deflation from the utter ruin that befell Cuba's sugar planters. And the state was prospering.

Housing. "Every man should own his home." Hence taxation was light on single houses inhabited by their owners, graded for multiple ownership, and prohibitive for more than forty hou[illegible]nder one proprietorship. Rents were fixed at seven per cent.

Democracy. His own election established the precedent. In every municipality candidates were discussed in open assembly, and chosen by majority—a nascent New England town-meeting form of local government. He himself embodied the belief, rare indeed below the Rio Grande, that public office was *delegated* authority. He preferred to think of himself one of the rank and file by unanimous consent President of the Leagues of Resistance than as Governor of Yucatan. In past Mexican history a state governor connoted a tyrant.

Education. "They have kept you ignorant to exploit you. . . . It is essential that you become independent and thinking citizens, and that you may learn of the deeds of your forefathers." Hence he put schools in every village and hacienda and created a great agricultural school in the capital.

Coeducation. Reversing the tradition of balcony and barred window.

Base-ball. An antidote to the brutal Spanish bull-fight. For the boy an opportunity to *play* instead of to labor. A revival of old-time physical prowess. Did not the ancient Mayas have their ball-courts?

Temperance. "Alcohol kept them enslaved. In those days a *copita* of rum was given to every peon before his day's toil. . . . A clear mind is essential for better citizenship. . . . Drink has tended toward degeneration of the race."

Anti-clericalism. "They have told you that God is everywhere. Very well, then worship where you please." "Worship should be free; you need pay no *diesmos* [tithes] or *limosnas* [alms] for the privilege. Remember that we socialists believe in eliminating the middleman; commune directly with your God. . . . The church perpetuated their slavery by threatening them with punishment in after-life if they rebelled. . . . It was the priests who committed the unspeakable vandalism and sacrilege of destroying the Maya writings." Lectures on evolution, astronomy, and the discoveries of modern science often illustrated by motion-pictures were an integral part of a campaign of *desfanatización*.

Roads. He built the best roads in Mexico, and in two years had constructed more in Yucatan than all its governors since the Spanish conquest. They were essential to make Yucatan a modern state. Every one of the ruined cities which will now be restored must be freely accessible to every one of his countrymen.

Prison reform. "The penitentiary was an obsolete barbarity; the inmates were largely the victims of social conditions which shall disappear." He abolished numbers, stripes, mail censorship, and unlocked every cell giving each inmate the freedom of the courtyards and gardens in which was established a model trade school. Here each followed a craft of his own

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choosing, receiving expert direction to improve his skill. The products were sold, three fourths of the proceeds returning to the maker, the remainder to a welfare fund administered jointly by warden and prisoners. Elementary instruction for the illiterate was compulsory. Visitors were admitted daily, and once a week every prisoner was allowed to receive in the privacy of his newly curtained cell his wife or sweetheart.

Divorce. Forbidden under the Hispanic state. "Woman, too, was enslaved. They were *given* in marriage. Marriage is a union of equals, based on mutual love and respect, not on possession. What these two persons do is their own concern."

Birth control. Anathema under the old society. "Parents are the ones to determine when and how many children they shall have, not ignorant blind chance." In Merida he had established the two first legally operating birth-control clinics in the two Americas and was arranging to have scientific contraceptive information given out with every wedding certificate.

Prostitution. He was studying this problem: "A curse on society, and the oldest. We cannot abolish it by decree. I believe it wholly unnecessary and that in time with the economic emancipation of women it can be wiped out." Meanwhile he purposed to lessen its evils by compulsory medical inspection and prophylaxis of men as well as of women.

Orphans. He had just created the "House of the Child" and purposed in it to eliminate institutional evils and to give each child "the nearest possible equivalent to the love and tenderness of an enlightened home."

This is the barest—and an incomplete—summary of accomplishment of but twenty-two months' governorship.

And of course he undertook and stimulated an intense study of all things Maya. Combined with a deep personal interest was the shrewdly deliberate purpose of awakening anew the pride of his people, of shattering their inferiority complex, of reinheriting them spiritually. In the schools they were to be taught to write the rich, euphonious, vowel-laden Maya tongue of every-day intercourse as well as Spanish and English and every scrap of new information unearthed by the archæologists was given currency. The popular arts and crafts—dancing and music, painting, weaving, pottery, and fine metal working, were given a new release. How the racial heritage seeped through their modern expressions! Small wonder that American archæologists found in Felipe Carrillo their stanchest ally and friend. None of them exceeded his yearning to uncover the buried history of his race. For his passion was for both past and present, and a linking of the two to make a better future. Above all else his was a spiritual leadership.

Like a great comet he came out of age-long darkness, lifting men's eyes and hearts, a fiery token of cycles reaching into the vast unknown, a vision unforgettable. He was a cosmic figure. He linked in his single person the far-flung epic of the great American race and the undying epic of man's quest for freedom.

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Spring Cries

By Carl Sandburg

Call us back, call us with your sliding silver,
Frogs of the early spring, frogs of the later days,
When spring crosses over, when spring spills over
And spills the last of its sliding silvers
Into the running wind, the running water, of summer.
Call us back, then, call over, call under; only call,
Frogs of the early spring, frogs of the later days.

Birds we have seen and known and counted,
Birds we have never learned the names of,
Call us back, you too, call us back.
Out of the forks and angles of branches,
High out of the blacksmith arms of oak and ash,
Sweet out of the Lombardy poplar's arrow-head,
Soft out of the swinging, swaying,
The bending and almost broken branch
Of the bush of the home of the wild gooseberry—
Yellow feather, white throat, gray neck, red wing,
Scarlet head, blue shoulder, copper-silver body line—
All you birds, call us back, call us under, over,
Birds we know, birds we never can know,
Birds spilling your one-two-three
Of a slur and a cry and a trill—
Call us back, you too call us.

Warble us easy and old ones.
Open your gates up the sunset in the evening.
Lift up your windows of song in the morning lights.
Wind on your spiral and zigzag ways.
Birds, we have heard baskets of you, bushes of you.
In a tree of a hundred windows ten of you sat
On the song sills of every window.
Warble us easy and old ones now.
Call us back, spill your one-two-three
Of a slur and a cry and a trill.

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As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

VIII—The Quest of Genius

By L. Frank Tooker

For a long time before going to the office I had thought of manuscript-reading for a popular magazine as likely to prove vastly interesting. I had thought, too, that it would be a simple matter: it was merely a question of being greatly delighted or of being intolerably bored. The great mass of contributions that lay between these two extremes, where one was neither greatly delighted nor intolerably bored, did not enter into my naïve calculation at all, though I was speedily to learn that upon this interminable plain of the commonplace the magazine must depend for its very existence. The scrub and sage-bush must in some way be camouflaged as a forest. The sacred groves of the Muses were far away.

Looking back, it appears to me now that as a "reader" my normal state of mind in those early days was one of doubt whether to recommend or reject the manuscript upon which I was for the moment engaged. Often the only solution was to pass the doubt on to the editor. He, having no other alternative, was compelled to make a decision. Perhaps at times he followed the suggestion of the old sea-captain before whom Conrad went for his examination for a master's certificate. In the oral examination to test Conrad's practical knowledge of seamanship, the old man gave him a hypothetical case. With his ship on a lee shore in a gale of wind, from Conrad one resource after another was taken, until finally he was forced to confess that there appeared nothing more that he could do.

"You might pray," the old sailor said mildly. Perhaps the editor did sometimes pray. There was often great need.

Yet in its progress from reader to reader a doubtful manuscript was often transformed into a successful poem or story through the ingenuity of some one quick to recognize the possibilities that a change here or there might make. We were all keenly alive to the advantage of thus exercising our wits, and I am sure that we rejoiced more over the lost sheep thus saved than over the ninety and nine that came safely to the fold. And, to their great credit, the authors usually rejoiced with us. Frank R. Stockton was always ready to admit that his great short story must have gained vastly by the substitution of the title, "The Lady, or the Tiger?" for his original one, "The King's Arena." Mr. Carey had suggested the change, and Mr. Stockton, being at the time somewhere in Europe, was not consulted.

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A new title was once used by us for a serial not so much for the sake of obtaining popularity for it as to disarm possible criticism for using it at all. We had published in the magazine Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert's life of Luther, a work that at first had aroused much adverse feeling on the part of certain members of the Roman Catholic Church, and later, at the suggestion of Dr. Henry van Dyke, Mr. Johnson, as a mollifying counter to the Luther, had secured for the magazine, as he has related in his "Remembered Yesterdays," Maurice Francis Egan's charming and unpolemic life of St. Francis Assisi, using as the title of the book, "Everybody's Saint Francis." Whether the title served its intended purpose of dispelling potential Protestant wrath I cannot say, but there was none voiced, so far as I know.

But changing a title was one thing; altering the structure of a story or adding a new ending was quite another matter. These, of course, we did not do without the permission of the author. We have saved lives that were hopelessly lost, and parted lovers who were on the point of living happily ever after, and all for art's sake and sweet reasonableness. THE CENTURY has never been averse to unhappy endings and a certain inevitable gloom, but it has usually protested against the distortion of life and plausibility for the sake of a possible sob at the close of a tale. The kind of change that we more frequently have made has been to ask for the omission of matter that has had no bearing on the motive or plot. One case I recall that was typical of many.

We had accepted a short story without noting in it any special weakness, but when we came to prepare it for the press, always a severe test of a story's real quality, we found that almost at the beginning it began to wander into by-paths, and was nearly half finished before it resumed its direct course. Thereupon we returned it to the author, and, pointing out the fault, asked her to consider seriously the advisability of omitting the irrelevant paragraphs. We assured her, however, that whether she agreed to the suggestion or not, the story was definitely accepted.

The author kept the story nearly two weeks, and then returned it with the changes we had desired. She said that her heart had been set on the paragraphs to which we had objected, and she had been toiling to make them more clearly component parts of the tale, though feeling from the first that they were interpolations. She knew we were right, she added, but, oh, how she had hated to part with them! She had written them from her very heart, and had never done better work.

Her feeling is common enough to all members of the writing guild. In the fever of composition certain personal experiences and emotions flash through their minds, and they set them down as having a universal appeal. In the glamour of their coming unbidden they take on for their authors something of the strange mysteriousness of prophetic utterances. But the unsympathetic editor, having small interest in demoniac possession, but much in the demand of his readers for swift action, prunes them away.

The happy Victorians were more fortunate in their editors and readers. Those of us who are old can yet recall the content with which we settled down to the leisurely perusal—no swift skimming of pages then!—of our few

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rare books, lingering with delight where Dickens, breaking the thread of his story, mounted to the top of the stage-coach speeding through the frosty dawn, and showed us all the pleasant country-side awaking to the day; or where he skirted the thin ice of Victorian impropriety, and led *Bella* on through a thousand or more faltering, but happy, words to confess to her husband: "I think—there is a ship upon the ocean—bringing to you and me"— No, I will not say it. I cannot bring back with the confession that old reader's half-shamed, half-enraptured emotion at the author's daring, the break in his voice when he read it aloud, as he did so often in that day of few books and of many eager to read them. And when Thackeray, pausing for a while from the recital of the progress of his hero through the pitfalls of the world, affected his far-removed, ironic scorn of pride and folly and puppy love, did we not think it all very wonderful, and imitate the manner in our school and college essays, feeling ourselves very wise and disillusioned? Critics will tell you to-day that it was all padding—padding to fill out the prescribed number of pages for the weekly instalments of those feverishly awaited books. Do not believe them. These friendly loiterings by the way were the moments when the great writer took us into his confidence and poured out his most treasured thoughts—the wisdom and sentiment and wit of his commonplace-books, jotted down in flashes of exaltation. We, too, have our commonplace-books; but, alas! leisure has passed from the world, and editors and readers will have none of it; they demand only head-lines and swift action. "Fine old Leisure!" George Eliot apostrophized it, and through pages lamented that even in her day it was gone. If she had but known ours!

But are we not, in our present-day impatience with detail and our eagerness to abridge all knowledge, in danger of leaving few classics to ennoble the age? I have never been obliged to condense a book that I greatly admired without the uneasy impression of being the breaker of the image of some possible new god in letters. In the editor's condensation of a potential work of art he retains the qualities that appeal to his own taste and judgment, but possibly eliminates those qualities that appeal to the man on the street. But a classic, Bishop Gore declares, is the adequate expression in a book of the best common mind of a whole community. It is impossible, he adds, to conceive of such a book to-day because the "common mind" is lacking except in small groups.

Certainly there is no longer a common literary mind. Make a Biblical allusion to-day to a group of educated young people, and you will read in their stare of incomprehension how far the Bible, in its merely literary aspect, is no longer a force to draw us together. An allusion to Dickens or Thackeray or Scott or George Eliot will serve equally as well to prove the same contention. We scorn the past, and lose all perspective; and our best-sellers, exalted for an hour, having no hold on the common mind, vanish in the next.

But I have no call to preach, having been led into the alien practice for the moment only by an uneasy conscience at the thought of all the fine sentiments I may have slaughtered and the perfect phrases I may have mangled

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in the name of necessity or speed or apochryphal good taste. An apparently trivial detail in Conrad's "Typhoon" has long remained in my mind as an extraordinary example of his genius for portraying character in a mere incident. It was the moment when *Captain MacWhirr*, coming aboard the new *Nan-Shan* for the first time as her master, in the midst of the owner's expression of his confidence in him as the captain of so fine a ship, with a vague "Have you? Thank 'ee," abruptly walked away to the cabin door and pointed out the untrustworthiness of its lock. I myself had seen a ship's captain, just returned to his newly overhauled vessel, and, standing on the quarter-deck, unmindful of the glory of fresh paint and glittering varnish and brass, curtly call the attention of his crestfallen mate to a frayed seizing high aloft; and suddenly the thought came to me of the havoc an editor unacquainted with men of *Captain MacWhirr's* unimaginative type might have wrought in the book if the need of space or the desire to hasten the action of the story had led him to strike out the passage as an unimportant detail.

But no detail is unimportant if it has a special appeal for some reader, and it is in its multitude of such special appeals that a book approaches the status of a classic. No other great writer of fiction has displayed greater and more obvious faults than Dickens, but he had many facets to his mind, and in the transfiguring glow shed from these all men somewhere found the impulse for their own dreams and visions. He had, too, in a high degree that inexplicable something that made him what we are accustomed to call vaguely "a born story-teller." Without that gift as an igniting spark no heaped-up mass of beauty and intuition and truth ever became a beacon-light to draw the hurrying feet of men.

"Born within sound of Bow bells"—the simple phrase, so wholly without significance and having no reference to any special incident that I can now recall, came to me in my earliest reading, and from that time to this, for some strange, mysterious, almost uncanny reason, has had the power to move me more deeply than any other collocation of words in the language. To the romantic boy who knew London only through Dickens and an unusually varied and incongruous group that ranged from De Foe and Marryat to the lives of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, London was the most romantic spot in the world, and to me those magical six words epitomized all its romance. I had had no desire to be born there, but with the most extraordinary longing I wanted to stand within sound of Bow bells and in fancy see all storied London pass before me. The words opened a window into another world.

It is the lack of some meeting-ground for the common mind that makes much of the fiction of the last two decades shadowy and unreal. The novels of Freudian complexes and subconscious reactions appealed only to a small group of protagonists, slightly augmented by those few who were only curious and those few who were bored by their own vacuity of mind. The later outburst, where disingenuous precocity came into the lime light and, like a posing Judic, "achieved incredible indecencies in modest black gown and white collar," could be interesting only to adoles-

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cence, and that only for a brief period, adolescence having more concern with emotion as a personal asset than as a spectacle. For a short time our young people have posed, and at times somewhat brilliantly posed, as new prophets in a world given over to sin, and proved their contention by turning their own minds inside out and displaying the roots of their moral aberrations.

There is, in consequence, no reason to despair of mankind. The heart of the world is sound; it always has been sound. If one must lay a finger on the cause of the evil that many of us think has fallen on present-day imaginative writing, the general revolt that has come to the world against all things under the heavens may serve as well as any. No one can refute the theory. And if revolt is in the air, trust adolescence to go as far as the next, and the young have recently done most of our writing of fiction and verse. Well, there they have gone rather far.

But already the mode is passing; the new mode no man can guess at. For there is no progressive growth to the novel, though bookmen have learnedly given us its history. The foundation lies in the primitive tale, but what type of building will rise upon that foundation at any given period depends mainly upon the ingenuity of its literary architects to depart from the type of the preceding, of which the age has begun to tire. In their revulsion the writers of our coming novels may go so far as a return to a new "John Halifax, Gentleman." Perhaps Ben Hecht or Sherwood Anderson may write it.

§ 2

So long as I read manuscripts, I think that I never really lost hope of chancing upon one that was notable; for I was speedily to learn that the event would be only a chance, not a matter of habitual occurrence. In time the finding of a passably bright or amusing tale was an event: for the grist did not come to the mill. In a casual mental review of the long row of volumes of magazines that I have toiled over, I can recall few striking features in a literary landscape that on the whole was pleasing. If the burning bush of genius did not blaze on every page of the magazine, there was the assurance that one would always find dignity, wholesomeness, and good taste.

I remember, of course, the War Series, the lives of Lincoln and Cromwell, of Luther and Napoleon, the Siberian papers of Kennan and the California of the gold discovery, the English and French cathedrals, and certain striking novels. But these were mainly specially planned features, not ones that came to the office in the normal course of chance happenings, and which a reader would be in a way of coming upon unexpectedly. Of the latter sort I recall at the moment, among purely descriptive articles, none that stands out with more definite clearness than Lady De Lancey's "A Week at Waterloo," written at the time of the battle; and Louise Herrick Wall's "Heroic San Francisco," the story of her long walk through the city on the day following the great earthquake in April, 1906. At the thought of short stories there come to my mind at once Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy," Edwards's "Two Runaways," and Stewart's "The Dagger," though a careful review of the whole long list for nearly forty years might bring to light others that I

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might rank above at least one or two of these. I am speaking now only of instantaneous impressions as I write. Though the verse of the magazine was long ranked as high, of poems not one comes to my mind with just this insistent call for recognition.

It was astonishing, too, to note how the field of choice was still further narrowed by the many writers who were imitating some one else or were following the literary fashion of the hour, and that these imitations ran in cycles. The writers were mainly concerned not merely with being interesting or with picturing life vividly or sincerely, but with being interesting or with picturing life in the manner of certain forerunners who for the moment had captured the favor of the public. Though here and there a lone figure of talent might stand out like a rock above the flood, the vast body of ambitious young writers were merely parts of a dialect cycle, a Kipling cycle, a Davis cycle, and later a Conrad cycle, pouring down like the muddy flood of a river in spate.

A novel and extraordinary revelation of the tendency of authors to be moved by a common impulse was to astonish me upon my entrance into the magazine. Stockton had published his "The Lady, or the Tiger?" in THE CENTURY in the autumn of 1882, but when, nearly three years later, the task of reading nearly all the manuscripts that came to the office fell to me, sequels to the story were still coming in droves. At first I was interested, then amused, but finally moved to wonder if I was eventually to suffer the fate of that old victim of the Inquisition who was said to be bound down so immovably that the drops of water that fell on the same spot on his forehead at regular intervals finally drove him to madness through his nervous horror of the monotonously recurring drip.

The publication of Mr. Stockton's own sequel, "The Discourager of Hesitancy," in the magazine for July, 1885, caused no abatement, for it had been written with his tongue in his cheek, and was not really a sequel at all, but the springing of a new problem. Nor were the writers of sequels moved by Mr. Stockton's publicly expressed belief that no man could decide whether the lady or the tiger came out of the door, and any attempt would do no more than show what manner of man he himself was. Fully five years must have passed before such sequels finally ceased to appear upon my desk.

But though many writers tried to solve the problem set by his most famous tale, I can recall few, if any, who ever attempted to imitate his manner. I recall, however, one imitation of an explanation of his peculiar vein of whimsicality. At some time in the eighties Dr. Edward Eggleston had said that Mr. Stockton possessed a "chamber in his brain" that was lacking in other people. He had jokingly used the figure of speech to explain the unusual quality of Stockton's humor, but many years later, when "The White Linen Nurse" was to divide our office force into warring camps, I was amused to hear the admirers of the story gravely declare that its author had a "lobe in her brain" denied to others. In this latter case the physiological abnormality appeared to its discoverers to be a sort of charm to ward off the evil eye and silence criticism. One could not reasonably decry the work of an author whom Nature

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had thus singularly endowed. It smacked of irreverence.

Mr. Stockton had been a member of the editorial staff of the magazine at its founding in 1870, later becoming the associate editor of "St. Nicholas," but he had left the company to engage in literary work before I entered it. I knew him, therefore, only as a later and welcome visitor. He was a small, slight man, somewhat lame, and I recall clearly the manner in which he used to make his appearance, coming quietly into the room and slipping, in a sidelong way peculiar to himself, into the chair that stood by my desk, just inside the door. His features were strong, his eyes dark and unusually large, and his voice was grave, deep in tone, even musical. His face in repose was sad, and had about it the drawn look of those who know habitual pain, though I am sure that he always spoke of himself as being in the best of health. His laugh, though hearty at times, had the peculiar characteristic of being almost soundless.

How clearly the figures of those I knew long ago come back! Every line and change of their faces, every pose and habitual movement, seems indelibly stamped on my mind; as if Nature, relenting of her harshness in dulling my ears to their ephemeral words, had given to my eyes and brain the far more desirable power of visualizing their material forms in a sort of immortal changelessness.

For three of those early years I occupied in Nutley, New Jersey, a house in which Mr. Stockton had formerly dwelt, and the coincidence gave us a ground of common interest that otherwise we should not have had. Though he was in a way much of a wanderer in choosing his habitation, he was always eager to hear of the friends and associations we had in common. "The boarder" of "Rudder Grange" still dwelt in Nutley in my time, and I knew him well, for though Rudder Grange, the canal-boat dwelling, was a mere fancy, the characters with whom Stockton had peopled his dream habitation were not.

Realities, too, were the ingenious devices which he used to divert himself, and my neighbors at Nutley, his old friends, told me of some that formerly had added to the comfort or interest of the house in which I then lived. There was no furnace in it at that time, but Mr. Stockton had run wires from his bedroom to the kitchen range, and at a seasonable hour in the morning his manipulation of them from his bed would open the draft and damper, and hasten by that much the process of getting breakfast. There was a small barn in the rear of the yard, one end of which was boarded off for a roost and shelter for his fowl. Between the roost and hen-yard he had fashioned a unique sliding-door, made to drop through grooves to the ground of the hen-yard when it was opened. At night, when his fowl had gone to roost, Mr. Stockton would raise the door over the opening, adjust a wire spring at the top to an attachment on an alarm-clock that was placed on the wall adjacent, set the clock at the hour he thought a proper one for fowl to go forth in the morning, and then retire to the house secure in the thought that his chickens were safe from night-prowling cats or weasels, but would be mechanically released by the clock when all danger was passed.

His jokes and his conversation, always grave, took on at times something of the fantastically matter-of-

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fact characteristics of his tales, and in his intercourse with children, his readiness to meet them half-way in the make-believe world where children love to wander must have presented him to their eyes in much the aspect of a *Peter Pan*.

In the spring of 1888, I think, a quiet, unassuming person who had already passed her first youth came into the editorial rooms early one morning and asked to see Mr. Gilder. She bore in her hand the unmistakable manuscript that was the natural accompaniment of strange visitors, and from its size one readily assumed that it was a novel, the one form of literary venture on the part of an unknown bearer against which all the chances of success are the greatest. I was alone in the main editorial room, but the visitor would neither leave her manuscript with Miss Demarest, the usual depositary of such come-by-chance offerings, nor, on Miss Demarest's suggestion, would she speak to me about it. She would wait for Mr. Gilder, she declared, and thereupon seating herself in the entrance-room, she patiently lingered till he came.

It was perhaps one o'clock when, on entering the elevator to go out to luncheon, I heard hastening footsteps behind me, and pausing to look back, saw Mr. Gilder. He was clearly elated and somewhat excited.

"If I had been told last night," he said as I followed him into the elevator, "that I might meet at the office to-day an unknown person and read and accept her novel before noon, I should have laughed at the prediction as a mad impossibility."

Yet that is what he had done. The stranger was Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and the novel was "The Romance of Dollard," a romantic historical tale of Canada in the year 1660. Within nine years the author was to write for us two other historical novels of worth, "The White Islander" and "The Days of Jeanne D'Arc." The same quiet persistence with which Mrs. Catherwood had declined to leave her manuscript with Miss Demarest drove Mr. Gilder to read the first pages of her romance at once. That read, the beauty of the tale carried him on to the swift end.

I was to make a discovery of my own of a very different sort in my early days at the office. One morning I found in the mail a letter from a young man who announced his faith in himself as one having in him the possibilities of becoming a great poet. He expressed the modest ambition to defray his expenses through college by means of his verse, and with this end in mind he offered for our acceptance a poem that he confidently appraised as the best that he had yet written. It was also one of the best that William Cullen Bryant had written, for, with only the substitution of half a dozen words, it was an exact copy of "Thanatopsis." Now, "Thanatopsis" was one of the many poems that I had been obliged to commit to memory at school as penalties for misconduct that had not risen to the importance of deserving a thrashing, and I was still letter-perfect in the text. Therefore it pleased me to place the original words above the substitutions, and return the manuscript without further comment.

In the magazine for April, 1886, in the height of the interest in the War Series, appeared the article, "Life on the *Alabama*," written, as the heading stated, "by one of the crew." It was one of the most interesting stories of

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the whole series, a well written, vivid, and circumstantial account of life aboard the famous raider from the time of her setting out on her devastating career in July, 1862, until the day of her destruction by the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, France, on June 19, 1864. The closing of the article was strikingly good, a cool, care-free, philosophical picture befitting the nonchalance one expects of a sailor. Five minutes after the *Alabama* went down, the writer, as he relates, was rescued from the sea "when a French pilot-boat came running past, and a brawny fellow in petticoats and top-boots dragged me out of the water." In reality he was "rescued" by having the good fortune not to be there at all. The magazine for March, 1887, had the following note:

"Since the February number of the magazine went to press we have learned, for the first time, from his own admission, that 'P. D. Haywood,' the author of the article 'Life on the *Alabama*—By one of the Crew,' which appeared in THE CENTURY for April, 1886, was not a seaman on the Confederate cruiser, though at the time the article was accepted he assured us he was, and furnished references which seemed to be satisfactory. He now claims that he had the incidents of his paper from a member of the *Alabama's* crew, but we are unable to attach any importance to that statement, and shall omit his article from the war papers when they are republished in book form.—EDITOR."

Indeed, plagiarism and deception were not rare, though we were happily preserved from another disaster so complete as the once just related.

Thinking it useless to do more than add the name of the culprit to our "black list," I fell into the way of returning stolen matter without comment, simply inclosing a printed slip of rejection. Once, however, the practice gave me a bad quarter of an hour; for one day I found in the mail a letter in which the writer stated that he was a student at one of our most important universities,—he gave the name,—and in conjunction with a classmate he had recently sent us a poem to prove that we knew nothing about poetry. He said the poem had been returned with a mere slip of rejection, and he appeared to think that his judgment concerning our knowledge was proved when, with many exclamation-points, he declared that the poem he had sent had been copied from Shelley. Now, though I could have pointed out in Shelley's work much that I could have called sad stuff without any loss of literary self-respect, I did not like the situation. The young man gave me no clue to the poem he had sent, and he had not signed his name to his exclamatory epistle, so I tried to believe that there was nothing true in his story. I did resolve, however, never again to return a palpably stolen manuscript without some reference to the theft, though the decision hardly seemed to cover a case like his, where I had possibly returned a masterpiece without knowing it.

(The end of the eighth part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

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Millie

By Katherine Mansfield

Millie stood leaning against the veranda until the men were out of sight. When they were far down the road, Willie Cox turned round on his horse and waved. But she did n't wave back. She nodded her head a little and made a grimace. Not a bad young fellow, Willie Cox, but a bit too free and easy for her taste. Oh, my word! it was hot! Enough to fry your hair! Millie put her handkerchief over her head and shaded her eyes with her hand. In the distance, along the dusty road, she could see the horses, like brown spots dancing up and down; and when she looked away from them and over the burned paddocks, she could see them still, just before her eyes, jumping like mosquitos.

It was half past two in the afternoon. The sun hung in the faded blue sky like a burning mirror, and away beyond the paddocks the blue mountains quivered and leaped like the sea. Sid would n't be back until half past ten. He had ridden over to the township with four of the boys to help hunt down the young fellow who 'd murdered Mr. Williamson. Such a dreadful thing! And Mrs. Williamson left all alone with those kids! Funny! She could n't think of Mr. Williamson being dead! He was such a one for a joke! Always having a lark. Willie Cox said they found him in the barn, shot bang through the head, and the young English "johnny" who 'd been on the station learning farming—disappeared. Funny! She would n't think of any one shooting Mr. Williamson, and him so popular and all. My word! when they caught that young man! Well, you could n't be sorry for a young fellow like that. As Sid said, if he was n't strung up, where would they all be? A man like that does n't stop at one go. There was blood all over the barn. And Willie Cox said he was that knocked out he picked a cigarette up out of the blood and smoked it. My word! he must have been half dotty!

Millie went back into the kitchen. She put some ashes on the stove and sprinkled them with water. Languidly, the sweat pouring down her face and dropping off her nose and chin, she cleared away the dinner, and, going into the bedroom, stared at herself in the fly-specked mirror, and wiped her face and neck with a towel. She did n't know what was the matter with herself that afternoon. She could have had a good cry just for nothing, and then change her blouse and have a good cup of tea. Yes, she felt like that!

She flopped down on the side of the bed and stared at the colored print on the wall opposite, "Garden Party at Windsor Castle." In the foreground,

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emerald lawns planted with immense oak-trees, and in their grateful shade a muddle of ladies and gentlemen and parasols and little tables. The background was filled with the towers of Windsor Castle, flying three Union Jacks, and in the middle of the picture the old queen, like a tea-cozy with a head on top of it. "I wonder if it really looked like that." Millie stared at the flowery ladies, who simpered back at her. "I would n't care for that sort of thing. Too much side, what with the queen an' one thing an' another." Over the packing-case dressing-table there was a large photograph of her and Sid, taken on their wedding-day. Nice picture that—if you *do* like. She was sitting down in a basket-chair, in her cream cashmere and satin ribbons, and Sid, standing with one hand on her shoulder, looking at her bouquet. And behind them there were some fern-trees and a waterfall, and Mount Cook in the distance, covered with snow. She had almost forgotten her wedding-day; time did pass so, and if you had n't any one to talk things over with, they soon dropped out of your mind. "I wunner why we never had no kids." She shrugged her shoulders, gave it up. "Well, *I 've* never missed them. I would n't be surprised if Sid had, though. He 's softer than me."

And then she sat, quiet, thinking of nothing at all, her red, swollen hands rolled in her apron, her feet stuck out in front of her, her little head, with the thick screw of dark hair, drooped on her chest. "*Tick-tick*" went the kitchen clock, the ashes clinked in the grate, and the Venetian blind knocked against the kitchen window. Quite suddenly Millie felt frightened. A queer trembling started inside her—in her stomach—and then spread all over to her knees and hands. "There 's somebody about."

She tiptoed to the door and peered into the kitchen. Nobody there; the veranda doors were closed, the blinds were down, and in the dusky light the white face of the clock shone, and the furniture seemed to bulge and breathe —and listen, too. The clock, the ashes, and the Venetian, and then again —something else, like steps in the back yard. "Go an' see what it is, Millie Evans!" She darted to the back door, opened it, and at the same moment some one ducked behind the wood-pile.

"Who 's that?" she cried in a loud, bold voice. "Come out o' that! I seen yer. I know where you are. I got my gun. Come out from behind of that wood-stack." She was not frightened any more. She was furiously angry. Her heart banged like a drum. "I 'll teach you to play tricks with a woman!" she yelled, and she took a gun from the kitchen corner, and dashed down the veranda steps, across the glaring yard to the other side of the wood-stack. A young man lay there, on his stomach, one arm across his face.

"Get up! You 're shamming!" Still holding the gun, she kicked him in the shoulders. He gave no sign. "O my God, I believe he 's dead!" She knelt down, seized hold of him, and turned him over on his back. He rolled like a sack. She crouched back on her haunches, staring; her lips and nostrils fluttered with horror.

§ 2

He was not much more than a boy, with fair hair, and a growth of fair down on his lips and chin. His eyes were open, rolled up, showing the whites, and his face was patched with

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dust caked with sweat. He wore a cotton shirt and trousers, with sandshoes on his feet. One of the legs of the trousers stuck to his leg with a patch of dark blood. "I *can't!*" said Millie, and then, "You 've got to!" She bent over and felt his heart. "Wait a minute," she stammered, "wait a minute," and she ran into the house for brandy and a pail of water. "What are you going to do, Millie Evans? Oh, I don't know. I never seen any one in a dead faint before."

She knelt down, put her arm under the boy's head, and poured some brandy between his lips. It spilled down both sides of his mouth. She dipped a corner of her apron in the water and wiped his face and his hair and his throat with fingers that trembled. Under the dust and sweat his face gleamed as white as her apron, and thin, and puckered in little lines. A strange, dreadful feeling gripped Millie Evans's bosom; some seed that had never flourished there unfolded, and struck deep roots and burst into painful leaf.

"Are yer coming round? Feeling all right again?"

The boy breathed sharply, half choked, his eyelids quivered, and he moved his head from side to side.

"You 're better," said Millie, smoothing his hair. "Feeling fine now again, ain't you?" The pain in her bosom half suffocated her. "It 's no good you crying, Millie Evans. You got to keep your head." Quite suddenly he sat up, and leaned against the wood-pile away from her, staring on the ground. "There now!" cried Millie Evans in a strange, shaking voice. The boy turned and looked at her, still not speaking, but his eyes were so full of pain and terror that she had to shut her teeth and clench her hand to stop from crying.

After a long pause he said in the little voice of a child talking in his sleep, "I 'm hungry." His lips quivered. She scrambled to her feet and stood over him.

"You come right into the house and have a set-down meal," she said. "Can you walk?"

"Yes," he whispered, and, swaying, he followed her across the glaring yard to the veranda. At the bottom step he paused, looking at her again. "I 'm not coming in," he said. He sat on the veranda step in the little pool of shade that lay round the house. Millie watched him.

"When did yer last 'ave anythink to eat?" He shook his head. She cut a chunk off the greasy corned beef and a round of bread plastered with butter; but when she brought it he was standing up, glancing round him, and paid no attention to the plate of food.

"When are they coming back?" he stammered.

At that moment she knew. She stood, holding the plate, staring. He was Harrison; he was the English johnny who 'd killed Mr. Williamson.

"I know who you are," she said very slowly; "yer can't fox me. You 're Harrison. That 's who you are. I must have been blind in me two eyes not to 'ave known from the first."

He made a movement with his hands as though that was all nothing. "When are they coming back?" And she meant to say: "Any minute. They 're on their way now." Instead, she said to the dreadful, frightened face:

"Not till 'arf past ten." He sat down, leaning against one of the veranda poles. His face broke up into

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little quivers. He shut his eyes, and tears streamed down his cheeks. "Nothing but a kid. An' all them fellows after him. 'E don't stand any more of a chance than a kid would."

"Try a bit of beef," said Millie. "It 's the food you want; somethink to steady your stomach." She moved across the veranda and sat down beside him, the plate on her knees. "'Ere, try a bit." She broke the bread and butter into little pieces, and she thought: "They won't ketch 'im. Not if I can 'elp it. Men is all beasts. I don' care wot 'e 's done, or wot 'e 'as n't done. See 'im through, Millie Evans. 'E 's nothink but a sick kid."

§ 3

Millie lay on her back, her eyes wide open, listening. Sid turned over, hunched the quilt round his shoulders, muttered, "Good night, ole girl." She heard Willie Cox and the other chap drop their clothes on to the kitchen floor, and then their voices, and Willie Cox saying: "Lie down, Gumboil! Lie down, yer little devil!" to his dog. The house dropped quiet. She lay and listened. Little pulses tapped in her body, listening, too. It was hot. She was frightened to move because of Sid. "'E must get off. 'E must. I don' care anythink about justice an' all the rot they 've bin spouting to-night," she thought savagely. "'Ow are yer to know what anythink 's like till yer *do* know? It 's all rot." She strained to the silence. He ought to be moving. Before there was a sound from outside, Willie Cox's Gumboil got up and padded sharply across the kitchen floor and sniffed at the back door. Terror started up in Millie. "What 's that dog doing? Uh! what a fool that young fellow is with a dog 'anging about! Why don't 'e lie down an' sleep?" The dog stopped, but she knew it was listening. Suddenly, with a sound that made her cry out in horror, the dog started barking and rushing to and fro.

"What 's that? What 's up?" Sid flung out of bed.

"It ain't nothink. It 's only Gumboil. Sid! *Sid!*" She clutched his arm, but he shook her off.

"My Christ, there 's somethink up! My God!" Sid flung into his trousers. Willie Cox opened the back door. Gumboil in a fury darted out into the yard, round the corner of the house.

"Sid, there 's some one in the paddock," roared the other chap.

"What is it? What 's that?" Sid dashed out on to the front veranda. "Here, Millie, take the lantin! Willie, some skunk 's got 'old of one of the 'orses!" The three men bolted out of the house, and at the same moment Millie saw Harrison dash across the paddock on Sid's horse, and down the road.

"Millie, bring that blasted lantin!"

She ran in her bare feet, her nightdress flicking her legs. They were after him in a flash. And at the sight of Harrison in the distance, and the three men hot after, a strange, mad joy smothered everything else. She rushed into the road; she laughed and shrieked and danced in the dust, jigging the lantern.

"A-ah! Arter 'im, Sid! A-a-a-h! ketch 'im, Willie! Go it! Go it! A-ah, Sid! Shoot 'im down! Shoot 'im!"

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Does It Pay to Advertise?

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

Last month we printed Miss Kirkland's amusing, fantastic, satiric picture of a world in which for thirty years there had been no advertising. Miss Kirkland wrote the paper as if she were a young Mr. Smith Jones who had entered upon his career as a psychologist thirty years before, just when a mysterious embargo had fallen upon all advertising. As our readers know, Miss Kirkland found a world without advertising to be very good. In the following paper Mr. Calkins, as an advertising expert, gives the other side of the picture.—The Editor.

This is how I happen to be completing the unfinished article of the late Mr. Smith Jones, the eminent psychologist, on the tremendous effect of the abolition of advertising. Mr. Smith Jones was taken with what at first appeared to be a severe cold while writing his paper. If the domestic sent to have the prescription filled had been able to find a drug-store, Mr. Smith Jones might have lived to complete his own paper. But the neighborhood drug-store on which his family depended had gone quietly out of business without anybody being the wiser, and the maid walked many blocks without finding another. There were others, of course. She no doubt passed several, but it is hard nowadays to tell a drug-store from a grocery or any other kind of store. There are no signs over the doors, and the bottles of colored water, which I have heard were a quaint method of indicating a pharmacist in olden times, must have disappeared from the windows along with all other evidences of what the shop had to sell. Indeed, all shop-windows are now covered with half screens of fine wire netting, like those once used by old-fashioned banking-houses, that the sight of the goods may not inadvertently advertise them. As Mr. Smith Jones observes in his paper, "the stores had no way to sell goods except by having goods to sell."

Mr. Smith Jones's cold developed into pneumonia, and what with the delay in finding the remedy first prescribed, and then the rapid progress of the disease, he died at a comparatively early age. This was in 1954. Some medical men will recall that the Pettingill serum, which has proved so efficacious in the treatment of pneumonia, was perfected as early as 1943, and that long before 1954 no case had ended fatally where it was promptly used. Unfortunately, the Smith Jones family physician had never heard of it. It was difficult for such news to gain currency without taking advantage of what used to be known as advertising, a force which had been eliminated from the affairs of mankind by some strange

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influence the exact nature of which is not yet understood. At any rate, Smith Jones died, and among his papers was found this description of a world without advertising, obviously incomplete.

That was fifty years ago, and the article remained with his other papers, mainly studies in psychology, until they came into my hands by inheritance. Dr. Smith Jones was my great-grandmother's brother. On reading "Does It Pay to Advertise?" I was struck by his picture of the immediate effects of no advertising and selling on the habits and comforts of the people, and the contrast it offered to the actual conditions as we all know them to-day. My great grand-uncle no doubt died blissfully ignorant that his optimistic and enthusiastic picture was an illusion, a transitional state changing from day to day, and changing the lives and habits of the nation along with it, though if he were really the great psychologist he was said to be, he must have sensed the disintegration that was already under way before he died. At any rate, since his paper describes things which happened before I was born, and his description is presumably accurate as far as it goes, it may be of some value to future social economists if I continue his narrative and describe briefly the course of events from the point where his work was stopped by the hand of death.

Dr. Smith Jones begins by describing the strange cataclysm that suddenly removed advertising and salesmanship from the world, which occurred October 15, 1924, and he had reached that point in his narrative where the results appeared almost wholly beneficial. Appearances were deceptive, however, as people soon began to realize. For a time the public enjoyed the benefits of advertising without the drawbacks. People had their habits established, and the stores and shops were filled with the goods they were accustomed to buy, and they knew where these shops were; so for some time the only effect manifest to the careless observer was the absence of the advertising. The flow of goods to and from the stores was like some mighty machine which, once started, ran for a while with its own momentum even after the power had been withdrawn.

Students of business and other trained observers were nevertheless aware that the machine was running down. Every now and then a retail store went out of business, and no new one took its place. The number of shops grew steadily less. There were many empty buildings on every street, but the fact was not perceived at first, because there was no way of telling from the outside that a store was not functioning as usual. From the outside a store that had permanently closed its doors looked exactly like one that was open for business. That is, both looked equally dead.

The only persons who were aware of the fact when a store went out of business were its customers, those who were in the habit of trading there, and who were tremendously inconvenienced by the high rate of mortality. When the inevitable happened, this group of customers was cast adrift and immediately began the search for a new store of the same class, and when they found one, it was not so near and not so convenient. They resumed their buying there until that likewise succumbed, and they had to begin all over again. And this was happening

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all the time, and in all retail lines of business. The trade of each community was being concentrated in fewer and fewer stores, and people walked farther and farther to do their shopping, and of course bought less. It would have driven them to the verge of distraction, this uncertainty of the daily marketing and the weekly shopping, but that there were even worse evils which took their minds off these lesser troubles.

This recession of retail business had another effect. Stores selling different lines were driven to combine, and various sorts of merchandise found strange bedfellows. Thus there were evolved in many neighborhoods something approaching the old-time general stores, which writers of that period say were characteristic of rural communities before the era of the motor-car. The department-stores proper flourished for a longer time than the individual shops, because of their more ample capital and direct relations with manufacturers, but even they could not long stand the terrific strain of trying to do business with no means of letting people know what they had to sell. Fairly large towns are now entirely supplied by one large general store, and this store, while very large and very general, is woefully inadequate.

The general store had always preceded the specific shop in primitive communities, and now that the distributing machine had begun to turn backward, it retraced its steps, if I may be allowed the figure, in the exact order in which it had originally taken them, and the specific shops amalgamated into a general store. Thus we were presented with a spectacle quite common in the days when motion-pictures were everywhere an almost nightly source of entertainment. The film, as it was called, was sometimes reversed, or run backward, for the sake of the amusing effect, and simple and natural actions became quite funny when seen in an unnatural order. Thus the figure of a diver would spring from the water, preceded by a splash, land on the spring-board, and run backward. In the same way the vast and complicated structure that distributed every and all kinds of goods all over the country from numerous factories to countless retail stores was thrown into reverse by the removal of the advertising and selling pressure.

The same thing that was going on in full view of the public, as it were, in the affairs of the retail stores, was happening behind the scenes to the manufacturers; but though less evident to the spectators, it was more serious and farther reaching in its effects. The manufacturers confronted the same problem as the retailers, the difficulty of doing business in the face of shrinking markets and rising costs. The shrinking markets were the cause of the rising costs. The fewer the people who bought an article, the more it cost to make that article, and the more it cost to sell it. The higher prices in turn still further reduced the number of purchasers, and thus necessities were fast becoming luxuries, while luxuries were becoming extinct. The jobbers in between the manufacturers and retailers, part of the same distributing machine, were caught in the same vicious circle, and disappeared in the same ratio.

§ 2

The difficulty of distributing goods was greatly aggravated by the absence

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of traveling salesmen. It will be remembered that since 1924, to quote Dr. Smith Jones, "from that day to this, throughout all the United States, neither by tongue or pen, neither by painted sign or gesture, has anybody been able to invite anybody to buy anything." Thus an army of nearly a million men, engaged solely in the work of keeping the stores of the country stocked with goods, was suddenly withdrawn from that work, disbanded, and forced to seek other employment.

Deprived of the regular visits of the traveling salesmen, retail dealers were compelled to order direct from manufacturers or wholesalers the goods they needed from time to time to stock their stores. When, as now frequently happens, a manufacturer or wholesaler went out of business, there was no way to establish a new connection; no way for the dealer to learn the name and address of a new house, its prices, and the kind of goods it made and sold; no way for a manufacturer or jobber to reach the dealer and seek his trade. It soon became exceedingly difficult for even an old-established house, manufacturing staple goods, with a long list of customers, to continue in business—the business of selling its products. For a new house, manufacturing a novelty, it was impossible even to start. Neither the customer nor the dealer knew such goods existed.

So no new manufacturing businesses were started, and no new articles introduced. And those that had already been introduced were rapidly disappearing from the market, in inverse order to that in which they had been introduced. The retail dealer was compelled to buy what he did buy by mail or telephone, without seeing samples, frequently without knowing prices, and especially without the help and inspiration of the traveling salesman in making up his order. So he bought as little as possible and sold without enthusiasm. At this stage his only prompting to buy came from his customers' demands, and these were getting less and less insistent, and more and more confined to bare necessities. For the consumer also needed the aid to his imagination formerly supplied by the advertising, and, seeing no new things in the stores, got along with surprisingly little.

Eighty years ago men shaved themselves with a convenient device known as a safety-razor. This was one of the many ingenious inventions, common in the early years of the century, which in those days ameliorated the friction of living. Safety-razors were inexpensive, easy to use, and could be bought in almost any neighborhood or community. They lasted for years, and the only upkeep was the supply of blades it was necessary to buy from time to time. But these likewise were cheap and easily obtained. And so nearly every man shaved every day. Strange as it may seem to the present generation, we were once a nation of smooth faces.

For a long time after the abolition of advertising, men continued to use safety-razors. When the shops they regularly patronized went out of business, they sought and found others. The trade in safety-razors became gradually concentrated in a few stores, while in the smaller towns neither razors nor blades could be had. In such communities the younger and more enterprising men got together and sent a representative to the nearest

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large city, to find a place where the razors and blades were sold and buy a supply for the group. The older and more indolent or indifferent tarried in Jericho and let their beards grow. And then came the time when even city stores could not supply certain brands of safety-razors. The weaker manufacturers had gone out of business, and the men who owned the styles they formerly made found them useless, since they could no longer secure blades for them.

Thus the manufacture and the retail sale of safety-razors narrowed down and became more and more restricted to a smaller group of concerns; but even then the volume of business was not sufficient to show a profit at the old prices. The cost of razors and blades doubled and trebled, and more men abandoned shaving. The number of manufacturers became fewer and fewer, until at last there was but one, who got a ridiculous price for his product from wealthy old beaux who clung to the quaint practice of shaving through pride and habit, just as conservative old gentlemen continued to wear knee-breeches and buckles long after trousers became the fashionable attire for men. Some men made out for a time with the old-fashioned razor which had been in common use before the safety was invented, and learned with considerable difficulty how to manipulate it; but in time this too was made scarce by the paralysis of distribution.

A powerful factor in the shrinkage and disappearance of the shaving habit should be noted here. This was the failure of the rising generation to supply its usual quota. In our country some two million young men arrive at the shaving age every year. In former times not only were the implements of shaving easily obtainable, but there was constant education in the use of the razor furnished by the advertising not only of razors, but of shaving-soaps, brushes, and various preparations to apply to the face after the operation. And there was likewise the emulation inspired by the smooth-shaved faces of the older men. More than three generations have elapsed since shaving was the common practice, and now beards have become the style and have behind them the powerful influence of fashion, added to the complete negation of the advertising. To-day a group of average middle-aged business men looks like a frieze of minor prophets.

Of course there were the barber-shops, and for a time they did an enormous business; but there were not enough of them to take care of an entire population of clean-shaved men. The irritation of waiting their turn drove still others to wearing beards. The barber's chief occupation nowadays is trimming the beards of the more dandified of his customers. His shop has become a popular resort, and he himself a sort of local character, appreciated for his humor and philosophy, like the famous barbers of history and fiction, in which his only competitor is the cobbler. His shears are forged by hand by the local cutler, and as for the array of tonics and unguents which used to make such a brave show on his marble shelf, there are now only a few home-made mixtures that lack authority.

Other commodities passed through the same stages of increasing scarcity and higher prices, until they finally disappeared entirely, and along with them the habits they had created. This retrogression was slow or swift, de-

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pending on how long the article had been in common use. The last to come were the first to go, and in the case of inventions and discoveries which had required considerable educational work to teach people to use, and which were in many instances contrary to habits and customs of long standing, the process of fading out of the picture was a rapid one.

§ 3

For instance, about the time when advertising and selling were suddenly erased from the earth, considerable progress had been made in teaching housewives to use a liquid vegetable shortening in their cooking. The advantages were obvious, but a great deal of advertising had been required to wean women from the use of lard, sanctioned by many generations of kitchen practice. The desired result had been virtually accomplished with the existing generations of housewives, but just as soon as the pressure of the advertising was removed, two things happened. Vegetable shortenings became difficult to get, and the women who had been only partly converted began to backslide. Inertia is always working in human affairs, like gravitation, and as the new shortenings required exertion both to get them and use them, women who were wavering between vegetable oil and hog fat reverted to the latter. This in turn had immediate effect on the demand, on the quantity that a grocer could sell, and added to his difficulties in securing any quantity. The sales fell off steadily until grocer after grocer ceased to carry it in stock. It must not be forgotten that grocery-stores were going out of business all the time during this period, adding to the housewife's problem of marketing until she was glad to get anything at all.

The grocer in the meantime had been deprived of three influences that formerly induced him to buy, not only vegetable shortenings, but numerous other articles equally desirable and convenient: the demands of his customers, the persistence of the traveling salesman, and the influence of the advertising. The failure of the first was gradual, but the other two disappeared overnight, greatly to the grocer's relief; for now, he thought, he could run his store as he pleased, buy what he liked, and sell what he liked. As soon as he recovered from his fright, he went through the old long-established motions, ordering the goods he had always ordered, sending the orders to the same old jobbers, by mail or telephone or messenger, and for a while he was extremely content. Now and then he was disturbed by a sudden change in prices, which if he had known of it would have been greatly to his advantage, and more frequently the invoices that accompanied the shipments showed gaps where items had been scratched out, with such notations as "out of stock" or "no longer manufactured." This is what happened to the various vegetable shortenings. One by one they disappeared.

The lard was supplied by the packing-houses, and they naturally rejoiced as the vegetable oils faded out when the bright light of publicity was turned off. The packing-houses themselves used advertising in the old days, but they did not so quickly miss it as a means of distribution, because they had their own warehouses to distribute their fresh meats, and were independent of jobbers, and for a while at least independent of advertising.

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But meanwhile the world emptied and filled. A new race of housewives had grown up who were not yet born in the days when it was the practice to give food products character by advertising them. They knew nothing of packers' brands of lard, or, rather, they knew the names of many brands as displayed in rows at the grocers, each of which had for them exactly the same value and meaning. In other words, they all meant nothing. The result was inevitable and might have been foreseen. When the grocer found that his customers were without preference, or rather lacked the knowledge to discriminate, and would take what he recommended, he naturally sold the lard that paid him best, was easiest to get, and cost him least to buy and handle. He bought his lard in bulk, generally from a local slaughter-house, not necessarily inferior in quality, but frequently from small concerns that lacked resources of sanitation and refrigeration. Whenever a customer wanted lard, the grocer scooped it out of the tierce into a wooden platter, weighed it, and wrapped it up. Sometimes he called it Smithers's Fancy, if his name happened to be Smithers, and sometimes he called it just lard.

Lard was not the only food the grocer now sold from bulk. In fact, long before this, some of the more novel staples, if I may use the expression, had lost their place as package goods, and were sold from barrels, boxes, and tins, scooped out into the scales and weighed as the customer required. Sugar, vinegar, dried fruits, crackers, breakfast foods, pickles, mince meat, spaghetti, and other foods were bought by the grocer in the largest possible containers, and retailed from them in quantities to suit. The grocer was not always so much concerned as he might be about either the quality or the cleanliness of such goods. And, indeed, how could he be? He generally did not know who made them or where they originally came from. In the better stores the grades were better, and care was taken to keep the scoops and fingers clean, but in the hard struggle for existence that retailing had now become it was impossible for the average dealer to put in the fine touches. The time when one could walk into the dirtiest store and buy a sealed package of sugar or a box of soda biscuit without qualm or misgiving was remembered only by very elderly ladies. Everything one ate now came in contact with box, bag, scoop, scale pan, and fingers before the purchaser's eyes, and no one knew what adventures it had had in its journey from the factory to the grocery-store.

The slump in morale affected the most scrupulous manufacturers of food products. What was the use of great pains taken in preparation of clean, well lighted factories, workers in immaculate, freshly washed dresses, with nails manicured and hair covered by caps, with kettles and utensils constantly sterilized, when such haphazard conditions surrounded the retailing of the foods?

Nothing had so safeguarded the health of the public as the restraining influence of advertising, the fact that some defined manufacturer was known to be responsible and answerable for the quality of the foods sold under his name, and, further, nothing had so stimulated the manufacturer to greater efforts in making his foods good and clean and wholesome as this implied contract with the public, his customers.

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The desire to advertise his foods as the most inviting, and the necessity of making those foods live up to their advertising, had spurred him on until housewives in those former times had the same confidence in foods bearing well known names that they had in those prepared by their own hands.

§ 4

Interesting is the case of the vacuum-cleaner, a substitute for the broom, which was coming into fairly common use at the beginning of the present century. Suppose that in this present day, with its primitive distributing and merchandising methods, an inventor should produce a similar device. The vacuum-cleaner, it must be explained to a generation which has seen them only in museums, is radically different from a broom. It removed the dirt and dust by suction applied through a miniature revolving-fan operated by a small motor. No housewife used to a broom could imagine what this new device was for unless it was explained to her. It did not look like a broom, and yet it was the modern scientific evolution of the broom. Also it cost more than several dozen brooms. Thus it would be necessary to teach her not only the actual advantages, but, further, that the more expensive device was an economic investment not merely because it lasted longer than many brooms, but because it saved health and strength and labor.

If we could imagine a manufacturer to-day so indifferent to these insuperable difficulties as to go ahead and make up a few, and further a retailer in some way learning of it and buying one and putting it in his store, there was no possible means by which a housewife could possibly happen to buy one. The whole process would fail for lack of the two educational factors of advertising and selling. The advertising would have explained the idea to the woman and created a desire for the vacuum-cleaner, and the salesman would have told the dealer about it, and especially made the dealer understand that the women would buy them, if he put them in his stock, on account of the preliminary educational work that the advertising had done. But, as a matter of fact, no genius is so foolish as to waste any time trying to invent a vacuum-cleaner or any other such device. He has enough to do trying to assemble the elementary articles that are necessary for food, clothing, and shelter.

For while we are talking about vacuum-cleaners, many housewives are sweeping their floors with brooms or besoms made by rudely binding together a bundle of twigs, producing an implement like that with which green keepers used to sweep worm casts from the putting-greens in the days when many people played an expensive and foolish game known as golf. And others use turkey and goose wings for hearth brushes. More and more homemade and primitive devices are being used in housekeeping and in the practice of such arts and industries as do not depend on a large distribution for success.

The amount of work the modern housewife does in the course of her day is greatly increased over that which tradition says was her grandmother's lot. Many of her utensils are made by her husband; others are fashioned by the local tinsmith or wood-worker. Her clothes, and those of her husband and children, are all

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made by local tailors or dressmakers or by her own hands, as the ready-made garments now for sale at the few stores are of such limited range in sizes, styles, and materials, and at such high prices, as to be prohibitive for any but the well-to-do. In some homes there are not only spinning-wheels, but looms, and even the wool is raised on the place and passes through all the stages from raw material to finished garments under the same pair of hands. The shoes are made by the cobbler from leather tanned by the local tanner, and some are actually home-made and have wooden soles.

Those who do not raise their own wheat buy flour of the farmers who have taken their grain to the local miller to be ground, and the picturesque custom of taking toll has been reëstablished. Each city, town, and village is tending toward becoming absolutely self-contained and self-supporting, as in the Middle Ages. The food that a town consumes is raised in the fields roundabout, and raw materials for various manufactures as far as possible.

We still have steam and electricity, and the railroads carry such freight as is available under such limited opportunities of finding out about anything; but the railroads are greatly reduced, miles of track have rusted out and disappeared, and a much smaller equipment is sufficient to take care of the freight and passenger traffic that now exists. The first great blow to the railroads was the loss at one stroke of the mileage of the traveling salesmen, which averaged one hundred million miles a week. People travel little for pleasure now. They do not know where to go. Some have motor-cars, made and assembled by hand. The ownership of such a magnificent vehicle is, of course, confined to the very rich, just as was the private railroad car in former times.

The most serious feature of the situation appears to be that things have not yet run their course. It seems that a civilization must either go forward or backward. Intolerable as is the present state of living, social economists believe that the debacle has only just begun, and that the inability to advertise or sell anything will ultimately result in turning these United States back to the social and economic condition of England in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted, as so vividly described in the opening of "Ivanhoe," where *Gurth* and *Wamba* hold their discussion about Anglo-Saxon swine and Norman French pork. Even now in the small and remote towns of this country the poverty is very great, and families are living in rudely constructed houses without a single convenience. Every bit of food, wearing apparel, and every implement they use, and all the furniture in their houses, have been fashioned by their own not very skilful hands. They have no money, no means of earning money, and there is very little they could buy with it if they had it. In some of these families a story is told of an evening around the hearth that has been handed down until it has become a tradition, how their great-great-grandmother had a house furnished with the most unbelievably wonderful things. It was said that she had an instrument in her home that would render perfectly any piece of music, even vocal; that she had another machine which would play on the piano (few have even pianos now); she could

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freeze ice in the box where she kept her provisions, and it was always cool in there (better than hanging things down the well); that when she wanted heat, she merely turned a valve, for her house was heated with steam carried to every room by pipes, and when she wanted hot water she turned it on from a tap; she could toast a bit of bread or make coffee or boil an egg by thrusting a plug in the wall; she cleaned her floors by pushing about a device that licked up the dust and dirt; she had a stove so perfect that you just put the cake or bread in the oven and set a pointer, and when it was baked, the stove turned itself off; she kept all her supplies in a cabinet of white enameled metal, with a shelf or pocket or bin for every ingredient and every utensil used in cooking, and these ingredients came from the store in boxes and tins, sealed up tight, in just the right quantity with full directions for making printed on the outside; she had flat-irons that would heat themselves, and ironing-boards that folded up and disappeared in the wall, a machine that would wash the clothes, and another that would wash the dishes (they had more clothes and more dishes in those wonderful days) and all kinds of soaps, powdered and flaked, for making quick suds, and beautifully shaped and scented and tinted and pure for the hands (so much better than the soft soap mother boiled in the kettle, which chapped your hands); and there were all sorts of delightful powders and perfumes and pastes and creams for the hands and face and hair and teeth and skin, so that it was really a pleasure to make oneself look beautiful.

These, of course, are the legends of the small towns, which have in the course of eighty years become absolutely primitive as far as the machinery and furniture of civilization are concerned. In the large cities it is still possible for people of means to have made up specially and to order such things as kitchen cabinets, phonographs, vacuum-cleaners, fireless cookers, sewing-machines, gas-ranges, hot-water heaters, and other old-time conveniences, very much as their ancestors used to have made reproductions of old highboys and court cupboards. There are a number of small manufacturers who make a specialty of such work, and their names and addresses can be learned by diligent inquiry. Indeed, many of the well-to-do have some of the comforts and conveniences that the poor had in 1920.

Societies for psychical research and other learned scientific and economic bodies and many independent investigators have sought diligently for the cause of the strange inhibition of advertising and selling which has rested like a pall over civilization for eight decades, but the greatest public interest centers around an offer of a prize of five hundred thousand dollars, which is a larger amount of money in our days than it used to be. This vast award is offered by one of the wealthiest men of the country. He inherited his wealth from an ancestor who amassed it by the manufacture and sale of a self-propelled vehicle which had great popularity eighty years ago, and so large was the amount he inherited that despite the general decay of prosperity he has retained what for these days is a large fortune. The prize is offered to any one who will invent or devise a practical and satisfactory substitute for advertising and selling.

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The City of Prince Bladud

By Charles S. Brooks

A TRADITION persists that Bath was founded eight hundred and ninety years before the time of Christ and in this wise. A certain man named Bladud, "the great-grandson of Venus," was once heir-apparent to the British throne, which in those days was no better than a great boulder out of Stonehenge. And he fell sick of leprosy, cherished then by fashion like our blood pressure and hardened arteries. He was banished from the court and wandered to Somerset, where he fell to be a swineherd. And now, having given his leprosy to his pigs, he observed them plunging into a hot stream hard by the sty. He ceased his "coo-baa" for a closer look. On the farther bank his pigs were wallowing out, whole and clean. Whereat he broke the Celtic custom and straightway took a bath himself. And was cured. All this, I fancy, happened on a Saturday. So he founded a city, took to himself a beautiful wife, became King of England, and the father of old *Lear*, in the most approved method of fairy-tales. Later he journeyed to the East, practised magic, and met the distinguished men of the Old Testament. "He had many fast friends, and among the fastest" was the prophet Elijah.

A gesture of a thousand years, and then the Romans came to England and built a village at these baths, with a magnificence of structure that shows how solidly their civilization sat upon the island. This is constantly a surprise to the uninitiate. He thinks of Roman occupation, remembering it in Cæsar's wars, as military, as a force that moved across the land and drove the natives to subjection. For him the Romans built bridges only for their marching armies, and dug nothing but trenches for defense. For him it is a race of soldiers, of men with sword and pike. And consequently he neglects the centuries of establishment, the flow of peaceful arts, the routine of easy life, the structures built for luxury and pleasure, the long generations that tilled the soil and housed themselves in cities until they grew native to the country and knew no other home than England.

A gentleman of Bath or York or Lincoln, if he were so lucky as to visit Rome, went almost like an American who goes to London. He had no need to hang his head as a raw provincial; for he had his baths, his palaces and public walks, arcades against the sun and rain, his monuments to emperors, his massive buildings to administer the Roman law. Some of this has been unearthed, but it is likely that much more lies hidden and covered by the modern pavements. It was only a few years ago, at London, that a Roman boat was found in the mud of the

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Thames, while workmen were excavating for a large abutment of the county hall; and similar Roman relics will be found in any ancient English city that shall choose to dig. And so, here at Bath, we may see their masonry, the steps and tessellation, the piping made of lead that served as conduit to their pools, the stone of statuary and ornament that was set up when the Cæsars ruled the seven hills and all the world beside. One may sit in fancy on a marble bench with a gentleman in toga, or sweat with him in his *sudarium*. He may thrust his head through an opening of the wall and see the water steaming from the earth as once it bubbled up for a Roman governor, as once in older days it flowed hot for Bladud's pigs. For a thousand centuries nature has stoked the furnace and set its kettle on for ailing and soiled humanity.

Roman Bath was not a great city, like York or Colchester or Lincoln, yet its yield of Roman vestige is the greatest of all. This is explained by its distance from the older centers of population, where there was greater destruction of the old to supply new needs, and by the enduring stone that is native to the district. The remains of Bath, moreover, are bedded deep and permit a city to be built on top; and thus they have been preserved for future excavation. There was a Roman wall around the town, although its course is only guessed, and the foundations of the gates will be undiscovered until some later spade digs them up.

But Bath, as now we know it best, is a city of the eighteenth century. It had some glimmerings of importance in the days of Charles II, who paid it a visit and drank the "killibeate," which must then have had a "strong flavour o' warm flat-irons," as it had later to *Sam Weller*, who attended *Mr. Pickwick;* but Pepys mentions it as a somewhat colorless city of second-rate importance, scanty company, and primitive pleasures. "And by and by . . . ," he writes, "much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. . . . Carried away wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home; and there one after another thus carried (I staying above two hours in the water) home to bed, sweating for an hour. And by and by comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost any where: 5s."

But it was in the year 1702, when Queen Anne came to take the waters, that the fortunes of Bath really rose. A procession of townsfolk, alive to this great honor, went forth on horseback, with horns and garlands, to the limits of the county to bring in with fitting pageantry their dumpy queen. And from that time forth the city was a place of fashion and set about to build itself to a fit accommodation.

§ 2

The real history of Bath is coincident with Beau Nash, and nearly every one has read his life, written by Oliver Goldsmith. Nash was born at Swansea in 1674, of a family of modest means, and having been rusticated from Oxford for some intrigue, he bought a commission in the army. Presently he tired of its lace and buttons, sold his commission, and entered the Temple to study law, supplying his needs then, as in later years, by the fortunes of the gaming-

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table and the avoidance of his creditors and the sheriff. When the inns of court desired to honor William III, Nash undertook the conduct of the ceremonial pageant, and with such success that he made himself a kind of fame.

Nash visited Bath about the time that Queen Anne took the waters, liked the place, and threw up his London occupation. So assiduous was he to the trivial pleasures of the bath that presently fashion made him king —hardly a king of dusty laws and ancient precedent, but a potentate to rule society in its softer hours of pleasure, to pronounce upon their entertainment, to adjust the order of the minuet, the precise crooking of the knee at the salutation of a lady, to set the length of flounce and sleeve, be arbiter of boots and lace, and the proprietor of all ball-room scandal.

About this time a slander arose that nearly spilled the baths. A certain Dr. Radcliffe, who was physician to Queen Anne and quite stiff of neck with learning,—did he not tell his sovereign her ills were of her fancy, and refuse her the comfort of a pill?—a certain Dr. Radcliffe, I repeat, urged that the waters quickened the evils they were said to cure. In the current phrase, he threw a toad into the spring, and became as unpopular in the town as Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, who also tried by honest dealing to wreck his town. The wrath of innkeepers ran high. The fashionable sempstress was up in arms. Milliners, fencing-masters, tailors, bootmakers, those with rooms to rent—every one who subsisted on lease and fees—burned with hot alarm. For a while it looked as if the carriages of golden gout would turn aside to Tunbridge, where other waters beckoned, and that Bath would be neglected and impoverished. The dust that moved west from London was in danger of turning south to cure the inflamed toe of easy living. In this dire excitement Nash suggested that the ugly toad be charmed by music, and he started a subscription for an orchestra to play beside the waters. And, sure enough, in the squeak of merry fiddles Bath regained its power to cleanse the gout.

Before the time of Nash, Bath had been but a slovenly and rustic village. Now and then, it is true, a great carriage had jounced a duchess across the hills to seek a cure and had carried with it some echo of London fashion. But the water's benefit could scarcely lighten the tedium of her banishment or hold her long from the glistening excitement of the Strand. A pellet and bath are good potions in their way, but boredom works against the cure, and the long day must be spiced with pleasures.

There were no resorts in England then, as we understand the word,—the ocean, with its bathing and gay pavilion; the mountains, with horse-back exercise and golf; the coast of Devon; the breezy peak,—and perhaps it was Nash who invented the thing or at least improved its germ. It was he who discovered that no persons are quite so idle as convalescents or in need of so constant entertainment. And so he added to the sickish morning draft a pinch of laughter and scandal, intrigue and gambling; together with that touch of fashion that would commend it to a world that was unhappy out of silk and lace. He is the grandfather of the German Spa and of our own dear sanatoriums that circle around the ball-room and the sulphur cup.

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The waters had been incased in hasty shanties, so he built a pump-room in the Italian style that was then in vogue. He started a theater, which in time was second only to that of London. He constructed an assembly-room so that visitors could meet for dancing and for gambling. By a shrewd advertisement from ear to ear he announced that all the celebrity of wit and wealth and family were the patrons of the healing waters, so that lesser folk would flock in imitation.

Bath itself responded to these hints and improvements, and within a few years its broad streets were lined with handsome fronts; circles and crescents were laid out, and colonnaded terraces overhung the town from the surrounding hills. In those days a person of social ambition might as well have neglected Rotten Row when fashion took the air, have regretted an exclusive ball of Vanity Fair, as to be without a house at Bath.

§ 3

This magnificence is now a bit tarnished, as if a toad were again inside the spring. Name-plates on many doors show the wealth of reputation that once lived within, but the hand of death has passed above. A decent routine of humbler life exists where once a duchess wavered between silk and lace, where dandies in red-heeled slippers sipped their morning chocolate. I am better fitted, perhaps, to take part in a world of fashion that is but an echo, and bits of English novels and smaller bits of history are card enough to admit one to the mad rout that once dwelt upon the crescent.

Nash proved to be a despot in all the trifles that loom so large to fashion. He prescribed the proper hour and costume for the bath, and laid almost a prudish hand against familiarity, except as it could sport in private and ogle behind a decent screen. He appointed the time for drinking the waters and its small ritual. Here was an hour for shopping, for lounging in the book-shops, for news from London in the coffee-rooms, for walking on the South Parade, so that fashion should not waste in solitude. Here was the hour for tea, and here the dinner-hour.

It was his nod that set the nights when great balls were held, when the assembly blazed with candles. In his conduct of the ball-room he was most precise. From six to eight o'clock eight minuets were danced, with a sequence by his regulation. All the company sat about the room while he led out a favored lady and, this dance performed, another. And then he appointed successive gentlemen to choose a partner and then a second partner. I fancy it must have been a stupid business for those who were not asked, and that many a faded beauty must have caught the vapors from disappointment. Nash laid down a rule that the elder ladies and children must be content with a second bench against the wall, as being passed or not yet come to perfection. And many a proud pillow of uncertain age was wet with tears. Country dances followed, when all might dance if they could win a partner to their selection, and faded dames puffed stiffly in tight stays. At the stroke of eleven, sharp as *Cinderella's* warning, the ball was done, lest dissipation spoil the waters; and even when a princess asked for encore, it was denied.

Society at first was inclined to neglect the exact strictures that Nash

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laid upon its costume, and gentlemen appeared upon the dancing-floor in boots. But Nash broke their infringement by bidding them lead their horse inside, and he raised a general laugh against them. A duchess once appeared in something that was called an apron; hardly a housewife's apron, but certainly a fracture of high society. But Nash snatched it off and threw it in the lady's face. Great heavens! in a duchess's face! A horrid shudder ran around the room, and a dozen beauties must have fainted.

At this kind of interference there was at first a quarrel or so, and Nash was obliged to fight; until presently society acquiesced and rallied to his support. He forbade the wearing of swords, and it is said that this omission spread to London and somewhat abated the nuisance of the duel. He laid rules for the governance of servants, so that they would not ruffle and be noisy in the lobby as they waited with their chairs. And for some forty years, until laws forbade public gaming in 1745, Bath continued at its height of fashion, and Nash was its powerful king.

§ 4

During the recent great war with Germany, when Continental waters were closed to English gout, Bath once more flickered with a touch of light, and some remnant of its old days came back. But now again the candle gutters.

Some echo of its golden past lingers in the bleak pump-room, where trippers are now the only drinkers of the water. Here is the platform for music, and we hear the squeaking of the fiddles that once charmed the evil toad. Through that door, if we close our eyes, we see a petticoat and ankle alighting from their chair. Here comes a patched and smiling beauty, with footman stalking at her heels with salts and fan and smelling-bottle. That ringlet at her ear has been toasted by a prince; that ribbon has moved the rhythm of a sonnet. A row of ogling gentlemen are eager to speak a honeyed compliment. Eye, cheek, and ringlet; ear and nose and foot! Their beauty is apt coinage for a song that may yet be sung beneath her casement. Here comes a withered dame who seeks to hide her years beneath silk and powder. And at that window we may see the bathers in the pool below, with prudish covering, but with an eye of invitation. And then, alas! a *char-à-bancs* clanks in from Bristol and lands its dusty cargo; and so the vision melts.

Literature is filled with accounts of Bath society in these golden days. Most of the heroines of the eighteenth century with the slightest pretense of politeness went down to Bath for the customary round of its flirtation under a heavy chaperon, and most of their authors at some time or another passed a gay summer between its inclosing hills. Name any author of the time who escaped from his Grub-Street garret, and it 's two to one he was of the company of the assembly-room, and that he cast some of his plot in Bath. From one or another of these, like a puzzle-picture that is laid in bits, we may piece together the detail of the times and clothe the streets in a proper garment.

The road of fashion into Bath was by private carriage. It was a three-days' trip from London, and for purposes of display as well as a guard against highwaymen, it was well to

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travel with a full complement of servants. Hounslow was a nest of thieves, and any inn might contain a band of cutthroats. On arrival at Bath, the bells of the abbey rang, and footmen ran out from every lodging to learn the arrival's name and station. If he happened to be a duke or was high and stiff of family, I fancy that quite a shiver of delight spread around the town, and dowagers groomed their pretty daughters for a killing. Presently he was serenaded, and threw down coin to fit his wealth and pretense. Pepys, we have learned, dispensed five shillings, but for a great lord there was a heavier cost.

Being now somewhat established in his lodging, perhaps on the following morning the master of ceremonies waits on him to instruct him in the amusements of the place. If the newcomer is strange and unacquainted with the city, he offers to escort him to the finest centers of resort and to give him the details of polite observance—hints for costume, the hours of bathing, the time to drink the waters, the calendar of balls, the best quarter of the town for this or that in order that he may see fashion at its best. If he is rusty in the minuet, he will condescend to name a teacher to repair his awkwardness. He will whisper to him his own wig-maker, or the tailor who has the custom of the prince and who will match the cut and fabric of his cloak. With the manner of one who gives a favor, he collects a subscription to the orchestra, to the pump-room, the baths, the balls, and a fee for the bell-ringers of the abbey. And then, having subtracted as many guineas as the stranger's equipage seems to warrant, he sweeps a bow at the doorway and departs.

Roderick Random came to Bath to marry himself to an heiress. The good family of *Matthew Bramble* all drank the waters. Some of the charming ladies of Jane Austen and Miss Burney spent their season on the South Parade and blushed in the fashion of the times. It was just across the river that *Bob Acres* fought his duel with *Sir Lucius* and stood sidewise against the bullet. In its first draft "The School for Scandal" began nowhere but in the very pump-room, where its sharp gossip was a commonplace. It is said that the building remains in which Sheridan at twenty-three wrote his brilliant comedy. Bath's candles are burned out. Its ghostly men and women tread the echoing halls of memory. Its laughter, its merriment, and its gossip are heard dimly through the thick curtain of the years.

We saw the usual sights in our two-days' stay in Bath. We heard service in the abbey, which is so full of windows that it is called the lantern of England. We drank warm flat-irons, and looked for Bladud's pigs in the Roman bath. We were pulled by a broken horse to a cemetery on top of a hill, and I seem to recall that I declined to climb a tower. We walked on Pultney Street, and across a bridge that was lined with shops. I spent an hour in Gregory's book-shop, and was nearly locked at closing-time in its maze of rooms. I made, also, a special pilgrimage to the Crescent to see the pavement where *Mr. Winkle* ran with flowing night-shirt before the jealous *Mr. Dowler*, whose wife— But one must read the whole excitement in the book.

Then we engaged a motor for a further journey into Devon and Cornwall.

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Napoleon Crossing the Rockies

A Play in One Act

By Percy MacKaye

One of the most poignant moments of human history is now passing in the heart of our America. Within the next decade, or less, the remote regions of the southern Appalachian Mountains, which for two centuries have sequestrated and nurtured there the ancient civilization of our blended Celtic and Anglo-Saxon breeds, will render over the last of their folk heritage to the inroads of inexorable modernity.

In this epical moment two worlds of the spirit are already meeting in a starkness of contrast unprecedented within the bounds of one age and nation—a contrast wherein, at one flash, the man before Copernicus confronts the man of radium and wireless, and the world of Isaiah stands confounded by the world of Marconi.

In this psychic encounter both tragedy and comedy are immanent. As a dramatist I felt its lure, and by it I was led in 1921 to an opportunity for personal experience and observation in a richly characteristic region of the Kentucky mountains. Climbing the sharp ridges of the divide, on foot and mule-back, I passed beyond railroads out of the dominions of to-day, to sojourn in the timeless valleys of the Old Testament. There I dwelt and explored in close friendly touch with the native people, feeling strangely at one with my own highland kindred of a sundered clime and era. To express some intimations of the mountain life and lore, language and human character, in forms of drama and poetry, became for me a quickening incentive there, and has remained so here in this contrasted world since my return.

One result is a group of plays, now nearly completed, all dealing with mountain themes, though varying in their moods and forms. Of these, a comedy—"This Fine-Pretty World"—has recently been published and produced in New York. The play here printed in The Century Magazine, "Napoleon Crossing the Rockies," is to serve as an introduction to some further contributions based on the notes and observations in the mountains.

In these, without any formal thesis to prove or generalizations to advance, I shall hope to suggest the validity of a creative approach to the ethnic culture of our mountain people, as well as to their spoken (as distinct from written) language—an approach expressly different from the purely scholastic, journalistic, or archæological. In this respect I shall hope also to suggest the creative relationship of my mountain pilgrimage to a new type of wild nature conservation, humanistic in its emphasis, involving the kinship of a fecund illiteracy to fresh forms of literature.

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Napoleon Crossing the Rockies

PERSONS

Lark Fiddler
Tildy, his wife
Hodge, a kind of business man
Steptoe, another kind

SCENE

LARK'S Cabin, in the Kentucky mountains; at the present time

Interior of a log cabin in the mountains. Twilight. Through the open door (at back, right) a glimpse of gray palings and dim forest beyond. From a dark corner of the cabin (left) rises a stifled moaning. Then all is very still again. After a little, voices are heard outside, a wooden gate creaks, and the dim shape of a man appears in the doorway. He knocks. No answer. He knocks again, peering in.

THE MAN: Anybody home? (*The moaning recurs, very faintly.*

The man calls, louder): Heigh, Uncle Lark! Aunt Tildy! (*Again no answer. In the doorway appears another man, who speaks in disgruntled tones.*)

THE OTHER MAN: Nobody home, eh? Nineteen Kentucky miles up this damn trail, and now nobody! Look at the mud! Up to my knees, by gumption!

THE FIRST MAN: Don't get so grouchy, Hodge. The old couple can't be gone far. They 're sure to step in soon and hand out the best they've got.

HODGE: They sure will, if they swallow my bait. This makes the third trip I 've tramped these God-forsook creeks, fishin' for suckers. I 'm dead sick of it. Our deal has got to be settled to-night, Steptoe. I won't lug this back home again. Heft it. (*He hands him a cloth bag.*)

STEPTOE (*Jingling it heavily*): The bait, heigh?

HODGE: That's the stuff to land these mountain suckers.

STEPTOE (*Handing back the bag*): Maybe you 're right. I 've wintered and summered these creeks—in the religious line. I 've tackled these mountain fish before now, but maybe you can handle them better than me in regular business.

HODGE: Why should n't I? Don't I hand 'em their pay-envelops every Saturday night down yonder?

STEPTOE: Sure, down creek there, in the mills and mines, after we 've got 'em dollar-signed, like the rest of us. But that 's not up creek in their own timber, back beyond the railroads, like here.

HODGE: Talk that to their tombstones! This here ain't going to stay beyond the railroad; not for much! (*Jingling his bag.*) And here 's what makes the mare go, I guess.

STEPTOE: Well, you try your guess. Maybe it works. But if yours misses, I 'll try my own. My kit 's not so hefty as yours. (*He takes from his pocket two little parcels, wrapped in pink and blue paper.*)

HODGE: What you got there?

STEPTOE (*Putting the parcels away again*): Oh, never mind. Only if I win *my* toss, we 'll go fifty-fifty when we stick the company three hundred per cent. on the turn-over. How about it?

HODGE: Suits me. The company can stand a little agent's fee, I reckon. This piece o' property will mint 'em a tidy sum.

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STEPTOE: How much, about?

HODGE: Well, coal, timber, and water control—half a million, easy; maybe a million. You see, this cabin lays right in the notch of the gap, and the old couple here own both shanks of the water-shed straight up to the ridge-tops.

STEPTOE (*Ruminatingly, takes up a dark object from a shelf, and feels it over*): Maybe a million. As you were saying, it 's a mite—muddy, this sport.

HODGE: What sport?

STEPTOE: Fishing for suckers.

(*The dark object emits a faint twang.*)

HODGE: What 's there, a fiddle?

STEPTOE: Yes. It 's his—old Uncle Lark's. He 's fiddled it through twenty counties, back in the timber—puncheon reels and ballad matches, and himself "allers the champeen," as he 'll tell you. (*Putting back the fiddle on the shelf.*) Maybe a million, you said?

HODGE: Yep, I reckon so. (*He turns and listens.*) What 's that bell tinkling—a cow?

STEPTOE: It sure is. And that ought to mean the old man behind her. He 'll hunt that cow in the timber five miles for half a pint.

HODGE: Say, he 's aiming to drive *some* milk business!

STEPTOE: Yes, Hodge; and if we 're aiming to drive some *other* business, I advise we don't stand waiting on the door-step. We 'll drop in a bit later—what?

HODGE: Suits me. Listen to that creek roaring! How 's that for water-power?

STEPTOE: Maybe a million.

(*Their figures disappear outside.*

The cow-bell tinkles. In the cabin once more a faint moaning rises from the left, where a dim object shoves slowly upward from the floor and flops down again. Meanwhile the tinkle-tankle of the bell sounds less far, and through it a man's voice, cracked in a melodious pitch, sings with blithe dolefulness out of the falling twilight):

His voice is the sound of the dulcimore sweet,
Is heard in the vale of the tomb;
But, oh, the fair vow on his lips is as fleet
As the early fragrance of the bloom.

(*While the song dies into silence, the dim object stirs and groans incoherent words. Soon the recurring cow-bell takes on an altered rhythm and the man's voice sings again, with a gracious sweetness*):

One morning,
One morning,
One morning in May,
I spied a fair couple a-goin' that way—
A-goin' so happy, so kind and so true.
If I 'd me a sweetheart, there I would go, too!

(*This is followed by a pause, and then by a long, high, lilting call*): Oh—wee—ee!

At this, the dim object answers huskily: Oh—wee—ee!

And now the man's voice sings, close by, to a rough, staccato rhythm, gaily:

I had an old blue cow, and her name were Luck.
Ary time I milked her, she run over the cup.
I fed her on coren, oats, and hay,
And milked her twenty-five times a day.

(*In the middle of his song, old* LARK *himself looms in the doorway, a hatless,*

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disheveled, shambling, mountainy figure, with a cow-bell, swung by a string round his neck, jangling under his unshorn chin. In one hand he swings a big tin pail. Standing a moment, he peers into the cabin and calls):

LARK: Tildy, ole woman! (*He enters, singing again*):

Yander comes the bell-cow!
Ketch her by the tail!
When ye go to milk her
Fotch your bushel-pail.

(*Setting his pail on a table, he holds both fists over it, milking the air with his fingers as he looks out of doors and calls again*): Tildy! Oh—wee—ee!

TILDY (*The dim object on the floor answers him feebly*): Oh—wee—ee!

LARK: Eh? Whar be ye?

TILDY Holp me up, Lark. I heerd ye sang-callin'.

LARK: Lor salvation ye, ole feller! Is hit you flufflin' here in the dark, like a dawzzled pa'ttage-bird? (*He bends over her, perturbed, speaking louder*): What winged ye?

TILDY: Holp me raise, cain't ye? (*He lifts her to a sitting posture, where she breathes hard.*) I fell over, jist.

LARK: You shore fell a clar whistle. Pyore ole Tildy! How come hit ye tottered?

TILDY: I jist tuck arter the white hen had drapped her egg in the pipkin, and she whopped her out so quick, skritchin' and cacklin' of hit, till I were that shackled I creened over and plumb changed the ends of me.

LARK: How long time sence ago?

TILDY: Long enough for to reel a broach and weave hit.

LARK: And nobody come by to holp ye?

TILDY: I heerd two fellers bumblin' togither—could n't hear what-all they was sayin'—jist only some gab about water-milyons and fishin' the cricks.

LARK: Fishin', was they?

TILDY: Yis; sounded like they was brought-on strangers. So I shet me quiet, and let them go on their ways agin.

LARK (*His head shaking with solemnity*): And you jist layin' here lonesome, and never raisin' ye!

TILDY: How would I raise me, and both my arm-bones busted sence New Christmas I tottered the last time? (*Pushing back her sleeves.*) Look at 'em—crookled and nubby the likes of two ole split-brooms!

LARK: Pyore ole feller! And did hit punish your legs, this tumble?

TILDY: My legs? Ah, dear Suz! Ain't I allers spilin' my life away, limpitty-laggin' hit here in the cabin-smoke,—and you hitself climbin' the hills in your slickery hip-jints, milkin' of fine-pretty Molly in the pennyroyal! (*Solemnly unnoosing his neck from the dangling cow-bell, Lark squats down beside Tildy, and tinkles the bell toward her, with deep earnestness.*)

LARK: Listen at this-here, woman! Molly herself mought be snuffin' the fragrance of the pennyroyal, but hit 's me hitself is been tromplin' the dreens and mires to the notch of my breeches, and brung us home jist only this-yere bell-neckliss, which hit 's fine-pretty Molly has onclad of her brindly bosom, climbin' naked the hills. (*Tossing aside the bell with a sweeping gesture of disgust, he inverts the tin pail and sits on it.*)

TILDY (*Gasping, starts to reach for the pail*): The milk! Mol's milk! Ye 're plumb spillin' hit, Lark!

LARK (*Gazing at her, reproachfully*): You 're plumb spillin' the milk of human kindness, Tildy. The milk of

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Mol is yit onprofaned on the mount'ins.—Let that hit sour in her dugs, I says, ef be hit 's for sakes of *her* you and me is to set here now, sassin 'our faces at the day-dyin'.

TILDY: Who 's sassin' faces? And who 's aimin' to be settin' here on the floor, when I 's ruint to be raised up yander in my hickery and set sufferin' all my lon'st on our weddin'-birthday.

LARK (*Starting*): Weddin'! Our weddin'-birthday! God bless your soul and body, tell me that over ag'in, Tildy! Were hit plumb this same day and time, pime-blank of the year, what I first unwiddered ye in wedlock?

TILDY: Yis, ole man: May hit were, come full moon, twenty year and gone, this self-same night.

LARK (*Staring*): This-yere night!

TILDY (*Pointing at the bed*): Yander lays the weddin' kiver. I hand-warped hit myself on the loom; but hit missed out on the len'th. My fust man he were more stubbier in the shanks. Hit has allers scanted ye at the feet-ends, yan kiver.

LARK: Hit has, in specially winter-times.

TILDY: The blades of your both big toes skirlin' out like two reap-hooks, skeerin' the rats: oftly I 've seed 'em stickin' up thar, shaddered agin the dayrise, and you a-snorin' the piller, your chin drapped, gapin' the gray flies.

LARK: Tildy! You remembrancin' me so kind-heartly that-a-way, and me clare fergittin' ye on the eve of our anniversity!

TILDY: Yea, worserer yit, man: Gittin' toyous you was, tinklin' yan bell to me about Molly climbin' naked the hills.

LARK (*Rising*): A-r-r-r, drattle her, Molly! Hit 's no four-leggy she-male kin cut-in betwixt us'ns. (*He bends over her, with gaunt chivalry.*) Retch up your eyes, ole woman, and grabble them at mine, which they 's retchin' ye back the truth that 's everlastin'. I 'll swing to ye, Tildy! I 'll swing to ye till the jedgment-horn and the grave-houses crackles open to the blast of hit. So raise up, ole feller, and swing to your partner! (*With awkward tenderness he lifts her to her feet.*)

TILDY (*Groaning*): Slow! slow! Eh, Lor'! My j'ints punishes me.

LARK (*Assisting her*): That 's standin' smart. Now circalate ye a leetle grain.

TILDY: I ain't much-able to go.

LARK: Try steppin' out easy.

TILDY: I cain't.

LARK: Shore, try, Tildy.

TILDY: I cain't, never nothin' in the world.

LARK: Jist imagine ye kin. What-all the sperrit kin imagine, the will o' man kin conquer hit. That 's what ole Bonaparte he says to hisself—ole Napoleon, when he were crossin' the Rockies. Hit were a terriblest trail, but he clumb and trompled hit to victory. Now, then, ole woman, let we'ns example him. Yander hickery cheer hit 'll be the first ridge o' the climb, and you kin rest ye thar. Grab hard o' me. Look good, now!

TILDY (*Painfully limping a step or two*): Keep a-holtin' me, Lark.

LARK: Hit 's a longsome, rocky trail to the peaks of conquerin'; but songs is the steppy-stones, and I 'll sustain ye up with 'em, Tildy. (*Assisting her very slowly toward the hickory chair, Lark sings aloud, as she clutches his arm, limping*):

My lovin' wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,

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The time 's be'n sweet with us on airth,
My sweet, onharmless dove.

The time will come we 'll not be here,
We 'll be some ither-where:
Into a world unknowed to us
We 'll shorely disappear.

(*Placing her in the chair.*) Thar, Tildy! Rest ye.

TILDY: Why-fur would I want to rest me in a world unknowed, and us disappearin' thar?

LARK (*In surprise*): Hit 's a good, God-fearin' song.

TILDY: Hit likes me bad to hear hit. I 'd ruther as have some catnip tea or a dish of pokeberry biled. A hot sup would pacify me off.

LARK (*Responding with alacrity*): Shore hit will. I 'll het ye the pot in a minute.

(*He goes to the fireplace, stirs up some coals with fresh sticks, dippers some water into an iron pipkin, and shoves it amid the fire. Then reaching with shaky hands to a shelf, he rummages forth some dried roots. Meanwhile he whistles the tune he has been singing, and talks to Tildy.*)

Lucky I fotched water from the spring afore I went milk-huntin'. But I 'low we 's short-rationed on catnip; pokeberry, too, I reckon. (*Rummaging.*) Yea, ole feller; here ain't nothin' but rattle-weed: squaw-weed, they calls the she-male gineration. Hit's prime for women has gallstones and rheumatics. Will I bile ye some for your j'ints?

TILDY: Yis, I knows hit right smart —quaw-weed. I 's digged me many 's the bushel, sang-huntin' on the mount'ins. Lor, yis! When I were chunk of a heifer, back away-y-y yander in wartime, Maw and me us lived on hit 'most a month, and the ribels man-huntin' paw layin'-out in Cumberland Gap. Yis, yis; bile me some quaw-weed.

LARK (*Putting some roots in the pot*): Them roots 'll soon warm ye somethin' liquory for to cilibration our wedlock. What more now kin I get ye, ole wifey, for to be antic this night?

TILDY: Shore, you needs n't be axin me that. Ye know hit at the stand-in.

LARK: Know what?

TILDY: What I 's ben eetchin' my heart fur, and you promisin' hit you 'd surprise me with.

LARK: What, Tildy? Jist whack my mind a jolt.

TILDY: Oh, Lark, don't be brashin' me! Hain't you brung hit?

LARK: Brung what-all?

TILDY: The purty bead-chain, the pieded beads for to string rounct my neck. (*Lark looks at her in dumb dejection. She cries out, with a pang in her voice.*) Ah, then, you clar fergitted me, did ye? You jist only remimbered yan Mol and her cow-bell neckliss!

LARK: Tildy, Tildy, Lord love ye! I hain't ben to fergit ye; but where-all could I go beggin' at fur to find ye them beads? The store is clean shet of 'em. The world is voided of 'em.

TILDY (*Grimly stoical*): Quit your gash.

LARK: Hit divils me to disappint ye, ole mare. I 's hunted the high peaks and the low gaps for them pieded beads, and nary a purty neckliss could I find ye yit for a giftsake. But I promises ye, Tildy—

TILDY: Quit your gash, I says. I 's trifled to death with your promises. They has me thawed like old snow.

LARK: Poor busted feller! No wonder of hit! But wait, jist: I 'll fotch ye Sing'in Susie now. She 'll reel ye the

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music of the old philosophers, what 'll skein up the ravelments of your sorrer.

TILDY: O Lor'! Yan fiddle!

LARK (*Goes to the shelf and takes down the fiddle*): Ole Napoleon he were the up-heartedest musicianer of man's sperrit. Made him a march tune, he did, in the peaks of the mount'ins. That-thar tune hit 'll retch to etarnity. Were n't I tellin' ye about hit—him a-crossin' the Rockies—were n't I?

TILDY (*Feebly*): Yis; you ben tellin' of hit sence afore Adam died.

LARK (*Unhearing*): Ole Napoleon —away-y-y up yander on the ridges of the world; lonesome he were, thar. Well, sir, hit were mid-warp o' the night, and lonesome he war settin' his nag thar, still; still like the pole star; still like he were quarried outen a clift; crossin' of his arms, this-a-way, creenin' of his forehead down; scroogin' of his jaws togither. His hat were sewed up in three squares, black as the dark.

Never spoke a word, he did n't. His nag never budged. Lonesome in the middist of thousands. For his conquerin' army kep' a-comin', passin' of him by, buildin' the trail as they went. On up, on up, on up, crossin' of the Rockies; thousands, thousands. Seven days and nights, on up, crossin' of the Rockies.

And Napoleon—ole Bonaparte—jist sot thar; never turned his head to nobody. Seven nights and days never cracked a word to nobody.

But arter the seventh night, yerly in the dayrise, all of a suddent he moved thar. The smoke o' dawn hit were jist scarletin' red, and ole Napoleon he moved. High uply he stood in his sterrups, his both arms retchet yander to the mornin' star, and he made him a song, a march-ditty; and he sung hit thar out aloud, atops o' the mount'ins, up, up, to the bright and mornin' star: "Napoleon Crossin' the Rockies!"

TILDY (*Fidgeting*): Yea, yea! Is the fire-pot bilin' yit?

LARK (*Unhearing*): That were the name he give to the ditty. The words of hit is lost forever; but they 's poeters will tell ye—and I 'll never misdoubt them—how the mornin' star she kin still remimber them words, and she hitself is the only livin' soul in Creation what sings them yit, and her a-settin' over the Rockies in the bloomin' of light.

But the *tune* of yan song is ben handed down the ages of time; and me, Lark Fiddler, I 's larned hit to Singin' Susie, and me and Susie will play hit to ye now. Ring on, old Susan!

(*Eagerly lifting his fiddle to his chin, he starts to play, but stops, with a faint groaning.*)

Oh, Godamighty! them strings!

TILDY: Yis, ole man. Godamighty He give ye a fergittery in the place of a mimory.

LARK (*Lowering his fiddle, gazes on it, grief-stricken*): Two of them is busted, Tildy, the coarse and the middle. I plumb forgot hit. I 've got to send clare to Harlan Town for to git me some new strings.

TILDY (*Tartly*): You 'll never send for a string o' *beads*, I 'm guessin'.

LARK: Ye see, Tildy, hit 's a three-chorded ditty, "Napoleon," and hit 's got to go in passels, coarse and fine. A fiddle has four strings to her, low, coarse, middle, and fine; but here 's two of Singin' Susie is busted. I cain't play "the Rockies" on jist low and fine. I needs more chords in the fold o' my playin'.

TILDY: Then I 's be spared to peace and quiet *this* weddiversity!

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LARK (*In utter dejection*): A-yah! And I could of tuned your sperrit to the crack of conquerin', jist only had n't them two strings abusted.

TILDY: My two arm-bones is busted. That 's terribler than fiddle-strings.

LARK: By Gub! And sech a misery for to behappen us *this* one night on the airth!

TILDY: We 's bit by the tooth of carkin' sorrer, Lark. I 's be dyin' my death soon.

LARK: Yea, Tildy, God's toppled us down over. We 's wadin' in the pitsome darkness of Apollyon.

(*A sharp rap sounds on the door-jamb, and a shadowy Figure peers in, calling.*)

THE FIGURE: Who 's to home?

LARK (*Starting up*): Jedgment! What 's comin' next?

TILDY (*Timorously*): Shet the door!

(*Hodge enters with Steptoe.*)

HODGE: Is this here Lark Fiddler's cabin?

STEPTOE (*Coming forward*): Howdy, Uncle Lark! Good evening to you, Aunt Tildy. How you getting along?

TILDY (*With feeble surprise*): Lark! ef hit 'tain't Mr. Steptoe, the nice prayer-meetin' feller you met to the Forks.—Were hit you, sir, come by afore this day evenin', fishin' the crick?

LARK: Feller alive! is hit you? (*Warmly shaking his hand.*) Come in, come in; set ye. Git ye a cheer.

STEPTOE: Uncle, shake hands with my good friend, Mr. Hodge, of the United Mine and Lumber Company.

LARK: Proud am I to meet up with ye, Mr. Hog. Hail from down the Blue Grass, do ye?

HODGE: Well, not so far; but down in that direction.

LARK: Over yan side! Well, sir, I allers did crave to git thar; but hit 's moughty a world off from here 'n, and me oldin' in the legs. Out foot-loose on travel-pleasure, air ye?

HODGE: Nope; out on business.

STEPTOE: He 's walked 'most all the way here since sun-up, Uncle, just to see you and Aunt Tildy. His mule took lame near the start, and he got me to guide him to you.

LARK: Do ye hear the glad tidin's, Till? They 's come to take a night with us.

TILDY: Yis, yis, and welcome. I 'll set me here in the hickery. The bed 's good wide for three.

STEPTOE: No, no, my kind friends. You 're too hospitable indeed! We 've found lodging already down at the store. We just dropped in for a few minutes. Mr. Hodge won't keep you long. He 's on business. It 's that little timber transaction I told you about.

TILDY (*Leaning forward*): What 's he sayin'? Transaction?

STEPTOE: Perhaps—if there might be a little more light—

TILDY (*To Lark*): Kindle the wick, man. Git the poke-stick and stir a blaze.

LARK (*Bustling to do so*): Yea, sir-r-r-s! Right smart away. Holp yourself to some cheers, gintlemen. (*Setting a chimneyless lamp on the table.*) Yere she is, the lamp. Hev you ary a strike-match about ye, Mr. Hog?

HODGE (*Handing him a match*): Hodge is my name, sir.

LARK (*Lighting the charred lamp-wick, which smokes duskily*): She smudges that-a-way gin hit 's drafty.

TILDY: Shove hit to—the door.

LARK (*Shutting the door, and referring to the lamp*): But wait a leetle,

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jist! She 'll shine up glorious, when she gits her bearin's. (*Going now to the hearth, he pokes the fire, which throws a flickering, cheerful light into the room.*) Hit 's bilin', Tildy,—the quaw-weed! I 'll bring ye the tea in two minutes. Hit 'll hunt the punishment outen your j'ints, poor ole feller!

STEPTOE: Are you feeling ill, Auntie?

LARK: Yea, she tottered. She fell, and hurted her, poor Tildy; and she were busted afore that.

STEPTOE (*Bending over her, solicitous*): Why, dear me, that 's terrible. I 'm so sorry, so awfully sorry! Can't I do something for you?

TILDY: Yis, shore; you kin holp him steep the tea.

STEPTOE: I 'll be overjoyed to. (*Joining Lark.*) Here, Uncle, don't trouble. I 'll attend to the pot. Just talk to Mr. Hodge, and I 'll be nurse to Aunt Tildy.

(*Steptoe takes Lark's place at the fire, and pays assiduous little attentions to Tildy in pantomime. Lark rises from his squatting position.*)

LARK: Proud are we to thank ye, friend Steptoe, and you that neighborsome. (*Plunging a gourd dipper into the water-pail.*) Kin I offer ye a gourd of clare spring water, Mr. Hog, after you sweatin' hit up-creek so fur?

HODGE: No, thanks. And my name—

LARK: Hit 's purely crystal—yes, sir-r! Th 'aint anither spring in nine counties kin outprize yander spring of ourn. Heigh, Tildy? (*He drinks from the gourd.*)

TILDY: Nay; shorely. Hit 'll sample the same waters what Moses cracked from the Bible rock.

LARK: And that 's a fact verity. I keeps hit hollered out clean in a clare, round sand-bowl the bigness of a bushel. Star-glisty hit is, yan water-spring. Purtiest sight, o' summers, hit shines thar in the tall timber, shadder-blue and gold-rosy, like ole Pharoah had lostid his jewel-crown. Jist only May-apple and spignut scamps the green brink of hit. *Drip-drap, drip-drap,* hit keeps mulkin' hitself from the dugs of the mount'in; and all the whiles, right over hit, a gray-leetle mournin'-dove is flute-flutin' from the bosom of a layin-tree.

HODGE: More 'n likely, sir. But let 's get to business. I ain't come here to talk spring-water. Sit down.

LARK (*Bewilderedly, sitting with Hodge at the table*): Thank ye. Set yourself easy, sir.

HODGE: I will. And now, take it from me—I 'm a business man, a straight-from-the-shoulder, up-and-comin' business man. I don't beat about no bushes—nor spring-water landscapes.

LARK (*Murmurs, absently*): Dad-burned purty—that spring!

HODGE: So, see here! I bring you a straight proposition. Are you ready for it?

LARK (*Staring*): Ready for hit?

HODGE: Yes. Man to man, shall I shoot?

LARK (*Floundering to his feet, calls out excitedly*): Friend Steptoe, ef this-here feller is aimin' to gun-shoot, you tell him I 'm a fiddler. I don't stick my hands up for no feud-handlers nor night-gangsters: jist only for to saw my fiddle, thar.

STEPTOE: Bless your heart, Uncle, don't be alarmed. You misunderstood him, my good friend Hodge. He 's a fine Christian man. He talks a queer down-creek lingo, that 's all. I feel certain he begs pardon for confusing you.

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HODGE (*Responding to a meaningful look from Steptoe*): Sure; beg pardon.

STEPTOE: I feel certain he 's just as fond of fiddling as you and I are.

HODGE (*Pursing his mouth*): Sure.

STEPTOE (*Calming Tildy*): It 's all right, Auntie.

LARK: Partial to fiddlin', air ye? I axes *your* pardin, Mr. Hog. Have you ever follered "Crossin' the Rockies"?

HODGE: Crossin' *which?*

LARK (*Picking up his fiddle*): Ole Bonaparte—Napoleon, you rickollect—he imposed hit crossin' the peaks. Hit 's a fond tune for shorin' the soul up, tol'able fast, but 't ain't of the fastest merits; cause, ye rickollect, he war feelin' lonesome then. Yit, however, they was thousands thar, marchin'. (*Glancing at Steptoe, Hodge taps his own forehead, questioning. Steptoe laughs furtively.*) On up, on up, on up, crossin' of the Rockies.

HODGE: Very good, but—

LARK: Seven nights and days, jest settin' his nag-saddle. Then up he riz and hollered hit to the bright and mornin' star. (*He draws a long, high note on his fiddle.*) Thot-thar 's the drill note. I can give ye that one, but the balance is busted, two strings of her, coarse and middle—eh, Godamassy! (*He sits down, lugubrious.*)

HODGE: Then supposing we get down to my proposition. Listen. I represent the U. M. A. L. C. Do you get that?

LARK (*Glancing up solemnly*): A L C — ? I don't foller larnin', Mr. Hog.

HODGE (*Testily*): Say, Steptoe, will you please to inform Uncle Napoleon that I 'm *Hodge;* I ain't *Hog!*

STEPTOE (*Pouring from the steaming pot into a cup, replies mischievously*): Why bother about synonyms? Now, Aunt Tildy, here 's your tea.

TILDY (*Sipping it as he waits on her*): Quaw-weed hets me fine.

HODGE (*Grimacing, turns to Lark*): The United Mine and Lumber Company, Incorporated—that 's my firm, sir. Now my firm is building a railroad into this section to operate business. We control the right of way up this creek, straight through this cabin.

LARK (*Hazily*): This-yere cabin?

HODGE: Yes, sir. And being directly in our way, we 're naturally planning to tear down this building and fell the timber on both sides, to the legal width of the eminent domain.

TILDY (*With feeble shrillness*): Tear hit down—my cabin—the timber—

STEPTOE: Hush, Auntie! Listen! (*He whispers at her ear. She listens restively.*)

LARK (*Swallowing hard*): Em-i-nent dó-main—

HODGE: Absolutely. So, you see, accordin' to law, you ain't got nothin' to say about it.

LARK (*Slowly*): 'Cordin' to law—nothin' to say—

HODGE: Absolutely nothing. Only, of course,—that being quite understood,—all the same, we 're aiming to treat you right.

LARK: You 're aimin'—

HODGE: Fair and square. I understand you own the land, both flanks of this gap, as high as the ridges. Is that so?

LARK: The old guv'ner—she owns hit.

TILDY (*Quickly*): Yis; I owns hit.

HODGE: Her? But you 're legally married?

TILDY: Yis; this-yere night.

HODGE (*Whistling*): To-night!

LARK: Twenty year ago sence.

HODGE: Oh! Very good. Then you 're party to it, as her husband.

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So, mind, I 'm talkin' to both of you, man and wife. Now here 's my proposition.

LARK: Whar?

HODGE (*Lifting his bag from under the table*): Here.

STEPTOE: You see, Uncle and Auntie, he has n't forgot your anniversary.

LARK: Tildy! What 's he bringin' us?

HODGE: Look!

(*Untying the bag, he inverts it, slowly pouring out upon the table, near the lamp-flame, a heap of shining coins. Lark and Tildy stare for a moment, dumfounded.*)

TILDY (*After a pause*): Lark, is hit glory from the timple of Solomon?

HODGE: Reach your fingers. Handle it over. (*While Lark reaches tentatively, Hodge thrusts his own hands amid the pile and scatters the coins about.*) Try that with your eye-tooth! Is it lead or silver?

LARK (*Biting a large coin*): Hit 's a cartwheel.

HODGE: Lick that with your tongue! Is it copper or gold?

LARK (*Tasting a small coin*): Hit 't ain't puckerish.

HODGE: No, sir, it 's a gold eagle—solid gold. There you are, old folks—a fortune for the days of your life; three hundred dollars in real Uncle Sam metal!

TILDY: Is that-thar—for us'ns?

HODGE: Yes, ma'am, it is. (*Taking from his pocket a document, he unfolds it on the table.*) Just stick your two marks on this paper, duly witnessed, and the whole pile is yours.

(*He unscrews a fountain-pen, and holds it out toward Tildy.*)

TILDY: What is hit—yan paper?

HODGE: It 's a bill of sale for your cabin and land here. We 've looked up your title down to the county seat. It 's O. K. You just sign.

TILDY: What fur?

HODGE: To convey your property to our company, in advance of our building the railroad.

TILDY: I never seed one. I never want for to see ary.

STEPTOE: Oh, but why, Aunt Tildy? The railroad is wonderful. The railroad—

TILDY: Yis; I 's heern about her I 's heern how she belches smoke, and spittles fire-ashes, and tracks dirt terrible in the world. She 'd spile the spring. Lark kin tell ye about her.

LARK: I shore kin. I rid the ole witch-wagon down to Pineville onct. Bellered she did a more hell-kitchender racket than a hog-killin'. Yes, sir-r-r! I sampled her. Onct were enough. That settled me.

TILDY: She 'd spile the spring. That settles *me*.

HODGE (*Glowering*): Listen here, old stick-in-the-muds! It 's lucky the likes of you can't stop the march of progress and civilization. It 's lucky there 's laws to protect big business in doin God's work in the world. Now, listen; I 'm telling yer.

Our modern business and our brand-new railroad are marching up this creek, like a conquering army, to stay here. So either you poor decayed fish sign that paper, take your pile, and clear out; or else we confiscate yer, and out you go, anyway.

Speak lively. Which is it? What 's your answer?

LARK (*Taking up his fiddle again, begins slowly*): Tildy, ole woman, us two is been hitched twenty year' this night; and nigh ary evenin' I 's sot by yan door and tuned her up, this-yere

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fiddle, on the ole march ditty. I wonder, ole gov'ner, you and me, kin we answer this young feller from yan side.

On up, on up, he says, his spick-span army hit 's a-comin'—the United Mine and Lumber Company, In-cor-po-ráted.

I wonder of hit: ole Napoleon and Alexander the Great, did them two ever git hitched up togither in the old times? Dad-burn 'em, ef they did, they 'd have made a gang of hellyons, I 'm a-guessin': Hitched togither, jist the two, like us'ns be.

On up, on up, on up, the old army, crossin' of the Rockies; till ri'chere, in the gap of the ridge-peak we meets up the new inimy—from yan side!

HODGE: Come ahead! Your decision! That 's the question.

LARK: Yea, sirree, thar 's the question: Which-a-party will give over the gap?

What-all the sperrit kin imagine, the will of man kin conquer hit! (*Turning to Tildy.*) That were our gospel onct, ole gov'ner. *Is hit yit?*

For the capt'in of the new inimy he 's a-handin' us now yander quit-paper for us'ns to sign over the gap and surrender hit up.

(*Addressing an invisible host behind Tildy's hickory chair.*) Well, fellers of Napoleon—old army of Amerikee—pioneers of Alexander and Bonaparte, crossin' of the Rockies, *air* we quit? Air we beat? Air we fit-out?

Air us United States of the Mount'ins plumb conquered by the United Mine and Lumber Company, In-cor-po-rá-ted?

Shall us sign, and surrender the gap?

TILDY (*Risen half to her feet, supporting herself on her chair-arms, her body trembling, speaks tensely low*): Nowise never!

LARK (*With a triumphant gesture*): *Nowise never!* (*Turning to Hodge*): Thar, Mr. Capt'in, you hears the answer; you hears them shoutin' hit yander, the old army: "NOWISE NEVER —NO FURDER!" (*Picking up the paper document, he tears it in two, and hands the pieces to Hodge.*) Take that back to your company—over yan side!

HODGE (*Rising*): Sure thing! We 'll show yous who owns the gap. Go to hell, and welcome!

(*He starts to scoop up the coins on the table, but stops suddenly as Steptoe strikes a hand heavily on his shoulder, scowling upon him.*)

STEPTOE: It 's *you* that 's booked for a welcome in hell, Mr. Hodge. I 'm ashamed of you.

HODGE (*Staring*): I 'll be damned!

STEPTOE: You sure will be, unless you apologize to these grand old friends of mine. (*Under his breath, low and quickly.*) Come across! come across now! Leave it to me. Back down or shut up.

HODGE (*Floundering, backs away, half incredulous*): I shut up.

TILDY (*Faintly alarmed*): Lark! What 's behapp'nin'?

STEPTOE (*Turning toward them*): My dear, good friends! Please let his silence serve you for apology. This has been terrible. That I should be so mistaken in any man—actually bring him here to your hospitality! I 'm so sorry; so awfully sorry!

LARK: Never harrer your heart, feller alive! Hit 's be a-comin', in despite him or you or me. I knewed hit ever sence I fust sighted yan railroad, and heerd the ole Liberty Bell clanklin' hits funeralizin', and hits neck roped to the gallers of an engine biler.

STEPTOE: No, Uncle Lark, not its funeral—not yet, while you and Aunt

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Tildy hold the gap so gamely. Old Napoleon and Alexander, I salute you! Captains, *you* are the conquerors. I bring you another paper, a treaty of truce and surrender, from over "yan side."

(*He takes from his pocket a sheet of paper.*)

TILDY: What is hit, shorely?

STEPTOE: This, Auntie, is a purchase grant of your property, securing to you and your husband, for value received, the inviolate use of your cabin for all the rest of your lives, and your beautiful spring never to be trespassed or polluted.

LARK: We kin live here allers? Nobody cain't never pack us out?

STEPTOE: Never in the world.

LARK: We possessions this cabin for ourselves?

STEPTOE: Absolutely yours while you live.

TILDY: And nobody cain't tetch my water-spring?

STEPTOE: Nobody. If they do, you can sue them by law.

TILDY: Never dirty hit, nor nuthin', they cain't?

STEPTOE: Never, Auntie. The law protects you, absolutely.

HODGE (*Looking on from a distance, stifles a guffaw with his hat*): O Gawd!

TILDY: I reckon, Mr. Steptoe, the good Lor' Jesus sended you ri'chere this night fur to stanch our sorrers.

LARK: Amen of that! Hit 's Bible verity. You 's plumb salvationed us, friend.

STEPTOE: Don't mention it, please! It 's only my Christian duty, just a little neighborly act. Oh, that reminds me! Last time we met, Uncle, I remember you were hunting a special little giftsake for Aunt Tildy. (*Handing Lark a small pink package.*) Does that happen to be what you were looking for?

TILDY (*Peering forward, eagerly curious*): Lark, man!

LARK (*Undoes the package, wonderingly*): Wropped up hit is, red-pink. God bless my body and— Tildy! Tildy, ole mare! Hit 's the pieded beads! Hit 's the neckstring, the purty pieded beads for to clinch the bosom of ye!

TILDY (*As he reaches her a necklace, strung with many-colored glass*): O Lor'! The pieded beads!

(*Overcome, she presses them against her breast.*)

LARK (*Grasping Steptoe's hands and wringing them*): Friend feller alive! Hit 'll be the death-dyin' of her miseries. Hit 's a joy gift. She 'll be sproutin' pieded wings in the blades of her back.

TILDY (*Raptly, holding up the beads*): God, the Father and Son!

HODGE (*Under his breath, looking on*): Putting that over. Hell he does!

STEPTOE (*Extricating his hands from Lark's clutch*): Please, Uncle! Please! I 'm forgetting another trifle. Aunt Tildy, I remember hearing you say how much you do enjoy to hand Uncle Lark a surprise. It tickles him so, you said. Well, here 's a little swap for the beads. Hand him this and watch the tickle! (*He gives Tildy a small blue package, which she hands, in dazed dumbness, to Lark.*)

LARK (*Unwrapping it, with trembly hands*): For me, is hit? Wropped sky-blue. Fingers curly and slim like hit were— (*He stares in solemn ecstasy as the blue wrapping-paper flutters to the floor.*) O Singin' Susie!

TILDY (*Watching*): Fiddle-strings, is they?

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STEPTOE: A new set of strings for the old cedar-box.

LARK (*Sinking on a chair, bends over the table, his bowed shoulders heaving with big sobs*): Susie! Ole Susie! The guts is in ye ag'in!

HODGE (*To himself*): I 'll be double damned!

TILDY: Mr. Steptoe, sir, how 's we ever goin' to pay ye our thankful debt? How kin ever us balance hit with Christ'an deeds to ye?

STEPTOE: Oh, that 's too easy, Auntie. Just sign this little receipt paper, and forget it. Only remember I 'm always your down-creek neighbor.

TILDY: "Handle your neebor the likes of yourself": The Bible says hit, and you *doos* hit, Mr. Steptoe. God love ye for hit. Lark! Lark! What the divil ain't ye speakin' up your thanks for the fiddle-strings? Dumb-brutely air ye, and a Christ'an neebor giftin' us with riches? Have him to think, will ye, an up-creek man were onthankly?

LARK (*Who has seized his fiddle and is feverishly putting in the new strings, glances up with a momentary wave of the hand*): Fellers! Real gutses they is, no wire strings! They stretches beautiful: long, smooth, and toughly. Wait a jif till I scrowges the pegs. Ole Napoleon he 'll cross over the bridge, four lines abreast!

STEPTOE (*Handing Tildy a tin plate, with the sheet of paper and a fountain-pen*): Just put your mark here, Aunt Tildy; and then I must be off. The store will be closing up.

TILDY (*Examining the fountain-pen*): Hit 's a quar quill, hain't hit? Jest my cross at the bottom?

STEPTOE (*As she signs her mark on the paper*): That 's right.

TILDY: And they cain't never dirty my water-spring?

STEPTOE (*Taking the signed paper and the pen*): Never, Auntie. Now where are you going to stow all this pile of money?

TILDY: Stow hit—me? But that 's hisn—the hog man's thar, hain't hit?

STEPTOE: No, indeed; it 's all yours. That 's the "value received." I 'll settle up accounts with Mr. Hodge. Leave it to me.

TILDY: But Lor'-deary, all yan silver and gold leavin's! What would us want hit on the premises? Hit would jist bait a trap for thief-robbers.

STEPTOE (*Rubbing his chin*): That 's true. I 'm afraid so.

TILDY: Could ye, hit maht be, holp me to find a—

STEPTOE: A safe place to store it? Sure, Aunt Tildy, I think so. If you 'd like me to safekeep it for you myself—

TILDY: That 'u'd be moughty obleegin', sir.

STEPTOE: All right. When you want any, just ask. I 'll be your bank. Delighted to be useful. (*As Steptoe sweeps the coins back into the bag, Hodge slumps down into a chair, with a groan.*)

HODGE: Aw, euchred!

STEPTOE: O Auntie, suppose you keep now this gold eagle coin. Uncle Lark can drill a hole in it, so you can string it for a pendant with your beads.

TILDY (*Taking the gold coin*): Yis, yis; the likes of a lucky piece.

STEPTOE (*Looking at his sheet of paper*): And now if Uncle Lark will kindly sign this, next to yourself—

TILDY (*Calling*): Lark Fiddler! Drap yan Susie, and sot your mark nextly to mine, thar! (*She turns to her beads again.*)

STEPTOE (*With quick dexterity places the paper under Lark's nose, and hands*

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him the pen, pointing): Right here. (*With difficulty breaking from his absorption in the fiddle-stringing, Lark peers from the paper to Steptoe's face.*)

LARK: That clinches us livin' here forever, doos hit?

STEPTOE: Forever after, Uncle Lark.

LARK: They cain't never pack us out lawful?

STEPTOE: Never lawfully, Uncle.

LARK: All right, sir-r! Next to Tildy's cross?— Thar goes! (*He makes his mark.*) I reckon that double crosses 'em—the U-ni-ted Mine and Lumber Company In-cor-po-rá-ted!— Wheeee!

(*With a loud chuckle of mirth, he turns again to his fiddle stringing.*)

STEPTOE: Now, Hodge, your signature as witness, and I guess we 're off. (*He hands Hodge the pen.*)

HODGE (*Flourishes it in admiring meditation*): Steptoe, I 'm signing this as your reverent disciple henceforthly! What preferred stock of religion did you say you were putting across?

STEPTOE: Plain Christian brotherhood—*Yanside* United.

HODGES (*Signing the paper, rises and hands it to Steptoe*): United we stand! And what 's the latest quotes, in figgers?

STEPTOE: Fifty-fifty, five thousand per, and no *Hog*-squealing!

HODGE (*Shrugging, with a grunt*): Hog. Haw! Puttin' that across, too!

STEPTOE (*Pocketing the paper, takes up the bag, moves toward the door, and calls to Lark and Tildy*): Good night, my dear friends!

LARK (*Waving his fiddle-bow*): Heigh! Wait up, thar! She 's tauted now for the tunin'. (*He has begun to tune up on the fiddle.*)

STEPTOE: Getting late; promised we 'd turn in by dark.

LARK: She 's nigh pitched for the Rockies. You plays hit in the first tunin'—four-chorded a ditty. (*He begins to test chords with his bow.*)

STEPTOE: Awfully sorry, have to be going. We must forgive our grouchy friend here. He really means all right. I 'll haul him over on the road.

TILDY (*Calling*): But Mr. Steptoe—

STEPTOE: Good night, Aunt Tildy! God bless you both! Happy wedding anniversary! (*Under his breath, poking Hodge in the ribs, with a sly laugh*): Hoof it now, Hog! (*They go out quickly.*)

LARK (*Hastening to the door with his fiddle*): Heigh! Hold, thar, fellers! She 's primed in the nick.

(*Opening wide the half-closed door, he stands on the sill, and calls into the darkness*): Friend fellers! Heigh, thar! (*He pauses, listening. There is a long moment of silence.*)

TILDY: Come in, Lark. Shet the door. Yan Mr. Steptoe he were that Christ'an a gintleman, I guess he war feared we 'd outthank him. Come in.

LARK (*Gazing outdoors*): Tildy! Hit 's a purtiest night in the timber. The little insects is hollerin', and I hears the ole crick croonin' of herself by the splashdam.

TILDY: The water-spring is clean and safe protectit.

LARK (*Comes in, brooding*): Yea! Hit 's Godawful a beauty in the timber. (*He closes the door slowly.*)

TILDY: My pieded beads is beautifuller.

LARK (*Sits down, gazing on his fiddlestrings, entranced*): Pure genuine gutses!

TILDY (*Gazing on her beads*): All rainbow-y they is; bubbly like suds in the sunshine.

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LARK (*Thrumming the strings faintly*): Low—coarse—middle—and fine.

TILDY: And this same day I tottered thar; and this same night—I clads me in pieded beads! (*Solemnly she puts the necklace over her head, circling it down to lay low on her bosom.*)

LARK (*Thrumming more loud*): What-all the sperrit kin imagine, the will of man kin conquer hit.

TILDY (*Glancing up*): Lark, hit 's our weddin' birthday.

LARK (*Suddenly starting up, shakes his body fiercely, as a stallion, rolled over and risen again, snorts his lips trumpeting a neigh-call*): Yea-a-ay now, ole feller o' mine! Toppled over we was in the pitsome dark of the Dragoon, which he draggled the stars outen heaven down with the tail of him! But we met up the inimy in the gap, and behold, us routed him! Crossin' of the Rockies, us routed him down. And now onct more the gutses of the Lord of music is mine; and, lo! now, I 'll give ye what ole Napoleon imposed on the peaks of conquerin'—the march what he sung him to the bright and mornin' star. Ring out, Susie! (*He strikes a fiery chord.*) March on, ole Bonaparte! !

(*Standing in a rapture of fierce gladness, Lark clutches his fiddle, and begins to play strains of a wild march tune, where seated near him, in the light of the hearth and the guttering flame of the lamp-wick, Tildy listens, fingering her pieded beads.*)

Curtain

Amber

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

You gave me thick rock amber,
Like some smooth slice of apricot
Or golden pear,
Clear golden rock which can remember
Its sun-steeped centuries of vegetable rot,
Now sunlight stored to wear.

So round and hard between a finger and a thumb,
But still unfinished, cloudy on the side
Where sunlight did not come.
This is a growing thing, filled year by year,
With all the past in it, distilled, made clear.
My yellow rock will never quite be done
While there is sun.

Fixed in some moment's casual flight,
And held in golden glass inexorably,
Are scattered grains of cinnamon-bright dirt.
So, deep imbedded, held eternally,
Insoluble in ever deepening light,
Will be my hurt.

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England's Labor Government

By H. W. Massingham

The British Constitution, passing from one difficult period of its history to another, has encountered and determined a new situation, long discussed and in a sense prepared for, but arising with unexpected swiftness as the result of the general election. It is true to say that during the war and after-war period the old English party system ceased to function and almost to exist. The coalitions of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George broke the unity of the Liberal Party, and, while leaving Conservatism intact as an organization, divided its leadership and weakened its hold on the country. But these changes were in the main a screen for a still more remarkable transformation. This was the rapid growth of the Labor Party from a powerful group, first in loose alliance with Liberalism, and then independent and hostile, into a parliamentary organization resting chiefly on trade-unionism, but attracting to it an ever-increasing strength from the middle classes and especially from the younger Liberals. As a result of the contest of last December, this party emerged as the second largest section in the House of Commons, and, after a short and dramatic sequence of events, as the Government of the British Empire.

The climax was reached after one of the most rapid developments in our political history. Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. John Burns, and a body of semi-Liberal Labor members, appeared in Parliament well before the close of the century. But the true emergence of Independent Labor was in 1900, when two Labor members were returned to Parliament against 192 who now sit there. Thus the entire life of the party is compressed within seven general elections and less than one generation of men. The numerical as well as the financial basis of the party remains what it always has been, solidly trade-unionist. The trade-unions of the country have contributed their millions of voters, and from them, too, has come the bulk of the material sustenance, as well as a large share of the executive work and power. With this unaltered basis, however, have come two changes of vital importance, which have transformed its old character as the representation in Parliament of the needs and demands of the manual workers into a political party with a formal Socialist program and a mixed constituency of hand- and brain-workers.

To this development two bodies have, in the main, contributed. The first is the little band of middle-class thinkers known as the Fabian Society, formed in 1884. The outstanding figures of the society were a quartet,

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all remarkable in their way: Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sidney Webb, Professor Graham Wallas, and Sir Sydney Olivier, with Mrs. Annie Besant in a rather less important position, and its first public appearance was the issue of the famous volume of "Fabian Essays," published within five years of the birth of the society. In brief, it may be said to have repudiated catastrophic Socialism and the Marxian theory of value, and to have substituted a constitutional and progressive form of Socialism, working through Parliament and the vote, repudiating revolutionary dealing with religion, marriage, and the family, and treating collectivism as a gradual process to be achieved largely by the taxation of rent and interest. Two of the Fabian essayists—Mr. Sidney Webb and Sir Sydney Olivier, both of whom served their apprenticeship to government in the Colonial Office—are members of the new cabinet. But the real work of Fabianism on the Labor Party has been to provide it with an essentially English and moderate basis.

The second great modifying influence on the group has been the Independent Labor Party, of which the prime minister is an outstanding figure, and which has also supplied a large quota to the new administration. This body combines with the Socialist profession a considerable, but by no means exclusive, pacifist element, and includes some brilliant journalists, like Mr. H. N. Brailsford, editor of the "New Leader," the weekly organ of the party; Mr. E. D. Morel and Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who have specialized in politics and in finance; and Miss Margaret Bondfield, parliamentary secretary of the Ministry of Labor, the first woman minister and Labor's most accomplished platform orator. The "I. L. P.", as it is familiarly called, contributed forty-five members to the new Parliament, and its moral enthusiasm supplements the pure and, save for Mr. Bernard Shaw's contribution, rather dry intellectualism of the Fabian group. Numerically, the addition which the Socialist societies have made to the party strength has been trifling enough. Trade-unionism has found its mass vote,[1] its close-knit organization, and a good share of the leadership. The societies have largely supplied thinkers, permeators, and the bulk of the competent and well informed propaganda.

But in examining the initial influences which have gone to the making and shaping of the Labor government it is necessary to take into account the work and personality of one man. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, in his speech at the "victory" demonstration at the Albert Hall after the election, paid a significant tribute to the memory of Keir Hardie. This homely and interesting figure, with his cloth cap and red necktie and suit of Scotch homespun, will always remain a symbol of the movement, the first embodiment of its living force in British politics. But for his lonely fight on Labor platforms and in the House of Commons, his harsh dissonance with its traditions, and his rooted contempt for Liberal thought and methods, and, above all, his fixed idea that his work in life was the creation of an independent political force resting on manual labor, the labor government could never have come into being. It is probable indeed

[1] The hundred or so trade-unions affiliated to the Labor Party have furnished it with 3,279,276 members.

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that Keir Hardie would never have approved its appearance in any other character than that of an absolutely free governing power. He was idealist *pur sang*—an idealism born much more of the thought and personality of Henry George than of Karl Marx, but firmly rooted in disbelief in the political system which in 1892, the year of his appearance in Parliament, looked as solid as the British monarchy itself. Against the rock of this simple and intensely concentrated character every attempt at compromise beat itself in vain. Labor was to work alone and unaided, with a specially determined rejection of alliance with the Liberal Party.

Years passed before the lonely evangel of Keir Hardie became the accepted creed even of trade-unionism. In the early years of this century, indeed, it seemed as if the Liberal group of Labor members would become the predominant one. And at a later stage still an unexpected obstacle to the formation of a political Labor Party presented itself in a legal decision finally sustained by the House of Lords. This was the famous Osborne Judgment, which denied the right of a trade-union to support a Labor Party from its funds or to make a political levy on its members. For a time the bar on political action seemed absolute. Finally, the Liberal Party came, with some reluctance, to the rescue. The Trade-Union Act of 1913 enabled a trade-union to spend money on Parliamentary candidatures provided that a majority of its members sanctioned such a course, that the political fund was kept separate, and that subscription to it was not made a condition of membership.

Thus restored to the political field, Labor went forward to achieve its first great object—the replacement of the Liberal Party in the votes and affections of the organized workers. It is enough to say here that that object was accomplished with the conversion of the miners, who for years had furnished a steady body of members to Liberalism.

The old Liberal enthusiasm died down with the fulfilment of its liberating mission, the close of its long struggle with the House of Lords, and the disappearance of its creative and inspiring figures. The Gladstonian age was over, and the succeeding imperialism of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey had no magic for the workmen, did nothing to divert their fight for material betterment, and furnished no ideal comparable with that of Socialism. Pacifism, internationalism, the democratic organization of the state, the reform of local government, the control of industry, and the idea of a union of interests and moral attachments between manual- and brain-workers, passed from the guardianship of the Liberal Party into that of the new movement. Liberalism had become middle-class. It was the successful aim of the Labor Party to treat it more and more as a group, and to present itself as the heir of its tradition, its competitor in government, the true rival and alternative to the rule of the aristocrat and the capitalist.

§ 2

With this preface, I pass to the immediate situation out of which, after a six-weeks' interval, has arisen the first English Labor government. The emergency which placed Labor in

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office as a minority government, and yet as the only possible alternative either to a return to coalitionism or to a Liberal ministry, was none of its seeking. Without any adequate warning to the country, and in possession of a secure majority, Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative prime minister, chose to challenge the issue of protection, and was totally defeated. He lost a great part of the Conservative majority in London, lost Glasgow to Labor, and Manchester and Lancashire to Labor and Liberalism, lost Scotland and Wales, and found nowhere save in Birmingham a clear affirmative answer to his call. It was impossible to disregard a public opinion so emphatically expressed, and a non-Conservative, non-protectionist administration became inevitable. The constitutional recourse was to the Labor Party, which both in the late Parliament and the present one had acted as the official opposition; that is, as the normal alternative to a ministry defeated by a vote of the House or at a general election. At that point the Liberal leader showed no hesitation at all. As head of the smallest of the three parties, he could claim no mandate for Liberalism. There was nothing for it but a throw-back to the earlier days of Liberal coöperation with Labor, with the rôles reversed and somewhat altered; that is to say, with Labor in command, and Liberalism no longer all-powerful in prestige and predominant in numbers, but willing to play an auxiliary and also a modifying part. His opening suggestion that a Labor government representing only thirty-one per cent. of the House of Commons lacked the customary right of asking and obtaining from the king a dissolution in case of Parliamentary failure, and must give place to a new combination, presumably formed by himself, was not a strictly constitutional one. But in the end the old Liberal tradition prevailed. A Liberal-Conservative coalition was passionately urged in the Rothermere Press, which had during the election done its worst to assure Mr. Baldwin's defeat. But the argument lacked weight, and the panic in Mayfair at the idea of a Labor administration awoke few echoes among the politicians. So a sympathetic, but cautious, hand was held out to Labor. The tie thus rapidly formed held in the division lobbies, and, with the exception of a small revolt on the part of a section of Mr. Lloyd George's followers, Mr. Asquith's lead was confirmed.

§ 3

The resulting ministry represents a singularly rapid and dexterous feat in government-making. Within an hour or so of Mr. Macdonald's journey to Buckingham Palace and his kissing of hands on appointment, the list of his cabinet was in the evening papers, and in two days the entire government, with the exception of some small and inconsequential appointments, had been formed and given to the world. The actual work of choice and appointment had been done in Mr. Macdonald's modest home at Hampstead, in almost entire secrecy, and with only the necessary measure of consultation with his colleagues. From the moment when a British prime minister assumes office, the Constitution leaves him a virtually autocratic power of selecting his associates. The party executive had, indeed, been consulted on the momen-

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tous question of whether a Labor ministry ought to accept office at all. But once assent had been yielded, there was never a question of the party electing the cabinet, as in the case of the Socialist members of the coalition government formed in Belgium during the war. Old constitutional practice has prevailed, joined to Mr. Macdonald's unrivaled personal ascendency over his following. The ship was in the pilot's hands, and it was decided not to speak to the man at the wheel.

The man who has been able to claim, under totally new conditions, a right inherent in the existing cabinet system of England, and affirmed by succeding precedents, is of no common order. Singularly handsome, and of a natural ease and distinction of bearing, Ramsay Macdonald might sit for a portrait of a cavalier or a clan chieftain of the following of Bonny Prince Charlie. To the Highland origin and Highland air of romance, he adds not a little of the Highland character. Attached and loyal friends he has many, but it is doubtful whether, since the death of the noble woman who was his wife, any member of his circle has ever asserted the rights of an intimate adviser. His critics would say that the reserve of his character amounts to an almost embarrassing aloofness, yet it is certain that an easily influenced man, with an ear for all opinions and a door open to every comer, could never have acquired his ascendency in the Labor Party's councils, or maintained it through the difficult crisis of December and January last. With Macdonald's Highland pride and sensitiveness goes, it must be confessed, a touch of Highland mysticism. It appears in his speeches, with their recurring idealist strain, and in the quick instinctive working of his mind, and its sudden developments of ideas and strategy. But it is necessary to add that a canny Lowland Scot, with the native shrewdness, simplicity, and hardness of life, and upright and unfaltering Puritanism of character, keeps the Highland mystic well in hand. Above all, the new prime minister is a type, and indeed a flower, of Scottish culture. A reader and thinker, and a writer of more than surface brilliancy, Macdonald's long intimacy with the late Lord Morley was founded on a love and knowledge of books no less than on many common sympathies and a strong mutual affection. As an orator Macdonald stands high, if not in the highest rank of all. His voice, more powerful in volume than that of any of his contemporaries in political leadership, and trained to reach the mass audiences of these democratic days, is still best in modulation. As for his speeches, they suffer a little in quality from their excess, for a British popular party has no mercy on its leader, and Macdonald speaks too often always to speak well. At its best his platform style, refined by much reading, expresses itself in a strain of pure and beautiful English. At its ordinary, it is good rhetoric and more than ordinarily good reasoning.

For the secretaryship of foreign affairs he is quite well fitted to stand in the shoes even of Lord Curzon. Few of his contemporaries have done more European traveling or possess a wider acquaintance among the leaders of parties and the characteristic figures in the swiftly moving cinema show of the post-war period. His

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industry, his remarkable flair for the news, will stand him in good stead. But behind these qualities is a carefully acquired and continually replenished knowledge of men and things as they are.

The government of which this notable man is the head has been called an inexperienced one, and so far as imperial politics are concerned, the criticism applies. But in one sense it is the most experienced that ever sat round the famous table in Downing Street. The bulk of its members know more of the local life and government of the country and the working of its town and country schools, its machinery of health and poor relief, its coöperative societies, the organization of its factories and workshops, than any of its predecessors, Liberal or Conservative. In Mr. Sidney Webb, the new president of the Board of Trade, for example, it possesses the most learned political Englishman alive, the historian of its industrial democracy, the maker of the famous minority report on its poor law, the framer of closely documented surveys of the law and custom of its governing institutions, their meaning and social import. Mr. Webb will be the program-maker of the government, and he will set the pace of its output at the rate of his own indefatigable industry. No figure quite so well equipped as his stands beside him in the inner cabinet or outside it. But men like Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. Frank Hodges represent the new intellectual force in the Labor movement. They are graduates of the more modern type of university, experts in the theory as well as in the technic of modern industry. There lies the hold which Labor possesses on the future. It is probable that the tenure of this government may not be long. Powerful forces from within and without may very well decide that before the summer is over they will have to face a second election. No one can say when some master problem in Labor policy, a critical question like the nationalization or at least the substantial unification of the mines, will suddenly emerge. In that event the issue depends largely on the knowledge and persuasive power of the younger men, of whom Mr. Hodges is a brilliant example.

These young men are not revolutionists. The representation of the Glasgow Left Wing, the *enfants terribles* of the late Parliament and very possibly the militants of this, is confined to the pick of the group. But the main stuff of the government is centralist trade-unionism. Nominally its outlook is that of the party, which is moderate, progressive Socialism. In effect, the stamp of this section of the trade-unions, and its mark on our social history is a conservative one. Mr. Clynes, Mr. Macdonald's deputy leader in the Commons, is of this type, competent, if a little drab. So is Mr. Thomas, the famous leader and diplomatist of the railway men, in a more decorative setting. In the center hundred stands the figure who is in some respects the most important of all. This is Mr. Arthur Henderson, the new home secretary, whose post brings him into personal contact with the king, as well as with the law and with the whole machinery of public ceremony. Mr. Henderson, the "Uncle Arthur" of every Labor tea-table, is the organizer of two victories, and without him and his headquarters staff in Eccleston Square, the Labor

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Party would cease to function. Through his hands passes the network of candidatures on which the success or failure of an election depends, the difficult problem of finance, and the adjustment of the thousand points of personal and sectional interest that confront a new, ambitious, rapidly growing party. He comes from the Liberals, and carries with him (though he would vigorously disclaim it) the Liberal tradition and habit of mind to color without penetrating the predominantly Socialist strain.

But no account of the new government would be complete which left out two elements, one a powerful, though not a determining, factor, the other a slight, but significant, infusion. The so-called "intellectuals," who came to Labor from the Liberal ranks during the war or in the following years, were of the same general type. They were the members of aristocratic or neo-aristocratic families like Mr. Charles Trevelyan, the new minister of education, son of a famous father, Sir George Trevelyan, and descendant of the still more famous Macaulay; Mr. Noel Buxton, who now controls agriculture, with a mixed descent of brewing, banking, and Quakerism; and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, son of a secretary of Queen Victoria, and himself in his far-off unregenerate days a page in the royal household. Mr. Ponsonby's political color belongs to the radicalism which was never far from Labor. The radical Campbell-Bannerman's first private secretary, his knowledge of foreign affairs, which came to him from his association with the secrets of government no less than his charming character and literary ability, are his title to the under-secretaryship of foreign affairs. He and his associates are the legacy of Liberalism to its successor.

There remains a final mark of Mr. Macdonald's assimilative skill. It would have been impossible to form a Labor government at all without the assent of Liberalism, or a formal alliance between the two forces, jealous of each other, and sharply opposed at the election, and yet presenting a common front against protection. The second device was impossible; the first has proved quite an ordinary feat of good temper and good management. But the Labor ministry stands for a totally new experiment in minority rule. It is a new thing in our politics for a government resting on 192 votes to manage a Parliament of 615 members, even with the help of a second minority of 158 members. It is a newer thing still to put in command of the empire a body resting on even an elastic formula of Socialism. The British Constitution, if it abhors a vacuum, is a singularly good conductor of forces hitherto unknown to it.

On the whole, the country, even the Conservative element, accepted the new situation with its accustomed phlegm. This agreeably diversified world of men contains no more naturally adaptive creature than the Englishman. But there are limits even to adaptability. There was the monarchy to consider, there was the House of Lords, and there were the imperial and specially the war services. The king, a wise man, with his family traditions of progress and accommodation,—the terms are almost identical,—made no difficulty, and the household appointments consequent on a change of government were matters of easy arrangement. But the House of Lords was more difficult.

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It is a declining power, its absolute veto on legislation has disappeared, and the practice of giving it an almost equal share of the great offices of state has been modified or almost forgone by successive Liberal administrations. But it had a prescriptive right to at least one of the five secretaries of state and one under-secretary, as well as a claim to have policies and legislative proposals fairly laid before it. Mr. Macdonald's difficulty here was that he had a bare half-dozen peers who could be called members of the Labor Party, or sympathizers with its social outlook, and that this little group contained only one or two possible ministers. One of them, Lord Haldane, is a man of light and leading, and of wide political experience, and also a lawyer of eminence and an ex-lord chancellor. His services were secured; the problem of the representation of the departments remained. This has been solved by creating new peers: General Thompson, Mr. Sidney Arnold, a personal friend of the prime minister, and Sir Sydney Olivier, the new and brilliant secretary for India, and an ex-governor—a very successful one—of Jamaica. In this way the House of Lords was deprived of its constitutional grievance. The new prime minister had obviously cut down its effective share in government, but he could not be said to have ignored it.

But the device which secured the new ministry against a breach with the services was the appointment of Lord Chelmsford, an ex-viceroy of India, and also an ex-governor-general of two Australian states, as first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Chelmsford can hardly be called a party politician. He is of the official class, born into Conservatism, but belonging by almost a lifetime of work and residence to the exterior empire with the government of which the history and ambitions, the family interests, and the moral attachments, of the aristocracy, are closely connected. He is described, and justly so, as sympathetic to Labor. But his appointment has been taken as a sign that there was to be a continuous government of the empire, and that at a critical hour the defense services were not to suffer a serious breach of continuity. Above all, the fleet was secure.

Lord Chelmsford's appointment, with one or two others, had their expected and useful influence on public opinion. The press, previously hostile in sections, became on the whole a favoring, almost an approving, influence. Even the "Morning Post," the organ of the "die-hards," changed its tone, while the "Daily Mail," the representative of the Rothermere newspapers, turned with its wonted speed from its attitude of unyielding hostility to one of acquiescence and even of applause. There was to be "fair play" for the new government. The "Mail" guaranteed it, and even offered itself as a mentor of Mr. Macdonald's new model. Essentially, the prime minister's task was accomplished. He had kept his party together, had assured it an ally in the House of Commons strong enough to maintain a working Parliamentary majority, and had even contrived to give his ministry something like a national basis. This is the opening phase of England's new departure in government; its success as an experimental force, a hitherto untried adventure in political democracy, lies on the knees of the gods.

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A GALLERY OF AMERICAN MYTHS

By

ELMER S. HADER

Myths come from a seed that grows on any soil. Everywhere the people must have pictures and stories to make abstract conceptions stick in their memories. As the English have invented and cherished John Bull to be a characteristic symbol of their nation, so the Americans have invented and cherished Uncle Sam. What Hercules was to the average Greek, Paul Bunyan, on a humorous plane, is to the American lumberman. And who can say that Uncle Remus and Colonel Carter of Cartersville do not personify accepted types to the point where they cease to be types and become mythical personages? An interesting study might be made of the American myths and their significance.

From the Journal of John Thane.

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UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam seems now as old as the United States, but actually he had his origin in a joke during the second war with England, when certain workmen jocularly expanded the initials "U. S." into a familiar name for the Government. The name spread through the army, and thence eventually into all the States. At first it had to contend with the older sobriquet "Brother Jonathan," coined during the Revolution, and the two long divided the field about equally between them. Since the Civil War, however, Uncle Sam has left his rival well behind. Variously represented in caricature, he had always suggested the primitive Yankee, at once archaic and patriotic in his costume. It is notable that of late years he has been ceasing to be the angular, unkempt creature that he was during the lean, simple years of the republic, and has grown in girth, fastidiousness, and benevolence of aspect. Thus each generation recreates its myths in its own image.

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PAUL BUNYAN

If Paul Bunyan is descended, as is possible, from some legendary giant of European forests, he is purely American now. From the Yankee love of a "yarn" he came forth, and through that same love he has grown to mighty manhood. Where two or three loggers are gathered together, there is Paul in the midst of them, and no exaggeration is too broad or too high to hold him. An old logger buys ten cents worth of ink. Holding the tiny bottle in his big horny hand, he drawls with twinkling eyes, "Paul he buys his'n by the barrel." It is the stuff that myths and fairy-tales are made of. Did n't Paul, once when he was "kind o' tired," drag his pick along the ground and scoop out the Grand Cañon accidently? He inspires his followers with incomparable mendacity, and then puts on new cubits from the lies they tell. Like all true folk-heroes, Paul has companions, his blue ox, Babe, his dog, Elmer, his Seven Axmen, to multiply his achievements, but he does not need them. In his own person he fulfils the wildest dreams of all the loggers.

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UNCLE REMUS

Except in the far South, very few of the old mammies and uncles of song and story exist in the flesh. Already tradition has crystallized about those elder negroes of slavery days, and somehow Uncle Remus has come, in the minds of many people, to typify them all. He is the voice of his whole race, as Joel Chandler Harris conceived it, and the chronicler of its lore. Harris drew his character partly from that of an actual negro he knew, George Terrell, who lived upon a Georgia plantation. Too old for hard work in the fields, Uncle Remus sits in the sun or in his cabin and tells stories to the children of the dominant race. The imagination of the slave is unconsciously and touchingly revealed in these fables about beasts, for Brer Rabbit, timid, weak, and hunted, almost always gets the better of his enemies by craft. Always kind, but canny; philosophical, but unsentimental, Uncle Remus lives in the legend of an America which exists no more.

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In the Bok Peace-Prize Office

By Esther Everett Lape

It is one of the ironies of civilization and etymology that "pacifist" ever became a term of reproach, setting off the, at best, pale dreamers on the left hand from all the real red-blooded he-men and 110 per cent. women on the right. But five years after any war is sufficient time to blur this dividing-line, however, and "pacifist" as a term of reproach is fast becoming obsolete for the very good reason that so much of the population, including the marines and others "first to fight," has become pacifistic. Any committee setting to work to get at the root of the peace propaganda in this country would soon find that it has now to deal with not merely a few professional peace-workers, a few Quakers, a few fanatics, or a group of women zealous, sentimental, and *exalté*, but with brokers and real-estate dealers and bond salesmen and pin-manufacturers and opticians and lace-makers, and war heroes and generals and majors and colonels and ex-secretaries of war. What the American Peace Award, created by Edward W. Bok, did was to mobilize this pacific army.

The American Peace Award did not by some subtle alchemy create an interest in international coöperation. It merely created a channel through which might flow, and through which did flow, what has become a fundamental conviction of the American people—a belief that there must be some better way than war by which nations may settle their disputes; and a very characteristic American belief that the United States ought to be somewhere to the fore among the nations of the earth in discovering such a way. A great world vision of swords being turned into plowshares is frequently touched by a perfectly Yankee aspiration to have the United States of America assume a large part in the turning.

The most significant fact in every stage of the award, in the competition itself and in the referendum on the winning plan, has been the wide range of those interested. To the reader, one of the most moving things about the plans was the constantly recurring impression that an author was writing his plan without the least hope of winning the award, but rather out of a strong impulsion to set forth his credo and explain the cherished faith of a lifetime. Reading such plans, and they were many, one must salute them with the respect and warmth commanded by minds and souls of integrity, bearing testimony. From the obvious character of the persons requesting conditions, as well as from the internal evidence in the plans themselves, it has been plain that the competitors included brilliant and

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profound thinkers well at home among white dreams of statecraft; experienced statesmen; professors in large and small universities; practical politicians; lawyers dealing with international affairs as an avocation; ex-service men, not always able to propose anything, but eager to testify to the need of having something proposed; students fired with philosophies and stirred by compelling beliefs; engineers smitten with a sharp sense of the waste of war and determined to deal with first causes; economists, protagonists of the liberal currents in modern economic thought; schoolteachers; iron-molders; carpenters; and farmers. There were others also, of course, who competed from more casual motives, including the woman who wrote, in sending in her plan, that she had already won one prize in her church for the best jelly recipe and hoped she might be successful in this instance also.

Those participating in the referendum are as numerous and varied. They include not only the churches and uplift organizations ready to lend an ear to any well intentioned endeavor, but also, on the one hand, scientific, professional, and technical groups of consulting engineers, surgeons, scientists, etc., and, on the other, organizations of postal clerks and manufacturers of chilled car-wheels, of silver-fox breeders, lace-makers, biscuit- and cracker-manufacturers, and hundreds of other organized groups little given to using the facilities of their organizations for any purpose not closely related to the welfare of their particular trade.

During the first week in which the plan was printed the Better Bedding Alliance, with headquarters in Chicago, telegraphed three times that it had not yet received its ballots, and urged that they be sent forthwith, or a duplicate shipment started. This instance is typical.

The other day a moving-picture distributing company sent in seven thousand ballots signed by movie patrons after seeing a short news reel illustrating the plan. Now, seven thousand is not an overwhelming number, but when you consider that seven thousand people took the trouble to sign a ballot, on their own initiative, in a darkened theater after a hunt for their own pencils, and after having had the effect of the pictured peace plan somewhat dissipated by the real feature of the evening, "Flaming Youth: or, Don't Call It Love," the votes acquire significance.

A woman in Vermont the other day wrote that she was so anxious to interest her neighbors in voting upon the peace plan that she was taking a copy of the plan and the ballot personally to every house in the town. "We have no car," she wrote, "and I figure that I shall be walking one hundred miles to get this to my neighbors."

A woman from St. Helena Island, off the coast of South Carolina, wrote: "May we take a referendum on the plan here? This is a community of fifty whites and about six thousand blacks."

Perhaps it is not strange that high-school students should "debate" on the winning plan or that chambers of commerce should have luncheons upon it or that women's clubs should build a program about it; but when organizations like the Sweet Potato Growers of South Carolina, the Farmers' Elevator Company of North Dakota, the Fruit Growers' Association in Arizona,

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a newspaper in Bermuda and one in Hawaii, a business men's organization in Honolulu, an official speaking for American residents in the Canal Zone, several towns in Porto Rico, and fourteen communities in Alaska write that they want to take the referendum, it means not that a cross-section of the easily interested has been reached, but that some universal current has been touched.

No such interest could be aroused by propaganda or by the most brilliant publicity methods the mind of man could devise. Those of us who have been close to the heart of this matter, and have somewhat felt the currents of thought and feeling it has revealed, know that the interest in the American Peace Award is keen because it has arisen out of the experience of the people. However untouched relatively we were by the war, there is hardly a community of the country in which the people have not had occasion to have some "realizing sense," as the theologians say, of the waste and tragedy and utter futility of war. The object lesson may be a tablet on the village green in memory of a few who did not return, it may be a desolate wife or mother, or it may be an unrehabilitated veteran, or some unheroic shell-shocked creature muddling through the rest of his days. No campaign of advertising and of boosting can produce and maintain the kind of interest that comes from personal realization.

§ 2

With a wide variation of profundity and power in the 22,165 plans, 7907 of which merited and received the serious consideration of the jury, it is nevertheless possible to generalize to some extent upon what they show: a generally deep concern in the prevention of war; a belief that the problem of our proper relation to the rest of the world can be solved, and impatience that it is not being solved; a fairly wide familiarity with the ideas current on the subject of international relations; a rather amazing familiarity with the different theories as to the causes of war.

The chief lack, discernible alike in brilliant, mediocre, and quite trivial papers, is a lack of understanding of practicability, and a marked tendency to assume that because ideas are simple, they can readily be put into effect. That we should all love one another is a simple conception. All it requires is that most of us should be born again!

Many a plan which contains a stirringly fine analysis of the present situation, a brilliant and comprehensive diagnosis, dwindles to the vaguest banalities when it approaches the remedy for the disease, the actual plan or proposal. In hundreds of cases the only practical step the author is able to think of is that "the President of the United States shall call a conference," which by some curious magic is to result in the end desired.

Contrary to the generally familiar supposition, few of the plans are without significance. It is true that, along with the hundreds of brilliant and profound quality, there are thousands so much alike in content as to be almost indistinguishable except by superficial signs. Many of these are merely much diluted reflections of some lecture or sermon heard or some article read, with the endless commonplaces of the subject matter set

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forth in barren style. They become vital only when one remembers that the sermon or the lecture would not have stuck in the author's mind unless a genuine concern in the subject had already been there.

§ 3

A large group, representing alike the more and the less weighty, is concerned with working out the mechanics of coöperation among nations. These range from those proposing coöperation in limited matters by a scheme wherein every nation retains its present individuality, to those that progress in coöperation until they reach utter fusion of powers and resources in a super-state with a super-army and super-navy, pooling of debts and all resources, etc.

The plans that propose coöperation are of two main kinds, those that fall in with existing coöperative efforts, and those that set up a new standard and ask other nations to give up their present affiliations in order to join us in some new organism. The league covenant serves endlessly as a skeleton. It has been rewritten from Alpha to Omega, sometimes with merely a few verbal changes, sometimes with the practical force of every article changed. A very great number of plans, however, make minor and trivial changes in wording. Many of the plans, with the political antagonism to the League of Nations well in mind, propose a tactful change of name, in the assumption that it is the name and not the idea that is hated, and that if the League of Nations can simply be called an association or society of nations, objections will dwindle.

A considerable number of plans distrust the league as an expression of the old balance of power idea. They fear that the league was "born in a miasma of intrigue" of an older system and that it may not therefore serve the need of a newer age. At the root of more than a few of the plans lies the conviction that the Treaty of Versailles contains the seeds of future wars, and must be either redrafted or, more probably, revised in the evolution of the years. A few papers are based entirely upon rewriting the treaty. A few plans urge a thoroughgoing rewriting of the covenant, and a redrafting of our treaty with Germany in accordance with the fourteen points. A small group of plans takes the League of Nations as a basis, with a frank statement that they do so merely because the league already exists, and reorganize it into a kind of deliberative conference, with the real power extended in the world court. Several papers tend to make of the league a purely economic conference chiefly concerned with questions of trade, commerce, and tariff.

A well defined group of plans places its hope upon the establishment of regional leagues or hemispheric groups. The idea behind these seems to be that a genuine world league is impracticable at the present and that the only reasonable step toward it is to associate in regional groups countries actually confronted with the same problems or related to one another by the same ties and the same interests. The idea in some cases is that all the nations in a given zone will make common cause, and that the enemy of one nation in the zone will be considered the enemy of all. These plans do rather generally overlook the fact that some of the hottest quarrels arise

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between neighbors, as in the last war.

A great many plans propose new leagues or associations of nations, but these generally show little individuality and make little real contribution. A number borrow very heavily from the league covenant or other documents, while pretending not to; others state circumstantially some amateurish and undeveloped mechanism in which the machinery is more clearly established than the principles of coöperation.

Not very much tinkering is done with the world court; the Harding-Hughes reservations are made to work overtime. They are often referred to familiarly without being stated, and in some cases one gets the impression that the writer might have some difficulty in stating them. Some of the writers of the plans obviously confuse the Permanent Court of International Justice and the Hague Court. One thing is sure, there is no comparison at all between the degree of public understanding of the league and familiarity with the league covenant, and public understanding of the court and familiarity with the protocol. The League of Nations controversy, while disheartening in the amount of purely political animus it let loose, does seem to have achieved a certain amount of public education. The league covenant has been mulled over. On the other hand, lack of real understanding of the league is evidenced by the fact that in many plans the judicial and legislative powers are cheerfully mixed, leagues made to do the business of courts or police magistrates, and courts made to serve the purposes of deliberative association, not to say a debating society.

A few excellently developed plans set up a new court, entirely unrelated either to the Permanent Court of International Justice or to the Hague Court. Most of them propose a complete code of procedure, frequently based on the statutes of our Federal courts.

§ 4

In the many discussions of the league and the court there is a sharp distinction between the group that depends upon the will to coöperate among the nations backed only by moral force and public opinion, and the group that proceeds upon the assumption that adjustment among the nations can be worked out only by law.

The two tremendous problems of how international law is to be created and how it is to be enforced are very often evaded. Some plans which go into great detail as to the composition and functions and sanctions of a world court, slide over the troublesome question of compulsory jurisdiction and the "optional clause." Glibly, over and over again, plans urge the "codification of international law" as a matter of course, leaving the reader, however, with a disturbing suspicion that the writer subscribes to the fallacy that in "codifying" international law we thereby achieve it.

A very considerable number of authors assume the existence of some undefined international law, and set themselves only the task of devising means to enforce it. Drastic indeed are the forces and the penalties which they conjure in the name of peace. Some of the obviously most professional pacifists are most militant in their proposals. They are sure that only force will do away with force. They will compel nations to agree by

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establishing a fearful system of penalties for non-agreement. They would raise international armies and navies and an international police force so powerful that the mere presence of it would smother any warlike instinct on the part of any nation; all this with a triumphant air of having discovered the real secret of peace on earth. One plan proposed an international army so large that, when placed in a belligerent country, it would leave no room for fighting. A "pacific army international," in some mysterious way is to put down all the evils which the writer thinks national armies produce. Some plans go into great detail as to the mustering and permanent housing of this international police, often upon remote isles of the seas in order to insure freedom from any kind of national influence. There is hardly an island in any ocean that has not been nominated for this purpose.

§ 5

A number of writers who abjure the use of force, and dismiss scornfully the idea of an international army or police force, invoke the economic embargo for every form of international disagreement. Sometimes it is to be used to enforce the decrees of the league, sometimes as a sanction of a court. There is a rather general, if dim, understanding of the fact that the possibilities of the economic boycott have been barely explored. But here again there is very little understanding of what it involves. It is lightly invoked with a large gesture as a penalty for an offending nation, with no apparent realization of the fact that the economic boycott, in effect, could be vastly more cruel than an invading army, and could, as a by-product of its operation, also injure the population of a neutral country.

One almost uniformly able group of plans places dependence in no regular machinery of coöperation, but in an extension of the arbitration principle and the development of the Hague Conference idea. Some of these plans would extend the Bryan treaties. Some arrange for periodic conferences, but in general they avoid the creation of any continuing body with power.

One of the most courageous groups of writers, whom we may call the "fundamentalists," attempt to deal with the causes of war and to go squarely at the economic and social problems out of which wars arise. Among these perhaps the most significant are those concerned with control of war materials and with free trade. But there are few definite proposals as to methods of securing international regulation and supervision of trade in raw materials, exploitation of natural resources in backward countries, and ways of securing a proper supply of raw materials for every nation. Thousands of plan writers, even when their proposal is preëminently political, take pains to express their conception of the vast importance of the economic and commercial causes of war. The writers frequently express the view that man fights chiefly to get what he needs or desires, and that the problem of war prevention is therefore the engineering problem of supplying natural needs and desires. There is essential truth in this conception, although it does leave out of account the fact that man often desires not merely what he needs, but also, whether he needs it or not, what the other fellow has. The rich man did not need Naboth's vineyard.

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The "fundamentalist" plans,—dealing with the redistribution of raw materials, with the question of world markets, with the abolition of tariff barriers and the institution of free trade, with over-population and all the questions of economic rivalries, almost always come from markedly intelligent writers. Their analysis of the situation is often penetrating, but the proposal for dealing with the problems analyzed is thoroughly vague, if indeed it appears at all. On the other hand, a few plans cheerfully attempt a problem as formidable as a schedule for the redistribution of surplus people. There are, of course, a number of economic specifics, such as the single tax and the abolition of the gold standard. Some of this economic group understand well the connection of economic causes and political events. Others, with a scorn of all political considerations, refuse to take anything but economics into account—even psychology. For instance, one paper ascribes the late war entirely to a decline of agriculture in western Europe and the growth of the population.

§ 6

One of the most numerous groups, both among the abler and the less weighty plans, is the group that sets up a super-state. These plans are almost always worked out with the most minute detail as to the mechanism, but are very vague indeed as to the method of getting it started. They are likely to be specific in the wrong places. They reel out article after article and section after section in language carefully adopted from the Constitution of the United States, with effective interposition of phrases from the Declaration of Independence. One suspects that the same average American who cries most loudly for home rule in his legislature lightly creates a super-state when he takes pen in hand to theorize upon international affairs. As the pacifists not infrequently call upon force and a schedule of penalties to "enforce peace," so the home-ruler, treading an unknown international field, becomes the creator of a highly centralized and bureaucratic world government. A number of the creators of these super-states are perfectly frank in stating that what has worked so well for the United States should work for all the world, and should therefore be applied to it. A number of the plans rest upon the general theory that any plan for peace to be successful must be started here or must be in accordance with our principles. A few go so far as to propose that our Supreme Court or some agency created by us should really be an adjustment tribunal of all the world. One curiously recurrent proposal, based also upon a vast complacence in American traditions, recommends a "Monroe Doctrine of the world," whatever that may mean.

One unusual idea, worked out with power and dignity, is based on the possibility of fixing definitely responsibility for war, and is concerned with working out an international criminal court and criminal code.

The outlawry of war position is developed with varying degrees of ability. Some of these plans are mere rhetorical statements of uncomprehended catchwords. Others show full consciousness of the difficulties involved in outlawing war, and of the fact that it takes more than one

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nation to do so, bringing us right back again to the necessity of treaties, conferences, leagues, or, in other words, some machinery through which coöperation may be achieved and agreements reached. Not only in the outlawry of war group, but in many others of the plans, there is a more than subtle indication among the writers of a desire to have the United States assume leadership in the world peace movement. Recognizing that a pronouncement in itself will mean nothing in particular, many writers are nevertheless extremely anxious to have the United States make a series of "unilateral pledges" or, at the very least, a declaration of principles announcing that the United States has set its face against war.

This conviction, occurring in the able as well as the less thoughtful plans, is part of a general feeling that in some way or other, by some initiative, and preferably ours, the whole game of war should be sharply stopped, pending a more complete dealing with the causes. Over and over again, in literally thousands of plans, occurs the conviction that in some way or other, as an emergency measure, a sharp stop should be put to the war game by prohibiting the private manufacture of munitions and limiting or prohibiting government manufacture. A few papers ably discuss the manner in which even countries at war with one another contribute to one another's armament. Other writers, without such definite information of any kind, show a blind conviction that so long as private traffic in munitions exists, so long will it be a first cause of wars. The proposals for controlling the traffic in munitions include, besides the obvious government monopoly in manufacture of munitions, holidays of various lengths in the manufacture of arms, and treaties to secure general agreement upon definite limitations.

The disarmament proposals, as a whole, are fairly vague. "The President of the United States shall call a conference," is the most usual approach to any practical step at all. The plans generally show a sublime faith in conferences of all kinds. But there are a few definite proposals for progressive disarmament, following the general lines of naval disarmament already familiar through the Washington conference. Frequent changes are rung upon the idea that the United States should use the foreign debts to force disarmament agreements by granting partial or complete cancelation and by moratoriums. A number of plans would require the balancing of budgets as a condition of American aid to Europe. Some of the plans dealing with debts and reparations are highly complicated in detail, but virtually all of these elaborate schedules come back to the simple fact that the United States is to furnish all the money.

The short-cut, or first-principle plans, as opposed to those that conceive the substitution of law for force to be a slow and gradual process, are numerous. They are too often undeveloped generalities, the satisfying catchwords of a feeling rather than of a philosophy. Over and over again are proposed the conscription of capital—"take the profit out of war"—and a popular referendum on war. The proposal of a referendum, occurring with startling frequency, reflects a fairly general feeling that wars are induced by leaders, by munition-makers, by holders of great concessions, and that the only way to deal

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with this is to have those who are to fight the wars pass upon declaring them. Over and over again crops up the idea that old men vote for war and young men do the fighting.

Many authors are intrigued by the problem of "de-popularizing" war generally. One perfectly serious paper on quite a different subject brings in casually the need of taking the pomp and circumstance from war, and proposes, as the best means of so doing, having the army dress in black instead of the becoming khaki, and manœuver in the middle of the night, with none by for to admire and for to see.

A curiously artificial group—not a large one—comprises the plans that are purely partizan. These plans are full of a factitious bitterness for or against the League of Nations, and produce a curious impression of marionette proposals swinging awkwardly into place in response to all too familiar strings. These writers, with "the gentlemen on the other side of the aisle" obviously always in mind, conjure a dreary picture of how possible it is to create mighty issues in American life wherein the amount of bitterness shown may be in inverse ratio to the amount of information possessed.

A rather glib group of plans "internationalizes" everything. They would have one language on the earth, Esperanto, or perhaps English. They would internationalize currency, set up a world government, a world treasury, a world bank to buy up cable lines, radio, etc., have one religion, and in general avoid disagreement by making the whole world one.

The tyranny of words over many writers is apparent. A very large group proposes to achieve world peace and secure this country's coöperation toward it by substituting for the Department of War at Washington a department of peace, with a secretary in the cabinet. Or Congress is to establish a "department of comity," on the theory, apparently, that, if you get the name and the form, you get also the substance.

§ 7

Thousands of plans, including the most profound as well as the least literate, are based upon a conviction that no political and no economic scheme will be more than moderately effective. They believe that the attainment of peace is a matter of evolution, of a growth in human understanding, of spiritual regeneration under the influence of educational processes. In this position most of the thoughtful world agrees.

All possible ingenuity has been used in working out a wide variety of forms of education to produce a race that understands and is devoted to peace. Some of these are highly superficial, applying the catchwords and slogans of the community activities of the late war. The minds and hearts of men are to be turned from war to peace by peace flags, buttons, advertising, campaigns, peace days, peace postage-stamps. The tendency of the race is to be changed from war to peace by parlor meetings, four-minute speeches in the theaters, a judicious use of the motion-picture, community sings as a means of enlarging the "get-acquainted" theory, world peace councils divided into community councils all over the earth, and a rewriting of history and civic text-books from the kindergarten up.

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These educational plans are naturally varied, and uneven in quality. The problem of restoring health to the human soul as the road to peace, of course, attracts many faddists as well as many wise men. Some of the educational plans place their dependence upon personal godliness, and disdain any further proposal whatever. Some believe that only a diet of fresh foods will produce a race capable of the conception of peace. Some catch at straws, which are usually mechanisms: there is to be a "peace congress of our best minds" or a "delegate union of civilization," meeting, of course, at Washington. The significant thing is that hundreds of able plans, recognizing the limitations of political and economic proposals, include an educational proposal as a necessary auxiliary to the political mechanism or economic scheme proposed. Some authors place their dependence upon an exchange of ideas, a community of interest, a growth of understanding. They work out fairly practical methods by which these things may be brought about. The methods vary from schemes for getting news of one country to another in some regular and systematic way to exchange professors, fellowships, and scholarships, traveling commissions, fact-finding commissions, etc. It is noticeable how many of the plan-writers owe whatever understanding of foreign relations they have to some recent brief visit abroad. After all the bitter quips at those who tear through Europe in three weeks and then publish solemn books diagnosing the situation, it is nevertheless true, as a Middle-Western senator at Washington pointed out to me, that he had found three-weeks' information and understanding a good deal better than no understanding at all.

One brilliant and powerful paper, which belongs to the educational group only in the sense that it depends on the power of the idea, is based entirely upon the theory that, of all men or groups of men, scientists are the only really internationally minded. The scientists of all nations are therefore to form a "technocracy." They are to take a kind of Hippocratic oath to devote the energies of science purely to the cause of peace. There is to be a fund to defend and support scientists who refuse to have their powers commandeered by their country for the prosecution of war. The resources of the human mind and soul are not to be available for destruction. A critic of the plan points out that it assumes in scientists a universal nobility and freedom from sordid motives hardly consistent with their common humanity. However that may be, it does emphasize the spiritual attitude and integrity of knowledge which are indeed at the heart of peace.

Touched upon blindly in thousands of the plans, and dealt with finely and clearly in a very few, is one of the most significant ideas turned up in the whole discussion—the need of a finer and truer conception of nationalism. A rare few delve into this problem with clarifying insight. The thing those few have in mind is not the familiar internationalism of the modern radical labor movement. It is a profounder philosophy, taking into account the deeper currents of life and art and human motives. Many allied papers, whose authors could not navigate in these deep waters, nevertheless constantly reveal a sense that a mistaken ideal of nationalism is at

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the root of war and of the tolerance of war that marks our present civilization, a sense that a perverted nationalism permits wars when indeed it does not initiate them. Over and over again, by implication or direct expression, the "my country, right or wrong," theory is challenged as perverted. Over and over again the question is raised as to the wisdom or the viciousness of maintaining an educational tradition which permits leaders to induce people to think that the interests and welfare of people on one side an imaginary line can be radically different from the interests and welfare of people on the other side of that line, or that the welfare of the one can be obtained by measures that bring disaster to the other. They challenge the blatant patriotism of an older day that glorified the battlefield and emphasized the particular country's victories. And they challenge the just as blatant patriotism of to-day that emphasizes the particular country's prosperity. Just as the czar or king of old could prove that military victory over a neighboring community was necessary for the working out of nationalism, so the leader of to-day can point out that the American manufacture of tin cans is necessary for the prosperity of America. The modern forces exalting nationalism may have a less picturesque task than the task of the ancient ruler, but it is, after all, the same task.

Dangerous ground all this, perhaps, but it must some day be trod. It was not dealt with in any of the "practicable plans," but there were clear eyes looking toward it.

There were two groups that figure little, if at all, in the competition —the apostles of non-resistance and the isolationists. There is not, I think, one thoroughgoing or typical "non-resistance" paper. And not fifty of the 22,165 plans take the line that we should remain isolated or that some form of coöperation between the United States and the rest of the world is not necessary or may not be found.

From all this it will perhaps appear that most of the ideas presented in the 22,165 plans must be imperatively taken into ultimate account in any courageous facing of the problem of peace as a whole. The jury's "verdict" reads, "We realize that there is no one approach to world peace, and that it is necessary to recognize not merely political, but also psychological and economic factors." The winning plan merely establishes the principle of mutual coöperation among the nations.

It recognizes the machinery of permanent conference as the first step toward more distant aspirations. It furnishes a meeting-place where the profound, not easily reconciled, national differences of race traditions and commercial interest may be surveyed in the light of the common welfare of all mankind.

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The Story as I Understand It

By Leonora Speyer

I think that Eve first told the callow tree of apples,
And taught the adolescent serpent how to hiss
Its first wise word;
I think the angel with the flaming sword
Followed her with hot, holy eyes,
Remembering the red curve of her farewell kiss
As she passed out of paradise.

See how the apple-boughs are twisted in their pain,
Weighed down with many a red-cheeked little Cain,
And how the serpent writhes away
From man to this far day.
An angel is a lovely, lonely thing
Of boundless wing;
They are the banished ones that grieve,
Not Eve!

Not Eve, her body quick with coming pride,
Nor Adam, walking there at her white side,
A little heavily, perhaps,
Because of things scarce known, as yet not named—
Man's first responsibility, man's primeval tenderness,
Man's unfamiliar fears;
And out beyond, the world untamed,
Of which to make
Their surer paradise of tears.

But in the garden is a hallowed emptiness
Of laws concerning fruits and flowers
That none shall ever bless
Or break;
And in the garden is the one plucked bough
That blossoms whimpering
Through a divine monotony of spring on spring.

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Country People[1]

A Novel in Four Parts—Part IV

By Ruth Suckow

People asked the children now: "Well, how do the folks like it in town?"

"Oh, pretty good, I guess," the children answered. "Mama likes it a lot better since they 're in their new house. I guess pa kind o' misses the farm, though."

"I guess Marguerite 's glad they 've moved in."

"Oh, sure, *she 's* glad. It suits her just fine."

The Kaetterhenrys were settled in town now, retired farmers.

Marguerite was the one who had profited by the change. She was a town girl now. Her sisters said that she acted as if she had never lived in the country. She was in high school now, where she played basket-ball and went around with the girls. Marguerite Kaetterhenry was a good-looking girl. She was tall, large-boned, but still thin, with a fresh skin that was apt to break out a little. Her fuzz of bright light hair she wore in huge side-puffs. She was very particular about how her clothes should be made. She would n't buy shoes at one of the general stores in Richland, but made her father take her in to Wapsie, or went to Dubuque with one of the boys when they were going. She was popular in high school, had good marks in her studies, and went to all the parties, although the Kaetterhenrys would n't let her go to the town dances in the opera-house. But she was a kind of stranger at home.

She did not look as if she belonged to the same tribe as her sisters, when they came to town. Mary lived away out in the country, near the old mill. She looked aged and hollow-eyed, with dark skin and those glowing, shy, intelligent dark eyes. Her clothes were shabbier than her mother's. Elva took more pains with hers. She still had her white skin, but somehow her things had a country look. She was getting fat and matronly and sloppy, with all those fat white babies of hers. Clara, of course, was young and fresh-looking, and she looked well in the clean, ready-made bungalow aprons that she wore out on the farm. But when she came to town, she seemed different, coarser, and she wore shabby, high black shoes with her thin summer dresses. Lottie, Frank's wife, was a heavy, coarse, homely woman, with straight red hair and a thick, freckled face. Marguerite would never be satisfied with what her sisters had had.

In some ways the Kaetterhenrys lived much as they had done on the farm. They did most of their living in

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

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Now she chose the seeds herself. She planted moss roses near the house and had Johnnie put up a trellis, shocked that he did it on Sunday. She liked to be out there planting in the spring. She put on an ancient black calico wrapper, a sunbonnet, a black, padded, sleeveless jacket, and some old shoes of August's, and went out in the yard. She liked the feel of the cool spring earth, sun-warmed on the surface, black and moist and chill underneath, as she patted it over the tiny dry seeds.

She ate most of her meals alone at the little table in the kitchen. That was what she minded most of living alone—the meals. Carl and Clara had made her promise that she would cook herself real meals and not just take to lunching, as many women did when they had no men to cook for. She obeyed them pretty well, although sometimes she said, "*Ach*, just for myself!" She took great pains with her housework, although she worked slowly since there was no reason to hurry. There was a kind of mystery and contentment, too, in moving about the quiet, bright house as she worked. She wanted to keep the floors as shining as when the house was new. It worried her, although she did not say so, to have the grandchildren "get things around." After they had gone, she went about picking things up after them. She had never had time for that on the farm.

In the afternoon she often had to take care of Junior for Bernice. He was her favorite, although she would not say so, of all the grandchildren, just as Johnnie had secretly been her favorite of the children. Junior did not seem to have suffered from the shortcomings of his mother. He was one of the sturdiest babies in town, one of whom women said lovingly, "That dear little Junior Kaetterhenry!" and men, "Ain't he a buster, though!" His fat, white cheeks and his brown eyes and his engaging smile, the fact that he had won second place in the baby show in Wapsie, consoled his grandmother for the fact that Johnnie had made a poor marriage, and that he did n't go to church or "believe." It seemed that the Lord must not be angry with Johnnie, since he had given him Junior. She baked cookies so that she would have some for Junior,—"gran'ma's cookies," he called them,—and had bought some little celluloid animals at the ten-cent store in Dubuque. He followed her about the house and asked questions, and shrieked "Daddy!" when any man went past in an automobile. And yet she felt it a kind of strain to have him there. She loved him, but she felt a kind of relief when Bernice came flouncing in to get him and take him home.

She did more fancy work now. She liked to make little clothes for the grandchildren, and tried to be very impartial with them. Marguerite picked out "cute patterns" for her in Rapids City. These little youngest Kaetterhenrys dressed very differently from what her children had done. She made little bright-colored chambray frocks, with apples and morning-glories in appliqué.

She had to care for the lot in the cemetery. She got Johnnie to drive her out there. She said that she did not mind walking back, and usually there was some one coming along in a car who would take her as far as town. The monument was up now, a large, square, polished gray stone, with

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"KAETTERHENRY" carved upon it; below that:

"August Ernst
1859–1922"

and below that a space. But she had not bought her own marker. Johnnie had got rid of the monument man for her. She had had a photograph taken of the lot when the stone was put up, and she cherished that.

She kept a vase on August's grave, which she filled with flowers in the summer, although the bunches of sweet peas and cosmos frequently withered before she could get out with a fresh bouquet. She had had a small bridal-wreath bush set out in a corner of the lot. This summer she was going to have a border of that little pink love-in-a-mist around the grave. She wanted her lot to look as well as any in the cemetery.

She told the children that she did not lack for company. Another elderly widow who had been a farmer's wife, Mrs. Wall, lived on the next street in a large, square house painted pale blue. Emma called for Mrs. Wall, and they went to the prayer-meeting and the evening church service together, and to the missionary meeting and the aid. It "made it nice for both of them," people said.

Mrs. Wall came over sometimes in the evening. They sat together, sometimes in the front room or "just out in the kitchen." Mrs. Wall knew more of what was going on than Emma did, although she said that she did n't hear so much now that she did n't have a man coming home from town. They talked over illnesses and approaching weddings and of those whom they had seen going past their houses that day. Emma told Mrs. Wall about her operation, and Mrs. Wall told her about those of sisters and sisters-in-law and brothers. They talked about the birth of children and grandchildren. Each one found a consolation in detailing to the other the last illness and death of her husband, sitting in the twilight, sympathizing and condoling and narrating. Emma said it helped her to have some one to tell these things to. She would not have told them to her children.

The two women talked of religion together, of what they thought heaven was going to be like, of the way that they thought God looked at things. Emma had no such mystic fervor as her old father, but the hymns, the prayers, the familiar words, were an emotional satisfaction. They comforted her.

They talked of their troubles, said of them that such things were hard to bear; they did n't always see why they must be—Johnnie's getting such a poor wife and turning away from the church, Grandma Stille's helplessness, Mr. Wall's sufferings from cancer. These women had both worked hard. Now they were getting old, and many things had not turned out as they had thought they would.

Mrs. Wall sometimes said:

"Well, we 've all had our troubles. All had things to go through. Well, I say we ought to be thankful that we 've got good homes and children to look after us if we need it; that we don't have to be sent to the poorhouse like that poor old woman in Bishop the other day. Did you hear about that?"

Emma said:

"*Ja*, that 's true, too."

The end of "Country People.")

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The Last Heretic

By Carl Van Doren

It must have been about 1970 that I first met Randolph Schuyler. I had, it is true, noticed him before that time going in and out of his house in Charlton Street, but I had thought no more about him than that he obviously belonged to the old régime which even then seemed so dim. Our actual meeting came about, I remember, by accident. Having backed gradually up his stoop in order to see over the heads of a sidewalk full of people who had gathered to watch a Klan parade go by, I had the misfortune to tread upon the toes of the old gentleman who had just emerged from his doorway. He met my apologies, which I doubtless made profuse because of my feeling that he would hardly understand our honest modern manners, with a pardon at once so kindly and so ironic that I found my interest in him many times enlarged. A few days later I greeted him on the street, and not long after that took occasion to carry to his house in person a letter which the postman had carelessly left in my box. The details of our ripening acquaintance have now escaped my memory, but I am not likely soon to forget the memorable evening when, having been invited to dine with him, I stumbled upon his secret.

Here was a man who had been overlooked not only by the Preliminary Census of 1929, but also by the Final Inquisition of 1940, and who dissented, so far as I could learn, from every sovereign tenet of the Fundamentalists.

Why I did not immediately turn him over to the police is a mystery to me. I had been taught in as strict a school as any in Manhattan, and at Amherst had heard with conviction the prescribed lectures on Fundamentalism, Americanism, and Censorship. There was, however, something diabolical about the charm of this cheerful rebel, and I succumbed, as I venture to think most men would have done in the circumstances. My defection proves, it seems to me, that the Fathers of the Inquisition were right in their ruthlessness toward the heretics in those bitter days. A few such survivors as Schuyler would have imperiled the whole victory.

"You are clever to guess my secret," he said when my face had suddenly betrayed my horror. "I suppose I should be more worried than I am. The secret, as a matter of fact, has been something of a burden. It has condemned me to an extraordinary loneliness. If you report me to the police, I shall be first a nine-days' scandal and then a living example just long enough to die for my offenses. Little as I care for these aspects of fame, I cannot truly say that they are

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altogether painful prospects. After all, I have lived for thirty years among Fundamentalists of an unrelieved orthodoxy, and the most uncomfortable exit from the world has therefore its advantages."

I dare say it was some quirk of curiosity which got the better of me, for I thereupon solemnly promised, to my own astonishment, that I would keep his secret.

"In that case," he thanked me, "I can do no less than be quite frank with you. If, as I suspect, you are merciful because you consider me a sort of specimen too rare to be lightly thrown away, I must try to make your museum entertaining. What shall I tell you first?"

"But how—how—" I stammered.

"How did I avoid the inquisitors? I simply do not know. You are of course aware, though you are too young to remember, that New York was the last region to be subdued. Our own Fundamentalists had to summon aid from the Ku-Klux Klan in the South, the White Ribbon Legion in the Middle West, and the Watch and Ward Crusaders in Massachusetts. Even then the task was difficult. I do not like to think of the blood which flowed in Greenwich Village. At the time I was so desperate that I made no effort to save myself. This may explain my incredible good fortune, if I may call it that. The Final Inquisition through some error passed me by, I lived here quietly undisturbed, and in the end I came to breathe freely once again. Out of the millions of the unpersuaded possibly there were others whose fate was similar to mine, but I was too discreet to look for them, and no one of them ever found me out. I honestly believe that I am now the last heretic in the United States. You will forgive me if I take a certain pleasure in the distinction."

§ 2

"Have you," I asked, perhaps too gently, "no sense of sin?"

"None whatever. And I have generally observed that those who have a strong sense of sin have very little of any other kind. After all, consider where that feeling comes from. To have it a man must be sure that he has done what is displeasing to the gods; and to be sure of that he must know what the gods require of men. Now, I have gone here and there over the earth a great many thousand miles without ever happening upon a god, talking to him, or learning the demands which he and his fellows make of me and mine. I have questioned numerous men who were sure they were in the counsels of the gods, yet I have never entirely trusted one of them. The best of such men disagree among themselves, doubtless for the reason that they all argue from what I, in my modest fashion, must call inadequate evidence. They tell me that the gods whispered their secrets to men who lived long ago, and who wrote their knowledge down in books. Reading these books, however, I find them full of manifest absurdities regarding history and science and full of manifest contradictions regarding morals. I can consequently do no better than choose among them the precepts and examples which confirm my own experiences. But this I do with other books which no one calls inspired. Nor do I find myself more thoroughly convinced when I examine the great traditions which, first based

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the kitchen. August always washed his hands and face there, at the sink, in the granite basin, instead of in the bath-room; and he kept an old pinkish comb and his shaving-things on the shelf above the sink. They used their old dishes and ate from the oilcloth.

They had arranged to get their cream and eggs from the farm, but they found that it was very different from having those things right at hand in abundance. Emma said that she had to learn to cook all over again. They were sparing of milk and butter when they had to pay for these things in cash. They got several quarters of meat when Carl butchered, and Emma put it up in jars, as she had always done. But somehow, when they were so near town, they found themselves getting more fresh meat. Then Emma canned quarts and quarts of vegetables. The cellar was full. They could not use half the things. They could n't have chickens because they might dig up the lawn, which was freshly seeded.

August had let Carl keep the old car and had bought a new sedan. They drove a little more now, oftener to Wapsie and to Dubuque, where they got into the habit of doing their important shopping, like most Richland people. But August used the car chiefly for going back and forth to the farm. He would n't let Marguerite drive it, and of course Emma never thought of doing so. They still did little pleasure-driving. They took out the minister and his wife for a drive, went two or three times to Turkey Creek. In the hot summer evenings the car was locked in the garage, although they might have been out getting the freshness from the open fields, where ghostly vapor rose from the corn-fields, and the trees looked misty and drenched in the loneliness of evening.

They got considerable consolation from the church. Now they were among the chief and faithful members. If the Kaetterhenrys were not in their pew, the minister knew that something was wrong with them, and took pains to call the next week. They were among the eight or nine who attended the prayer-meetings. Emma had a kind of fondness and loyalty for the church because of her father, and August remembered it as the best thing in his young days. Going to church, and being steady and a good worker, and not drinking, and paying his bills, and saving money, were all part of the same thing. August and Emma still attended the Hon. Mr. Bossingham's Bible class, where August sat dumb and Emma occasionally made a timid answer. They never said much at church meetings, but they could always be counted upon to be there. After the evangelist had been to Richland,—a modern evangelist who had a singer who shouted, "Now put a little pep into these hymns, people," not like the old traveling evangelists who used to go around to the camp-meetings,—they offered the use of their house for one of the cottage prayer-meetings that were held for as long as a month before they petered out.

But although the church was still a social and business center in a little country town like Richland, one doctor attending the Methodist church, the other the Congregational, it did n't seem to have the importance that it had had when they were young people in the country here. The children did n't make the effort to come in to services that they had made, easy as

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it was for them now, compared with those old days of buggies and dirt roads. There were too many other places where people could go now. August and Emma made Marguerite go to church and Sunday-school, but after the league she went walking, on pleasant nights, with her current admirer.

And, really, it was only as a kind of deep-rooted custom, a bulwark against worrying changes, an idea, that August cared for the church. He often went to sleep during the services. He did not get the sentimental and emotional satisfaction out of the prayers and sermons and hymns that Emma did. It did not fill the same place in his life. He had never questioned anything, but it was doubtful what these things really meant to him.

Emma was getting used to town. As the children said, she liked it better now that they were in their own house. She was still very quiet, but she was beginning to go about a little more than formerly. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Stille, "got her into" the Social Circle Club, a collection of elderly ladies who met every Tuesday to eat and talk. They had no program, like the Tourist Club, took up no "line of study." The club was only and frankly for social purposes. "The Banner" said of it:

"The Social Circle Club held its weekly meeting on Tuesday last at the pleasant new residence of Mrs. August Kaetterhenry. The ladies brought fancy-work, and after a pleasant hour spent in social intercourse were served with a delicious luncheon by the hostess, after which the club adjourned, thanking the hostess one and all for a delightful afternoon's entertainment."

Then there was the Aid Society. This, too, was composed largely of the older women of the church, who were still willing to get up big suppers, work at cleaning the church, make sheets and pillow-cases for the missions that they supported, and raise money for the parsonage fund by making quilts which women from Wapsie came down to buy. Emma enjoyed these quilting afternoons in the quiet, chilly church basement, to which she went with Mrs. Willie Stille, with all the women sitting about in old-fashioned comfort, talking over neighborhood affairs, telling what their husbands and children had done, as they worked together at the big quilting-frame. It was like her girlhood days, when she was getting ready to be married, and they had held quilting bees in the country. There was the crisp smell of coffee, which some of the ladies were getting ready on the oil-stove, coming in and saying, "Well, don't you ladies think you better quit working so hard and have a little coffee for a change?" She helped at the church suppers, was one of those who could be counted upon to work in the kitchen. But it was noticed that the Kaetterhenrys were always careful not to donate too much.

Emma still had the feeling that August must n't be kept waiting a minute for his meals and that she "must be getting back."

She took more pains with the house than she had ever taken with the one in the country. It was all so bright and shining, and she wanted to keep it that way. Marguerite, of course, did n't get things out of order as the boys had done. Emma raised plants, geraniums and colored foliage, and a sword fern for the front window that

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she hoped would grow huge, like Mrs. Henry Stille's. She did more sewing than she had done before. She used to count on Mary for that, but Mary had less time than she did now. Emma made Marguerite's clothes, under minute and fretful and exacting directions. "No, Mama, I told you I had to have the belt *down* lower. This makes me look like Lottie." She got patterns from other women and crocheted wide, elaborate yokes for Marguerite's corset-covers and camisoles.

She took care of the grandchildren when the young people wanted to go somewhere. She went out into the country to help out when there was sickness at the homes of any of the children. She missed the farm sometimes—missed the quiet, her work with the poultry, the feeling of the old rooms, the country air and sounds. But she kept busy enough.

August was the one who felt that he had nothing to do. The house was finished now. Life moved along, and what else was there to do? He was taking it easy now. He made a kind of religion of the garden and the lawn. He looked forward to the meetings of the stockholders of the Farmers' Bank, in which he had an interest. He made a rite of going downtown for the mail and the meat. But all this meant nothing.

There was no club for him. For some obscure reasons he "did n't believe in lodges." He paid his subscription to the church, and that was the end of it. He read the Richland "Banner" and a Dubuque paper and a farm journal. He cared for nothing else. There was no library in Richland, no place where magazines were sold, but he would not have patronized such places if he had had them, although Emma might have done so.

He did n't come right home when he went down for the mail. He got into the habit of hanging around with the other retired farmers, in at Dawson's store or at the post-office. Not at the barber-shop. The "tougher element" hung out there, and at the restaurant, which had a pool hall in connection. The men talked a little about politics, but mostly about farms changing hands, and crops and roads, with minute observations on the weather.

"Well, that was just about a frost we had last night."

"Yeh. Little too windy for a frost."

"My wife thought some of her plants had been frosted."

"No. Was n't quite a frost. Our plants did n't show any sign of it."

Most of them had a kind of seedy look. They walked heavily, without spring. They did n't know what to do with themselves.

People said; "Have you noticed how old Mr. Kaetterhenry's getting to look? He don't seem like the same man he did when they first moved into town. I wonder if he can be well." He was n't very well. He had headaches, trouble with his stomach, once a dizzy spell. He was eating the same heavy meals that he had eaten when he was working hard on the farm, coffee and meat three times a day. August thought he had to have his meat.

It was true that all at once he was beginning to show his age. Emma looked no older now than he did. She had gained flesh again since her operation, and some of the lines had gone from her face. August, when he decided to retire, had been a hearty,

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vigorous man seemingly in the prime of life. But now all at once his old color was gone, his shoulders were slack, his vigorously bright curling hair was sparse and faded, and he walked like a man ten years older. He actually looked older than Herman Klaus, who had always been a little dried-up fellow. August had never had anything the matter with him except when he had lost two fingers from his left hand in the corn-shredder. But now he began buying a patent tonic at the drug-store, and he and Emma both took it.

Emma said that she believed half the trouble was that August had nothing to keep him busy any more. He did a little hauling. There was a job vacant in the lumber-yard. He would have liked to take it, at seventy dollars a month, but his old stubbornness kept him from it. He had said that he wanted to quit work. Actually he would have been glad at times to work on the roads or the section. But no work was vital any more. No work looked forward to anything. He did not want some one else for his boss. Everything that he had done had been for the farm. The farm had always come first. He had always talked about retiring some day, quit this slaving; but he had never really looked forward to it. He had used every energy to build up the farm. He had done it, from almost nothing, by his own efforts, and now that he had made a fine place of it, Carl was living on it and he had moved to town. Well, that was what everybody did. He would not have wanted to be like Herman, not able to do it.

The boys had speculated upon whether pa would be able to stay away from the farm. They were n't surprised to see him going out there. He made excuses at first. When he got the new sedan, he drove out just to see what Carl was doing. Then he said, "Want me to help you some with that plowing?" Then he began to go regularly, except when the weather was too bad and he was forced to hang about the house, looking at the farm journal and trying to take a nap.

He and Emma had always thought of taking a trip, but it seemed now that neither of them really wanted to go.

The farm looked different now, more so as time went on. When August and Emma sometimes drove out there for Sunday dinner, it gave them a kind of shock when they turned into the drive. The place was theirs, and yet it was not. The house was different. Carl and Clara were getting new furniture. They used grandpa's old room for a storeroom. They did n't like the upstairs, which was not well finished. They had a brass bed and a shiny mail-order dresser in the down-stairs bedroom, which was full of the baby's things, thrown around everywhere. They had a new bright-colored rug in the parlor, where there was none of the old furniture except the organ, which Marguerite had refused to have moved into town. Clara said she did n't know why they kept it there, since neither of them could play a note. She wanted a victrola if crops were good this year. Carl had made a little cage for the baby, like one that they had seen in a store window in Dubuque. They let him play there on the new parlor rug, with all his celluloid animals and the little doll like one of the characters in the funny papers. None of Emma's children had ever been permitted to be in the parlor.

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It was still different out on the place. August thought that Carl was doing a good deal of experimenting with new things. August had never believed in sweet clover for pasturage. He called sweet clover a weed. Now Carl had got a lot of new seed from the state agricultural college. August could n't get used to the feeling that he could n't tell Carl just what to do. Carl was the boss now. He was good-tempered, did n't say much. But August noticed that he kept on with exactly what he had planned to do. He was a Kaetterhenry. August worked on the farm, but then what did that mean when he was no longer doing it for anything? The life had gone out of his work. Sometimes he hated to go out there, although he could n't stay away.

Carl did n't like to have him come, either, as he told Frank. Pa was too used to thinking he could do whatever he pleased there. They had quarrels once or twice.

Emma, all of them, thought that August was working too hard. They said, "You don't need to go out to that farm and kill yourself." He kept on stubbornly. One day he was overcome with the heat out there. Carl had to bring him home in the sedan. But even after that he would not stop. Carl had to be careful, and scheme so that his father would get the easier part of the work.

"Mr. Kaetterhenry looks real bad," people said. He would not admit it. Emma wanted him to try this and that that other people recommended. The children said, "Pa 'll have a stroke some day if he is n't careful."

He was never so vigorous again after that heat prostration. He knew that he was sick, but he tried obstinately not to give in, to hang on. Then one day, coming home from town, he had a kind of dizzy spell. He got home all right, and no one knew it. But it frightened him. It broke his resistance. He told Emma that he believed there was something the matter with him. The next day Emma telephoned the children that she and pa were going to Rochester again.

§ 2

It was in the dead of winter that August and Emma took their second trip to Rochester. They did not take Marguerite with them this time. She was going to stay with her uncle Henry Stille, so that she need n't miss school. Altogether the trip seemed less eventful than the first one that they had made, when everything was new.

August was not interested in the farms this time, or the country. It lay under a heavy crust of snow, the willow-trees penciled bleak and small upon a gray sky. Although they had both had such awe of the operation before, this time there was a different fear in their hearts, down under everything, gnawing in silence.

They went to their same old boarding-house. The landlady did not recognize them until they told her their names and reminded her of when they had been here before. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, my! Well, I should say! Well, what are you folks back here for? Are you the sick one this time, Mr. Kaetterhenry? Missus looks fine, though."

They did not like the place so well as before. They were used to the shining immaculateness and comforts of their new house now. The bed-

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room, the dining-room, with the brown linoleum and the little step up from the ancient parlor, seemed darker and shabbier to them. They did not know any of these boarders. Somehow, it had seemed to them that they must meet some of those who had been here before, that they must belong to the boarding-house.

The landlady tried to cheer them. She said:

"Oh, they 'll fix you up over there. They 're great folks. Not much them doctors can't do."

Emma said:

"*Ja*, if he 'll do what they say."

"Oh, he will. That 's what he 's come here for." She rallied him: "I never thought I 'd see you folks here on your account, Mr. Kaetterhenry. Ain't you ashamed of yourself! My, I remember that Mrs. Boohey that was here with her husband, had the operation on the jaw, used to say, if her husband looked half as strong as Mr. Kaetterhenry! Well, they 'll have you looking that way again."

But she was doubtful. She told the other boarders about how vigorous August had been and how he had aged. She said:

"I 'll bet he 's waited too long before he came, just like all those old farmers. He looks to me as if he might have had some kind of a stroke. Did you notice how kind of slow he moves? Well, sir, it 's that big strong kind of men that sometimes goes all of a sudden."

She frightened Emma, who had never actually noticed before how changed August was. It was hard to say when the change was, exactly. He was not thin. His face was still high-colored. But the skin looked different; there were wrinkles; his figure was sunken, and his movements were no longer vigorous; his eye was vacant and seemed to turn slowly. The whole impression of the man was different.

Emma and the children had wondered if August would ever submit to all those tests and examinations. He had always scorned all such things. It had taken him a long while to give up, but now he had done so completely. He was suddenly not the same person. He was meek. He let Emma do things for him, turned to her. He seemed to depend upon her. When they went to the clinic, he let her make all the arrangements. And he called her in and let her answer many of the questions that the doctor asked. All the time, from the doctor's careful, non-committal manner,—a new doctor, large and calm,—from something that they felt, but could not name, they were afraid.

August had fought all these months against having anything done for him, against "seeing any one." But now that it might be too late, he was suddenly ready to do anything. He went through all the tests without a murmur, and he even seemed to find a relief in having his ailments admitted to the doctor. August! He seemed to want Emma's help and sympathy. Before, he would n't even so much as admit that his stomach was out of order, was angry with any one who dared to suggest it.

They had both been hoping that the doctor would say that there must be an operation. Since Emma had been helped by an operation, it seemed to them that an operation would do anything. But the doctor merely said that this condition could hardly be helped by that. He would n't say

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much about it all, only murmuring something about "blood pressure pretty high." He was going to give August a diet, and he was to do no physical work, not to drive the car, to be quiet and avoid excitement. August and Emma did not say to each other what was meant, but they knew. "High-blood pressure" was a term of terror to people in Richland, although old Dr. Bowen laughed at the whole business and said there was no such thing. Every one said that that was what had caused Mrs. Vesey's stroke. The doctor's coolness, his temperate statements, only soothed them for the time being. "Stroke" was what they were both fearing. It was the fear of all the elderly people in Richland. Time was counted from the day when Mrs. Vesey or Grandpa Granger or Fred Williams had had a stroke.

Emma was all the more fearful because the doctor kept her and questioned her closely about the time last summer when August had been overcome with the heat. She answered timidly, half consciously trying to make it sound less serious than it had been, for fear of that word. But she had to ask the doctor what he thought it had been. He would admit no more than that it might have been slightly on the order of a stroke. But he let her know that August's condition was serious.

August had a reaction from his meekness before the doctors. The night before they left Rochester he was discouraged. He let himself sink into bitter depths of hopelessness. He blamed the doctors. He said that if he 'd known they were n't going to do any more for him than that, he would not have come up here and wasted all his money. Just tell him to be careful! Any old fool, even old Doc Bowen, could have done that. He did n't need to come clear up to Minnesota to learn a thing like that. Emma tried to soothe him. She defended the doctors.

"Well, maybe there ain't anything else they could do. They said there was n't anything to operate for. I suppose there 's times when they can't. They gave you a diet."

"*Ja*, diet!" he said bitterly. "Think if I can't do nothing else, then I might as well starve, too, a'ready."

They admitted to the landlady that they did n't think August had got much help. It seemed to both of them that the doctors should have *done* more. August declared that he believed that stuff he 'd taken last summer had given him more help. They both thought that if Emma's old doctor could have looked at him, he might have done something. "If he helped you, why could n't he have helped me?" Their notion of medicine was still of some universal panacea. August had looked to "operation" and "Rochester" as the last resort, the final magic independent of what he himself did. Now it seemed that there was no panacea.

They went home silent and discouraged, fearful, hating to admit to the children and the neighbors what had been said. They had not sent word that they were coming. There was no one to meet them at the little station, standing bleak in the midst of frozen winter pastures. They went up the lonely, icy street. They had had a discussion about the suitcase. Emma had been afraid to have August carry it all the way home. She had wanted him to leave it in the depot. One of the boys would be in town soon and

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could get it. He had angrily refused. Then she had said:

"Well, let me take it, then. I don't want you to carry it. You 'll hurt yourself." He picked it up and went angrily on with it, she trotting over the ice at his side and urging him to let her have it.

Then they met one of their neighbors, Lew Parsons, in his car. He stopped at the corner, called:

"Hello! Did n't know you folks was back! Don't you want to ride home?" They climbed in thankfully.

"*Ja*, I thought mister ought n't to carry that suitcase, but he would n't give it up," Emma said.

Lew Parsons said:

"Well, what did they do to you up there?" August said gloomily:

"*Ach*, not much of anything."

"Not much of anything, hey? Well, I could have told you before you went how it would be. Them places makes a big noise, but there 's some stuff right down here at the drug-store that me and the missus always takes when we got anything the matter with us, and it does the business."

They went into their house. The furnace was out. The place was ice-cold. Emma worried over everything that August did, but he was determined not to let her help him start the fire. It was a bleak home-coming.

The children came in when they found that "the folks" were at home. There was n't much to tell them. Emma said the doctors had n't had much to say.

But people in town gradually knew. They said that Mr. Kaetterhenry had "high-blood pressure," and that they 'd told him he was liable to have a stroke. One might take him off any time, and they marveled again over what a big strong man he had always seemed to be. They said that was often the way. They had time in Richland to watch and study people, to go minutely over and over physical symptoms, to see what kind of people seemed to last and what did n't.

All that winter August sat around the house, went down occasionally for the mail. Emma was fearful. She watched him. If she did n't know where he was and what he was doing, she sent Marguerite to see. People said, "He 's failed just since they come back from Rochester." They saw how slowly he walked. His feet dragged as he went past their houses to the post-office. He never went out to the farm any more. He said he did n't want to go there.

They were not content with merely diet and care. They tried other things. Another brand of medicine, and then a treatment for "high-blood pressure," regardless of cause, that a doctor in Wapsie gave. They thought at first that it might be helping. Then they could n't tell whether it did or not. Mrs. Cooley, who, people whispered, was "kind of a Christian Scientist or some such thing," told Emma about a man over at Wellington who claimed to give people mental healing. She wanted Emma to take August over there and have him try that. Emma was quite worked up over all the wonders of which Mrs. Cooley had told her, but August refused to go. Although, in medical matters, he was quite ready to believe in magic, it must be connected with something that he could see, a bottle or a knife. He said that this was "nothing but some more Christian Science," and that he had always con-

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sidered almost equal in wickedness to Catholicism.

In the summer he seemed to be a little better. Perhaps it was because he could get out more. He mowed the lawn, although Emma did n't like to have him do it. He went downtown and stood about with the other men. The anxiety that had been hanging over them lightened a little. But there was always the fear of that day when he might do a little too much.

The day came. There was a sale of stock out in the country, and August secretly took the car and drove out there. All of a sudden he had got tired of hanging around, and had broken loose. It happened to be one of the very hottest days of the whole summer. Emma did not know that August had gone, but she knew what it meant when she saw Carl driving up the street in their sedan. He and Dr. Brady were bringing August home.

That evening every one in town knew of it.

"Have you heard about Mr. Kaetterhenry's stroke? *Yah,* he had a stroke this afternoon out at Gorensen's sale; ain't expected to live. Well, they been expecting it a long time."

The children were summoned. They drove in from the country. It had been a severe stroke. Their father might not live through the night. In all their hearts was the hope that he would not "live to be like grandma."

Several times they thought that he was dying. They went into the bedroom where he lay unconscious. But he had been a vigorous man, and it took the thing a long time to kill him. He lived for three days. The children had to go back to their farms, and only Roy and Elva were there when he had another stroke and died.

"August Kaetterhenry 's dead! He died at three o'clock." That was what every one in Richland was saying now. He had never regained consciousness. They all said again how strange it seemed. What a strong man he had seemed to be when he first moved to town! Had looked as if he would live for years. They remembered how he had helped to build his new house. They said what a pity that he had lived so few years to enjoy it. Now every one was wondering where and when the funeral would be. The Kaetterhenrys were such Methodists, probably it would be in the church.

Funerals were still public events in Richland. This one was expected to be large. A great many people came in from the country. Townspeople turned out, although they had n't known August very well, to see what kind of service it would be and who was there. All the pews were filled as Ray Bender, who was studying with the local undertaker, led one family after another to their places in a creaking silence. They wanted to hear what the Methodist quartet, Dr. Brady, Herb Carter, Willie Stille, and Mr. Rush, would sing. Most of all they wanted to see "who had come from away." They whispered: "My, he must have had a lot of relations!"

"Well, some of these are hers."

The five front rows at the side were reserved for the mourners. There were all the children and the children-in-law and the grandchildren. Grandpa Stille, of course, could n't get in, although he had wanted to come, had sighed and mourned over "the young folks going." Herman

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and Mollie Klaus were there. There were five families of Stilles. Those whom people really wanted to see were "his folks," who had come from Turkey Creek. Sophie Klaus and her husband, Heinie and Ferdinand Kaetterhenry and their wives. Mina had come. She was a fat, toothless old widow now. She had always cared the most for August, although he had not done much for her. She wore a little scrap of cheap black veiling on her ancient summer hat. The two brothers were heavier men than August, more like the old man Kaetterhenry.

There was a long procession of cars that went out to the cemetery. Most of them were from the country. All the children and all the relatives from Turkey Creek, and a good many of the other country people from the Richland neighborhood. It pleased the Turkey Creek relatives to see so many. August had been the most successful brother, and Richland was more metropolitan than Turkey Creek.

They drove down the hard, brown, dusty road, slowly, stopping so that the cars would n't bump into one another. They went through the big iron gate of the cemetery, which was open to-day. The relatives looked around and whispered:

"Oh, that 's where his lot is. It 's in a nice spot." August had bought the lot when he moved to town. It was over in the newer part of the cemetery, near a large evergreen.

The summer wind stirred in the unaccustomed black veils of the women as they stood about the grave. "Must be a country funeral," people driving past said when they saw all the waiting cars and the solemn, stolid group of people there.

The children had to drive home to do the chores. But August's sister Sophie and the Ferdinand Kaetterhenrys were going to spend the night with Emma, so that she and Marguerite would n't be alone. The Henry and the Willie Stilles came over in the evening.

They talked about August, in voices slightly hushed, but more naturally now that it was all over. They said how nice the funeral had been, how many had driven in from the country. They talked about the sermon. "This good brother who has gone before us," the minister had said. That was right. They said what a good church member, how faithful, August had always been! Ferdinand said he remembered when he and August had "gone forward" at one of the old Turkey Creek camp-meetings. August had been faithful to his pledge. The minister had said what a good citizen and good farmer August had been. They said that that was true. Sophie and Ferdinand were proud of how much August had been able to accumulate when they remembered the old days in the cabin down on Turkey Creek. They said he had worked hard for all he had got. He had deserved it. The only pity was that he had n't lived to get more enjoyment out of it.

Then they talked over the details of his illness. They said how quickly he had seemed to fail when he once started. It did n't seem any time since he was over at Turkey Creek the last time and had helped Heinie with the haying.

Emma cried a little. It seemed to her that August had had to work so hard, and then after he moved to town he had n't got much out of all his

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work. They gave her vague consolations.

"Well, we don't understand why he should have been taken this way, but, then, there 's some reason." But they thought as she did. It did n't seem right that Herman Klaus, for instance, was still living, as well and happy as ever, and August was gone. They had thought of that when they had looked at Herman at the funeral.

There was consolation and pride in the column of close print in the Richland "Banner" on Thursday. Emma ordered extra copies.

"ESTEEMED RESIDENT PASSES"

And below, in smaller type—

"Retired Farmer Answers Summons."

August's life seemed different to her, more important, as she read it there, as if she had been reading about a stranger.

"On Sunday last the grim Reaper called from our midst an esteemed citizen, Mr. August Kaetterhenry. August Ernst Kaetterhenry was born on a farm near Turkey Creek, Iowa, on September 10, 1859. He was the fifth son of Casper and Luisa Kaetterhenry, who were natives of Pummern, Germany."

She read, as if she had never known it before, how August had had "such education as the schools of that day afforded," how he had "left his native township and come to Richland township to seek his fortunes, working for a time on the farm of the late Henry Baumgartner, well known Richland township farmer." Then how "he was united in marriage with Emma Stille, daughter of Wilhelm, now known as Grandpa Stille, and to them six children were born, all of whom survive." How he had acquired the farm, how he had made it into one of the best improved farms in Richland township, "where the deceased's son, Carl Kaetterhenry, is now operating the farm on the principles taught him by his father. . . . Mr. Kaetterhenry was known to all his neighbors as a conscientious farmer and an honest, upright man. He united with the Methodist denomination when a young man, and was all his life one of its most faithful members and one whose loss will be felt by the church and community. . . . Mr. Kaetterhenry is survived by his sorrowing widow, Mrs. Emma Kaetterhenry, and by his children Frank, Mrs. Joe Fields, Mrs. Roy Robbins, Carl, John, and Marguerite and by numerous grandchildren. Also by his sisters Mrs. Ed Klaus and Mrs. Mina Nisson and brothers Henry and Ferdinand Kaetterhenry, all of Turkey Creek."

She had never seen all their names in print before. "Esteemed resident," "retired farmer"—it sounded like some one else than August.

Emma cut these columns out from several papers and folded the strips in the old "doctor-book" that lay on the doily on the bottom shelf of the book-case behind the glass door.

§ 3

Then there was all the settling up of the estate to be done.

August had never let Emma know anything of business affairs. Of late years he had permitted her to do a small amount of the buying, but he had never thought of letting her handle anything that was not directly connected with the household. He had bought the meat, subscribed for the papers, planned the garden, managed

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everything. Now, suddenly, she had to see to all these things.

It worried her at first. Even a little thing like sending the "card of thanks" that must be inserted in the next issue of the "Banner":

"We, the undersigned, wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness to us during the illness and death of our husband and father and for the beautiful flowers.

Signed, "Mrs. Emma Kaetterhenry.
"The Children."

There was one of these cards in every issue of the "Banner," and Emma always read them conscientiously, but still she did not know how to go about it to have her own put there. She made Johnnie write it for her and take it down to the "Banner" office.

She had n't been used to getting the mail. She did n't know whether to keep on subscribing for the farm journal or not. She "hated to let it go," since August had taken it so long. She could not conceive of subscribing instead for a household magazine for herself. That seemed too audacious. She had scarcely been inside the bank. She had no idea how to make out a check, and was afraid of her check-book. She employed devices for getting out of going to the bank, such as making out a check to Johnnie under his directions and having him cash it, and keeping the money that came in to her from this and that. Although Johnnie explained the check-book to her, she said that she would never know from that how much money she had, not unless her money was somewhere where she could see it and "keep track of it." She was afraid to draw a cent. She still liked to keep silver and odd change in an old tea-pot in the cupboard, as she had kept the egg money. There was the worry over what to do with the car. She would never use it. She hated to have it "sitting in the garage." Some of these auto-thieves might steal it.

There were all the little worries, too, that immediately followed August's death. For a time she was "pestered" by catalogues and visits from monument men from Dubuque and Rapids City. One of the salesmen, a slick young fellow with bright gray eyes set too close together, upset her dreadfully by wanting her to order a large monument and two markers with "Father" and "Mother," promising her a reduction if she would get all three. Emma said, "It would make me think I was dead a'ready." The children said that she need n't order the things, but Emma told them that she did n't see how else she was ever going to get rid of that fellow. She even got a sample copy of the old-fashioned black memorial cards with a verse and the name in gold, "Mr. August Kaetterhenry." She wondered how those people had known that August was dead, and how they had got his name. She remembered that they had had cards like that when her oldest sister Bertha had died, but they were so "gloomy-looking" that she was glad the children did n't want her to get them now.

People were interested to hear whether August had left a will. There would be a muddle if he had n't. Emma said, "*Ach*, I don't think pa ever made a will." But he had made one, it seemed, when he had moved into town, although he had n't told them anything about it. The lawyer, E. P. Bland, read it to all of them. Emma had never known before "what

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they had." She did not understand very well now. She had thought that Frank owned his own farm, but it seemed that August had still been the owner of it. Now both the farms were hers. She was to have some rent from both of them. There was the stock in the bank, which was divided among the family, and a little piece of land in Montana that no one had known that August had, and that went to the children. Emma had the house and lot in town. She was "pretty well fixed." August had accumulated more than Emma had thought; not so much as certain people in town had predicted, who always said of other people, "Aw, he 's got more tucked away than anybody knows about." Of course Emma would have the taxes and insurance and repairs, things she had never thought of before.

The children wanted to sell that Montana land at once and get what they could out of it. They had always been a little afraid of their father. Even after he had left the farm and moved to town, the thought of him had checked them. Now they began to blossom out a little, to get things, to think of themselves as really adult.

Frank would n't do much differently than he had been doing. He was a settled young-old farmer, short and small and very quiet, a good steady worker, but one who was not likely to get ahead very far. He and Lottie had a horde of children, and they were one of those families who are always having accidents, sickness, and doctor's bills. Frank was caught in the gasolene engine and just missed being killed or mangled. Lottie, big sturdy woman that she was, had had several operations performed by her brother-in-law, a doctor in Bishop. There was one thing after another the matter with the children. Their farm was an untidy place, much like their uncle Herman's.

Carl would do better. He was going to make as good a farmer as his father. Better, some people thought. While he might not be able to keep at it quite so doggedly, might not be quite so saving, he was more ready to try things, less stubborn and set in his ways. He was just as particular about the buildings and machinery as August had been. His wife, Clara, was a hustler. She had nearly a thousand chickens, and was making money with them. Her canned goods took prizes at the Farmers' Institute in the armory building in Wapsie. Carl and Clara worked hard, but they "went," too. They were going to have some fun as they went along. They had no fear of poverty in their old age.

The farm looked very different now. Carl had had the house "pebble-dashed." August's name was gone from the barn now, which was painted a new shining white.

Mary, in a way, scarcely belonged to the family any more; she and Joe lived so far away, or it seemed far away. They were part of the Adams Grove neighborhood now, and did their trading in Bishop. Joe's farm was in the timber country there. There were some limestone cliffs and a little glen on the edge of their own land. The whole country was different from that around Richland. Not just like the Turkey Creek country, but hilly and backwoodsy and queer.

Mary and Joe seemed to be happy together. Mary had never had much but hard work out of life, except for those few years when she had been a mysterious invalid. She had two chil-

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dren of her own besides the other four. She had no more time for books now than she had ever had, but she found an outlet in the neighborhood church, where she taught a large Sunday-school class and worked with the young people. She went with them to Epworth League conventions, and she was famed for having the best papers in the missionary society. Sunday-school was the only glimpse of anything besides "practical work" that Mary had ever had.

Elva and Roy were talking now of moving to Oklahoma. Roy had a cousin who had an interest in some oil-wells out there, and Roy was wild to go, "quit this farming."

Johnnie was turning out better now. He bought out the Beal brothers in the garage, and he took the little house near his mother's where Nannie Frost had lived. The garage was on a highway and did a good business. But it worried Emma that it kept Johnnie so busy all the time. He was up until all hours of the night. He was a good mechanic. The fact that he was dealing with things that would go, his sight of passing travel, eased his restlessness. He was less nervous now. But he had never been the same boy since the war. It seemed to have affected Johnnie and Carl in opposite ways.

Johnnie was tremendously fond of Junior, but otherwise he was not very happy at home. He had no illusions about Bernice. He knew that she was a fool. She was shiftless, and there were frequent ructions with his mother-in-law. He seemed to enjoy being near his mother, although he seldom went in and talked to her. He brought home the mail for her and cashed checks and saw about the insurance. She was better satisfied when she thought of him now; but it worried her that Johnnie seemed to care nothing for the church. She tried, timidly and anxiously, to get him to go. He usually said that he could not get away from the garage, but once he told her: "No, Mama, I 'm all through with that. It don't mean anything to me." She thought that perhaps it came from having a business that ran on Sunday, and that grandpa had been right; this Sunday travel was going to ruin the country. That wild streak in Johnnie that had troubled them for a while seemed to be wearing off, but there was a kind of bitterness that she could n't understand. She thought Johnnie looked older than Carl. He was so thin! And his sunburned skin, his fair hair, his oil-stained khaki overalls, seemed all of a color—the color of the dust on the highway that followed the wheels of the cars going endlessly past the garage.

Marguerite had finished the high school now. Emma would have liked to have her stay at home for company, but Marguerite wanted to go and take a business course in Rapids City. Half the youth of Richland were going to business college now, either in Rapids City or Dubuque, and Marguerite had to go, too. She wanted to earn money of her own, so that she could buy the kind of clothes she liked. She wanted to be in a larger town.

All of the children lived better than their parents had done, unless it was Mary. They came into town often, and they thought nothing of driving to Dubuque for a day. They had all given elaborate names to their children, which sounded absurd with the

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old German surnames: Maxine, Velda, Delight, Eugene, Dwayne.

Not long after August's death, Emma went out to Mollie's to see her father. Carl took her out and was to call for her. She had n't been there for months. Grandpa Stille was over ninety now. Who could tell how much longer he might be here?

It was a sunny September day. The willows along the edge of Herman's farm sprinkled narrow, shiny, yellow leaves over the drive where they turned in, which had a patch of smooth, leathery, brownish-black mud, with cracks across it. The dingy house and the scraggly grove had a kind of beauty to-day in the sunshine and the burning blue sky.

She found grandpa in his room on the west of the house, the window looking out on the willow grove. Mollie took her in to him, went up, and shouted:

"Pa, sehen Sie wer ist hier!"

He peered forward.

"Ach, ja, ja, ja—Emma, ist 's? Ja, so?" He put out a hand that trembled slightly.

He was thinner, bonier than ever, his hair only a few long, silver wisps under an old skullcap, his mouth sunken in under his beard. His deep-set brown eyes still had life in them. Despite the age and the dinginess, those dark quilts that she knew so well on the billowing feather-bed, the bare floor painted a dark red, there was a beauty that she felt in the old room to-day, with the September sunlight slanting in through the window and a rustling sound from the willow grove.

Mollie and Herman had told her that the old man seldom talked to them now. He seemed to be somewhere in a place of his own. Yet his mind, when he did talk, was as clear as ever. Now that the dreadful war was over, he had gone back to his dreams. He came back with an effort, repeated her name, sighed over the death of August "so *jung*," but declared that there was no great sorrow in dying; roused to ask her why "*die kleine* Marguerite" never came out to see her old grandpa. They talked in German. He answered her when she told him where Marguerite was now and what the boys were doing, of August's death. He was kind, and held her hand as she talked, looked at her with affection in his thin old face, told her that she was a good girl. He mourned that she should have lost her husband. But when she left him he seemed to go back at once into that reverie in which he lived now, broken only by occasional mutterings, as in the old days. But they were peaceful mutterings now.

She stayed a while with Mollie, and they talked about their father. Emma said:

"Grandpa seems to be real content."

"*Ach, ja,*" Mollie said easily, "he 's always happy."

"*Ja,* but what does he do in there alone all day? I should think he 'd get awful' lonesome."

"No, he don't get lonesome. *Ach,* I don't know what he does. He always seems to have plenty to think about. He used to read, but that he can't do any more."

"I hate to see him sit alone like that."

"*Ach,* he 's all right."

What was he doing, thinking? Mollie said that sometimes they heard him singing old German hymns, so old that she did n't know them. He

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wanted nothing but his tobacco, his meals, wood for his stove in winter.

Mollie had gone to the kitchen for some eggs that she was going to give Emma to take home. Emma heard the old man, in his room, praying. She had forgotten how he used to do that, so that it startled her for a moment. The German words, guttural, rich, with long pauses between, had a sound that was unearthly and yet fitting in the still, sunlit country air. She looked into his room. He sat in the old wooden rocker. His deep eyes had a withdrawn, mystic look. He did not notice her. Mollie said:

"*Ja*, we often hear him doing that."

Emma thought about it as Carl was driving her home between the September fields of dusty gold in the late afternoon. She could still hear those faint, far-apart, devout German words. August had always said that if her father had been more of a farmer and less of a preacher, he 'd be better off to-day. August had despised him in a dispassionate way. But the old man had had something, she hardly knew what, that had lasted him when his work was over.

"He 's got something to think about," she thought.

It was that something, she could not name it, which she had missed all her married life.

She remembered the pathos of August, coming in from the farm and saying bitterly that everything had to go Carl's way now; of him sitting about the house, trying to look at the farm journal, not knowing what to do with himself. Her father, what a frail man he had been when he had first come to live with them years ago! And here he was living still, contented with the little that he had, and well, and August was the one who was gone. It seemed strange, mysterious.

§ 4

Retired farmers, widows, spinsters —these made up most of the little town of Richland. Emma was one of the widows now—widows living alone on small independent incomes, on the rents from farms, or helped by their children.

Marguerite was in Rapids City now. Women in Richland said disapprovingly that she ought to have stayed with her mother, but they were appeased by hearing that Marguerite was making twenty-two dollars a week as a stenographer. And they heard that she was engaged to that young fellow who sometimes came home with her, although she did n't seem to be marrying him.

She came home over Sunday sometimes. She brought her "friend," a slim, glossy-haired young man who was employed in an office in Rapids City, and who had bought a second-hand car in which they drove to Richland. They drove down on Sunday morning, and after dinner they either sat talking in low, meaning voices while Emma dozed—"You did n't? Oh, you did, too. How do *I* know? Sure I know"—or drove out to Carl's. Emma told Marguerite that she ought to stop and see grandpa; but when they came back, and she asked them about it, Marguerite said, "Oh, we did n't get over there this time." Emma did not know whether these two were engaged or not.

Marguerite had converted herself into a very urban young lady. Her chief business in staying in Rapids City was to watch the proper length of skirts and waists and to have every-

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thing right. She was tall, still thin, and wore her clothes well. The only thing about her looks that really worried her was that her hair was too fuzzy to take a wave well. She and another girl were doing their own cooking in light-housekeeping rooms, and what she saved on food she spent on clothes. Emma thought it was dreadful when she saw what Marguerite was wearing out to Carl's, "just out in the country"—those sheer dresses and light, high-heeled slippers and silk stockings. But she did nothing more than murmur:

"Is that what you 're going to wear out there? Won't you spoil it?"

Marguerite was a real Kaetterhenry, however. At home she had done none of the work, but now that she had a job, although the interest of her life was in clothes, she did her work well and disdained the slipshod ways of other stenographers. She was cool, hard, scrupulous, level-headed, a good worker. She seemed to be a nice, capable girl, people in Richland had decided, although she was n't much comfort to her mother.

Even if she was alone, there were still claims upon Emma. There was the Aid Society, of which she was now one of the chief supports. She still worked in the kitchen at church suppers. She was sent for when there was sickness in the country. She was often called upon to keep the grandchildren while Carl and Clara, or Elva and Roy, drove to Dubuque. Some of the little ones stayed with her while the others were sick with measles or whooping-cough or scarlet fever. She often had "Junior" with her. Bernice was "always on the go," or fancying that she had something the matter with her. "Ma"—"grandma" they were beginning to call her—was still the stand-by of all the children, and "grandma's house" was the place where they all expected to go when they went to town.

But in a way she was knowing leisure for the first time in her life. She did not feel the responsibility that she had felt when things were dependent upon her alone. She always had plenty of time to herself. She was doing what she pleased in ways that she had never done before. She had friends outside her home, elderly ladies like herself, with whom she spent pleasant, gossipy afternoons, as she had n't done while August was living. Her personality, smothered and silent for many years, was blossoming out, very faintly and timidly, but a little, enough to shed a kind of light of content and freedom over this quiet end of life. She might be lonely later on, but she was not now. She was a Stille, not a Kaetterhenry. That showed now. She could be happy pottering about on her own devices. The children said ma got along better alone than they 'd been afraid she would.

She had gradually got used to the fact that money was her own, that there was no one but herself to say what she should spend and what she should n't. She did not say much about it, but not even her children realized what a wonder and pleasure it was to her to have a little money in her own hands. She still felt timid and out of place when she went into the bank. She made the boys do it for her. She was still very cautious about what she spent, could not overcome the lifelong habit of hoarding and thinking about the future. It seemed wicked to her to spend more than a very little on herself, she had had the

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self-effacement of mother and wife so ground into her. But when she admired a piece of goods in the store-window, she could think, "Well, I can have it if I want it." She need n't ask anybody.

She could enjoy buying small presents for the grandchildren, getting cloth to make up for them, sending dollar-bills in letters to Marguerite so that she could get herself something she wanted. She gave generously when she was solicited for the church, and people said: "I guess it was him that was the close one more than her. She gives real freely." She no longer had to turn away agents who came to the house selling things that she did not want, something that had always given her tender and sentimental heart a guilty feeling. She said "they might need it; you could never be sure." She 'd rather take the chance and not send any one away. She had never subscribed for the household magazine that she wanted, thinking three dollars a year almost too sinful a waste for reading matter; but she had a little magazine at which she never looked, having given her subscription to a young Armenian—"a young foreigner," she called him—who had asked her to "vote for him" by giving him a subscription. The youth who got the most of these "votes" would be elected by the magazine company for a year at college. She never heard whether her young foreigner had been elected.

Emma even talked of taking a trip some time out to Nebraska to see her brother Ed. But just as soon as the children began to press her to go, she would begin to make excuses. She did not quite have the courage to make a trip, or decide on one, by herself. If they had gone while pa was still alive, then that would have been different.

But she did go a little, more than she had been doing. She never missed church, of course. She went to the "aids" and the missionary meetings. She got Mrs. Henry Stille to stop for her and went to the Social Circle Club. She did n't mind going to places so much if she had some one to go with her. She enjoyed entertaining the club more now than when she had felt that it was bothering August. He had grumbled about "What do all those women want to sit around and talk for? Better go home and look after their houses." She felt more free to serve what refreshments she pleased.

She looked better than she had for years: a plump, shapeless elderly woman, with gray hair a little curling; spectacles—good ones now, with light, narrow shell rims; she had got them "up at Rochester,"—and mild, soft, faded brown eyes. She was dowdy and countrified, but wore clothes of lasting materials, always having one good silk dress, and letting Marguerite persuade her to buy a new spring hat instead of wearing her old one again.

She still got up early every morning. Not so early as when August was living, however. Then they had still got up at four, as they had done in the country. Now she lay abed sometimes until after six o'clock. That gave her a scared, delicious, audacious feeling. She liked to work in the garden in the early morning. She enjoyed having time for flowers. She had always had a few on the farm, but could n't take care of them. They were food for her sense of beauty.

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upon the holy books, are in some quarters held to have broadened down and gradually to have included the whole truth. Looking over the chronicles of these traditions, I discover that they have regularly resisted novel truths and persecuted the truth-seekers as long as it was possible, never learning anything from the fact that they have so often had eventually to confess themselves mistaken and honor persons whom formerly they dishonored. As neither the books nor the traditions bring me face to face with the gods whom they proclaim, I suspend my judgment and do not scourge myself for deeds which this or that authority calls unlawful."

"What appalling egotism!" I burst forth, partly to shield myself from his supple arguments. "You set yourself up against all the collective wisdom of mankind."

Schuyler smiled brightly.

"Why, so I must seem to you to do. It is so long since I have discoursed with a contemporary that I had quite forgotten how insolent an independent thought would look to him. But let me remind you that groups of men, large or small, have their egotisms, too, which often clash with din and fury. And my researches, to say nothing of my recollections, assure me that the smaller groups have not seldom overthrown the larger, and that mere individuals in their time have brought majorities round to their way of thinking."

Here I saw that I had the better of the argument and, though I was Schuyler's guest and junior, I did not hesitate to press it.

"Then you must admit the logical consequences of your position. You see truth emerging from the clashes of one party with another. Why can you not perceive that the truth has finally emerged, after centuries of wrangling, into the clear light of Fundamentalism? If truth has a history, as you maintain, it is naturally most powerful in its latest form."

"This is most refreshing," said the incorrigible old man. "I see I have denied myself a considerable amount of entertainment by getting out of touch with the younger generation. It may distress you, but I do not believe that truth, for all it has a history, is necessarily progressive. It moves, I note, in cycles, ebbs and flows, rises and falls, advances and slips back. I have always suspected it to be one of the whimsical devices of the gods, about whom I know so little, that the reason, after reaching a certain point, is once more engulfed by a wave of sentiment or ignorance and then has slowly to struggle into power again. It had struggled to that certain point at the beginning of this century, whereupon the uninstructed and the unimaginative, as if envying it its prosperity, rose and destroyed it. As I view the matter, this was merely another barbarian invasion. I so viewed it in 1940. If I had been shaped of the clay of martyrs I might have fought the Final Inquisition and lost my head for my pains. Instead, I bowed my head as the civilized Greeks no doubt did when they saw their reasonable opinions being overturned by the jangling Oriental sects which had invaded their world. My world was being invaded by barbarians who hated science and the reason. They were stronger than I. I smiled and settled down in my own dominions in Charlton Street. The barbarians have furnished me one unbroken comedy ever since."

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I saw I could not endure this blasphemy any further, so I turned the conversation from theology to politics.

§ 3

In this realm, it turned out, Randolph Schuyler was no less incorrigible than in the other. Though he was, as his name indicated, of strictly native stock, he made merry at the expense of true Americanism.

"How the trail of Amerigo Vespucci comes down through the ages! Amerigo probably never made the voyages he bragged about, but he wrote a book and thus fixed his name on the new hemisphere. In something of this same fashion the outspoken Anglo-Saxons, though they have had the help of many other races in building the United States, have fixed their language, or one a good deal like it, upon the nation, and so claim the whole credit for the undertaking. At the time of the Final Inquisition about one tenth of the Americans were colored, and about one sixth Catholic, and a large proportion so decidedly not Anglo-Saxon that they were not even Nordic; yet the White Protestant Nordics forced their will upon the rest and made the Government an unblushing oligarchy."

"Surely you realize the importance of having one country, one flag, one speech, one culture."

"I realize the importance of such a unity to the oligarchs, but I am afraid the importance to the country is not so great. Recalling the folk-songs of the negroes, and their powerful emotional impulses, I think the land is a much less desirable place to live in, now these particular Americans have been condemned to the rank of songless, sullen helots. Recalling the secular light-heartedness of the Catholics, though I never liked their theology, and the international sympathies of the Jews, I take emphatically less pleasure in the American scene, now all these tribes have been obliged to settle down to a drab Protestantism and a touchy nationalism. It seems to me that the Fathers of the Inquisition were about as wasteful of precious human materials as their ancestors had been of the natural resources of the continent."

"Then why don't you go back—"

"To the land from which I came, whatever be its name? Forgive me if I cap verse with you out of an old song which was sung during the Preliminary Census. But I am refreshed to a pitch of frivolity by your question. I have lived, you see, so long to myself that I had forgotten that such witty repartee still exists. As to your question itself, I might be willing to go back if it were not for one thing, which is that I am, in my way, an American, and have nowhere else to go. I belong to an American minority. Come to think of it, I am the American minority. In the circumstances I feel almost what a Fundamentalist would call a duty to stay here. I believe the country ought to have a minority within its borders. Doubtless in the blithe economy of the gods I have been spared to play this necessary rôle. To be sure, I have not been conspicuous, but that is because the majority is at the moment so overwhelming. If another party of dissent arises, I shall declare myself and hand on to its members the torch which I have kept alight, however feebly, within my prudent bosom. When that fortunate day appears, the young minority, remem-

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bering me, will not have to blush at the thought that they inherit a past which, even for a second, once lacked any minority whatsoever."

I nearly suffocated as I listened to his words. Not only did he insist that the old days of varying opinions might come back, but he insisted that such a thing was philosophically desirable. So great was my sense of horror that I could not speak.

"That unborn minority," he went on, "will discover that if we have a Constitution, we have also a Bill of Rights. They will investigate our history and discover that we are a federation of States and also a federation of cultures. The dream of an absolute unity, they will understand, was a vain dream, because it was an unscientific dream. It assumed that the original Anglo-Saxon element could assimilate all sorts of foreign elements to itself and show no differences. What chemistry! And what anthropology to hold that the unchecked dominance of one racial group would produce a richer civilization than a natural mixture of all the component group!"

§ 4

I saw it was hopeless to expect any sound views from such a creature. It took all my resolution not to recall my promise to keep his secret and not to rush out to the police. But I reflected, in the midst of my anger, that he really did no harm, and I did not like to run the risk of being suspected of complicity. If he should later become talkative, the Censors would know how to deal with him.

Meanwhile, however, Schuyler cherished in his library, which was stowed away in a vault beneath his house, books which would have driven the Censors to distraction. Not a book was expurgated. With an irresistible inquisitiveness I looked into several of them that evening, at the same time listening to a shameless series of comments from the heretic. He showed me volumes, printed in the United States before the establishment of the Censors, which moved nonchalantly among the most devilish theories. Some weighed the relative value of all the religions ever invented; some compared the political systems of the world and actually found others at some points preferable to the American; some expounded chimerical schemes for peace or utopian notions about what they called a just division of goods among mankind; some set forth without dissent the most fantastic proposals for innovations in the arts; some actually praised the ancient heretics. The pre-Fundamentalist poets and dramatists and novelists, in all their nakedness, here held up their heads quite unabashed. Though I read hastily, it was with a fearful fascination. I had not dreamed, having been nurtured in a purer age and taste, that such things could ever have been written. I felt my face flushing, my hands trembling with excitement. Yet Schuyler had lived so long among these evil books that he was unperturbed. He even laughed at me for my distress.

"You remind me," he said, "of the unimaginative moralists who used to set up an elderly twittering about 'free love' whenever a novelist looked for a moment behind the scenes and caught a glimpse of the strings which pulled the puppets in the dance of sex. It was they who brought the Censors into power, they and the unimagi-

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native patriots who strangled political speculation by calling it sedition unless it flattered the ruling oligarchs. In my more vindictive moments I wish these moralists and patriots could suffer from the reign of dullness which they have ushered in. My reason, however, denies me the pleasure of vindictiveness. I realize that dullness is their natural food and that they do not know what they are missing."

"But what order, what stability, could you expect in a world habitually confused by unsound doctrines and unclean pictures of human life?"

"Unsound? How can we know what doctrines are unsound until they have been proposed, tested, and accepted or rejected? Unclean? Do you blame a mirror for accurately reflecting the faces which look into it? The earth is nothing if it is not a trying-ground for all the ideas that the poor creatures on it can invent. Most of them are sure to perish while they are still ideas, without ever taking root in the soil of conduct. That soil, however, always grows dry and sour unless it is constantly rejuvenated by these new seeds, fertile or not.—But I am afraid that I am becoming solemn, or I should never use so unscientific a metaphor. To answer your question most directly, I could not expect a Fundamentalist order and stability in a world kept stirred by new ideas, but then, neither should I desire it. Though my voluntary survival during thirty years of Fundamentalism may not indicate it, I genuinely prefer a noisy life to a peaceful death."

This abominable frivolity both saved Schuyler from my wrath and saved my soul from his contagion. I often wish I could have so far escaped from the sly influence as to denounce him and let him pay the penalty. Still more do I wish I could be sure that in my mercy there was no fear of him. And yet, remembering those days in which my conscience tormented me with the demand that I make his existence known, I confess that nothing dissuaded me as much as the certainty that if I gave him up he would laugh at me. He was not merely a faithful rebel; he was a cheerful rebel. If I had informed the Censors, they would have had to turn to me for evidence, and I should have had to face him in their presence. That hour, I am afraid, was what I felt that I could not endure. Much as I should have rejoiced to see him punished for his contumacy, I should not have been able to meet that amused smile of his as he listened to my version of his opinions, perhaps explaining it to the Censors in language more precise than mine. He would have ridiculed us in the lethal chamber, I am convinced. With right and virtue on our side, we should nevertheless have been made uncomfortable by the ironical confidence of his manner. This, perhaps, is by itself a reason why the land is better off since it is rid of him. Minds like his, free minds they call themselves, are such enemies of our upright and dignified society that there can be no truce between them and it.

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The Seven Lamps of Politics

The Larger Significance of the Oil Scandal

By Glenn Frank

It may turn out that Secretary Fall has rendered a greater service to the American people than any man who has held a cabinet portfolio for a generation. He may succeed in doing what the professors of political science have never been able to do. He may shock a politically illiterate people into a genuine interest in the problem of government.

We *are* a nation of political illiterates. Despite our noisy devotion to popular government, we are not politically minded. We display a sporadic and short-lived interest in issues, we give a fleeting loyalty to picturesque political personalities, now and then we organize reform movements as bored wives embrace a current cult, but we lack a sustained interest in the continuously wise administration of our common life. When we express a deep interest in politics, it is as a special and temporary task. It takes a case of clumsy treason or a Presidential campaign to make us really think about government.

It may be that out of the oil scandal will come our political redemption, provided we do not feel that we have fulfilled our duty in the matter when we have jailed a few culprits, ousted a few incompetents, and indulged in an emotional debauch of moral indignation. This must be kept clear: the exposure and expulsion of a few guilty officials is only the first faltering step toward meeting the challenge that has issued from the Teapot-Dome investigation. The oil scandal is nothing less than a challenge to an exhaustive reexamination of the tools, the technic, and the leadership of American politics.

For weeks our newspapers have been filled with recitals of the nauseating obscenities of commercialized politics. Naturally, our sense of common decency has been outraged. We rightfully demand that the auction-block, from which public servants are bought as slaves were bought, be taken out of American politics. If we are to have a "business administration" of our Government, we have the right to demand that its business ethics be taken from the best of our creative captains of industry, not from the few bucaneers of business who have unhappily survived from the days when bribery accounts and slush funds were commonly regarded as "legitimate" items in operating expenses or costs of production. We are determined that the money-changers shall be driven from the temple of government. But after the temple has been cleared of the money-changers, we shall face the even more

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important duty of examining the foundations, the functions, and the atmosphere of the temple itself in order to find out what it is that has made the temple so attractive to the money-changers.

We need a new and realistic critique of American politics. Somebody should do for politics what John Ruskin did for architecture when he wrote "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." Of politics we may say, as Ruskin said of architecture, that we need "some determined effort to extricate from the confused mass of partial traditions and dogmata, with which it has become encumbered during imperfect or restricted practice, those large principles of right which are applicable to every stage and style of it."

Of course no such critique of the functions of government and the equipment of political leadership is possible within the limits of this brief essay. Here is a job for scholars and seers in whom technical knowledge is brought to life by social insight and a flair for political invention. Some university or some publishing house might make a handsome bid for immortality by setting a group of such savants at the job of reëxamining American politics in order to find out what must be done to make American Government better fit to handle its current problems and less vulnerable to the materialists who rob it and the muddlers who run it. But while we are waiting for some such group of political Ruskins to begin their work, there may be some value in trying to suggest "the seven lamps of politics" that might light our approach to the new politics which the oil scandal and allied prostitutions of government have challenged us to formulate.

The Lamp of Skepticism.—One of the root evils of American politics is ancestor-worship. And ancestor-worship plays even quicker havoc in politics than in religion. No continuously good work can be done unless the worker maintains an attitude of skepticism toward the tools and the technic of his job. There must be constant and conscientious criticism of the institutions and methods of politics if the tools of government are to be kept adjusted to the tasks of government. When the tasks change, the tools must be changed, or government breaks down and politics becomes a playground for pirates.

There is to-day a very active fundamentalist movement in American politics, strikingly similar to the fundamentalist movement in religion in that it attempts to withdraw from criticism all of the original institutions and philosophy of American Government. But the moment constitutions or institutions of government are withdrawn from criticism and made sacrosanct, the stage is set for corruption and catastrophe. The true guardians of government are its critics, not its worshipers. The dead rebels who founded our Government, were they alive to-day, would be the last to contend that a changeless government can serve a changing world. I am sure that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson would have least in common with those who quote them most to-day. The American Government is plagued with corruption, and the Russian Government was challenged by revolution, because both put up "no-trespassing" signs against honest critics.

The greatest danger that is involved in the oil scandal is not that we may

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fail to capture the traitors to our Government, but that we shall neglect to take this opportunity to reëxamine the technic of government that makes treason so easy. The biggest stumbling-block in the way of such a fundamental reëxamination is the fact that the Bourbons of American politics cannot distinguish between scientific discontent with government and social discontent with government. What goes by the name of "social discontent" is often a blind and inarticulate rage against a government that is blundering in its job. That sort of discontent is, of course, dangerous, because it rests on mere anger at results. Such discontent does breed "dangerous radicalism" as that term is understood by our Tories. It is the business of statesmanship to forestall such discontent. Unfortunately, the political Bourbon thinks he can do away with discontent by swinging the big stick and financing law-and-order campaigns. The lessons of the life and times of the Czar of Russia are lost on many Americans. The only remedy for "dangerous radicalism" lies in the substitution of "scientific discontent" with government for "social discontent" with government. The true conservatives are the scientific radicals. They know that an obsolete method of government is as dangerous to the social order as an atrophied organ in the human body.

Let me suggest, by way of illustration, certain aspects of our Government that we must begin to consider open-mindedly if we want to be free in the future from corruption and reckless radicalism.

Our Government was designed to do one sort of job, and we have given it an entirely different sort of job to do without readjusting its methods and institutions to the new job. In the beginning our Government was designed to fulfil the limited task of protecting its citizens in their rights and their liberties. Its original purpose was not to do things for its citizens, but to give them a protection that would insure to them freedom and elbow-room for conducting their lives and their enterprises in their own way. The tools and the technic of the Government our fathers founded were admirably fitted to that task. But since then we have altered the purpose of our Government. We have decided that our Government shall, as Alleyne Ireland has phrased it, be "the instrument of the social purpose," that year by year the Government shall do more and more things for its citizens. See what this means. A government that was designed to play policeman and protector has been converted into an administrator of all sorts of complicated social and economic tasks. We have taken the traffic cop from the street corner and made him the executive of a vast and baffling enterprise. We have, to make the analogy specific, taken Mike Murphy, who was a perfectly good regulator of traffic, with his philosophy of stop-and-go, and put him in Judge Gary's chair as head of the United States Steel Corporation. The result has been not only that the Mike Murphys have proved blundering executives, but that the Judge Garys have, in many instances, become the social traffic cops who issue the stop-and-go orders to American life. But that is an aside. The point is that a government designed to play policeman to the rights and liberties of its citizens cannot, without a highly intelligent readjustment of its tools and

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its technic, become the administrator of the social purpose of its citizens. We have not made that readjustment. On the contrary, we have regarded as a dangerous radical any man who has suggested that maybe the qualities that made Mike a good traffic cop were not the qualities that would enable him to change places, let us say, with Henry Ford and carry on Mr. Ford's creative administration of a complicated industrial process effectively. A government not equipped for the job it has in hand is an open invitation to manipulation by outside interests.

We are spending untold energy warding off what we are pleased to call "attacks upon our form of representative government," without stopping to examine the far-reaching changes that have actually taken place in the way our representative government functions. In the beginning senators and representatives were *trusted representatives;* to-day they are *instructed delegates.* They are not human substitutes for us; they are phonograph records of our fluctuating moods. The popular politician is the one who most quickly carries out the orders of a post-card bombardment from his constituency. Subserviency of spirit is a bigger political asset to-day than superiority of mind. The fathers sought to found a *responsible* government; we seem to prefer a *responsive* government. The ideal of the fathers was a representative republicanism; we have forsaken that ideal for the ideal of a direct democracy. But we have overlooked the fact that democracy and republicanism are essentially different ideals of government and that the political forms and methods that express the one cannot adequately express the other. Much of the confusion and corruption of American Government to-day is due to the fact that a direct democracy is trying to express itself through the forms and methods of representative republicanism. I am not attempting, in this essay, to suggest any judgment regarding the relative values of republicanism and democracy. It may be said, in passing, that it will not do to jump too hastily to the conclusion that, because democracy has not made a better record in America to date, the older ideal of republicanism is the preferable. Democracy has not had a fair chance in America. It has never had its own set of tools with which to work. It has been using the tools of republicanism—tools that were never designed for the work of democracy. It may be that direct democracy will always end in the rule of the mediocre. It may be that when we have grown sober from the heady wine of democracy we shall go back to representative republicanism. My only contention is that whichever we choose, we must see to it that it is provided with forms and methods of government suited to it.

I have given most of this essay over to a discussion of the lamp of skepticism because it is the one most important to the new politics. If we can break the hold of ancestor-worship upon American politics, if we can break ourselves of the habit of regarding as an anarchist the man who wants to see the tools of government fitted wisely to the tasks of government, if we can realize that change and treason are not synonyms, all else will follow from our wholesome skepticism.

The Lamp of Science.—We must put a fact basis under politics. Statesmanship must proceed from a scientific study of the causes of social problems

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and a statistical study of the results of social policies. I do not mean that we want government by specialists. God forbid! There is much to be said for the amateur spirit in government. But the statesman must maintain a friendly alliance with the specialist. No man is really fitted to be a senator or representative, dealing with the issues of immigration, Americanization, education, and the like, unless he has at least a bowing acquaintance with the results of the living sciences of biology, psychology, and anthropology. Without such knowledge he is a doctor treating diseases the causes of which he does not understand. These living sciences are throwing up the raw materials of the new politics. A tax bill is proposed, and the country has its mind pulled first in one direction and then in another by politically doctored statistics. Is there not somewhere in the country enough genius for political invention to devise ways and means for the statistical study of public problems and policies so that the electorate can have in hand, when issues arise, facts untainted by political strategy? Of course no fool-proof method can be devised. We must train ourselves to reverence for facts after they have been unearthed.

The Lamp of Humanism.—Liberal politics has too often proceeded from a sentimental humanitarianism. The new politics will proceed from a scientific humanism. To date science has given us a new bigotry. When, by the grace of modern biology, psychology, and anthropology, men began to rediscover the law of inequality that runs throughout the lives of men and races, our study tables were flooded with books that heralded a new tyranny. The Nordics were a fine breed, therefore the Nordics must set their iron heel upon the neck of the "inferior" races. The mental tests revealed the fact that there are multitudes of slow-witted and half-witted children, therefore student bodies must be severely restricted to the élite, and the "inferior" types must be set aside early by mental tests to the menial tasks of civilization. The responsible scholars of science have not said this, but the facile journalistic camp-followers of science have. But these petty Prussians of science are a passing annoyance. Biology, psychology, and anthropology are laying the foundations for a new tolerance, a new tenderness, a new humanism. When we really know the inborn limitations of men and races we are for the first time in a position to deal sympathetically and wisely with them, and wisdom is always tolerant and tender and human. The new knowledge of men and races that we are gaining will utimately give us a realistic basis for a coöperation of classes and races in terms of what each is fitted to contribute. The half-baked knowledge that finds in biology, psychology, and anthropology the mandate for a new intolerance is a passing phase.

The Lamp of Culture.—The new politics will be less political and more cultural. It will think of the culture of its citizens first and of the control of its citizens second, knowing that culture brings self-control. Its policy will be more education and less government. The new politics will not kill culture with the poison of official patronage, but will give a new impetus to the forces of culture by shifting the emphasis in government from the exploitation of the nation's resources to the

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development of the nation's citizens. Better citizens will be able to carry on their enterprises without so much governmental assistance. As L. P. Jacks has suggested in his "A Living Universe," when the politics of power is superseded by the politics of culture, the quarrelsomeness that inspires our class conflicts and wars will become less and less. The old politics has specialized in the quest for material power. That quest is, as he says, essentially quarrelsome and cruel. Legislators must spend sleepless nights drafting laws to control the game. The new politics of culture will be essentially coöperative rather than competitive. "Political civilization," says Mr. Jacks, "has taught mankind two lessons of supreme value—the lesson of organization and the lesson of scientific method. What we may hope for is not the loss of these things, but their gradual transference from the service of power to the service of culture, from the exploitation of the world to the development of man." The new politics will not debate, as we are debating, whether or not education should be made a department of government, but will regard government as simply one of the departments of education.

The Lamp of Unity.—The trend of human history is toward what H. G. Wells has called "the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind." The new politics will set its face against the things that divide classes and nations. It will play for the unity of mankind. It will not allow professional patriots, who often hide their social and economic treason under a cloak of political patriotism, to lure it into petty and partial loyalties. And the unity the new politics will seek will not mean drab uniformity. It is the old politics of particularism that makes for uniformity. It is inside the sealed frontiers of racial egotism and excessive political nationalism that men are standardized and judged by a mathematical percentage. Under the new politics the one hundred per cent. American will be the man who has done the least to divide mankind into quarrelsome classes and nations, the man who has done the most to further the "moral and intellectual reunion of mankind."

The Lamp of Vision.—A distinguished political figure has given his notion of the statesman's duty as "doing each day's work as well as he can." This is an admirable desk motto for any man, but it falls far short of a statesman's duty. The statesman has a responsibility for vision. He must guard against becoming a visionary, but the details of his day's work must be pointed toward some verifiable vision of the goal of politics and government. Otherwise he works always under the spell of the immediate; his acts and his policies are disjointed; he tends to become a mere patcher together of a political crazy-quilt. American politics is starving for statesmen who have a grasp of the larger forces that are marching through the world making history while we debate this and that bill.

The Lamp of Action.—The test of the new politics will be its actability, its workability. It is a human weakness to think we have done a thing when we have thought it and said it. We elect men to high office for their ability to *say* the things we want done. The new politics will be less rhetorical and more realistic. The new politician will be more the engineer and less the stump-speaker.

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Books and Affairs

By the Editors

In the history of recent fiction there are few achievements equal to that of Thomas Mann in having written "Buddenbrooks" (Knopf) at twenty-six. The book falls into neither the lyric nor the dramatic types which are nearly as attainable by passionate youth as by reflective maturity. "Buddenbrooks" is primarily epic, the chronicle of four generations of a north German merchant family which, first seen at the height of its prosperity in 1835, gradually fades to extinction forty years later. Under the reign of old Johann Buddenbrook there are no doubts, no hesitations, no nerves, for this first great head of the house stands upon the rock of absolute confidence in the bourgeois order which has produced him. Of his sons, however, one is a black sheep, as is also one of the sons of the substantial heir of old Johann. The blackness of each is hardly so much his positive misdeeds as his wilful unconcern for the solid commercial virtues which have raised the house to eminence. In the fourth generation the weakness has increased to such a degree that the last of the line is a thin-blooded boy, Hanno, whom a certain dilettantism destroys, making him turn aside from business to beauty and thus unnerving him for the family career. But, as in "The Forsyte Saga," which "Buddenbrooks" inevitably suggests, the downfall owes its impressiveness only partly to the bare idea; it is represented with a wealth of detail such as ordinarily appears only in books of erudition. Though the wars and politics of the German mid-century touch the action less than might have been expected, almost nothing else is passed by. "Buddenbrooks" is crammed with dozens of characters, all sharply portrayed; it is full of just and shrewd observations upon the human comedy. If it straggles out toward the end, so does the Buddenbrook line. Structurally the book is sound, and the style, even in the translation, is beautiful in its simplicity, adequacy, and point.

At the other extreme of narrative method from "Buddenbrooks" is Maxwell Bodenheim's "Crazy Man" (Harcourt, Brace), a compact, tense, hard, brilliant novel. As if he had taken Villon for his model, Mr. Bodenheim, who in "Blackguard" exhibited a poet in action, now exhibits a thief. His crazy man is technically a paranoiac, who comes finally to an asylum as a consequence of his behavior; but he is a paranoiac of a remarkable patience and a terrible logic which baffles all who meet him. He opposes evil with good with the pertinacity of a saint. His thieving arises from a theory which makes John Carley, like a philosophical Robin Hood, hold that possessions belong to individual men only

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by the right of trusteeship and that they may freely be taken away from them to be given to other men who have a greater need and consequently a greater claim. Yet there is little enough of the sentimental in Carley. He lives by his brains, and by brains alone is he willing to settle the conflicts in which he is involved, arguing out each point with his antagonists till they are either convinced or worn out by his reasoning. Force he looks upon as wholly uncivilized. The boldness of the conception is enhanced by the fact that Carley is seen against a background of lawbreakers on the East Side, to whom force seems the first, last, and intermediate resort. By contrast he is a reasonable monster, a genuine creation. Mr. Bodenheim's diabolical insight, however, appears to even greater advantage in his representation of Selma, the mistress of Carley, who in a queer rudimentary way, which she can put into words only with an illiterate insufficiency, has the courage and integrity of the truest souls. Like "Blackguard," "Crazy Man" is marked by its author's mannerisms, particularly his violent adjectives and his somewhat abstract accuracy of phrase, but the second novel is decidedly the more readable. Neither has any counterpart in American literature except the other, and both are striking. C. V. D.

§ 2

Two new monographs on Lincoln deal one of them with a minor legal episode of his middle life and the other with a fresh interpretation of the social status of his ancestors and his immediate family and of Lincoln himself during the period of his residence in Illinois. William H. Townsend's "Abraham Lincoln, Defendant" (Houghton Mifflin), though bibliographically an interesting collector's item, is biographically a mere foot-note, presenting as it does nothing but the documents in a suit brought against Lincoln in Lexington in connection with the settlement of the Todd estate, and dismissed on motion of the plaintiffs when Lincoln had established his entire innocence. Ida M. Tarbell's "In the Footsteps of the Lincolns" (Harpers) traces the family from the first Lincoln in Hingham, Massachusetts, through its varying removals to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, shows that each of the Lincolns in this line was a landowner with a trade, and argues that the poor reputation borne by Thomas Lincoln is first to be explained by the fact of his father's early death and is second to be modified by the evidence that he was a man of more substance and stability than has been realized. Those who have liked to think of Abraham Lincoln as a proletarian accident will find no comfort in Miss Tarbell, who sets him firmly in the middle class, with a look of triumph hardly to be warranted by any conclusions which may be drawn from her researches. Is it more readily explicable that he should have sprung from respectable citizens than that he should have sprung from poor whites? But if Miss Tarbell's central thesis, however proved, does not carry too much weight, her material carries a great deal. She follows the Lincolns and their greatest son with knowledge and common sense, bringing the discoveries of many investigators down to date and working them into a fresh synthesis which gives the story a kind of visible reality which it has rarely had.

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Perhaps the most exciting detail in her book is her account of the plan of the Old Salem Lincoln League to restore the village of New Salem to the appearance it had when Lincoln lived there. C. V. D.

§ 3

Though the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen has for the moment drawn all eyes in that direction, it should not be forgotten that excavations in other quarters of the ancient world have also made important progress. The publication of the two superb volumes of "Harvard Excavations at Samaria" (Harvard University) by George Andrew Reisner, Clarence Stanley Fisher, and David Gordon Lyon calls attention to the remarkable finds made between 1908 and 1910 by the Harvard expedition financed by the late Jacob H. Schiff. The various stages of civilization on the site of Samaria have been revealed as never before,—Israelite, Hellenistic, Preherodian, and Roman,—and a vast panorama of ancient life has been offered to the world in the fragments found among the ruins and now studied with admirable care. Naturally minute and detailed, the account as here rendered is of course for specialists, but the plans and pictures in the second volume, and especially the photographs, will be thrilling to any reader who opens these pages.

§ 4

No class of men looks after its own interest, at least so far as reputation is concerned, as carefully as does the literary class. Kings and presidents are more likely to slip through the hands of biographers than poets or dramatists are, while the forms of literary art, such as the ode, the essay, the novel, have historians of the most devoted kind. A reasonably alert journalist, with a reasonable amount of training, can make a very fair living by merely commenting upon his contemporaries and by now and then burying one of them, when the need arises, with a neat obituary. There is no statute of limitations. Sir James George Frazer, who has reduced his three-volume "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament" (Macmillan) by dexterous abridgment to one volume, studies such Biblical stories as the Creation, the Flood, the career of Jacob, and the Witch of Endor by the process of throwing over them the enormous light of his knowledge of similar myths or episodes among all the human tribes. His style, in which he surpasses virtually all anthropologists, derives apparently from a point somewhere between Addison and Gibbon, but he is of course a gentler critic than he would probably have been had he possessed so much learning in the eighteenth century. Of a very different temper is George Saintsbury, who in his three volumes of "Collected Essays and Papers" (Dutton), now assembled from many quarters, shoulders his great bulk through literature and the history of opinion with that abandon of gusto which has led him to be called the Moby Dick of criticism. Nothing is too big or too little for his notice. He writes about the grand style as practised by Shakspere, Milton, and Dante, but so does he write about the novels of Henry Kingsley, the humor of Theodore Hook, and the cookery of the grouse and of the partridge. His happiest single gift is perhaps that of finding in an author the happiest single line or *mot*. With this, however, Mr.

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Saintsbury unites so vigorous and hearty a manner of saying what he thinks on every topic that his bad style, obstinate prejudices, and frequent inaccuracies seem strangely unimportant. An amazing scholar, he is even more amazing a person, and his criticism manages to have a value considerably independent of its themes.

The late Sir Walter Raleigh in "Some Authors" (Oxford University) speaks feelingly of the fact that the great dead are too often judged by "trained bores, whom no one would dream of trusting to give judgment on any incident in the life of any one who is still alive." To this category Raleigh emphatically did not belong. Compared to Mr. Saintsbury he may seem now and then a little precious, but his essays, while systematic and thorough, are full of evidences that he was acquainted with the real world. "Experience," he says in his admirable study of Boccaccio, "cannot be criticized by our idea of what experience ought to be like; it can be criticized only by more experience." Ranging from Boccaccio to Shelley, from Cervantes to Whistler, Raleigh often comes near to saying the final word about his minor figures and never fails of saying valuable words about his major figures. After him, among the critics who may be noted here, the descent is rapid. Allardyce Nicoll has done a great deal of honest work with the spade for "A History of Restoration Drama" (Cambridge University), but he cannot still the voice of his conscience, which leads him to be forever apologizing for the sauciness of his authors. If his delicacy is so great, why in the name of Congreve and Wycherley did he ever embark upon this voyage of research? Arthur Hobson Quinn has written "A History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War" (Harper) which supersedes all earlier authorities in that dreary field, but which has suffered from the doubtless inevitable contagion of dreariness. Oliver Sayler's "Our American Theatre" (Brentano's) covers the last fifteen years of the institution with assiduous toil and an absurd sprightliness. John Beresford, though sober enough himself, in editing "The Poems of Charles Cotton" (Boni and Liveright) has been able to render a service to all lovers of witty and graceful verse. Cotton is of course best known for his translation of Montaigne and for his continuation of the "Compleat Angler," but he deserves to be called a poet in his own right, fit to stand in the charming line of Swift and Prior and Cowper and Praed and Austin Dobson. This handsome new edition should rehabilitate its poet for a generation. C. V. D.

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The brilliant author of "Beasts, Men and Gods" here tells the mystic Asian legend of "The King of the World" as he heard it from all sorts and conditions of men in his travels.

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A characteristic story by the editor of the London "Mercury."

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A critical assessment of the "colyumists."

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A vivid report of a cultural rebirth in revolution-ridden Mexico.

THE AGE OF EXPERIMENT *by Henry Seidel Canby*

A keen analysis of contemporary literature which asks the question, how far should experiment go.

UNCLE SAM AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
by Ralph Barton Perry

A philosopher indulges in a diverting study of the relative merits of these two symbols of Americanism.

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IS ALL FRANCE BEHIND POINCARÉ? *by Jean Longuet*

A clear statement of the forces in France that may before long supplant Poincaré and his policies.

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Professor James Southall Wilson shares with us an interesting discovery.

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by the author of "The Mirrors of Washington"

A real portrait of the President.

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by Ernest Brennecke

Underneath its gaudy colors and not exactly Addisonian English, has the funny paper a serious mission in American life?

IS WOMAN SUFFRAGE A FAILURE? *by Charles Edward Russell*

What about the high hopes and dark fears entertained before women won the vote? What does the actual record say?

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE? *by Winifred Kirkland*

A fantastic picture of a world in which there has been no advertising for thirty years.

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In the
APRIL CENTURY

IN THE BOK PEACE PRIZE OFFICE *by Esther Everett Lape*

All the ideas, clear, muddled, and fantastic which Mr. Bok's award evoked passed over Miss Lape's desk. More than any other one person, Miss Lape knows the full story of this venture. Her paper gives a very human picture of a cross-section of American life and thought.

WHEN LABOR CAPTURED ENGLAND *by H. W. Massingham*

England's most astute political and social observer writes a first-hand account of the reaction of England to her first Labor Government. A brilliant and important paper.

THE COMEDY OF COAL *by Robert W. Bruère*

A really new contribution to the discussion of the coal situation now confronting us.

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF RELIGIOUS AMERICA *By Hilaire Belloc*

Into the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy now disturbing Protestant America Mr. Belloc brings a singularly clear statement of the case for an authoritarian religion as against the principle of private judgment which underlies Protestantism. This is the first of several papers in which the Fundamentalists and the Modernists of Protestantism, the Catholics, and the Jews will each state their positions.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ROCKIES *by Percy MacKaye*

A one-act play in which is captured the spirit of a civilization which is fast vanishing before the march of industrialism.

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE? *by Earnest Elmo Calkins*

This month Miss Kirkland paints the picture of a world in which for thirty years there has been no advertising. She finds it a good world. In April Mr. Calkins, an eminent advertising expert, will tell what happened to that world during the next fifty years. And it is a different story.

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MAY CENTURY

IF WE ARE TO PREVENT THE NEXT WAR
by Bertrand Russell

If you are sick of war and the political illiteracy that permits war, if you have come to realize the futility of merely emotional crusades against war, if you seriously wish to provide a warless world for your sons and daughters, read this notable paper, perhaps the most brilliantly incisive paper Mr. Russell has ever written.

ALICE IN LITERAL-LAND *by John F. Scott*

A member of the clergy here writes a fantasy, in an Alice-in-Wonderland vein, subjecting the current religious controversy not to bombardment by the heavy guns of debate, but to the light rifle-fire of good-humored satire.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE OIL SCANDAL *by Charles Merz*

A timely and suggestive paper.

THE FOREST PHILOSOPHERS *by C. E. Bechhofer*

The inside story of the life and work of the Russian mystic who conducts "The Institute for the Harmonic Development of Men" at Fontainebleau, where Katherine Mansfield died. M. Gurdjiev has been for some weeks in the United States recruiting disciples. This is a fascinating story of one of the many mystical ventures that have flourished in these post-war days of intellectual and spiritual confusion.

FINDING A SCHOOL FOR A BOY *by Joseph H. Odell*

A brief and thought-provoking paper that will be read eagerly by every father and mother who is asking, "What is the best school for our son?"

THE GOD OF GOOD BRICKS *by Granville Barker*

A notable story that has much to say, between the lines, on the vital virtue of good craftsmanship.

WHERE IS PROTESTANTISM GOING? *by Glenn Frank*

A further paper in THE CENTURY's discussion of the religious situation.

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